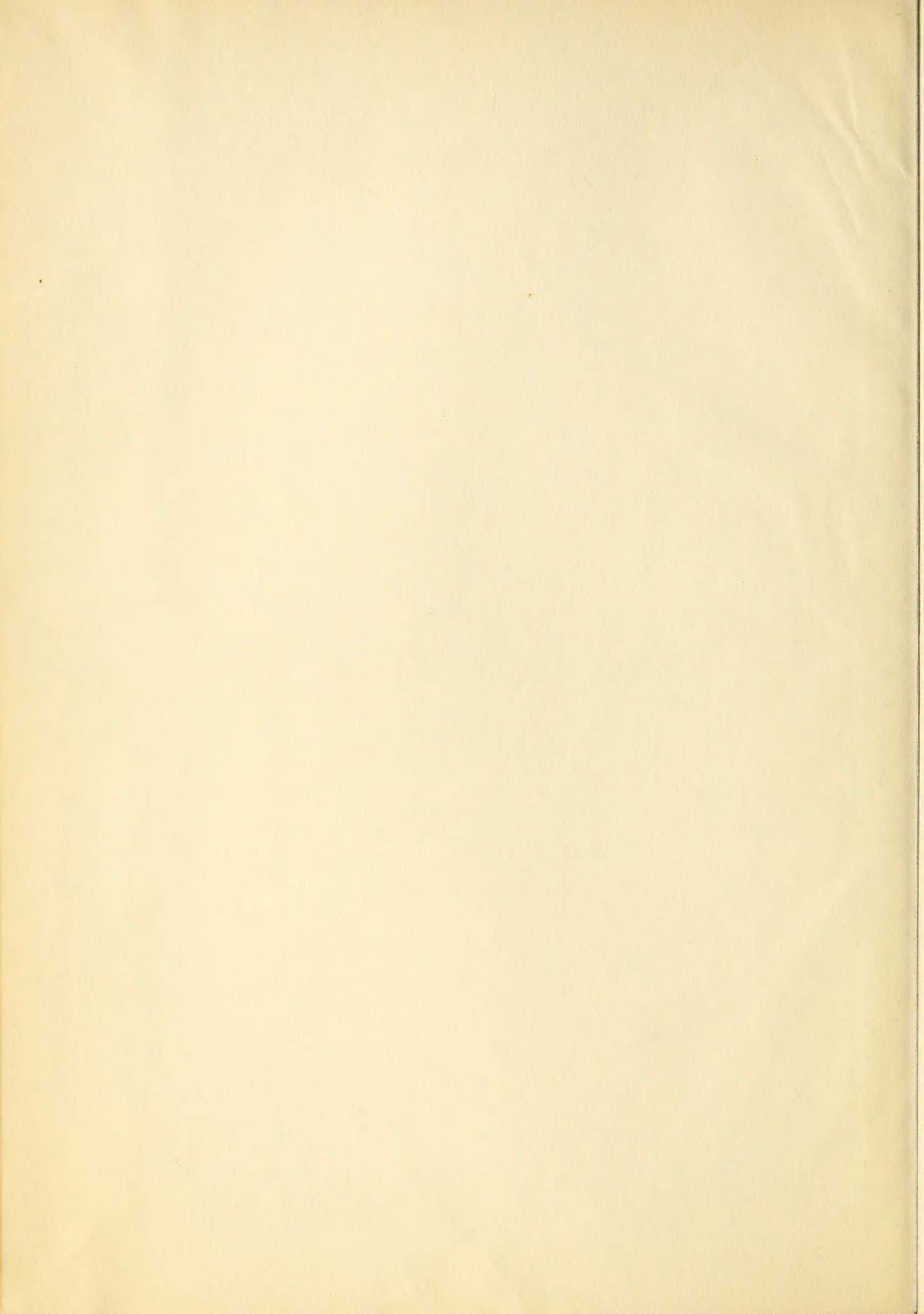


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ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XXXII.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1904, TO APRIL, 1905.

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"QUEEN ZIXI OF IX" By the Author of "THE WIZARD OF OZ"
WITH COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS—BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER

ST. NICHOLAS

FOR-YOUNG-FOLKS

CONDUCTED BY
MARY-MAPES-DODGE



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St. Nicholas for 1905

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Winifred Kirkland in "The Atlantic Monthly" for September, 1904.

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The publishers take pleasure in announcing that they have secured as the leading serial for ST. NICHOLAS next year the delightful story of

"QUEEN ZIXI OF IX"

By L. FRANK BAUM

AUTHOR OF "THE WIZARD OF OZ,"

and also of "Father Goose—his Book," "A New Wonderland," "The Life and Adventures of Santa Claus," "The High Ki of Twi," "The Magical Monarch of Mo," etc., etc. The hundreds of thousands of American girls and boys who have read Mr. Baum's other stories and have seen the popular play of "The Wizard of Oz" are looking forward eagerly to the next product of his magic pen; and they will welcome the announcement that their favorite magazine, ST. NICHOLAS, is to give them Mr. Baum's new story, from month to month, throughout the entire magazine year from November, 1904, to October, 1905. Moreover, this admirable serial marks

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The story has both a hero and a heroine, a boy and a girl—"King Bud" and "Princess Fluff"—and very wonderful things befall them. And besides the charming "Queen Zixi of IX" there is a fine array of remarkable characters, including "Aunt Rivette," the five "High Counselors": "Tallydab," "Tellydeb," "Tillydib," "Tollydob," "Tullydub," "Jikki, the king's valet," the fierce "Roly-Rogues," and others. All the drawings for the serial are by the well-known artist, Mr. Fred Richardson, whose skilful touch has pictured to the author's complete satisfaction the delightful and grotesque and amusing personages who figure in this charming story of "Queen Zixi of IX." The very title is unique and alluring, and it foretells a great feast of fun and fancy, in which Mr. Baum's whimsical imagination is at its best.



Page 2 of Publishers' Preliminary Announcement

St. Nicholas for 1905



But Mr. Baum's fascinating story is perhaps fitly balanced by a very different serial contribution:

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By JOSEPH H. ADAMS

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The list of short stories and single contributions already secured for the coming year is far too long to be given in full. But a few titles, selected almost at random, will suffice as specimens and serve to show the rich and rare quality of the miscellaneous contents of the new volume:

"YANKEE DOODLE AND MISS COLUMBIA"

By Commander Robert E. Peary

The distinguished Arctic explorer piques the curiosity of young readers in this story of two queer residents of the Arctic regions who bore these patriotic titles.

"AN OFFICER OF THE SCHOOL"

By Elliott Flower

This is a sequel to the brilliant story, published in ST. NICHOLAS last January, of a bright boy whose only training had been in the slums; and no reader of that story, "An Officer of the Court," will ever forget the prowess, the human nature, and genuine (even if rather untrained) manliness of little "Jimmy Dandy."

Jimmy's subsequent adventures and misadventures are recorded in "An Officer of the School."

"CHILD-LIFE IN THE FAR EAST"

By Bertha Runkle

The clever young author of "The Helmet of Navarre" has recently returned from a visit to the Orient, and in this entertaining paper proves that she can depict scenes of every-day life as vividly as thrilling incidents of history or romance. The Russo-Japanese war has renewed the interest of the Western world in the wonderful Island-empire of the East, and American young folk will welcome Miss Runkle's account of the young Japanese.

"THE FIRST CALIFORNIA BURGLAR"

By Joaquin Miller

is one of the stories with "a delightful surprise at the end," which, as told by this well-known writer of the Sierras, will be sure to please all readers, young or old.



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St. Nicholas for 1905



A third serial of decided importance, is a series of articles entitled

"HOW TO STUDY PICTURES"

By CHARLES H. CAFFIN

Not only by his books and lectures, but also by frequent contributions on art-subjects to the daily press and art-periodicals, Mr. Caffin is well known as one of America's leading art-critics. But nothing he has yet written can excel, in interest and value to the general reader, his series of admirable papers in which he adopts the plan of contrasting, in each article, the work of some great artist with that of another equally great master — showing a single picture painted by each, and pointing out the likenesses and the differences between the two pictures and the methods of the two painters. Young folk can learn more about art and artists through this careful and detailed way of looking "here upon this picture, and on this" — than by whole volumes of generalizing. A set of beautiful copies of the pictures selected by Mr. Caffin from the world's masterpieces, has been prepared especially for ST. NICHOLAS, and will appear with the articles in the magazine. Each month, the pictures contrasted will be printed on opposite pages. American girls and boys (and their parents as well) should not fail to read every one of these novel and important papers.

Some of the humor of a father's attempt to purchase wearing apparel for his little girl is told in

"LUCY'S SHOPPING"

By Frances Bent Dillingham

Lucy and her father are at their wits' end to do their shopping with the limited means at their command. Lucy has a startling experience which, however, results in a very satisfactory ending to the story.

Another "school-story," of a very different sort, but with a rich humor of its own, is

"HOW PINKY GOT EVEN"

By Capt. Harold Hammond, U. S. A.

for a more amusing tale has not been written since "Tom Sawyer" was penned. Indeed, it is worthy of Mark Twain himself in its portraiture of the character and discomfiture of "Pinky" and his mischievous and very boy-like "revenge."

All who are interested in nature-study will rejoice in a remarkable story entitled

"THE FOX WHO KNEW ALL ABOUT TRAPS"

By Dane Coolidge

a writer who evidently "knows all about foxes."

"THE TRIUMPH OF DUTCHY"

By J. Sherman Potter

is a rattling good hockey story that is scheduled to appear before the winter is over. Boys who are fond of ice sports will enjoy this.

"THE SQUARENESS OF NEIL MORRIS"

By Henry Gardner Hunting

will probably arouse a lively discussion in every family that reads it, but "both sides" will be sure to agree that the story is a very clever and a very wholesome one, and boy readers will ask themselves if they could or would have done what Neil did under the same peculiar circumstances.

An important and valuable contribution is

"HOW A LAW IS MADE"

By Frank J. Stillman

the well-known Washington correspondent. The author declares that he does not believe there are a thousand persons in the United States, besides legislators, who could describe the progress of a bill from its introduction until it becomes a law of the land. And after the publication of this article, the young readers of ST. NICHOLAS, at least, will possess a full knowledge of how the laws of the country are made.



Page 4 of Publishers' Preliminary Announcement

St. Nicholas for 1905



An important series of six brief papers will be contributed by Dr. E. E. Walker, under the title:

“UNTIL THE DOCTOR COMES”

These little “emergency talks” will briefly and clearly tell young folk what to do, in case of accident or sudden illness (such as burns, sunstroke, sprains, and fractures, apparent drowning, etc., etc.), in the interval between the sending for the doctor and his arrival—the few simple, safe, and helpful things that can be done, and the mistakes that can be avoided.

Other serials and notable contributions will be announced later, for many are now in hand or engaged, and in great variety—but all sure to interest and please the energetic, quick-minded boys and girls of to-day. While the editor and the publishers are proud of the educational influence of ST. NICHOLAS, the first aim of the magazine is to interest and entertain its ardent young readers, and the instruction which it conveys is mainly in the way of rounding out their lives, and by methods not taught in schools. They have a right to *enjoy* their magazine first of all, but they will find that it makes their lessons more easy, nevertheless, by giving them a fund of information that is in touch with the thoughts and subjects that fill their minds from day to day, or that always attract their attention.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

All present readers of the magazine know what the ST. NICHOLAS League is; but for the information of new readers we will explain that it is an organization to bind ST. NICHOLAS readers in closer personal sympathy, and to encourage and develop literary and artistic talent by means of monthly competitions, with gold and silver prize badges and cash rewards.

With the November issue the ST. NICHOLAS League will have begun its sixth year. During the past five years there have been nearly three hundred competitions, which is to say, nearly three hundred practical lessons to young readers in art and literary composition, with the result that a considerable number of those who began in the early days of the League have graduated from its ranks into those of the adult art and literary workers. The League has never been so strong nor so useful as it is to-day.

The League membership is entirely free. A League badge and certificate, also full instructions, will be sent to any reader, whether a subscriber or not, or to any one desiring to become a reader of the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine.

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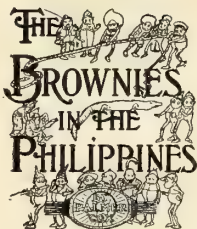
“NATURE AND SCIENCE”

department, which, five years ago, was made a regular feature of ST. NICHOLAS, has encouraged the editor not only to continue it, but to enlarge its scope. During the coming year it will treat not only of nature study, of plant and animal life, but also, to a greater extent than heretofore, of other discoveries and items of interest in the whole fascinating realm of science and invention.

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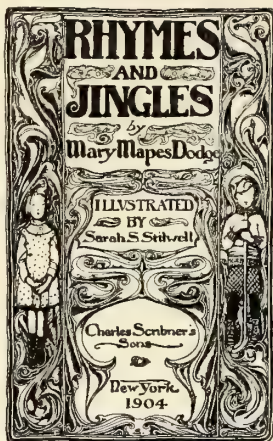
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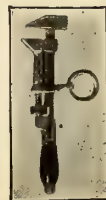
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WEAVING THE MAGIC CLOAK.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXII.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

NO. I.

QUEEN ZIXI OF IX;

OR, THE STORY OF THE MAGIC CLOAK.

BY L. FRANK BAUM,
Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER I.

THE WEAVING OF THE MAGIC CLOAK.

THE fairies assembled one moonlit night in a pretty clearing of the ancient forest of Burzee.

The clearing was in the form of a circle, and all around stood giant oak and fir trees, while in the center the grass grew green and soft as velvet. If any mortal had ever penetrated so far into the great forest, and could have looked upon the fairy circle by daylight, he might perhaps have seen a tiny path worn in the grass by the feet of the dancing elves. For here, during the full of the moon, the famous fairy band, ruled by good Queen Lulea, loved to dance and make merry while the silvery rays flooded the clearing and caused their gauzy wings to sparkle with every color of the rainbow.

On this especial night, however, they were not dancing. For the queen had seated herself upon a little green mound, and while her band clustered about her she began to address the fairies in a tone of discontent.

"I am tired of dancing, my dears," said she. "Every evening since the moon grew big and round we have come here to frisk about and laugh and disport ourselves; and although those are good things to keep the heart light, one may grow weary even of merry-making. So I ask you to suggest some new

way to divert both me and yourselves during this night."

"That is a hard task," answered one pretty sprite, opening and folding her wings slowly—as a lady toys with her fan. "We have lived through so many ages that we long ago exhausted everything that might be considered a novelty, and of all our recreations nothing gives us such continued pleasure as dancing."

"But I do not care to dance to-night!" replied Lulea, with a little frown.

"We might create something, by virtue of our fairy powers," suggested one who reclined at the feet of the queen.

"Ah, that is just the idea!" exclaimed the dainty Lulea, with brightening countenance. "Let us create something. But what?"

"I have heard," remarked another member of the band, "of a thinking-cap having been made by some fairies in America. And whatever mortal wore this thinking-cap was able to conceive the most noble and beautiful thoughts."

"That was indeed a worthy creation," cried the little queen. "What became of the cap?"

"The man who received it was so afraid some one else would get it and be able to think the same exquisite thoughts as himself that he hid it safely away—so safely that he himself never could think afterward where he had placed it."

"How unfortunate! But we must not make

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F. RICHARDSON

"SUPPOSE WE WEAVE A MAGIC CLOAK."

another thinking-cap, lest it meet a like fate. Cannot you suggest something else?"

"I have heard," said another, "of certain fairies who created a pair of enchanted boots, which would always carry their mortal wearer away from danger—and never into it."

"What a great boon to those blundering mortals!" cried the queen. "And whatever became of the boots?"

"They came at last into the possession of a great general who did not know their powers. So he wore them into battle one day, and immediately ran away, followed by all his men, and the fight was won by the enemy."

"But did not the general escape danger?"

"Yes—at the expense of his reputation. So he retired to a farm and wore out the boots tramping up and down a country road and

trying to decide why he had suddenly become such a coward."

"The boots were worn by the wrong man, surely," said the queen; "and that is why they proved a curse rather than a blessing. But we want no enchanted boots. Think of something else."

"Suppose we weave a magic cloak," proposed Espa, a sweet little fairy who had not before spoken.

"A cloak? Indeed, we might easily weave that," returned the queen. "But what sort of magic powers must it possess?"

"Let its wearer have any wish instantly fulfilled," said Espa, brightly.

But at this there arose quite a murmur of protest on all sides, which the queen immediately silenced with a wave of her royal hand.



"YES, YOUR MAJESTY, I AM LATE." (SEE PAGE 5.)

"Our sister did not think of the probable consequences of what she suggested," declared Lulea, smiling into the downcast face of little Espa, who seemed to feel rebuked by the disapproval of the others. "An instant's reflection would enable her to see that such power would give the cloak's mortal wearer as many privileges as we ourselves possess. And I suppose you intended the magic cloak for a mortal wearer?" she inquired.

"Yes," answered Espa, shyly; "that was my intention."

"But the idea is good, nevertheless," continued the queen, "and I propose we devote this evening to weaving the magic cloak. Only, its magic shall give to its wearer the fulfilment of but one wish; and I am quite sure that even that should prove a great boon to the helpless mortals."

"Suppose more than one person wears the cloak," one of the band said; "which then shall have the one wish fulfilled?"

The queen devoted a moment to thought, and then replied:

"Each possessor of the magic cloak may have one wish granted, provided the cloak is not stolen from its last wearer. In that case the magic power will not be exercised on behalf of the thief."

"But should there not be a limit to the number of the cloak's wearers?" asked the fairy lying at the queen's feet.

"I think not. If used properly our gift will prove of great value to mortals. And if we find it is misused we can at any time take back the cloak and revoke its magic power. So now, if we are all agreed upon this novel amusement, let us set to work."

At these words the fairies sprang up eagerly; and their queen, smiling upon them, waved her wand toward the center of the clearing. At once a beautiful fairy loom appeared in the space. It was not such a loom as mortals use. It consisted of a large and a small ring of gold,

supported by a tall pole of jasper. The entire band danced around it thrice, the fairies carrying in each hand a silver shuttle wound with glossy filaments finer than the finest silk. And the threads on each shuttle appeared a different hue from those of all the other shuttles.

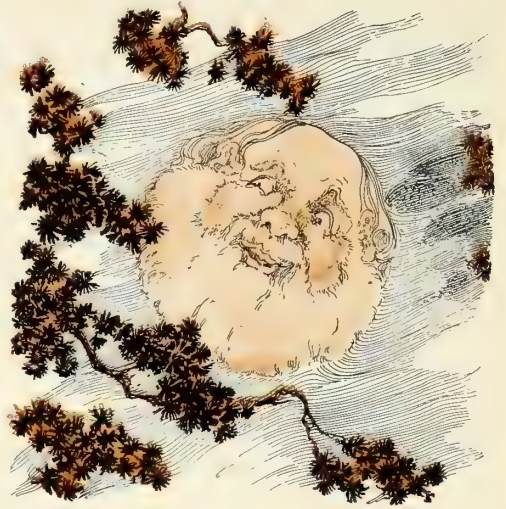
At a sign from the queen they one and all approached the golden loom and fastened an end of thread in its warp. Next moment they were gleefully dancing hither and thither, while the silver shuttles flew swiftly from hand to hand and the gossamer-like web began to grow upon the loom.

Presently the queen herself took part in the sport, and the thread she wove into the fabric was the magical one which was destined to give the cloak its wondrous power.

Long and swiftly the fairy band worked



"GIVE IT TO THE FIRST UNHAPPY PERSON YOU MEET," SAID THE MAN IN THE MOON." (SEE PAGE 6.)



beneath the old moon's rays, while their feet tripped gracefully over the grass and their joyous laughter tinkled like silver bells and awoke the echoes of the grim forest surrounding them. And at last they paused and threw themselves upon the green with little sighs of content. For the shuttles and loom had vanished; the work was complete; and Queen Lulea stood upon the mound holding in her hand the magic cloak.

The garment was as beautiful as it was marvelous—each and every hue of the rainbow glistened and sparkled from the soft folds; and while it was light in weight as swan's-down, its strength was so great that the fabric was well-nigh indestructible.

The fairy band regarded it with great satisfaction, for every one had assisted in its manufacture and could admire with pardonable pride its glossy folds.

"It is very lovely, indeed!" cried little Espa. "But to whom shall we present it?"

The question aroused a dozen suggestions, each fairy seeming to favor a different mortal. Every member of this band, as you doubtless know, was the unseen guardian of some man or woman or child in the great world beyond the forest, and it was but natural that each should wish her own ward to have the magic cloak.

While they thus disputed, another fairy joined them and pressed to the side of the queen.

"Welcome, Ereol," said Lulea. "You are late."

The new-comer was very lovely in appearance, and with her fluffy golden hair and clear blue eyes was marvelously fair to look upon. In a low, grave voice she answered the queen:

"Yes, your Majesty, I am late. But I could not help it. The old King of Noland, whose guardian I have been since his birth, has passed away this evening, and I could not bear to leave him until the end came."

"So the old king is dead at last!" said the queen, thoughtfully. "He was a good man, but woefully uninteresting; and he must have wearied you greatly at times, my sweet Ereol."

"All mortals are, I think, wearisome," returned the fairy, with a sigh.

"And who is the new King of Noland?" asked Lulea.

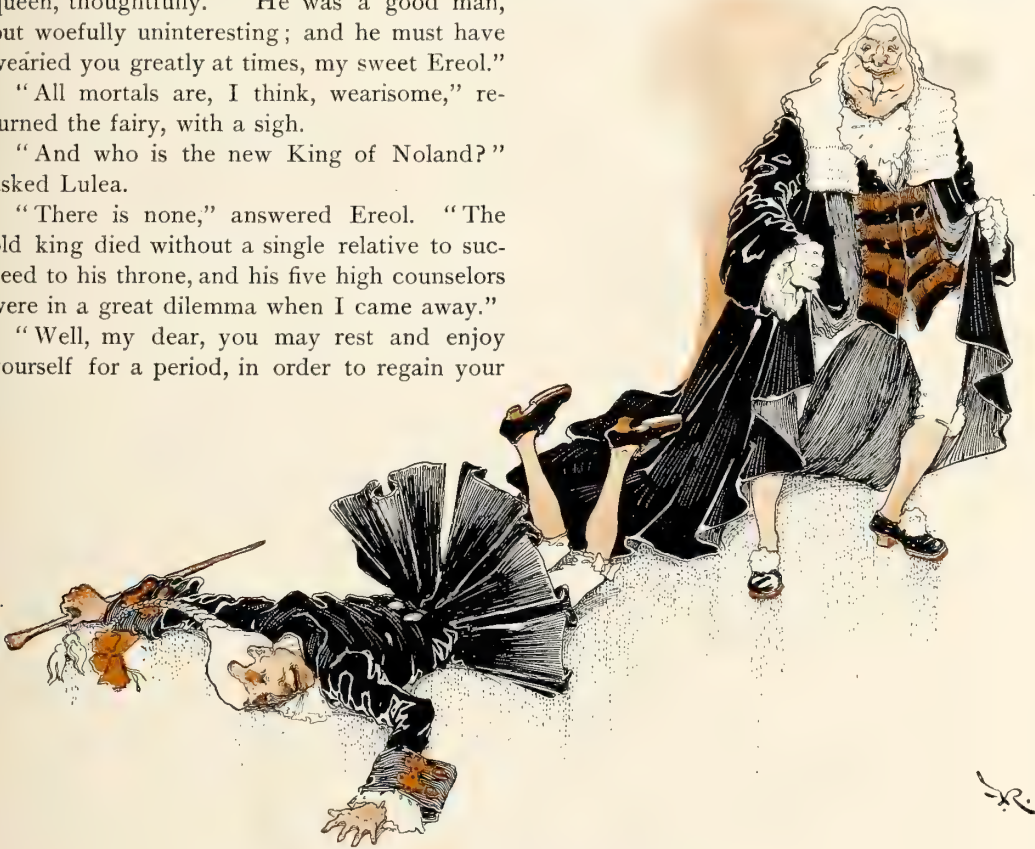
"There is none," answered Ereol. "The old king died without a single relative to succeed to his throne, and his five high counselors were in a great dilemma when I came away."

"Well, my dear, you may rest and enjoy yourself for a period, in order to regain your

Then again arose the good-natured dispute as to which mortal in all the world should possess the magic cloak. Finally the queen, laughing at the arguments of her band, said to them:

"Come! Let us leave the decision to the Man in the Moon. He has been watching us with a great deal of amusement, and once, I am sure, I caught him winking at us in quite a roguish way."

At this every head was turned toward the moon; and then a man's face, full-bearded and wrinkled, but with a jolly look upon the



"'WHERE ARE YOU GOING?' ASKED TOLLYDOB." (SEE PAGE 7.)

old lightsome spirits. By and by I will appoint you guardian to some newly born babe, that your duties may be less arduous. But I am sorry you were not with us to-night, for we have had rare sport. See! we have woven a magic cloak."

Ereol examined the garment with pleasure. "And who is to wear it?" she asked.

rough features, appeared sharply defined upon the moon's broad surface.

"So I'm to decide another dispute, eh?" said he, in a clear voice. "Well, my dears, what is it this time?"

"We wish you to say what mortal shall wear the magic cloak which I and the ladies of my court have woven," replied Queen Lulea.

"Give it to the first unhappy person you meet," said the Man in the Moon. "The happy mortals have no need of magic cloaks." And with this advice the friendly face of the Man in the Moon faded away until only the outlines remained visible against the silver disk.

The queen clapped her hands delightedly.

"Our Man in the Moon is very wise," she

and the clearing wherein they had danced and woven the magic cloak lay shrouded in deepest gloom.

CHAPTER II.

THE BOOK OF LAWS.

ON this same night great confusion and excitement prevailed among the five high counselors of the kingdom of Noland. The old king was dead and there was none to succeed him as ruler of the country. He had outlived every one of his relatives, and since the crown had been in this one family for generations, it puzzled the high counselors to decide upon a fitting successor.

These five high counselors were very important men. It was said that they ruled the kingdom while the king ruled them; which made it quite easy for the king and rather difficult for the people. The chief counselor was named Tullydub. He was old and very pompous, and had a great respect for the laws of the land. The next in rank was Tollydob, the lord high general of the king's army. The third was Tillydib, the lord high purse-bearer. The fourth was Tallydab, the lord high steward. And the fifth and last of the high counselors was Tellydeb, the lord high executioner.

These five had been careful not to tell the people when the old king had become ill, for they feared being annoyed by many foolish questions. They sat in a big room next the bed-chamber of the king, in the royal palace of Nole,—which is the capital city of Noland,—and kept every one out except the king's physician, who was half blind and wholly dumb and could not gossip with outsiders had he wanted to. And while the high counselors sat and waited for the king to recover or die, as he might choose, Jikki waited upon them and brought them their meals.

Jikki was the king's valet and principal servant. He was as old as any of the five high counselors; but they were all fat, whereas Jikki was wonderfully lean and thin; and the counselors were solemn and dignified, whereas Jikki was terribly nervous and very talkative.

"Beg pardon, my masters," he would say every five minutes, "but do you think his Majesty will get well?" And then, before any

declared; "and we shall follow his suggestion. Go, Ereol, since you are free for a time, and carry the magic cloak to Noland. And the first person you meet who is really unhappy, be it man, woman, or child, shall receive from you the cloak as a gift from our fairy band."

Ereol bowed, and folded the cloak over her arm.

"Come, my children," continued Lulea; "the moon is hiding behind the tree-tops, and it is time for us to depart."

A moment later the fairies had disappeared,



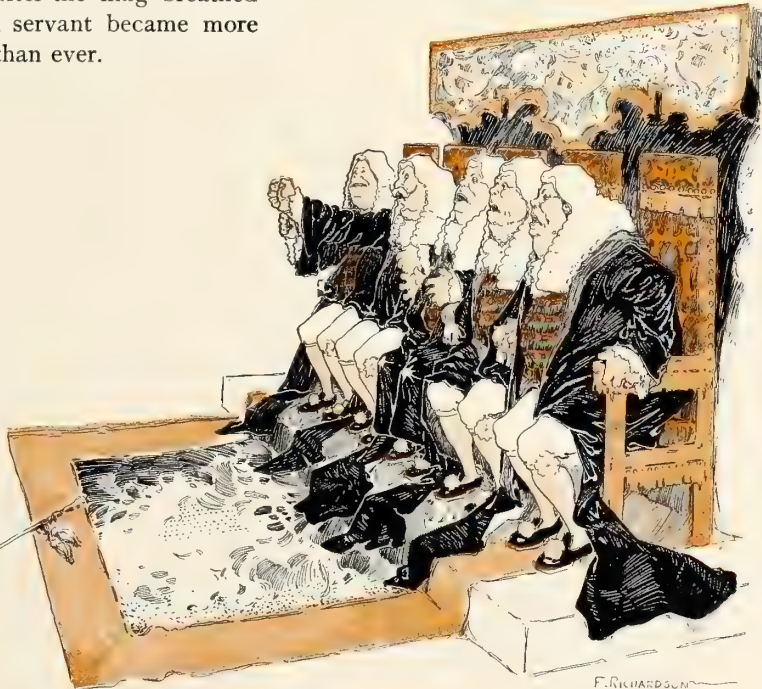
JIKKI.

of the high counselors could collect themselves to answer, he continued: "Beg pardon, but do you think his Majesty will die?" And the next moment he would say: "Beg pardon, but do you think his Majesty is any better or any worse?"

And all this was so annoying to the high counselors that several times one of them took up some object in the room with the intention of hurling it at Jikki's head; but before he could throw it the old servant had nervously turned away and left the room.

Tellydeb, the lord high executioner, would often sigh: "I wish there were some law that would permit me to chop off Jikki's head." But then Tullydub, the chief counselor, would say gloomily: "There is no law but the king's will, and he insists that Jikki be allowed to live."

So they were forced to bear with Jikki as best they could; but after the king breathed his last breath the old servant became more nervous and annoying than ever.



"'NO!' THEY ALL SHOUTED IN A BREATH." (SEE PAGE 8.)

Hearing that the king was dead, Jikki made a rush for the door of the bell-tower, but tripped over the foot of Tollydob and fell upon the marble floor so violently that his bones rattled, and he picked himself up half dazed by the fall.

"Where are you going?" asked Tollydob.

"To toll the bell for the king's death," answered Jikki.

"Well, remain here until we give you permission to go," commanded the lord high general.

"But the bell ought to be tolled!" said Jikki.

"Be silent!" growled the lord high purse-bearer. "We know what ought to be done and what ought not to be done."

But this was not strictly true. In fact, the five high counselors did not know what ought to be done under these strange circumstances.

If they told the people the king was dead, and did not immediately appoint his successor, then the whole population would lose faith in them and fall to fighting and quarreling among themselves as to who should become king; and that would never in the world do.

No; it was evident that a new king must be chosen before they told the people that the old king was dead.

But whom should they choose for the new king? That was the important question.

While they talked of these matters, the ever-active Jikki kept rushing in and saying:



"SO THE CHIEF COUNSELOR BROUGHT THE BOOK."

"Had n't I better toll the bell?"

"No!" they would shout in a chorus; and then Jikki would rush out again.

So they sat and thought and counseled together during the whole long night, and by

morning they were no nearer a solution of the problem than before.

At daybreak Jikki stuck his head into the room and said:

"Had n't I better—"

"No!" they all shouted in a breath.

"Very well," returned Jikki; "I was only going to ask if I had n't better get you some breakfast."

"Yes!" they cried, again in one breath.

"And shall I toll the bell?"

"No!" they screamed; and the lord high steward threw an inkstand that hit the door several seconds after Jikki had closed it and disappeared.

While they were at breakfast they again discussed their future action in the choice of a king; and finally the chief counselor had a thought that caused him to start so suddenly that he nearly choked.

"The book!" he gasped, staring at his brother counselors in a rather wild manner.

"What book?" asked the lord high general.

"The book of laws," answered the chief counselor.

"I never knew there was such a thing," remarked the lord high executioner, looking puzzled. "I always thought the king's will was the law."

"So it was! So it was when we had a king," answered Tullydub, excitedly. "But this book of laws was written years ago, and was meant to be used when the king was absent, or ill, or asleep."

For a moment there was silence.

"Have you ever read the book?" then asked Tillydib.

"No; but I will fetch it at once, and we shall see if there is not a law to help us out of our difficulty."

So the chief counselor brought the book—a huge old volume that had a musty smell to it and was locked together with a silver padlock. Then the key had to be found, which was no easy task; but finally the great book of laws lay open upon the table, and all the five periwigs of the five fat counselors were bent over it at once.

Long and earnestly they searched the pages, but it was not until after noon that Tullydub



"SUDDENLY PLACING HIS BROAD THUMB ON A PASSAGE, HE SHOUTED: 'I HAVE IT! I HAVE IT!'"

suddenly placed his broad thumb upon a passage and shouted:

"I have it! I have it!"

"What is it? Read it! Read it aloud!" cried the others.

Just then Jikki rushed into the room and asked:

"Shall I toll the bell?"

"No!" they yelled, glaring at him; so Jikki ran out, shaking his head dolefully.

Then Tullydub adjusted his spectacles and leaned over the book, reading aloud the following words:

"In case the king dies, and there is no one to succeed him, the chief counselor of the kingdom shall go at sunrise to the eastward gate of the city of Nole and count the persons who enter through such gate as soon as it is opened by the guards. And the forty-seventh person that so enters, be it man, woman, or child, rich or poor, humble or noble, shall immediately be proclaimed king or queen, as the case may be, and shall rule all the kingdom of Noland forever after, so long as he or she may live. And if any one in all the kingdom of

Nole shall refuse to obey the slightest wish of the new ruler, such person shall at once be put to death. This is the law."

Then all the five high counselors heaved a deep sigh of relief and repeated together the words:

"This is the law."

"But it's a strange law, nevertheless," remarked the lord high purse-bearer. "I wish I knew who will be the forty-seventh person to enter the east gate to-morrow at sunrise."

"We must wait and see," answered the lord high general. "And I will have my army assembled and marshaled at the gateway, that the new ruler of Noland may be welcomed in a truly kingly manner, as well as to keep the people in order when they hear the strange news."

"Beg pardon!" exclaimed Jikki, looking in at the doorway, "but shall I toll the bell?"

"No, you numskull!" retorted Tullydub, angrily. "If the bell is tolled the people will be told, and they must not know that the old king is dead until the forty-seventh person enters the east gateway to-morrow morning!"

(To be continued.)



"I WONDER WHO THE FORTY-SEVENTH PERSON WILL BE!"



THE "BLUE-RIBBON GIRL."



A GOAL FROM THE FIELD.

BY LESLIE W. QUIRK.

"3-9-6."

The seven men in the line crouched low; the quarter-back leaned forward, opened his hands suddenly, and snapped the ball to the full-back.

There was a sudden rush straight forward, and a half-dozen players circled in back of the man with the ball. The line of the opposing eleven parted, and the big full-back went through for a good gain.

Out on the side-lines, some of the spectators cheered faintly. Football critics had said that the team-work was poor, and for days the coaches had been drilling the eleven players to move like a machine. It still lacked three days of the big game, and the coaches were satisfied. The team went into play as one man.

"4-2-3."

This time it was an end run. The quarter-back snapped the ball quickly, and was guarding the runner twenty feet away before the scrub eleven discovered which way the play was going.

"First down," said the head coach. He spoke quietly, but there was satisfaction in his tone. Then his manner changed.

"Line up, there! Don't take an hour to get into position! Line up, I say, Elton!"

"Yes, sir," said the little quarter-back. His leg was caught under the body of the burly full-back, but the boy was afraid to tell the coach. He stood a little in awe of the famous man.

They lined up again. The left half-back, who was captain, looked down the field.

"3-6-4," he said.

The signal for a drop kick was nine. The

addition of the first two numbers gave the key to the play.

From force of habit, "Baby" Elton dropped back to kick. The half-backs stood ready to block any opposing players who broke through the line. The ends crept out at either side.

Elton looked down the field, over chalk-line after chalk-line, five yards apart from one another, and the impossibility of kicking a goal at that distance made him speak before he thought.

"It's too far!" he exclaimed hopelessly.

It *was* a long distance; even the captain could not deny that fact. The coach had been developing the kicking side of the game, but even the sturdy leg of Baby Elton did not seem equal to the task now before him. The coach, however, was not prepared for complaint.

"Go on," he said gruffly.

The center snapped the ball, in a long curve, straight into Elton's outstretched hands. The boy caught it just right, and dropped it, point downward, to the ground. Exactly at the right moment he caught it with his toe, and it went sailing, circling from end to end, toward the goal-posts. It fell short, however, by a good ten yards.

"All right," said the coach, evenly; "that's all for to-day. Run in."

The brawny players broke into a trot, and ran through the gate of the athletic field toward the gymnasium. Baby Elton brought up the rear. He was wondering, a little sullenly, what the coach expected of him. He could n't kick a goal the whole length of the field; it

was a waste of time, and the coach had no right to expect impossibilities.

He took his bath and rub-down as quickly as possible, and slipped into his street clothes. He felt hot and uncomfortable. He wanted to get out in the open air.

The head coach was talking to a brawny, pink-cheeked fellow near the door, and beckoned to Elton. The big man looked at him curiously.

"'Chuck' Walters, '92, the best football-player the old college ever had," announced the coach.

Elton shook hands gladly, and the graduate walked from the gymnasium with him. When they came to Elton's room, Walters said carelessly, "I'll come up for a minute or two, if you don't mind?"

The boy took him upstairs, and found him an easy-chair in which to lounge. The man sank back into the cushions with a sigh of relief.

"It's good to get into a college chap's room again," he acknowledged. "Yours reminds me of the one Binner had, back when I was playing the game. Ever hear of Binner?"

Every man in the college had heard of him. Elton asked for more information. Walters talked freely.

"He was the pluckiest punter and drop-kicker that was ever on a team," he declared. "Never hesitated; never offered to quit. Why, once in a critical game they gave the signal for a try for goal when the ball was out beyond the middle of the field." He paused, and looked out the window absently.

"Yes?" said Elton, eagerly. "What did Binner do?" The boy's cheeks were red and the words came fast. He remembered the incident of the afternoon.

"What did he do?" echoed Walters. "What did he do?" The man's eyes were glowing with the recollection. "Why, he stood there, with the whole crowd in the grand stands and bleachers hushed and waiting, as calm and confident as if he had been asked to punt twenty yards. After a bit, he lifted his arms, caught the ball, and drop-kicked a goal as neat as you please. Sixty-two yards,* it was, too; they

measured it then and there. Ah! Binner was the man. I suppose they have as good players to-day, but it seems to us old chaps as if things were a bit better then."

"Yes, sir," said Elton, humbly.

"But of course they were not," said Walters, with a keen look at the boy. "I've been talking with a few of you fellows, and I've been converted. There is n't a quitter among you; there is n't one who would n't fight for the old college till he dropped. Not one!" And, with a word of adieu, he was gone.

A half-hour before the game, the head coach gathered the men for a final talk.

"Boys," he said,—he always called them "boys," with a little note of affection and pride,—“boys, you are about to meet the strongest team, with the exception of your own, in the whole country. I've been training you for this game since the season opened. Up in the grand stands and bleachers the people will cheer you, and think that you are doing your best, just as they know they would if they were down on the field. They do not appreciate the fact that this game is only seventy minutes of your three months of work. They do not realize that day after day you have worked till you were ready to drop, till the breath was out of your body, till only your pride and your love of the old college kept you on your feet. You know it, though—you understand; and I want you to prove that all this work, all this training, all this sacrifice, has been worth while. I want you to win!

"I want you to win for my sake and for your own. It's my business to make football-players of you. It's all the work I know, and to have you win the championship game is all the ambition I have. It means a deal to me, boys, a very great deal. I've been working and thinking and planning for a whole year just for these seventy minutes that are before you. And you, who have worked with me, who have been waiting for a chance to play this game, and to feel the ball tucked under your arm and hear thousands cheering you on—you know what it means to you. I want you

* A goal was kicked from the field at this distance during a game between Wisconsin and Northwestern universities several years ago.

to win, boys, and I shall expect every man to play as he has never played before. I want every man to stick till the final whistle, with

Elton did not feel in the least nervous, and when the team lined up, and the captain said, low but distinctly, "7-2-7," he fell back, caught the ball neatly, and dropped it over the white bar, squarely between the goal-posts.

After a bit the teams stopped the signal practice, and an official flipped a coin high in the air. Elton grinned in delight as his captain won the toss. The other side was to kick off.

They lined up leisurely. Elton found his position before some of the others, and waited, with his heart throbbing queerly. He always felt frightened on the kick-off.

"Are you ready?" asked the official.

"Yes," said a voice from the other side, and a minute later the same answer came from Elton's captain.

Elton saw a heavy man in a soiled pair of moleskins run forward, and heard the thud as the kicker's foot hit the ball. He expected to see it soar far over his head. Instead, it came straight for him.

He crouched with open arms. Almost before the ball reached him, a half-dozen opponents were ready to pounce upon him.

The ball struck his arms and breast fairly, and he clasped it—a moment too late.

It bounded away from him, straight into the arms of an opponent, who was off down the field before Elton could move. Then the boy ran with all the power of his sturdy legs—ran blindly, hopelessly, after the man with the ball. He saw Rogers miss him, and Benny, who played back, clutch wildly at the moleskins.

A great shout from the crowd told him the fellow had scored. The din was terrific. Horns blew and megaphones roared, and college yells rent the air. But Elton heard only one sound, a long "Oh-h-h!" that had come from a thousand throats as he missed the kick-off.

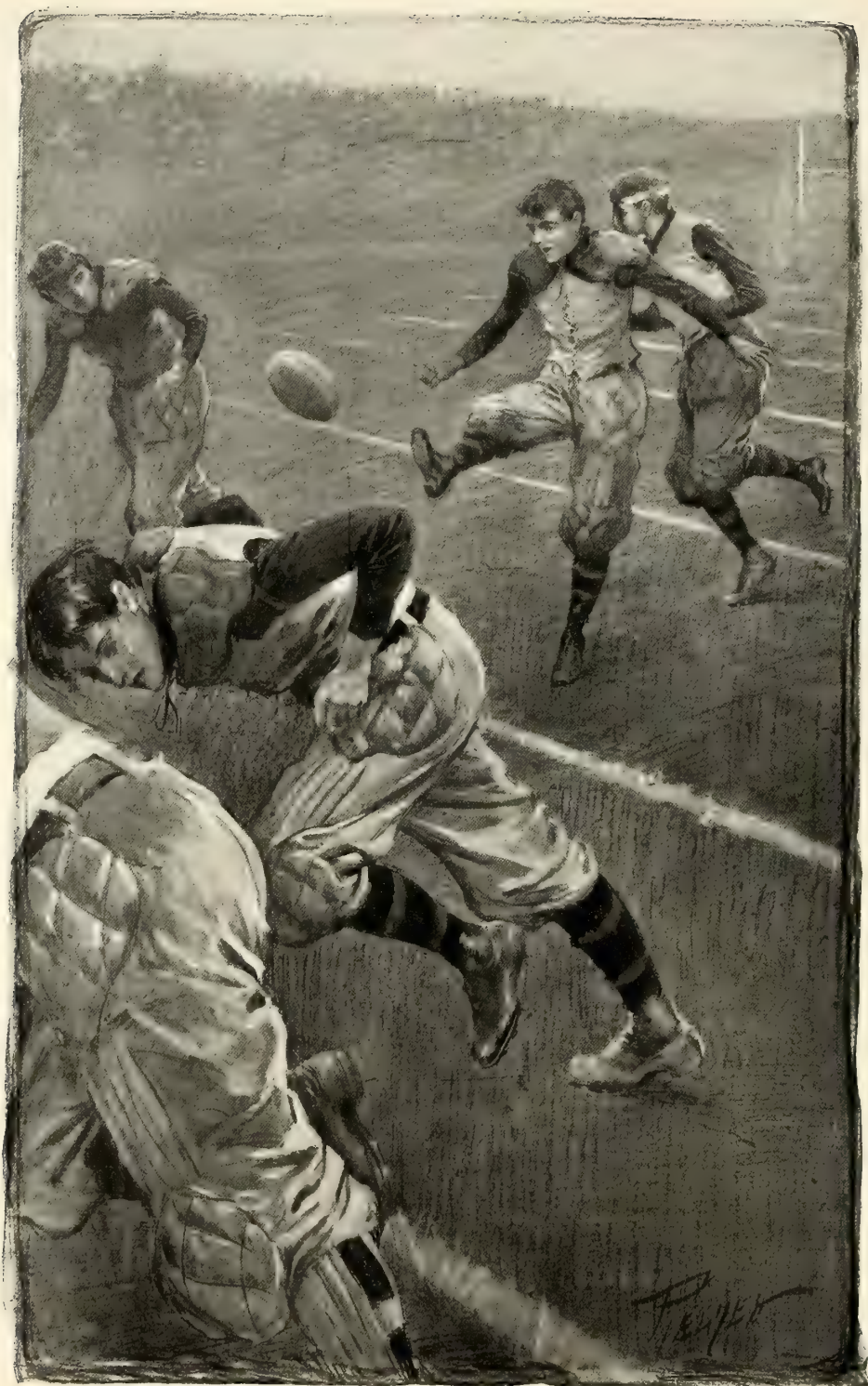


BABY ELTON RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE HEAD COACH.

the determination never to give up, but to keep playing to the very end. That's all."

It was the first experience of this kind for Elton. He felt a strange sensation down where his heart was thumping madly. He looked at the other players curiously. Each one of the big, brawny fellows, padded and guarded to twice his natural size, was looking at the coach with big eyes that were good to see. There was no sentiment, no promises, no tears; but there was determination on every face.

When the team trotted out on the field cut into squares and slices by white chalk-lines, the crowd broke into a thunder of applause.



"ELTON HEARD THE THUD AS THE KICKER'S FOOT HIT THE BALL."

Nobody spoke to him. He saw Pendon looking at him—and the coach, with an expression on his face that cut into Elton's heart like a knife.

The teams lined up again. This time Elton was to kick off. He packed the earth with his hand, and balanced the ball on end. Then he stepped back.

"What 's the matter with Elton?" shouted a voice; and the answer came back like a peal of thunder, "He 's all right!"

The boy's lip quivered a little, and he wiped the sleeve of his jersey across his eyes. He would prove that he was "all right"; he would show them what he could do.

And he did. People in the grand stands shouted his name again and again. The captain of the other team watched him closely, and sent the most of his plays around the opposite end from the one on which he was playing on defense. Best of all, as he crawled out from a mass of players after a scrimmage, his own captain came close and said under his breath, as if he were half ashamed: "Good boy, Baby!"

But at the end of the first half the score was 6 to 0 in favor of the other team.

Between halves somebody clapped him on the shoulder. It was Walters. "The other day, Baby, I said there were no quitters on the team. You 're proving it, old man!"

Every man went into the second half with renewed determination. Slowly, a yard or two at a time, they forced the ball down the field. But on the thirty-yard line the other team held fast.

"Third down; five yards to gain," announced the official.

"4—5—9."

The formation was quick and bewildering to the other team. Elton held out his hands, palms upward, and the ball struck them true and hard. He glanced at the goal-posts, thirty yards away, and, measuring the distance in a flash, caught the ball with his toe just as it struck the ground. It sailed, straight as an arrow, over the white bar.

The din of the crowd was deafening. Hats sailed up into the air; men and women sang and shouted; the varsity yell rang out clear

and loud, and the "tiger" on the end came like the belch of a cannon.

But the game was not yet won, nor the score even tied. The more knowing ones looked at the figures, 6 to 5, and glanced at their watches in apprehension.

Well they might; for the two teams battled grimly as if defeat meant death. Neither gained ground for more than one down. There were no fumbles; every play was well planned and well executed, but the defense of both teams was impregnable.

There were only three minutes to play. The signal came for a punt, and Elton sent the ball sailing—cutting through the air with the corkscrew twist peculiar to good punters—far down the field. The kick was off just in time, for a minute later three brawny men bore him to the ground.

Buried beneath them, Elton caught a sudden roar from the crowd, *his* crowd. He knew it could have but one meaning. At last there had been a fumble, and his team had the ball close to the goal-line; perhaps had even scored.

The minute the heaviest player was off his ankle, Elton sprang to his feet. Down the field, perhaps twenty yards from the goal, the referee was holding the ball.

Elton ran forward. There was a rapidly growing pain in his right ankle that cut like a knife at every step. Suddenly it caught him, and he stumbled and fell. Somebody came running from the side-lines with a pail of water, but he waved the man back. Then, with a mouth tight with excruciating pain, he hobbled forward.

They lined up quickly. There was only a minute to play. Elton told himself that he must stand a moment more, just long enough to pass the ball to some runner, just—

"3—6—4!"

The signal came clear and sharp. Every syllable seemed to shoot through his ankle, tearing cords and tendons. His face was white and drawn.

The crowd was hushed. Men and women were scarcely breathing. As he dropped back to kick, Elton seemed to see a form before him, and to hear a voice saying, with a meaning too clear to mistake, "There is n't a quitter

among you; there is n't one who would n't fight till he dropped for the old college. Not one! Not one!"

He held out his hands, and the ball struck them. The pain was so intense in his ankle that he could not put his weight on that limb. He was standing on one leg, the left. With teeth cutting his lip cruelly, he swung the other with all his might. He heard it strike the ball with a dull thud; then he sank to the ground.

There was a moment of silence so unbroken that the seats on all four sides might have been deserted, instead of filled with thousands of spectators. Then came a roar that fairly shook the ground, and reverberated from the hill to

the west. The ball had missed the post by an inch, and had cleared the bar nicely. The game was won by a score of 10 to 6.

They picked up Elton tenderly, and the trainer bathed his ankle in water. Presently the physician came forward and examined it.

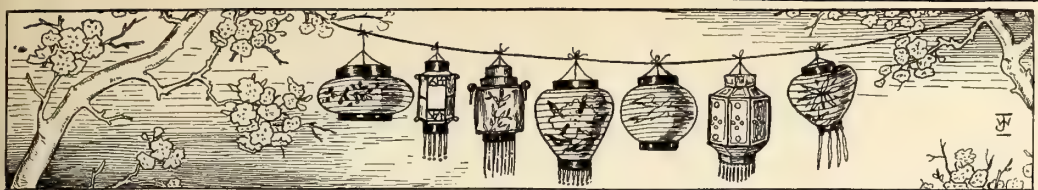
"It is sprained," he said, "badly sprained. You won't play any more football this year, young man."

Then the coach came up and said, "Good work, boy!" and turned quickly away; and Walters grasped his hand and shouted, "I knew it! I knew it!"

The next morning Elton read in the papers how he had smiled while they bandaged his badly swollen ankle.



ELEVEN PROMISING CANDIDATES FOR THE GREAT VARSITY ELEVENS OF 1915. RAH! RAH! RAH!



THE LITTLE BROTHER OF LOO-LEE LOO

By MARGARET JOHNSON



IN flowery, fair Cathay,
That kingdom far
away,
Where, odd as it seems,
't is always night
when here we are
having day,
In the time of the
great Ching-Wang,
In the city of proud
Shi-Bang,
In the glorious golden
days of old when
sage and poet
sang,

There lived a nobleman who
Was known as the Prince Choo-Choo.
(It was long before the Chinaman wore his
beautiful silken queue.)
A learned prince was he,
As rich as a prince could be,
And his house so gay had a grand gateway,
and a wonderful roof, sky-blue.

His garden was bright with tints
Of blossoming peach and quince,
And a million flowers whose like has not
been seen before or since;
And set 'mid delicate odors
Were cute little toy pagodas,
That looked exactly as if you *might* go in
for ice-cream sodas!

A silver fountain played
In a bowl of carven jade,

And pink and white in a crystal pond the
water-lilies swayed.

But never a flower that grew
In the garden of Prince Choo-Choo
Was half so fair as his daughter there, the
Princess Loo-lee Loo.

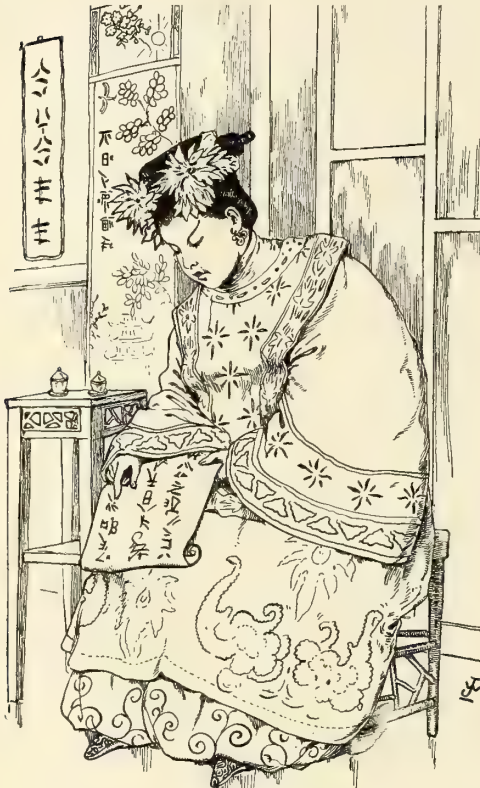


LOO-LEE LOO.

Each day she came and sat
On her queer little bamboo mat.
(And I hope she carried a doll or two, but I
can't be sure of that!)

She watched the fountain toss,
And she gazed the bridge across,
And she worked a bit of embroidery fine
with a thread of silken floss.

She touched her wee guitar,
 The gift of her prince-papa,
 And she hummed a queer little Chinese tune
 with a Chinese tra-la-la!
 It was all that she had to do
 To keep her from feeling blue,



SU-SEE.

For terribly lonely and dull sometimes was
 poor little Loo-lee Loo.

Her father had kites to fly
 Far up in the free blue sky
 (For a Chinaman loves with this elegant
 sport his leisure to occupy);
 And what with his drums and gongs,
 And his numerous loud ding-dongs,
 He could have any day, in a princely way,
 a regular Fourth of July.

Her mother, the fair Su-See,
 Was as busy as she could be,
 Though she never went out, except, per-
 haps, to a neighboring afternoon tea;

She was young herself, as yet,
 And the minutes that she could get
 She spent in studying up the rules of Ele-
 gant Etiquette.

So the princess nibbled her plums,
 And twirled her dear little thumbs,
 And lent sometimes a wistful ear to the
 beating of distant drums;
 Until one April day—
Tsing Ming, as they would say—
 She saw at the gate a sight that straight
 took Loo-lee's breath away.

Two dimples, soft and meek,
 In a brown little baby cheek,
 Two dear little eyes that met her own in a
 ravishing glance oblique;
 A chubby hand thrust through
 The palings of bamboo—
 A little Celestial, dropped, it seemed, straight
 out of the shining blue.



LOO-LEE LOO AND LITTLE FING-WEE.

A playmate, a friend, a toy,
 A live little baby boy—
 Conceive, if you can, in her lonely state, the
 Princess Loo-lee's joy!

How, as fast as her feet could toddle
(Her shoes were a Chinese model),
She hurried him in, and almost turned his
dear little wondering noddle.

"Oh, is it," she bent to say
In her courteous Chinese way,
"In my very contemptible garden, dear, your
illustrious wish to play?"
And when he nodded his head
She knew that he would have said,
"My insignificant feet are proud your honored
estate to tread!"

Oh, then, but the garden rang
With laughter and joy—ting, tang!
There was never a happier spot that day in
the realm of the great Ching-Wang!
And oh, but it waned too soon,
That golden afternoon,
When the princess played with her Ray of the
Sun, her darling Beam of the Moon!

For when the shadows crept
Where the folded lilies slept,
Out into the garden all at once the prince
her father stepped,
With a dignified air benign,
And a smile on his features fine,
And a perfectly gorgeous gown of silk em-
broidered with flower and vine.

A fan in his princely hand,
Which he waved with a gesture bland
(Instead of a gentleman's walking-stick it
was carried, you understand),
In splendor of girdle and shoe,
In a glitter of gold and of blue,
With the fair Su-See at his side came he, the
lordly Prince Choo-Choo.

The princess bent her brow
In a truly Celestial bow,
Saluted her father with filial grace, and made
him the grand kotow.
(For every child that 's bright
Knows well the rule that 's right,
That to knock your head on the ground nine
times is the way to be polite.)

"And, pray, what have we here?"
In language kind though queer
The prince observed. "It looks to me like
a little boy, my dear!"
"Why, that 's what it is!" in glee
The princess cried. "Fing-Wee—
Most Perfectly Peerless Prince-Papa, a
dear little brother for me!"



PRINCE CHOO-CHOO.

Loud laughed the Prince Choo-Choo,
And I fancy he said "Pooh-pooh!"
(That sounds very much like a Chinese word,
and expresses his feelings, too!)
And the fair Su-See leaned low.
"My Bud of the Rose, you know
If little Fing-Wee our son should be, your
honors to him must go!"

But the princess's eyes were wet,
For her dear little heart was set
On having her way till she quite forgot her
daughtery etiquette.

"Oh, what do I care!" she said.
 "If he only may stay," she plead,
 "I will give him the half of my bowl of rice
 and all of my fish and bread!"

"Dear, dear!" said the Prince Choo-Choo,
 "Now here is a how-do-you-do!
 Is there nothing, O Jasmine-Flower, instead?
 A parasol pink or blue?
 A beautiful big balloon?"
 But she went to the same old tune,

Some thousands of years ago, it appears, the
 custom was thus begun."

He stopped for a pinch of snuff;
 His logic was sound, though tough;
 You may rightfully follow what plan you
 please, if it's only antique enough!

"A son," he thoughtfully said,
 "To serve me with rice and bread;
 To burn the paper above my grave and
 honor my aged head!"



THE TORTOISE TEST.

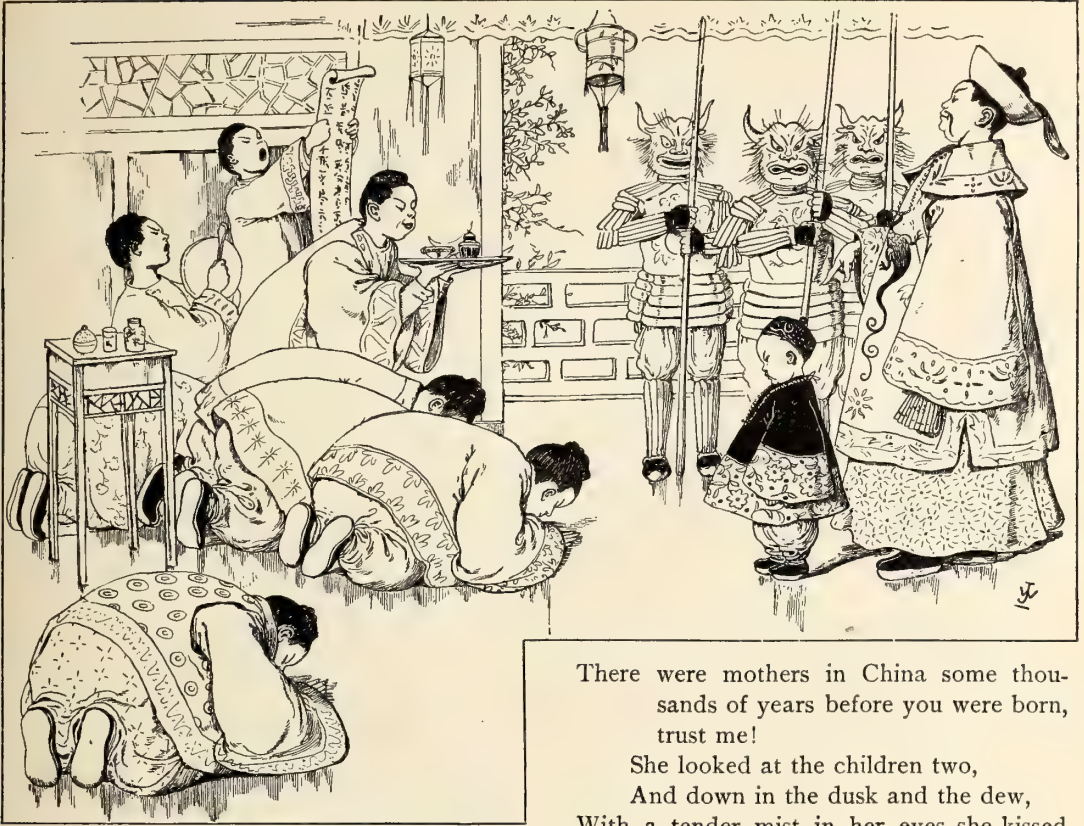
"I'd rather have little Fing-Wee, papa, than
 anything under the moon!"

Then the prince he called for lights,
 And he called for the Book of Rites,
 And all of the classical literature that he
 loved to read o' nights;
 And he read till the dawn of day
 In his very remarkable way,
 From end to beginning, from bottom to top,
 as only a Chinaman may.

"My father adopted a son,
 His father the same had done;

Oh, try me the tortoise sign
 With a tortoise of ancient line:
 If he turns his toes straight in as he goes,
 the boy is certainly mine!"

Oho! but the garden rang
 On that wonderful night—ting, tang!
 When a banquet meet was served the élite
 of the city of proud Shi-Bang!
 And all who passed that way
 Might read in letters gay
 As long as your arm, "The Prince Choo-
 Choo adopts a son to-day!"



"AND THE GIFTS THAT WERE BROUGHT FOR THE LITTLE FING-WEE WOULD FILL ME A CHAPTER OR TWO."

There was knocking of heads galore;
 There were trumpets and drums a score;
 The gay pavilions were lit with millions of
 lamps from ceiling to floor.
 And oh, but the chop-sticks flew
 In the palace of Prince Choo-Choo,
 And the gifts that were brought for the little
 Fing-Wee would fill me a chapter or
 two.

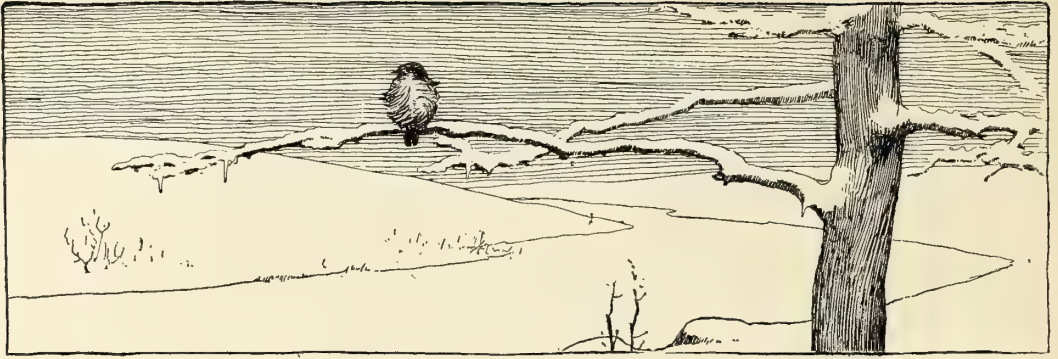
But with never a single toy,
 The princess cried for joy,
 Nor cared she a jot that they all forgot
 it was she who had found the boy!
 Her dear little heart it sang
 Like a bird in her breast—ting, tang!
 There was never a happier child that night
 in the realm of the great Ching-Wang!

And her mother, the fair Su-See,
 She looked at the little Fing-Wee—

There were mothers in China some thou-
 sands of years before you were born,
 trust me!

She looked at the children two,
 And down in the dusk and the dew,
 With a tender mist in her eyes she kissed
 the Princess Loo-lee Loo!





THE LAST LITTLE BIRD.

By ELLA S. SARGENT.

ONCE there was a little bird who would n't sing. Her tree was bare; there was scarcely a seed in the field and no music in her voice.

"Come," called the flocks of birds overhead, "come South with us. We know!"

"No," answered the little bird, tucking her head under her wing; "I know!"

Thumpity-thump, went her little heart: "Those birds *know*!"

"Let's up and away," said the restless wings.

"Keep still!" said the cross little bird.

Then the river and the pond froze up, and there was no water to drink.

Next the snow came and covered the ground, and there was no food to eat.

"Better fly South," fluttered the wings.

"I'm too weak," cried the hungry, sad little bird.

Then the little bird chirped a few faint notes, spread her wings and flew to a near-by town.

There a thoughtful child at a window saw the little bird and spread some crumbs upon the sill.

A big dog in the yard said: "Drink from my pan."

"Let's fly farther," said the wings.

The little bird sang a sweet song to the thoughtful child in the window.

"Good luck!" barked the dog. "Come back in the spring!"

And away flew the little bird — away and away to the South, where all the birds sang: "She comes, she comes!"



HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

*A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas." **

INTRODUCTION.

"Having eyes, see ye not?"

THE world is full of beauty which many people hurry past or live in front of and do not see. There is also a world of beauty in pictures, but it escapes the notice of many, because, while they wish to see it, they do not know how.

The first necessity for the proper seeing of a picture is to try to see it through the eyes of the artist who painted it. This is not a usual method. Generally people look only through their own eyes, and like or dislike a picture according as it does or does not suit their particular fancy. These people will tell you: "Oh, I don't know anything about painting, but I know what I like"; which is their way of saying: "If I don't like it right off, I don't care to be bothered to like it at all."

Such an attitude of mind cuts one off from growth and development, for it is as much as to say: "I am very well satisfied with myself and quite indifferent to the experiences and feelings of other men." Yet it is just this feeling and experience of another man which a picture gives us. If you consider a moment you will understand why. The world itself is a vast panorama, and from it the painter selects his subject—not to copy it exactly, since it would be impossible for him to do this, even if he tried. How could he represent, for example, each blade of grass, each leaf upon a tree? So what he does is to represent the subject as he sees it, as it appeals to his sympathy or interest; and if twelve artists painted the same landscape the result would be twelve different pictures, differing according to the way in which each man had been impressed by the scene; in fact, according to his separate point of view or separate way of seeing it, influenced by his individual experience and feeling.

It is most important to realize the part which is played by these two qualities of experience and feeling. Experience, the fullness or the deficiency of it, must affect the work of every one of us, no matter what our occupation may be. And if the work is of the kind which appeals to the feelings of others, as in the case of the preacher, the writer, the actor, the painter, sculptor, architect, or art-craftsman, the musician or even the dancer, then it must be affected equally by the individual's capacity of feeling and by his power of expressing what he feels.

Therefore, since none of us can include in ourselves the whole range of possible experience and feeling, it is through the experience and the feeling of others that we deepen and refine our own. It is this that we should look to pictures to accomplish, which, as you will acknowledge, is a very different thing from off-hand like or dislike. For example, we may not be attracted at first, but we reason with ourselves: "No doubt this picture meant a good deal to the man who painted it; it embodies his experience of the world and his feeling toward the subject. It represents, in fact, a revelation of the man himself, and if it is true that 'the noblest study of mankind is man,' then possibly in the study of this man, as revealed in his work, there may be much that ought to interest me."

I am far from wishing you to suppose that all pictures will repay you for such intimate study. For instance, we may quickly discover that an artist's experience of life is meager, his feeling commonplace and paltry. There are not a few men of this sort in the occupation of art, just as in every other walk of life, and their pictures, so far as we ourselves are concerned, will be disappointing. But among the pictures which have stood the test of time we shall always find that the fruits of the artist's experience and

* See page 94.

feeling are of a kind which make a lasting appeal to the needs of the human heart and mind, and that this fact is one of the causes of their being held in perpetual honor.

There is also another cause: If only experience and feeling were necessary to make an artist, some of us would be better artists than many who follow the profession of art. But there is another necessity—the power of expressing the experience and feeling. This, by its derivation from the Greek, is the real meaning of the word “art,” the capacity to “fit” a form to an idea. The artist is the “fitter” who gives shape and construction to the visionary fabric of his imagination; and this method of “fitting” is called his “technique.”

So the making of a picture involves two processes: a taking in of the *impression*, and a giving of it out by visible *expression*; a seeing of the subject with the eye and the mind, and a communicating of what has been so seen to the eyes and minds of others; and both these processes are influenced by the experience and feeling of the artist and make their appeal to our own. From this it should be clear that the beauty of a picture depends much less upon its subject than upon the artist's conception and treatment of it. A grand subject will not of itself make a grand picture, while a very homely one, by the way in which it is treated, may be made to impress us profoundly.

The degree of beauty in a picture depends, in fact, upon the artist's feeling for beauty and upon his power to express it; and in order that we may discover how, at successive times and in various countries, different men have conceived of life and have expressed their feeling and experience in pictures, I propose that we shall study this out in a series of comparisons.

Our plan, therefore, will be:

“Look here, upon this picture, and on this”; not to decide offhand which you like the better,—for in some cases perhaps you will not like either, since they were painted in times so remote from ours as to be outside our twentieth-century habit of understanding,—but in order that we may get at the artist's way of seeing in each case. In this way I hope, too, that we may be able to piece together the story of modern

painting; beginning with its re-birth in the thirteenth century, when it emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages, and following it through its successive stages in different countries down to our own day.

I.

GIOVANNI CIMABUE (1240-1302); GIOTTO
[GIOTTO DI BONDONE] (1276-1337),
FLORENTINE SCHOOL.

FOR the first comparison I invite you to study the two pictures, shown on pages 26 and 27, of “The Madonna Enthroned.” One was painted by Cimabue, the other by his pupil, Giotto. Both were painted on wooden panels in distemper, that is to say, with colors that have been mixed with some gelatinous medium, such as the white and the yolk of an egg beaten up together, for it was not until the fifteenth century that the use of oil-colors was adopted. The colors used in Giotto's panel are tints of blue and rose and white; in Cimabue's the blues and reds are deep and dusky, the background in each case being golden.

We notice at once a general similarity between these two pictures, not only in choice of subject but in the manner of presentation: the Madonna seated upon a throne; her mantle drawn over her head; her right hand resting on the knee of the infant Saviour, who has two fingers of his right hand raised in the act of blessing; kneeling angels at the foot, and figures in tiers above them; all the heads being surrounded by the nimbus, or circular cloud of light, showing, like a halo, their sacred character.

The reason of this general similarity is that the choice of a subject in painting and the manner of its presentation were fixed by the Christian Church of that time: for long before this thirteenth century the methods of old Greek art had been lost, and the Church had adopted a form of art known as Byzantine. I will try to explain what this means.

Briefly, the cause of the change was this. In old Greece, art and religion were bound together. The gods and goddesses* in whom they believed were always represented in sculpture and painting as human beings of a higher order; physical perfection was the ideal alike

* Zeus, Ares, Athene, and the rest—or, as the Romans called them, Jupiter, Mars, Minerva, etc.

of religion and of art. But the Christianity of those earlier times met the ideal of physical perfection with the spiritual doctrine of mortifying the flesh, and the pagan art of old Greece was condemned by the Church. Yet pictures of some sort were needed as an aid to the teachings of religion, and the Church found what it required in the art of Byzantium.

This old Greek city stood where Constantinople now stands, and was the gateway between the Eastern and Western worlds. Now the ideals of the East and West are very different. While the Greek artist carved or painted human or animal forms, striving to give them a perfection of shape in every part that would express his ideal, the artist of the East reached his ideal through the perfection of beautiful lines, of beautiful patterns of form and color. Thus the one art is represented at its best by the sculptures of Phidias on the Parthenon, the other by a decorated porcelain vase.

The arrival, therefore, at Byzantium of this Oriental art, so far removed from the pagan study of the human form, so beautifully decorative, was welcomed by the Church, both for the decorating of the sacred buildings and for the illuminating of the sacred manuscripts; and it was as decorators and illuminators that the Byzantine artists did their finest work. But as the old Greek study of the human figure had been abandoned, the ignorance of the artists regarding the real character of the human form increased; their types of figure became less and less like nature and more and more according to an unnatural figure established by the Church. As "mortifying the flesh" was preached, the figures must be thin and gaunt, their gestures angular, the expression of their emaciated faces one of painful ecstasy. And so, in time, all that was required of or permitted to the painters of those days was to go on reproducing certain chosen subjects in a sort of stencil-like way.

Now, therefore, we can understand why those two pictures of "The Madonna Enthroned," by Cimabue and Giotto, are so similar in arrangement. They both followed the rules prescribed by the Church. Yet the Florentines of Cimabue's day found his picture so superior to anything they had seen before — so much more splendid in color, if not much nearer to the true

representation of life — that, when it was completed, they carried it in joyous procession from the artist's home, through the streets of Florence, and deposited it with ceremony in the Church of Santa Maria Novella.

Cimabue had chanced upon the boy Giotto as, like David of old, he watched his flock upon the mountain; and he found him drawing the form of one of the goats upon a rock with a sharp piece of slate. The master must have seen some hint of genius in the work, for he straightway asked the boy if he would like to be his pupil, and, having received a glad assent and the father's permission, carried him off to Florence to his *bottega*. This, the artist's studio of that period and for long after, was rather what we should call a workshop, in which the pupils ground and prepared the colors under the master's direction; and it was not until they had thoroughly mastered this branch of the work, a task which in Giotto's time was supposed to occupy about six years, that they were permitted to use the brushes. How often, as he worked in the gloom of the *bottega*, must the shepherd-boy have peeped wistfully at the master standing in the shady garden, before a great glory of crimson drapery and golden background, and wondered if he himself should ever acquire so marvelous a skill!

He was destined to accomplish greater things, for in the free air of the mountain the boy's eager eyes had learned to love and study nature. It was the love of *form* that had set him to try to picture a goat upon the surface of the rock; it was the *actual appearance* of objects that he sought to render when in due time he learned to use the brush.

If you turn again to a comparison of his Madonna with that of Cimabue, you will see what strides he had already made toward natural truth. Observe how the figure of the Virgin is made real to us, notwithstanding that it is covered, as in Cimabue's, with drapery; and that the Holy Child in Cimabue's picture is not nearly so strong and firm and lifelike as Giotto's, though his is enveloped in a garment. Examine also the other figures in Giotto's picture; you will find the same suggestion of a substantial form that could be touched and grasped. Notice further how his feeling for truth has affected his arrange-

ment of the forms. The throne actually has length, breadth, and thickness; so have all the figures, and they rest firmly upon the ground; for example, the figure of the infant Saviour in the two pictures. In Cimabue's the drapery is scored with lines which vaguely hint at folds



"THE MADONNA ENTHRONED." BY CIMABUE.

ground; the artist has called in the aid of perspective to enforce the reality of his group.

Now how has he accomplished this appearance of reality? By the use of light and shade, and by making his lines express the structure and character of the object. Compare, again,

and obscure the shape of the limbs beneath; but in Giotto's certain parts of the figure are made to project by the use of high lights, and others are correspondingly depressed by shade, while the lines of the drapery serve, as you notice, to indicate the shape of the form beneath.

This use of light and shade by Giotto, while it marks a distinct advance from the flat, pattern-like painting of the Byzantine school, is artist to introduce the faces of living people of his own time into pictures, and the "Paradise" on the walls of the Bargello in Florence con-



"THE MADONNA ENTHRONED." BY GIOTTO.

still very crudely managed, and, as if conscious of the fact, the artist has selected the most simple arrangements of drapery. The picture was painted probably during the years of his apprenticeship to Cimabue, and shows much less freedom and practised skill than the works of Giotto's later years. Giotto was the first

to introduce the faces of living people of his own time into pictures, and the "Paradise" on the walls of the Bargello in Florence contains the famous portrait of Dante, the great Italian poet, in his early manhood. It had remained covered with whitewash for two hundred years, until once more brought to light in 1840.

All Giotto's paintings were executed in fresco, that is to say, were painted on the plaster before

it was dry, with water-colors mixed in a glutinous medium, so that as the surface hardened the colors became fixed and blended in it. While the technical knowledge displayed in them may seem to you hardly greater than that of a school-boy of our own day, yet they are so simple and unaffected, so earnest in feeling, that they arouse the interest and enthusiasm of the modern student.

In his own day Giotto's fame as a painter was supreme. He had numerous followers, and these "Giotteschi," as they were styled, continued his methods for nearly a hundred years. But, like all the great men of the Florentine school, he was a master of more than one craft. "Forget that they were painters," writes Mr. Berenson, "they remain great sculptors; forget that they were sculptors, and still they remain architects, poets, and even men of science."

The beautiful Campanile, which stands beside the cathedral in Florence, and represents a perfect union of strength and elegance, was designed by Giotto and partly erected in his lifetime. Moreover, the sculptured reliefs which decorate its lower part were all from his designs, though he lived to execute only two of them.

Thus, architect, sculptor, painter, friend of Dante and of other great men of his day, Giotto was the worthy forerunner of that brilliant band of artists which a century later made Florence forever renowned as the birthplace of that great revival, or "new birth" of art, generally called "The Renaissance."

II.

ALESSANDRO BOTTICELLI (1446-1510), FLORENTINE SCHOOL; HANS MEMLING (1430-1494), FLEMISH SCHOOL.

WE have seen that the revival of painting began with a study of the appearances of objects, and an attempt to represent them as real to the senses of sight and touch; that the painters learned from the sculptors, who themselves had learned from the remains of antique sculpture, and that the result was a closer truth to nature, in the representation of the human form.

We have now to consider the effect produced upon painting by the revival of the study of Greek, which revealed to Italy of the fifteenth

century a new light. Botticelli represents this new inspiration, and I have coupled with him the Flemish painter, Memling, because these two artists, though they worked apart and under different conditions, had one quality of mind in common. An unaffected simplicity, frank and artless, fresh and tender, like the child-mind or the opening buds of spring flowers, appears in each.

In the year 1396 Manuel Chrysoloras, a Byzantine scholar, was appointed professor of Greek at Florence. From him and from his pupils the knowledge of Greek literature spread rapidly over Italy, accompanied by an extraordinary enthusiasm for Roman and Greek art, and for Greek thought and Greek ideals. Artists of that time soon began to cherish the old Greek devotion to the beauty of the human form; the scholars gave themselves up to admiration of Plato's philosophy. Artists and scholars thronged the court of Duke Lorenzo de' Medici (Lorenzo the Magnificent), patron of arts and letters, and among the brilliant throng none was more highly honored than Sandro Botticelli. His father was in comfortable circumstances, and he had been "instructed in all such things as children are usually taught before they choose a calling." But he refused to give his attention to reading, writing, and accounts, so that his father, despairing of his ever becoming a scholar, apprenticed him to the goldsmith Botticello; whence the name by which the world remembers him. His own family name was Filipepi.

In those days, as we have noted before, men were often masters of more than one craft. One well-known painter was also a goldsmith; another was goldsmith, painter, and sculptor. Botticello's Sandro, a stubborn-featured youth with large, quietly searching eyes and a shock of yellow hair,—he has left a portrait of himself in one of his pictures,—would also fain have been a painter, and to that end was placed with a well-known painter, who was also a monk, Fra Filippo Lippi. Sandro made rapid progress, and loved his master. But his own pictures show that Sandro was a dreamer and a poet.

You will feel this if you refer to the two pictures and compare his "Virgin Enthroned" with Memling's. The latter's is much more realistic. It is true that it does not, as a whole, represent

a real scene, for the Virgin's throne with its embroidered hanging or *dossal*, the canopy or *baldachin* above it, and the richly decorated arch which frames it in are not what you would expect to see set up in a landscape. These are features repeated, with variations, in so many Madonna pictures intended for altarpieces.

But how very real are the two bits of landscape, which are drawn, we may feel sure, from nature: a great man's castle and a water-mill, two widely separated phases of life, suggesting, perhaps, that the Christ came to save rich and poor alike. Then, too, the introduction of the apple may be intended to remind us of the circumstances of the fall of man, which the Saviour came into the world to redress. But Memling was satisfied merely to suggest these things; and then devoted himself to rendering with characteristic truth a little scene of realism. The angel on the left is simply an older child playfully attracting the baby's attention to an apple; the Christ-child is simply a baby, attracted by the colored, shining object, and the pretty scene is watched intently by the other angel. On the Madonna's face, however, is an abstracted expression, as if her thoughts were far away: not in pursuit of any mystical dreams, but following that quiet, happy pathway along which a young mother's thoughts will roam.

So we find in Memling's picture close studies of the way in which the facts present themselves to the eye. This is seen, too, in the landscape, in the carved and embroidered ornament, in the character of the figures, and in the little story which they are enacting. As I have said, the spirit of the picture is realistic.

But turn to Botticelli's. Here the spirit is imaginative or allegorical. He was fond of allegorical subjects. In the present case the subject is religious, but we may doubt if the Bible version of the story was in the artist's mind. He was commissioned to paint a Madonna and Child with attendant angels, and, poet and dreamer that he was, took the familiar theme and made it the basis of a picture from his own imagination. In the figure of the Christ-child there is a grave dignity, a suggestion of authority. The only gesture of infancy is in the left arm and hand, and the mother's face is bowed in timid meekness, and is rather sad in expression.

But beauty of face he does not give to his Madonna; she is meek and timid—oppressed with gentle sadness. In the faces of the angels, the young fair creatures who stand around the throne, what wistful and unsatisfied yearning!

The strain of sadness, indeed, is in all Botticelli's pictures; they have the note of infinite but ineffectual longing. So that, when we understand this, we forget the ugliness of many of his faces, and find in them a spiritual meaning, which we learn to feel is a very touching and beautiful expression of the artist's own mind, of his particular way of looking at the world of his time.

He looked at it as a poet, moved alike by the love of beauty and by the beauty of love; and out of the world's realities he fashioned for himself dreams, and these he pictured. So his pictures, as I have said, are not records of fact, treated with a very pleasing fancifulness and reverence, as in this Madonna of Memling's, but visions, the beauty of which is rather spiritual than material. It is almost as if he tried to paint not only the flower but also its fragrance, and it was the fragrance that to him seemed the more precious quality.

So now, perhaps, we can begin to understand the difference between his technique—that is to say, his manner of setting down in paint what he desired to express—and Memling's. The latter, serene and happy, had all a child's delight in the appearances of things, attracted by them as the infant in his picture is attracted by the apple, and offering them to us with the same winning grace, and certainty that they will please, as the angel in his picture exhibits. So it is the *facts*, clear to the senses of sight and touch, that he presents, with a loving, tender care to make them as plain to us as possible, working out to perfection even the smallest details.

You have examined the beautiful workmanship in the ornamentation of the arch and in the garlands suspended by the charming little baby forms; but have you discovered the tiny figures in the landscape? And with a reading-glass you will see that the castle drawbridge is down, and a lady on horseback is passing over it, following a gentleman who is evidently riding forth to hunt, as a greyhound comes along be-

hind him. From the mill is issuing a man with a sack of flour on his shoulders, which he will set upon the back of the donkey that waits patiently before the door, while a little way along the road stands a dog, all alert and impatient to start. These incidents illustrate Memling's

figures are chosen with the first intention of being decorative.

You will see this at once if you compare the draperies of the angels in the two pictures. Those of Memling's are commonplace compared with the fluttering grace of Botticelli's.



"THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED." BY BOTTICELLI.

fondness for detail, and his delight in the representation of facts as facts.

By comparison, Botticelli is a painter, not of facts, but of ideas, and his pictures are not so much a representation of certain objects as a pattern of forms. Nor is his coloring rich and lifelike, as Memling's is; it is often rather a tinting than actual color. His figures do not attract us by their suggestion of bulk, but as shapes of form, suggesting rather a flat pattern of decoration. Accordingly, the lines which inclose the

But there is more in this flutter of draperies than mere beauty of line: it expresses lively and graceful movement. These angels seem to have alighted like birds, their garments still buoyed up with air and agitated by their speed of flight, each being animated with its individual grace of movement. Compared with the spontaneousness and freedom of these figures, those of Memling look heavy, stock-still, and posed for effect.

Now, therefore, we can appreciate the truth

of the remark that Botticelli, "though one of the worst anatomists, was one of the greatest draftsmen of the Renaissance." As an ex-

men, because he gave to "line" not only intrinsic beauty, but also significance — that is to say, his rhythmical and harmonious lines produce



"THE VIRGIN ENTHRONED." BY MEMLING.

ample of false anatomy, you may notice the impossible way in which the Madonna's head is attached to the neck, and other instances of faulty or incorrect form may be found in Botticelli's pictures. Yet, in spite of this, he is recognized as one of the greatest drafts-

men, because he gave to "line" not only intrinsic beauty, but also significance — that is to say, his rhythmical and harmonious lines produce an effect upon our imagination corresponding to the sentiment of grave and tender poetry that filled the artist himself.

This power of making every line count, both in significance and beauty, distinguishes the great master draftsmen of all time.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE X.

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

ALL this tale happened last year, and I have suddenly taken it into my head to write it up—probably for the reason that I ought to be doing my geometry review at this present moment. To begin at the beginning (Miss Noble says that's a very poor beginning, but no matter), it was the first day of October, when the whole school devotes itself to welcoming the new girls. The old girls don't come till the next day, but Miss Brathwaite always asks a few of the old ones to come early so as to help settle the new little ladies. Among this number my cheerful and reassuring self was selected. There were three or four more of our "crowd," too, and in the intervals when we were n't being introduced, or getting room-keys, or discovering trunks, or trotting people to their rooms, we'd swoop down on Miss Noble in her corner, and all talk at once about our summer, provided Miss Noble was n't talking to fond parents herself. Miss Noble is our English teacher, and she's a brick. She wears the prettiest shirt-waists, and I don't believe she's more than twenty-five.

I was just engaged in describing my thrilling escape from a watery grave in the previous July, when Miss Brathwaite summoned me to my ninth introduction of the morning:

"This is Harriet Smalley, Mr. Prentiss; and this is Natalie Prentiss, Harry. Natalie is to room in 320 with Cassandra Ober. The room is unlocked; will you show them the way?"

I saw a fat, stumpy girl of about sixteen. I decided she was sixteen by the way she could n't manage her skirt going upstairs. I mentally deposited her in the younger set—most of the girls in our crowd are eighteen. The curious thing about her was her face. She had the most perfectly expressionless face you ever saw, and it rather bothered you, too, because it looked as if it ought to be pretty, and yet it was n't. I rather liked the papa. The last one I had met was so pompous I

wanted to thump him; but this one was anxious and worried, and he acted as if I were the one being on earth who could cheer him up. Was the room in a good location—plenty of sun? Not too many stairs? We had plenty of time to be out of doors? We had plenty to eat? He hoped Natalie would be well here. We were well here, were n't we? And happy? The life was happy, was n't it? I was really sorry for him, and I did n't think he needed to be so fussed up over the health of such a hearty, sunburnt girl as Natalie. I rattled away, telling him all about the jolly times we had, and that Natalie could n't help enjoying it all just as soon as she got acquainted, and that never took long. But Natalie did n't exhibit the faintest interest in my remarks. She was looking out of the window.

"Do you walk in those woods?" she asked.

"Some of the girls take their required ex that way. I go in for the games myself. Do you play tennis or golf or hockey?"

"No."

"Hockey's fine sport!" I assured her; but she seemed to prefer to gaze at the woods rather than to talk to my humble self, and so after I'd looked up her trunk, which was lettered Los Angeles, and told her about luncheon, I ran off and left them. I wondered what Cass would think of Natalie. I should n't have wished to room with Cass myself, and I'm not fussy.

I suppose it's just the same in all boarding-schools the first six or eight weeks of the fall—the same program of behavior, I mean. You come back with the most exalted notions of being good to the new girls. Miss Brathwaite gives a touching little talk on the subject the first chapel night, and you run right out from chapel and pitch in, and are so sweet to the homesick for the first week that it's positively sickish. At the end of a week you can't stand such angelhood another minute, and so

you drop it and fall into your old ways with your old cronies, and discover how "awfully fond" of one another you are, and what a grand good

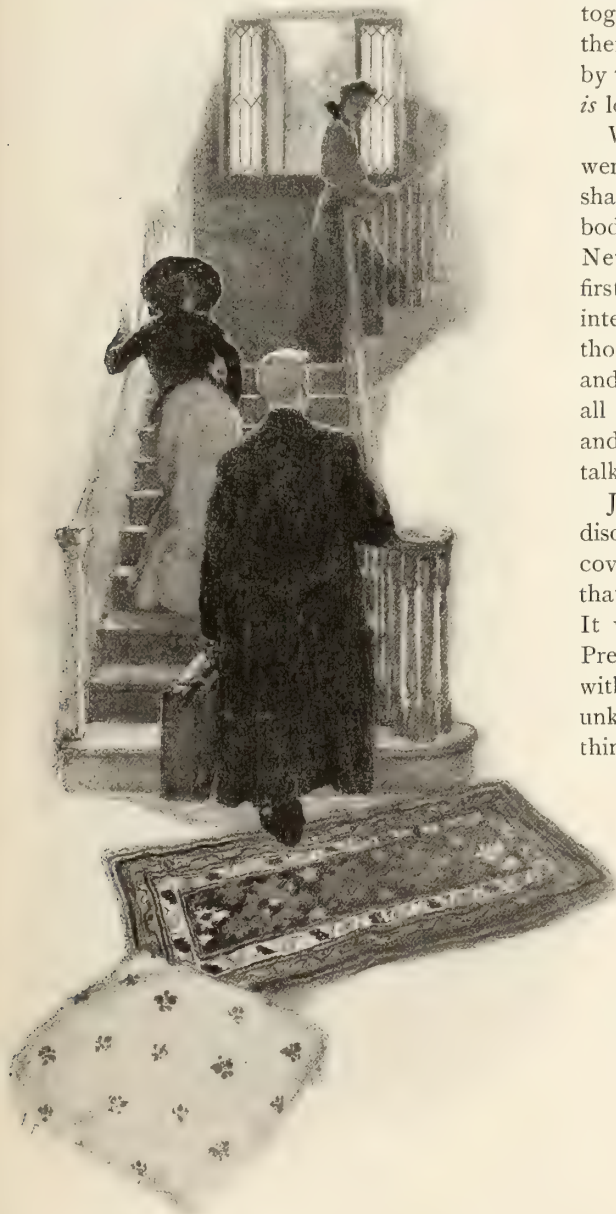
same old crowd,—and go bowling off; and, to prolong the metaphorical agony, those of the new girls who have n't the gumption either to hang on somehow to *your* tally-ho, or to club together and make a clique or a tally-ho of their own—why, they just have to foot it by themselves, that's all—and I suppose it *is* lonesome.

Well, by Thanksgiving of last year we were all, new girls and old ones, pretty well shaken down into our proper places. Everybody knew what everybody else was like. New girls who had hated one another the first week were now in a state of intimate intertwinement, or the reverse. Girls we'd thought dull at first turned out to be stars, and *vice versa*. All the clubs had initiated all their new members. In the evenings and Sunday afternoons everybody had been talked over and labeled.

Judy and I were in the midst of such a discussion one night when we suddenly discovered that there was one girl in school that no one knew, or knew anything about. It was that night we first called Natalie Prentiss "Little X," and the name took with everybody. Natalie Prentiss was an unknown quantity. We did n't know anything about her family or her home or her past. She had n't a friend in school. She sat by herself in the hall or the drawing-room; she walked by herself, and she ate in silence and oblivion, no matter how much fun was going on at the table. Cassandra treated her as Cass always treats her room-mates. She had five year before last. She hugs them to bits the first three days, goes around telling everybody how perfectly charming they are, gazes at them all through the painful separation at meal-time, and at the end of three days turns right around and hates them with a deadly hatred, and they live unhappily ever after. The only difference in Natalie's case was that Cass did not do

time you're going to have all the year. You stop being Good Samaritans by the roadside, and climb up into your same old tally-ho,—the

the hugging, in the first place—you could n't have hugged Natalie. Cass published about freely what she thought of Little X, but not a



"I DECIDED SHE WAS SIXTEEN BY THE WAY SHE COULD N'T
MANAGE HER SKIRT GOING UPSTAIRS."



J. DOUGHERTY

“DON'T YOU THINK TREES ARE MUCH BETTER FRIENDS THAN PEOPLE ARE?”

word about Cass or about any other person or subject ever proceeded from the lips of Little X. Of course we got used to her, only I would often wonder what she really was like, back of that perfectly blank face; and sometimes when we were all sitting around the hall fire after dinner, I'd go over to Little X and try to talk to her—I'm naturally bold, the girls all say, and besides it did seem dreadful for her always to be sitting there all alone. But I had to give it up. Little X always looked as if I was most unwelcome, and I'm not used to being treated that way. The other girls had given her up long ago, and after a while I did, too.

Miss Noble told us that Little X's English compositions were the best in the class, and that we would do well to cultivate her. After that I made a final dying effort, and invited Little X for a walk. Of course I did all the talking, not in the least knowing what I was saying. In the middle of an eloquent discourse on hockey, she interrupted in a dreamy manner, "Don't you think trees are much better friends than people are—so much nicer and more satisfying?" Now that kind of remark—the float-away-in-the-clouds-good-by-earth kind—is what I can't keep up with. I stammered out something to the effect that I preferred people every time, and I never asked Little X to walk again.

There was some talk, I remember, of inviting Little X to join the Lit Society, because Miss Noble said she'd do it credit. We talked the matter over, and then we decided that we simply could n't stand her. We've always been so jolly and free and easy in the Lit Society, and an iceberg in our midst would have been dampening. When we "fessed up" to Miss Noble that we'd voted against Little X, she remarked absently, "You girls are a puzzle to me."

There was another period of discussion when Christmas vacation came around. It has been a point of honor—but never before proclaimed like this—with some of us that no girl should be left to spend Christmas in the school. I once took home five "waifs" and "strays," and Judy, who lives in the same town, took three. Well, Judy and I had the worst time deciding about Little X. She'd have to stay all alone with the Canadian matron if we did n't take her,

for all the other girls from distant parts were provided for. If either Judy or I invited her, we could help each other out; but oh, dear, imagine Little X at a house-party! "She'd be sure to spoil everything!" wailed Judy. "I just can't."

"Neither can I!" I answered, and so Little X and the gentry of British America kept each other company for vacation.

But the climax of my story resulted from that dreadful, dreadful English class, which occurred sometime in January. Miss Noble does n't often make us read our papers aloud—almost never before she's read them herself; but that morning she did. We had written fairy stories in the style of Andersen, and Miss Noble had explained just what she wanted, and showed us just how we could pack in pretty descriptions, or sarcasm, or humor, or pathos. She called for several papers that were n't much good, and then she asked for Judy's, which was the prettiest thing!—about a little merbaby,—and then she asked for mine. I had gone in for the humorous myself, and it was rather good, if I do say so—"The Frog Who Would A-wooing Go." The girls just roared—all but Little X. It was Little X's own turn next. But when Miss Noble called on her, she tried to beg off. "Please, please don't ask me, Miss Noble!"

"Yes, Natalie, if you please," Miss Noble answered in that firm, pleasant manner of hers (as if anybody need ever try to beg off with Miss Noble!).

I shall never forget Little X's face, or her voice, or how Miss Noble pressed her fingers together, or the stillness of the room, or anything else of that dreadful morning. It seemed to me that I could not sit there and listen, and I shot a look at Miss Noble that meant "Do, do stop her!" Miss Noble did open her lips once as if she would make her stop, and then she closed them again. I knew what that meant—she had decided that it would be a good lesson for us. Perhaps it was n't so much what Little X read as the tenseness in her voice that went through me so.

This is the composition that she read—no matter how it came into my possession. It was called

"THE PRINCESS WHO COULD NOT SPEAK."

"It was a beautiful country where the princess lived, but the little princess was very lonely there, because she never had anybody to play with. I cannot begin to tell you how lonely the princess was. She was so lonely that she thought it would make her sick, and when she found it did n't, she wished it would make her sick. Then she thought it would get better when she was grown up; but it did n't—it got worse. You see, it was all on account of the enchantment: it was because she could not speak. When she was a little girl she had tried to be friends with the little dukes and duchesses of the court. She would hold out her hand and stand and look at them, but they would back away.

"'Why don't you say something?' they would say. 'Why don't you speak?' No, we do not want you in our game. We do not like people who cannot talk. You are so queer!"

"Then the little princess tried to be friends with the pine-trees. There were beautiful pine-trees in her country, but when the princess put her arms around their trunks the pines just went on singing, singing to the sea—and that music was sweet to listen to, but it was lonely music, and it hurt. Presently the princess gave up trying to be friends with any one, and took to sitting on the rocks by herself, and wondering why she was enchanted. It never is very clear to anybody why a princess is enchanted, except that it never seems to be the princess's fault; she's just got to stand it, that's all. So this little princess knew she had to stand it—that she could n't speak, not one single word, though she was just bursting with things to say. She wanted to say 'How beautiful!' when she looked out of her casement and saw the moonlight on the waves, and she wanted to say 'I am sorry' when people were hurt; but most of all she wanted to say 'I love you' to the people who were good and sweet. But she was dumb, and she wondered if things would ever be better; for it all depended on the prince. People did n't like the princess, because she was dumb and queer and different; but the prince must love her in spite of all this, and he must say so, and then the princess would say, 'I love you,' and after that she would be able to speak all the things stored up all her life in her heart. Those were the terms of the enchantment written out in the great parchment books that the princess had read. But would the prince ever come? The loneliness hurt more every day, but would he ever come?"

Clang-bang! It was the gong for change of class, and we filed out into the hall, the quietest class I ever beheld. We looked so queer that the girls from the other class-room came crowding around to know what on earth had happened, and we were in no mood for telling just then. But by evening it was different. It was Friday, and Miss Noble made chocolate for us

in her room at nine o'clock—no dress-up occasion, just a kimono-and-slippers function, where each girl provides her own cup and saucer, and afterward washes the same. Of course the whole conversation was about Little X, and what in the world was to be done about it. And, as if things were n't bad enough already, Miss Noble told us something that made me feel meaner than an angleworm in a zoölogy tin pan. She said the reason she had n't told us before was that she thought it would be a great deal better for all concerned if we should be nice to Little X just naturally, and not because we knew all about it; and Miss Noble said that girls are so silly she was afraid we'd think Little X queer—crazy, I mean—if she told us.

She said that Mr. Prentiss had told Miss Brathwaite all about it. Little X had been a very bright, jolly sort of girl until the summer before, when she had had a dreadful attack of typhoid fever. She was a long time getting well—and even now she is n't nearly so strong as she looks, and needs some one to keep looking after her. When she did recover she was different. They did n't discover it at once, and when they did they felt perfectly awful about it—her family, I mean. Little X was just as bright as she had been before, but she was queer and quiet and melancholy, like another person. The doctor advised a complete change, and so her father brought her East to this school where the girls are supposed to be particularly jolly and healthy and happy, and he hoped she'd get right into the life and come to be her own old self once more.

I don't ever want to feel again the way I did when Miss Noble finished her remarks. Judy, however, was argumentative, as usual.

"But, Miss Noble, what can we do? She just won't be friendly. We've tried."

"It will be hard," said Miss Noble.

Just then I felt a sudden stiffening inside. I groaned inwardly, but outwardly I said, "I must go up to the nursery before it's shut up, to get some medicine for my cold." Then I pulled myself up and pushed myself out of the door; you see, I knew I was going to be *it*—that I was going to make Natalie Prentiss talk. I went to the nursery, but that did n't take long. Cass was safe in Miss Noble's room.

I left my medicine in my room, and picked up my red tam-o'-shanter and put it on so that it drooped effectively over one ear. My flowing robe was of royal red. I tossed one corner of it over my shoulder in a stagey and princely manner. There was n't a soul in the corridor. I stood myself in front of the door of 320, and knocked in a loud and cheerful tone—though I was shaking in my slippers all the time. There was a small-sized "Come," and I flung open the door, and scraped the floor with as majestic and sweeping a bow as I could muster.

"I am the prince," I said.

Would you believe it? She hardly moved, but just looked up and stared at me with that

ment is quite, quite over, and you 're going to talk and tell me all about it. In fact, you *must*. It's your love or your life, princess, for I 've come to stay!" The princess somehow



"I AM THE PRINCE."

blank, impersonal gaze of hers, that we all knew so well; and there I stood, like a ninny, with my tam-o'-shanter on one ear and my bath-robe festooned over my shoulder!

I dropped the prince. I sputtered out: "Natalie Prentiss, I never felt so like a perfect idiot in my life! For mercy's sake *laugh*, or I'll never forgive you!" And laugh she did, thank goodness! I plumped down on one knee and repeated: "I am the prince, and I 've come to see about that little matter of your not speaking, princess. The enchant-

contrived to melt down upon my neck from above—I was kneeling by her chair.

"Oh, I love you," she said; "I always have, since the first day. I think you 're the dearest girl in school, Harry—prince."

This is the end—abrupt, I know, but that 's what ends ought to be, Miss Noble says. It is not really the end, because, as I said at first, all this happened last year, and now it 's the fall of another year. Little X has just suggested, by the way, that I begin to attach myself to my geometry.

That 's Little X over there in the camp-chair with her feet on the Latin dictionary—looks pretty happy, does n't she? I tell her that she talks me nearly deaf—that if I were looking around for a princess again, I 'd never take a silent one.

Yes, Little X is my room-mate, and what more would you have?

A ROMAN BOY'S BIRTHDAY.



By

Bertha E. Bush.



It is doubtful if there was ever a prouder boy than Publius Septimius Antonius Geta on his eleventh birthday, when he drove to the race-course in a gilded chariot with two magnificent black horses all his own. He had reason to be proud, for it is not the lot of many boys to have the march of a victorious army halted, that their birthdays may be celebrated with military games.

The fiery steeds pranced and curveted. The heavy, unsteady chariot, as clumsy as it was magnificent, rocked from side to side. A hundred hands were ready to take the reins should the emperor's young son give the nod; but, though his arms seemed almost pulled from their sockets and his footing shifted with the swaying chariot, he would not give up. Boys were expected to be hardy and fearless in those days. Young Geta had already been two years with his father in the army, sleeping uncomplaining, if need be, on the bare ground, eating anything or nothing, seeing sights which our bravest men could hardly bear. He was a frank and friendly little fellow, whose greatest pride was to endure all the hardships that the Roman soldiers suffered. What wonder that the whole army loved him, and that the emperor, Septimius Severus, preferred him to his sullen older brother, Caracalla!

When the brilliant cortège reached the am-

phitheater where the games were to be held, Geta was placed in the seat of honor at the right hand of the emperor, and a happier face than his never looked down upon an assembled audience. At the left, with a brow as black with anger as Geta's was bright with happiness, sat the older son, Caracalla, whose heart was full of bitterness at this honor paid to his brother.

It was a little provincial town. The amphitheater did not begin to compare with the wonderful Colosseum at Rome. The citizens had made great effort to adorn it suitably for the emperor. The place reserved for his train was hung with the richest draperies the time produced, but it was not as far removed from the seats of the common people as was most fitting to the Roman ideas of etiquette. Caracalla scowled as he took his purple-draped seat; for the mass—the vulgar herd, as he called them contemptuously—were so near that he could have touched them with his hand.

Geta, with shining face, watched every movement of the wrestlers. Caracalla looked idly about with eyes of disdain. At last the climax seemed to have come. The whole amphitheater was silent in breathless interest; even Caracalla began to show some faint sign of attention. One combatant after another had been downed by one stalwart Roman soldier, who now challenged the world. Just at that moment a luckless slave child from a tier of seats above Caracalla's left hand leaned too

far over, lost his balance and fell, and, clutching wildly at emptiness to save himself somehow, struck the emperor's heir full in the face.

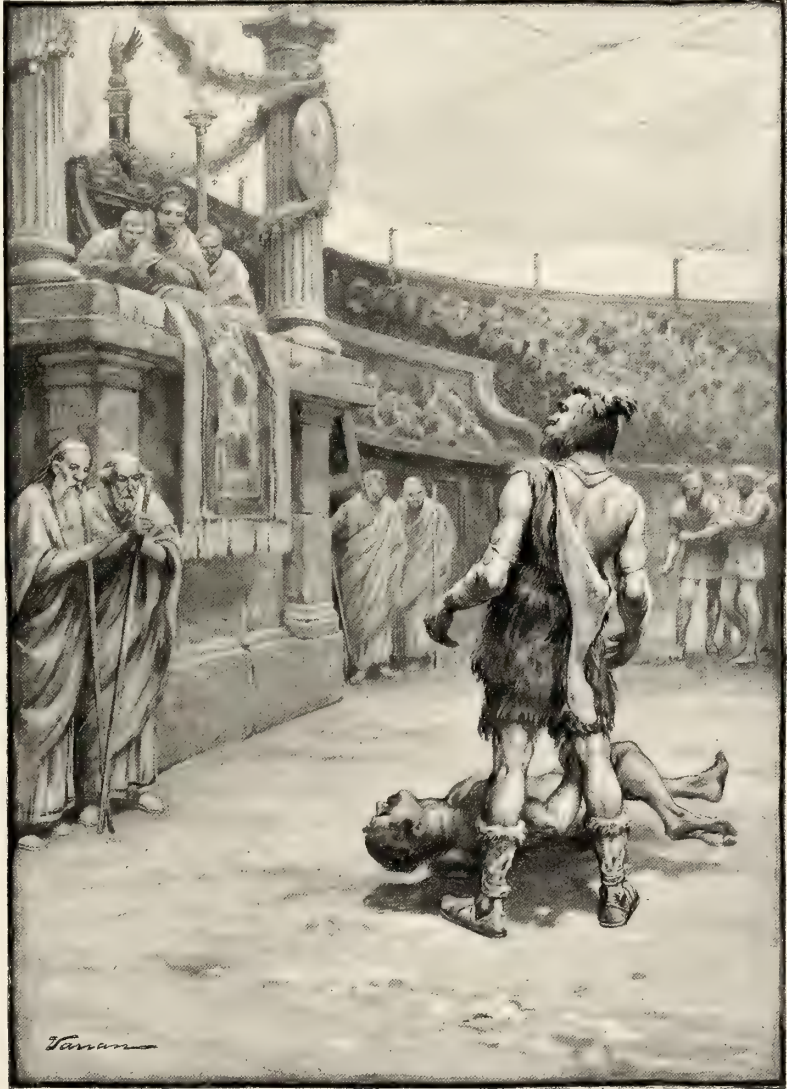
Oh, what an angry Caracalla started up from the purple seat and, with scowls and fierce imprecations, ordered that the unlucky child who had unintentionally insulted him should at once be put to death! Pale and trembling, the little lad was dragged before the emperor and his sons, and the deadly swords of Caracalla's guard of soldiers were drawn from their sheaths.

It was the common punishment for such an offense. The emperor and his sons were sacred. No one touched them unbidden save at penalty of death. But the little lad who had unwittingly offended was so small and innocent! He scarcely comprehended it all, and was more shaken by the fall than by his impending doom, only realizing that some danger was near and every one else was looking upon him in anger. But Geta's face alone was friendly and pitiful. The little slave boy slipped from the soldier's grasp and flung himself down at the feet of the emperor's younger son, clinging to his robe.

It would only have made his punishment more swift if it had been Caracalla's robe he seized, but Geta was made of tenderer as well as braver stuff. Reaching gently down, he caught the little praying hands into his own.

"Father," he said, "this is my birthday. I have a right to a boon. I ask for the life of this boy."

But the stern emperor's face wore no look of consent. The majesty of Rome had been insulted. What did the life of one slave boy



"THE JEERING CROWD SAW HIM MAKE A SLIGHT MOTION, AND THE ROMAN SOLDIER LAY STRETCHED AT HIS FEET." (SEE PAGE 40.)

matter among the millions subject to his sway? To him it seemed unfitting to his dignity that such a crime, even though unintentional, should go unpunished.

"It is impossible, my son," he said. "Ask

it no more. Give up this request and I will order a whole gladiatorial show to please you. But that such an insult to an emperor's son should go unavenged! It is as impossible as that yonder Roman soldier in the arena should be overcome by one of these barbarian Thracians."

But Geta, with the small curly head of the slave child between his knees, looked anxiously to the arena. Any delay was to be welcomed.

"Wait, father; only wait till the games are finished," he begged. "Let the boy stay safe with me till the games are over. Then, if a Roman soldier is still the victor, I will give him up."

The emperor looked at his favorite son. It was hard to deny him. He made a sign to the soldiers who had dragged the child before him, and the swords were sheathed. Once more every eye was fixed upon the arena, and behold! across it came stalking the tallest barbarian that Rome had ever seen, a giant rudely clothed in skins, who besought an opportunity to wrestle with the champion.

"My son," said the emperor,—and though he spoke to Geta his eyes were fixed upon scowling Caracalla,—“art thou ready to risk this cause on the strength of this Thracian giant?”

"Yes, oh, yes," cried Geta; and Caracalla, sure that no Roman soldier could be overcome by a barbarian, muttered a sullen assent.

Once more the trumpet sounded, and the long line of fresh combatants marched across the arena and bowed themselves before the emperor. High above the head and shoulders of the others towered the form of the Thracian giant Maximin, and even when he knelt he was as tall on his knees as the soldiers standing about him.

"I challenge all beholders. Come and wrestle with the power of Rome and learn how she lays her enemies low," cried the champion. One after another advanced and received his

fall, but Maximin stood leaning against a pillar with downcast eyes.

"He is afraid," sneered Caracalla.

Then the herald, at a word from the challenger, advanced and announced that all who feared might withdraw from the contest. Maximin walked carelessly forward to the champion; the jeering crowd saw him make a slight motion, and the Roman soldier lay stretched at his feet. Another and another came forward to revenge the fall of their brother soldiers and in turn met defeat. Seventeen times in quick succession the Thracian giant wrestled with a Roman soldier, and seventeen times was easily victorious.

The life of the child at Geta's feet was saved.

"This giant shall straightway go into my army," said the emperor; and the Thracian left the arena, himself a soldier of Rome.

When the games were over and the emperor and his sons driving away, they saw the barbarian, high over the heads of his companions, leaping and exulting. As soon as he caught sight of them, he ran up to the emperor's chariot.

The horses were not slackened, but for mile after mile the giant ran beside them, and though they galloped at their greatest speed, he lost not an inch.

"Thracian," said the emperor, astonished, "art thou disposed to wrestle after thy race?"

"Most willingly, sir," answered the unwearied Maximin; and thereupon overthrew seven of the strongest soldiers in the army.

"I should not like to wrestle with him," laughed Geta. "Father, thou saidst a Roman soldier was never overcome by a barbarian."

"Hush, my son, hush," cried the emperor. "Is not this giant now a Roman soldier? Can he be overcome?"

Years afterward, when merry Geta had long been dead, this Thracian giant did overcome the power of Rome and became himself the emperor. But that is a story for which you will have to look in your history.

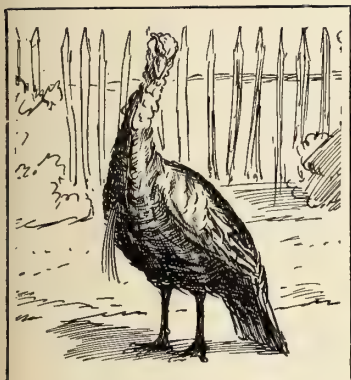


THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

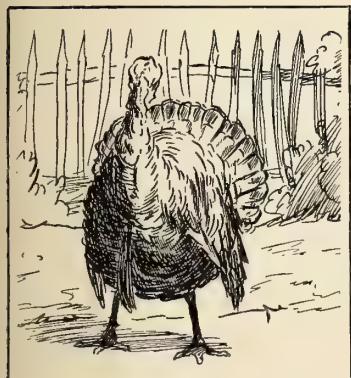
I.

THE fearlessest baby you
ever did see
Was little Xantippe Zeno-
bia Lee;
She calmly stood still,
without tremor or
shock,
When she saw her great-
grandmother's great
turkey-cock.



II.

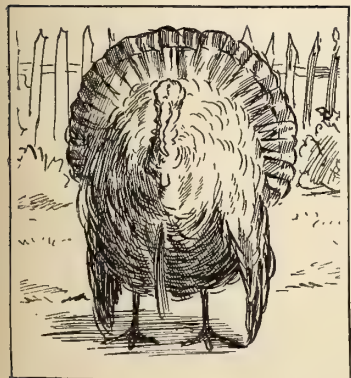
WHEN to ruffle his feathers
the turkey began,
Do you think that Xan-
tippe Zenobia ran?
No! She turned up her
queer little nose, and
said "Pooh!"
You need n't to think
that I 'm frightened
of you!"



III.

THE turkey swelled bigger;
his tail-feathers spread,
And he puffed up his
wings. Then he
waggled his head
And looked toward the
baby.

With agonized
squeals
Xantippe Zenobia took to
her heels!



THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

I. CARPENTRY.

INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the applied arts and crafts, carpentry yields to none in importance.

One of man's first instincts was that of shelter, and all through the ages the development of construction has been undergoing its evolution until our present methods bear little resemblance to the ancient.

The boy who is interested in carpentry can have many hours of pleasure with his tools and materials, and the average boy, we believe, is interested in the craft, at least to some extent.

The object of this article is to persuade the young craftsman to work systematically and accurately, and to understand the possibilities and limitations of tools; not to use a chisel for a screw-driver, or to drive nails with the butt-end of a plane, or to use a tack-hammer to drive a tenpenny nail when a larger hammer is within easy reach. These and other things have to be learned by experience or by watching others, and when the lessons have been learned and the proper care is taken and judgment exercised, it will be possible for the boy to make a great many useful things for his own amusement and for the convenience and pleasure of others.

On the subject of tools themselves it is enough to say that they should always be taken good care of and never misused; for, inanimate though they are, they resent misuse and retaliate by becoming dull and useless.

I. THE WORK-BENCH.

ONE of the indispensable things for the boy carpenter is a good work-bench on which to plane, join, and construct the smaller objects that will be made from time to time. The bench must be substantially made, and be provided with a planing-stop, a vise, and

a drawer in which to keep small tools, nails, screws, and the various odds and ends that are employed in carpentry. To begin with, obtain for the legs four spruce or whitewood sticks three inches square and thirty-six inches long,

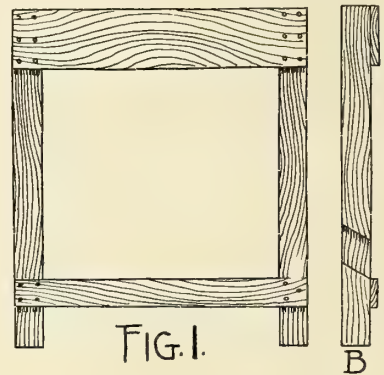
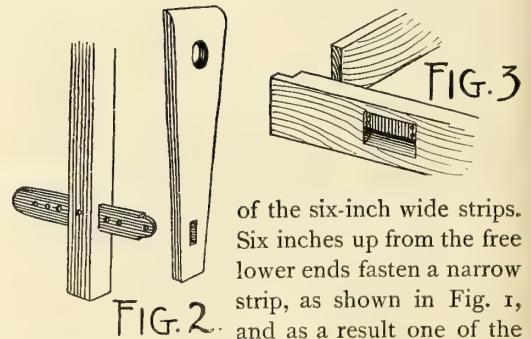


FIG. 1.
A WORK-BENCH FRAME.

planed on all sides. Then get two pieces of clear pine or whitewood three feet long and six inches wide, and two more the same length and three inches wide. These pieces should be one inch and an eighth thick and planed on all sides and edges. Lay two of the legs on the floor, three feet apart, and join the ends with one



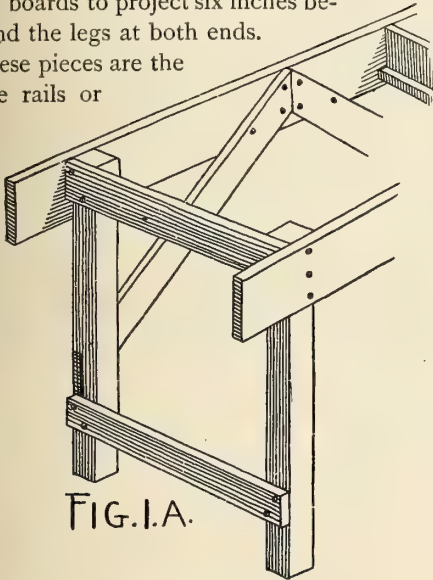
of the six-inch wide strips. Six inches up from the free lower ends fasten a narrow strip, as shown in Fig. 1, and as a result one of the end supports will be finished.

Flat-headed iron screws, two inches and a half long, should be used for the unions. A

more secure joint can be had by using glue also.

Fasten the other legs and strips together in a similar manner, and with two pieces of clear pine or whitewood five feet long, eight inches wide, and seven eighths of an inch thick, bind the legs together as shown in Fig. 1, A, allowing the boards to project six inches beyond the legs at both ends.

These pieces are the side rails or



FRAME OF WORK-BENCH.

aprons, and they should be fastened with glue and screws to the upper end of each leg.

At the back of the bench arrange two braces of wood three inches wide and seven eighths of an inch thick, as shown in Fig. 1, A. Beveled laps are to be cut in the side of two legs, as shown in B of Fig. 1, into which the ends of the strips will fit flush. The upper ends of the strips are to be mitered and attached to the inside of the apron, as shown in Fig. 1, A.

For the top of the bench use clear pine planking not less than one inch in thickness; this should be fitted closely together and fastened to the crosspieces with stout screws.

From hard wood a piece should be cut for a vise-jaw thirty-two inches long, three inches wide at the bottom, and

seven inches wide at the top (Fig. 2). Near the bottom of the jaw an oblong hole is cut to receive the end of a sliding piece, which, in turn, is provided with some holes for a peg. A corresponding oblong hole is cut near the foot of one leg, through which the piece containing the holes will pass, so that the whole vise-jaw can be kept nearly vertical no matter how thick the piece of wood to be clamped. The final position is shown in the finished bench. Near the top of the jaw a hole is cut to receive the screw that is turned with the lever-stick to tighten the jaw. A bench screw and nut can be purchased at almost any hardware-store and fitted to the work-bench; but if this fitting should be too much of an undertaking for a youthful workman, a carpenter will put it in place. The wood screws are cheapest, but those of steel are the most satisfactory. A small steel one will cost about a dollar.

From the apron at the front of the bench a piece should be cut fifteen inches long and six inches wide. This will admit a drawer of the same width and height and as deep as desired, although twenty-four inches will be quite deep enough. Rabbets are cut in the ends of a front piece, and sides are let into them, as shown in Fig. 3. The bottom and back are fastened in with screws, and the drawer is arranged to slide on runners that are fastened across the bench inside the aprons, as shown in the upper corner of Fig. 1, A. At the front of the drawer a "core" may be cut and a thin plate of iron



THE FINISHED WORK-BENCH.

screwed fast across the top of it, so that the fingers may be passed in behind the plate to pull the drawer out. A projecting drawer-pull must not be used, as it would interfere with boards when clamped in the vise. When planing strips or boards that are too long for the vise to hold securely, a wooden peg inserted in a hole at the opposite end of the apron from the vise will be found very convenient to support the end and relieve the strain on the vise. Two or three holes can be made for boards of different widths.

A planing-stop with teeth can be purchased at a hardware-store and set in place near the vise-jaw, and the complete bench will then be ready for use.

II. A TOOL-RACK.

FOR the accommodation of chisels, small hammers, screw-driver, awls, compass-saw, pliers, and other handle tools, a tool-rack

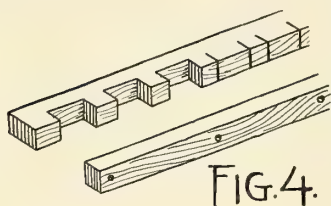
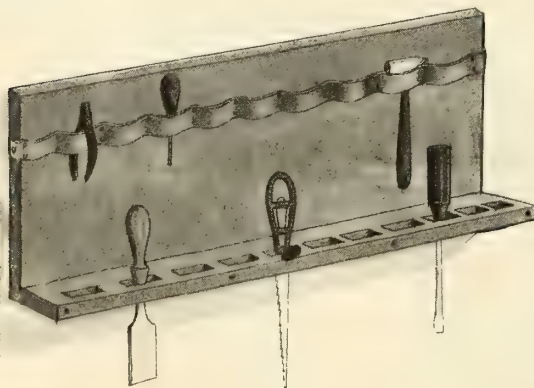


FIG. 4.

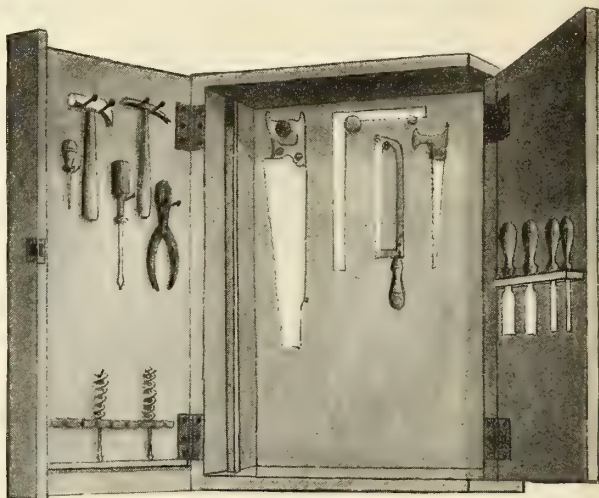
will be a very convenient receptacle to fasten against the wall over the work-bench. Such a rack is shown below.



A TOOL-RACK.

This is thirty-six inches long and twelve inches high, with a ledge projecting two inches

from the backboard. A leather strap is caught along the upper part of the board with nails to form loops, into which the tools are slipped.



A TOOL-CABINET.

The ledge is made from two sticks; one of them, one inch and a half in width, is cut with a

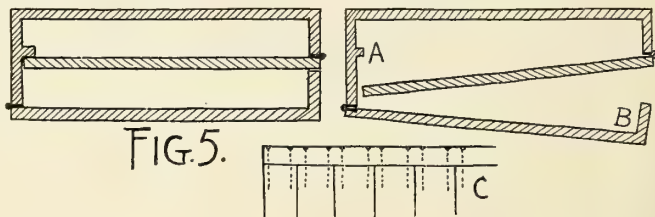


FIG. 5.

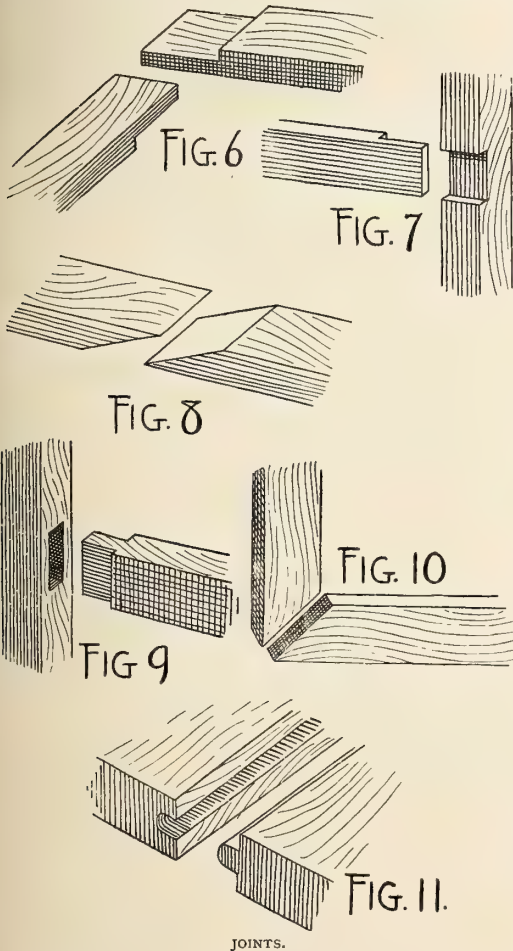
saw, and notches are cut with a chisel by removing the wood between the saw-cuts, as shown in Fig. 4. When all the notches are cut, the narrow strip, half an inch in width, is screwed fast to the notched stick, and with long screws the ledge is attached to the lower edge of the board.

III. A TOOL-CABINET.

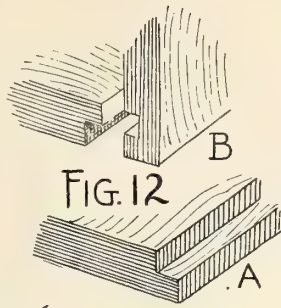
A VERY convenient tool-cabinet that will hang against the wall may be made with two doors of nearly equal size, so that there will be four instead of two surfaces against which to hang tools. The body of the chest is thirty inches high, twenty inches wide, and nine inches deep, outside measure. It is made of wood three quarters of an inch in thickness, fastened together with screws and glue, and varnished to improve its appearance. One side of the cabinet is but

three inches and a half wide, and to this side the inner door is made fast with hinges, so it will swing in against a stop-molding on the opposite side, as shown at A in Fig. 5.

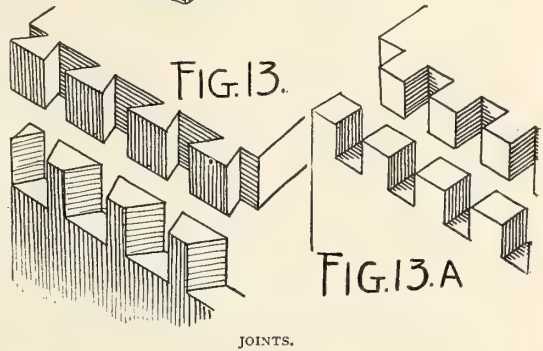
A small bolt on the door will fasten it in place when shut in, and on both sides of this door hooks and pegs can be arranged on which to hang tools. Inside the back of the cabinet hooks and pegs can be arranged also, for saws, squares, and other flat tools. The outer door is provided with a side strip (B, Fig. 5) to take the place of the lacking part of that side of the cabinet, and when the doors are closed in and locked the appearance of the chest will be uniform, as shown in Fig. 5 on the opposite page.



With a little careful planning and figuring it will not be a difficult matter to construct this cabinet and the doors so that they will fit



snugly and close easily. The doors will keep their shape better if made from narrow matched boards and held together at the ends with battens or strips nailed across the



ends of the boards, as shown in C of Fig. 5. Two-inch wrought butts will be heavy enough for the hinges of the doors. Provide a cabinet lock at the edge of the outer door.

On the inside of the outer door some tool-pegs can be arranged, and near the bottom a bit-rack is made with a leather strap formed into loops as described for the tool-rack. Under each loop a hole is bored in a strip of wood into which the square end of the bits will fit, so they will stand vertically and appear in an orderly row; for chisels a similar set of pockets can be made of wood.

IV. JOINTS.

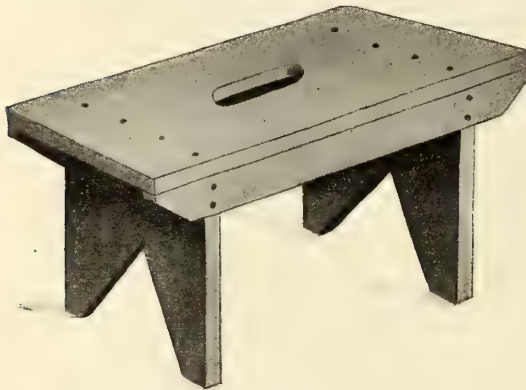
ONE of the first lessons to learn will be that of making wood joints; for no matter what object is to be made, its construction will require some joiner work. There are, of course, a great variety of joints employed in carpentry, but many of them would be too complicated for the boy carpenter.

The easiest joint to make is the straight or box joint, made by butting the end of a board against the edge of another and nailing or screwing them fast, as in C of Fig. 5.

Fig. 6 shows a lap-joint made by cutting

away a portion of the wood on opposite sides of the ends which are to be joined, so that, when fastened, the wood will appear as a continuous piece. For corners and angles where a miter-box is not available the lap-joint is a very good substitute, and for many things it is stronger than the mitered joint, and much to be preferred.

Fig. 7 is another form of lap-joint, when the end of a strip is embedded in the surface of a stout piece of wood. This joint is very useful to the carpenter when making furniture, and for frame construction in general. Fig. 8 is a beveled lap-joint, and is used for timbers and posts under certain conditions where the joint can be strengthened by another piece of wood at one or two sides. Fig. 9 shows a tenon and mortise; the hole in the upright piece is the mortise,



A LOW BENCH.

and the shaped end on the stick is the tenon. The shaped end should fit the hole accurately, and the joint is usually held with a pin or nails driven through the side of the upright piece and into the side of the tenon when embedded in the mortise.

The mortise-and-tenon joint is used extensively in framing; and for doors, window-sash, blinds, and in cabinet work it is indispensable. Fig. 10 is the mitered joint, and in narrow wood it is usually cut in a miter-box with a stiff back-saw, as it can be more accurately done than by the eye and with a plain saw. The mitered joint is employed for picture-frames, screens, moldings, and all sorts of angle-joints. Fig. 11 is the tongue-and-groove joint, and is cut on the edges of boards and some timbers that are to

be laid side by side, such as flooring, weather-boards, and those to be used for partitions.

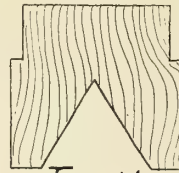


Fig. 12, A, is a rabbet, and is cut on the edges of wood where other pieces of wood fit into it, or where wood laps over some other material, such as glass or metal. The inner molding of picture-frames is always provided with a rabbet, behind which the edge of the glass, picture, and backing-boards will fit. Fig. 12, B, is a rabbet-joint made with a rabbet and groove, and is a good one to employ for box corners, bottoms of drawers, and where the edges of two pieces of wood come together. Fig. 13 is the dovetail-joint used for boxes, drawer corners, chests, and sometimes in cabinet work where the corners are to be covered with moldings or edging strips. Fig. 13, A, is the straight dovetail employed in the cheap construction of small boxes for hardware, groceries, and other wares, and is, of course, the easier of the dovetail-joints to make.

V. A LOW BENCH.

SMALL benches are always very useful to work upon when sawing, nailing, and matching boards; and the uses to which benches can be put are too numerous to mention, for they are quite as useful about the house as they are for a part of the carpentry outfit.

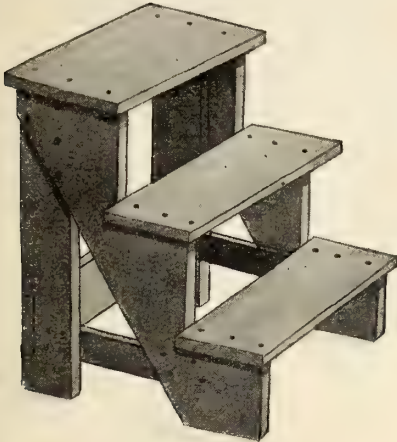
The low bench is fifteen inches high and twelve inches wide, and the top is twenty-two inches long. The foot pieces are cut as shown in Fig. 14, and at the upper end at each side a piece is cut out to let in the side aprons. The aprons are three inches wide and seven eighths of an inch thick, and are held to the foot pieces with glue and screws. In the top a finger-hole is cut, so as to lift the bench easily.

VI. A STEP-BENCH.

FROM the details given above it will be an easy matter to make the step-bench shown on the next page. This is thirty inches high and fifteen inches wide. The top step is eight inches wide and the lower steps six inches.

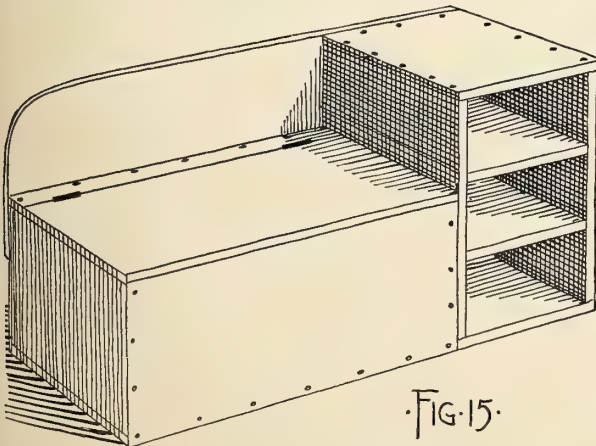
VII. A SHOE-BOX.

A SHOE-BOX and seat is a useful piece of furniture in the bedroom. Two boxes purchased at a grocery-store can be made to serve the pur-



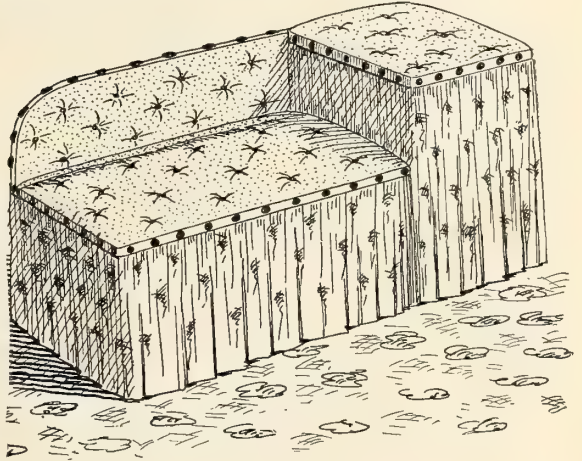
A STEP-BENCH.

pose, but to make a really strong affair the frame should be constructed of boards three quarters or seven eighths of an inch in thickness. A good size for the box is twenty-four inches high, fifteen deep, and sixteen wide; while the seat-box may be thirty inches long, and fifteen inches high and deep. These boxes are to be attached to each other with stout screws; and a back the length of the two boxes, having a rounded corner, is to be securely fastened to the rear of each box, as shown below in Fig. 15. In the shoe-box two shelves are screwed fast, and to the lower box a cover



A SHOE-BOX, SHOWING CONSTRUCTION.

is arranged on hinges, so that it can be raised from the front. The back, seat, and top of the shoe-box can be covered with denim, under which a padding of hair or cotton will make a softer back and seat. The denim may be caught down, or "tufted," with carriage-buttons, and string passed through holes made in the wood can be tied at the reverse side. Around the front and sides a valance of cretonne or denim may be gathered and hung from the top edge of the box and seat, fastened at the edge by gimp and tacks. Brass-headed upholsterers' nails driven at regular distances apart will present the best appearance. Where the valance at the edge of the shoe-box meets the seat, the fabric is to be divided, in order that it may be



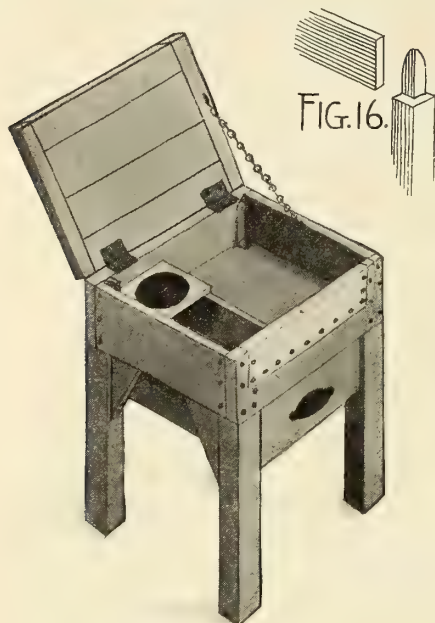
A SHOE-BOX, COVERED.

drawn to one side when taking out or replacing shoes. A coat of shellac or paint will cover the exposed parts of the woodwork not hidden by the upholstery goods.

VIII. A SHOE-BLACKING BOX.

A CONVENIENT article and one easily made is a shoe-blackening box, as shown on the next page. It is twenty-four inches high and eighteen inches square, and the compartment is four inches deep. Four sticks two inches square and twenty-four inches long will form the legs. Each one should be cut away at one end for a distance of five inches, as shown in Fig. 16, so that when the sideboards are fastened to them the joints will be flush. Two

sides of each stick should be cut away to a depth of three quarters of an inch, and the small end of the stick may be tapered slightly. The side-



A SHOE-BLACKING BOX.

boards, of three-quarter-inch wood five inches wide, are screwed fast to the top of the legs.

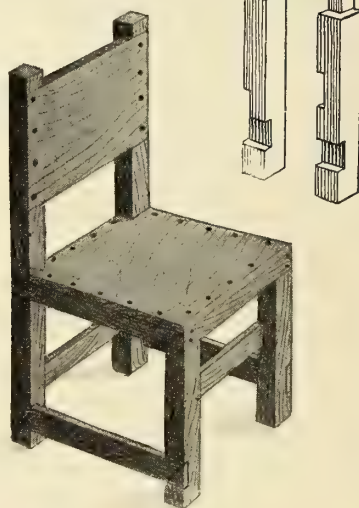
A bottom sixteen and a half inches square is fastened inside the frame, where it is held in place with steel-wire nails driven through the lower edge of the sideboards and into the edge of the bottom all around. Four brackets are fastened with screws at each side, under the sideboards, and a cover is hinged to the box; it is prevented from falling too far back by a chain attached to the under side of the lid and to the inside of the box. Over the front edge of the box bend a strip of zinc, and tack it fast to both the inside and outside of the front board. This will prevent shoes from chafing the wood away, and is easily cleaned when muddled by dirty shoes.

A few thin coats of olive-green or light-brown paint will add to the appearance of this shoe-blackening box; and the owner should take pride in keeping it clean, and the brushes in good order.

IX. A CHAIR.

THE construction of a chair is perhaps as interesting as anything in carpentry, and a plain

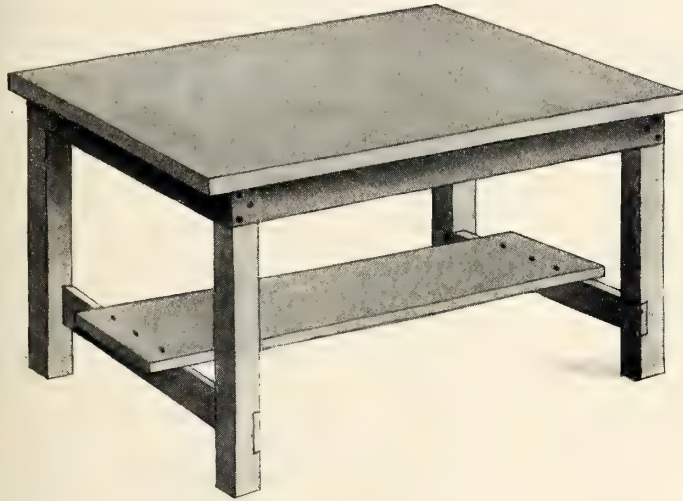
chair like the one shown in the illustration can easily be made from soft or hard wood, the joints being all open and simple to cut, as you can see by looking carefully at the drawing. The legs are two inches square, the seat is sixteen inches square and eighteen inches high, and the back posts are thirty-six inches long. The front and back posts are cut out, as shown in Fig. 17, to receive the crosspieces that bind the legs and back together. These strips are two inches wide and three quarters of an inch thick. The side strips are two inches up from the floor, and the back one is four inches high, while that at the front is let into the rear of the posts, and its lower edge is eight inches from the floor. The seat is made



A CHAIR.

from matched boards, and the back is ten inches wide, made from a single board, and all the joints are glued and screwed together. Chairs that are made in shops have the joints doweled or mortised and tenoned; but the lap-joint is much the easiest and strongest one to make if the cuts are accurately sawed, and if the cross-pieces fit the laps so snugly that a mallet is necessary to help drive the strips home. The seat and back of this chair can be covered with denim, leather, or other suitable fabric drawn over some curled hair or cotton that can be used for padding, and fastened down around the edges

with large flat-headed tacks or upholstery nails. Shellac, varnish, or paint may be used to give the woodwork a good appearance, and when completed this chair will surely be the pride of the boy who made it.

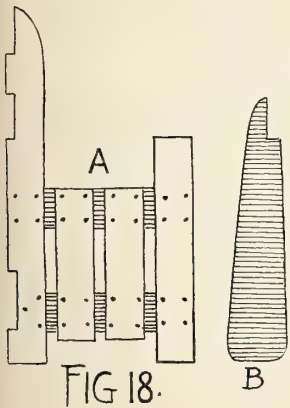


X. A TABLE.

THIS is not so difficult as it might seem. When constructing a table, bear in mind that every joint should be made to fit accurately, or in a short time it will rack and become useless,

is employed, a good result can be counted on, if care is taken in the workmanship. For the legs obtain four sticks thirty-three inches long and two inches and a half square. From two sides, at the top end of each stick, cut the wood away for five inches to a depth of seven eighths of an inch; then cut two boards five inches wide and forty-two inches long and four more thirty inches long for the frame. Six inches from the uncut lower ends saw and chisel out laps from the inside of the legs, so that two of the thirty-inch lengths will fit into them, and with two long and two short boards unite the legs so that a frame thirty inches wide, forty-two inches long, and thirty-three inches high will be had. An under

shelf can be made, as shown in the cut. The table-top extends over the framework for three inches all around, and it is made of narrow tongue-and-grooved boards driven together and screwed down to the band around the top formed by the thirty and forty-two inch boards.



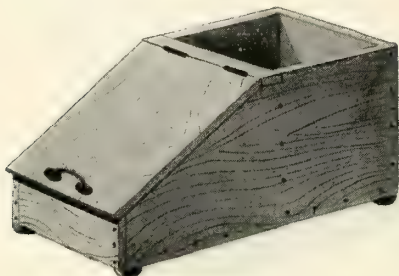
A SETTLE.

just as a poorly made chair is soon consigned to the attic, the cellar, or the woodpile. The proportion and shape for a good strong table are shown in the illustration, and if well-seasoned wood, free from knots or sappy places,

To finish this top nicely, it can be covered with felt or some of the effective imitation leathers in old red, green, or brown shades, caught on the under side with ordinary tacks, and made fast on the edge with stout ornamental tacks.

XI. A SETTLE.

A COMFORTABLE settle for the piazza or yard can be made from pine, whitewood, cypress, or other wood that is at hand and easy to work.



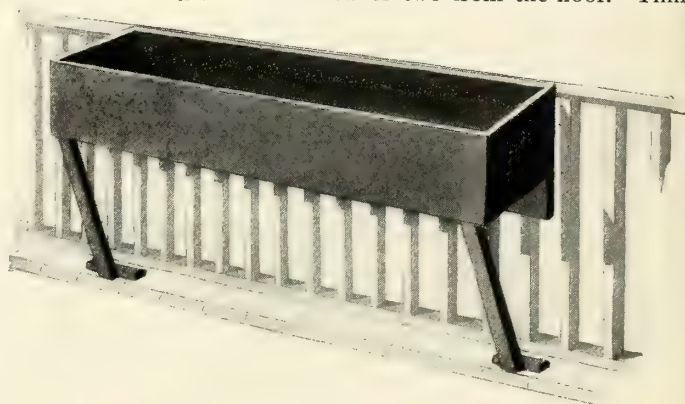
A COAL AND WOOD BOX.

It is fifty-four inches long, eighteen inches wide, and the seat is eighteen inches above the ground. The sides are made from strips three inches wide and seven eighths of an inch thick, as shown in A of Fig. 18. The arms are twenty inches long, six inches broad at the front, and cut the shape of B in Fig. 18. The notches or laps cut in the rear posts are to let in the strips forming the back and lower brace to the settle. The joints should be made with screws rather than nails, as they hold better and do not work loose. Small brackets support the arms at the front corner posts, and an upright batten at the middle strengthens the back of the settle. A close inspection of the drawing will show the joints clearly and also show how the frame is put together. A few coats of paint will finish the wood nicely, or it may be stained and varnished if the wood has a pretty grain. Cushions and a sofa-pillow or two will add to the comfort of this commodious seat, which is a most useful piece of furniture at any time.

XII. A COAL AND WOOD BOX.

A COMBINATION box for coal and wood can be made from an ordinary box with the sides and one end cut down, as shown in the illustration; but a more serviceable one is made from

boards seven eighths of an inch thick, planed on both sides, and the joints securely glued and screwed. The sides are twenty-six inches long and twelve inches high at the back, but at the front they are only four inches high. A back piece ten inches wide and twelve inches high is cut and fastened in place, and a front strip four inches high is also made fast with glue and long slim screws. A division board is placed in the middle of the box where the vertical line of screw-heads is shown, and a bottom ten by twenty-four inches is held in place with screws passed through the lower edge of the front, back, and sides, and into the edges of the bottom. A lid the width of the box is hinged to a cross-strip over the partition, and a handle at the lower end will make it easy to lift the lid, or the lid can be made to project an inch in front and so do away with the handle. Under the corners, blocks with the corners rounded off will act as feet, so as to raise the bottom of the box an inch or two from the floor. Thin



A PLANT-BOX ON THE PIAZZA RAIL.

stain and two coats of varnish will finish the woodwork on the outside, but on the inside a coat or two of asphaltum varnish will give it the best finish. Sticks of wood or kindling may be kept in the square receptacle, while under the lid can be kept at least two bucketfuls of coal. If the fuel-holder is used only at the open fire, logs may be stood on end in the square box, and kindlings may be kept in the covered half.

XIII. A PLANT-BOX.

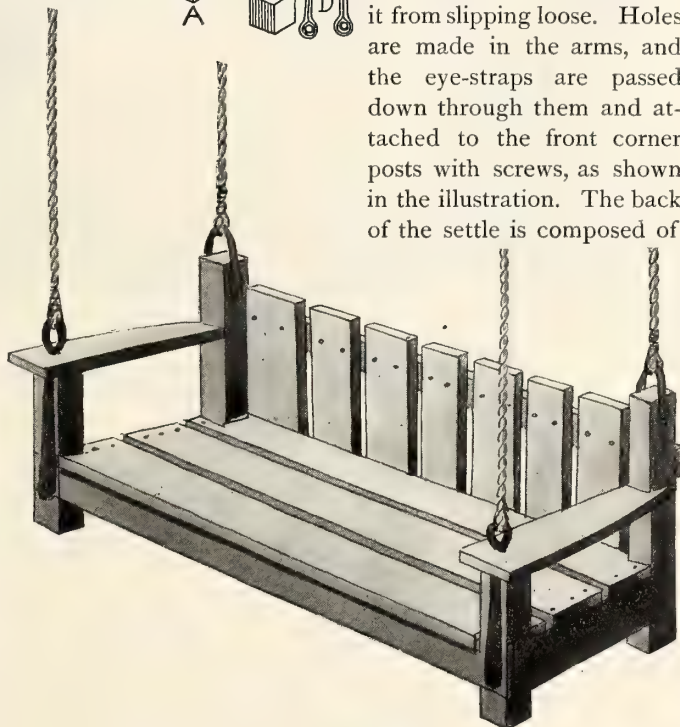
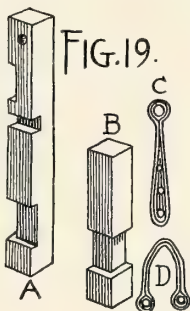
FOR growing plants and flowers, a plant-box for the piazza rail can be made and arranged

as shown in the illustration. This can be very easily made from pine boards an inch thick, eight inches wide, and six inches deep, outside measure, and as long as desired to fill the spaces between posts. Straight joints or box-joints are made at the corners and fastened with screws, and the inside of the box is treated to several successive coats of asphaltum varnish to render it waterproof. Several small holes are bored in the bottom of the box to drain off surplus moisture, and the box and supports can be painted a color to match the trimmings of the house. To anchor the box, screw a board to the balustrade on which the inner bottom edge of the box may rest; and support the outer edge by means of braces attached firmly to the under side, and to the piazza floor, as shown in the illustration. Two small brackets nailed to the under side of the box and to the batten will hold the box in place and prevent it from slipping off the top of the batten. This is a necessary precaution to prevent the whole contrivance from falling in the event of its becoming dislodged at any time by the wind or by a possible jarring against the piazza rail.

XIV. A SUSPENDED SETTLE.

A SUSPENDED settle is a very convenient piece of piazza furniture and not a difficult thing for the young carpenter to make. The corner posts are two inches and a half square, and the boards used in its construction are seven eighths of an inch thick and four inches wide. The seat is forty-two inches long and eighteen inches wide, and the back is fifteen inches high from the seat. The arms are cut as shown in B of Fig. 18, and securely screwed to the corner posts. The frame pieces supporting the seat-boards are let into the back and front posts, in which laps are cut as shown in Fig. 19, A and B, and securely fastened with flat-headed screws. Both the rail to which the backboards are attached, and the rear ends

of the arms, are let into the corner posts and fastened with screws. The seat is suspended from the ceiling of the piazza by four chains, that can be purchased at a hardware-store, from a ship-chandler, or can be made by a blacksmith from iron three eighths of an inch in diameter. If it is not possible to obtain the chains, rope may be substituted, but it will not look as well. Two yokes bolted to the top of the back posts and eye-straps for the front posts will anchor the chains securely to the settle. The yoke is shown in Fig. 19, C, and the eye-strap in Fig. 19, D. A bolt passed through the top of the rear posts and the holes in the yoke will secure it firmly, and a nut will prevent it from slipping loose. Holes are made in the arms, and the eye-straps are passed down through them and attached to the front corner posts with screws, as shown in the illustration. The back of the settle is composed of



A SUSPENDED SETTLE.

boards four inches wide and placed an inch apart. Cushions and pillows will complete this useful piece of furniture, that in the winter-time may be hung in a den or library.

The December article will show, with many illustrations, "How a Boy can Decorate His Room." (See page 94.)



“The Swan carried the Prince Over the Hills and far away”

WHEN MOTHER READS ALOUD.

BY HANNAH G. FERNALD.

WHEN mother reads aloud, the past
 Seems real as every day :
 I hear the tramp of armies vast,
 I see the spears and lances cast,
 I join the thrilling fray ;
 Brave knights and ladies fair and proud
 I meet, when mother reads aloud.

When mother reads aloud, far lands
 Seem very near and true ;
 I cross the desert's gleaming sands,
 Or hunt the jungle's prowling bands,

Or sail the ocean blue ;
 Far heights, whose peaks the cold mists
 shroud,
 I scale, when mother reads aloud.

When mother reads aloud, I long
 For noble deeds to do —
 To help the right, redress the wrong ;
 It seems so easy to be strong,
 So simple to be true.
 Oh, thick and fast the visions crowd
 My eyes when mother reads aloud !



THE ORDER OF THE SMILING FACE.

BY LUCY FOSTER.

WE 'VE formed a new society —
 "The Order of the Smiling Face";
 An honored member you may be,
 For every one may have a place.

The rules say you must never let
 The corners of your mouth droop down;
 For by this method you may get
 The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes
 A brave and merry twinkle show;

For if the angry tears arise
 They 're very apt to overflow.

If you must practise for an hour,
 And if it seem a long, long while,
 Remember not to pout and glower,
 But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see;
 Make up your mind to join to-day.
 Put on a smile — and you will be
 An active member right away.

PAPA'S WAY OF SPELLING.

BY IDA L. MCINTOSH.



I 'M having such a dreadful time
 At learning how to spell!
 You see, I 'm just a little girl
 And can't do very well.
 I 've been to school for two months now,
 And so some words I know;
 For teacher writes it on the board
 And says "g-o" spells "gò."

I 've learned that "r-a-t" spells "rat"
 And "h-e-n" spells "hen";
 That Rover is a "d-o-g"
 And "B-e-n" is "Ben."
 My teacher says she thinks that I
 Am doing very well;
 But papa spells a different way,
 And says, "Sh! Don't you tell!"

You see, my names are Alice May,
 And my last name is Hall,
 And yesterday I spelled them out
 At school before them all.

My teacher said, "That 's nicely done!"
 And so at home last night
 I spelled them out for my papa,
 And thought I had them right.

But papa said, "You 're wrong, my pet;
 For 'A-l-i-c-e'
 Spells 'darling,' dear, and 'M-a-y'
 Spells 'sweetheart' — don't you see?"
 I told him what my teacher said,
 But he declared: "Oh, no!
 That 's not the way your papa spells;
 Your teacher does n't know."

My papa would n't tell me wrong
 Or say what is n't true,
 And yet my teacher says that *she*
 Spells just the way *I* do!
 I 'm 'fraid I 'll never learn to spell —
 No matter how I try —
 If "darling" 's "A-l-i-c-e"
 And "sweetheart" 's "M-a-y"!



A Composition on an Apple

By H. B. M. TASKER.



TOMMY ATKINS was not a British soldier in a red coat and a smart forage-cap, jauntily swinging a two-foot stick as he walked along, but a little red-cheeked country lad away up in Maine.

Tommy was just an every-day little chap, with no wits to spare when it was a matter of parsing and writing compositions at school, but a smart enough lad for the ordinary purposes of life. He was original, too, in his way, as you will see, but deplorably matter-of-fact, and he took at least two days to see a joke.

One day, just before school broke up for the summer vacation, Tommy's teacher, a bright-faced woman whom Tommy secretly adored, made this announcement:

"Children, the pupils of this grade are extremely deficient in composition. To correct this and pave the way for more earnest work next year, I will assign you a task for the vacation, for which I will offer a prize."

A murmur of curiosity and excitement passed through the room. A prize! A prize! Tommy's fat cheeks bulged more than ever as he shut his lips firmly.

"The prize will be" — Miss Sanderson paused impressively and each boy held his breath — "a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS. I expect each pupil, even the youngest, to write an *original* composition, not to exceed two hundred words, and to present the same at my desk on September first next; and in order to stimulate your powers of observation, and to keep you in touch with nature study, I shall ask you to write a composition on an apple."

"An apple — that's easy," whispered Johnny

Dale, again. A shade of scorn, even, passed over the face of Harold Ball, the head boy, who, upon occasion, could write verse that sounded like Casabianca.

"An apple — a composition on an apple," pondered Tommy Atkins over and over all the way home. *He* could not see the simplicity of the theme; in fact, he could not even get it through his little thick head how the thing could be done at all.

"Not more than two hundred words on an apple! I guess not," reflected Tommy.

"What is the subject?" asked his mother, on hearing of the competition and prize.

"I dunno," said Tommy; "I did n't hear her say. But it's got to be on an apple."

Tommy worried a good deal about the competition during early vacation-time.

But one day, as he lay in the long grass of the orchard, idly watching the green globes and gray-green leaves of the sturdy old apple-trees above him, a bright idea came into his head. He saw at last how it could be done; he even decided upon the subject, which Miss Sanderson had apparently forgotten to mention, and the very words it should contain.

That night, when the chores were done, Tommy hunted up a sheet of writing-paper and his mother's sharpest scissors. His hand was ever more nimble than his wits, and with great neatness and dexterity he drew and erased and clipped away until presently he had a pile of little paper letters. During this process he sniffed and squirmed and wriggled, after the fashion of active boys when engaged in a close piece of work; but at last the work was

done to his satisfaction and the letters were formed into words. These he read half aloud to himself. They sounded well. His teacher would surely be pleased with *this* composition. True, it was short, but he decided it was as much as he could reasonably get on an apple.

Then he stole out into the woodshed for a lantern, and hied him to the orchard as fast as his fat legs could run. Climbing the ladder, he selected with great deliberation, from an old apple-tree, the largest, roundest, smoothest green apple he could spy, and carefully broke it off, stem and all. In an incredibly short space of time (for Tommy) the task was finished. The letters were gummed and put in their places on the apple, and the apple itself carefully placed on a window-sill where the morning sun might reach it first. Henceforth it was literally "the apple of his eye." A dozen times a day he ran to see if it was ripening the proper way or if any of the letters had come off.

September came. A double row of bright-faced, freckled, sunburned boys, spick-and-span in clean sailor waists, stood at the school-house door on opening day.

The pupils of Miss Sanderson's class could easily be detected by the important way each boy carried a roll of neatly tied manuscript.

Tommy Atkins, however, had no roll of paper and no important air. Indeed, it was with a feeling of blank surprise and not a little uneasiness that he beheld the aforesaid manuscripts.

"What had *he* done? What had *they* done?" he asked himself.

The teacher had a bright smile of welcome for each returning pupil. As each boy in turn brought up his roll of paper and deposited it with a confident or anxious air, according to his temperament, Tommy Atkins's heart sank lower. He was the last boy to go up to the

desk. Laying down *his* composition, carefully wrapped in silver-paper and tied with lilac "love-ribbon," his lips quivered with anxious fear when he heard the teacher say, as she felt the hard round parcel:

"Why, what is this, Tommy?"



"THE LETTERS WERE GUMMED AND PUT IN THEIR PLACES ON THE APPLE."

"It 's my — composition — ma'am," stammered Tommy. "I guess — I did n't — do it right." He blinked back the tears which *would* come. He was a conscientious little chap and took his schooling seriously.

Then he broke down, for, after all, he was only a little boy and not a British soldier as you might imagine from his name, and he had put so much heart into this effort! He did not want the prize so much, but he wished to please his teacher. Now he began to see that he must have missed something that his

quicker schoolmates had grasped. It seemed as if it were love's labor lost, and Tommy was sorely disappointed.

The teacher opened the wrapper, and disclosed to the astonished eyes of herself and her pupils the most unique "composition on an apple" ever seen.

Tommy's matter-of-factness had resulted rather originally this time. There stood a rosy apple, its crimson globe delightfully streaked with faintest creams and yellows, and girdling it like an emerald zone were a number of words in the vivid green of the unripe apple.

What did the words say?

A buzz of curiosity filled the room. Even Harold Ball, the head boy, forgot his supercilious smile of contempt for all things below his standard of excellence.

The teacher held it up high—but the hand was unsteady, for a trembling child with all his

heart in his brown eyes and an agony of disappointment in his chubby face was awaiting her sentence of doom.

The teacher read slowly: "You are the nicest teacher in the bunch. I love you alwuz. Tommy atkins."

The class giggled and the teacher smiled, but her eyes were dim with tears.

"The English is faulty and the spelling poor; but the workmanship is good and your composition is certainly original."

Tommy breathed again, and went soberly to his seat.

And when a committee of the teachers read the boys' effusions, and compared Tommy's originality, painstaking effort, and loving heart with sheets of commonplace statements,—such as, "An apple is good to eat," "Apples grow on trees," etc., etc.,—it was unanimously decided that Tommy Atkins should receive the prize.



"WHAT HO, THERE!"

A scene from almost any day in the Middle Ages.

THREE RHYME-AND-PICTURE PAGES.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



I. DIPLOMACY.

THE Widow Hill has a fine plum-tree! The plum-tree grows by her front door.
The Widow Hill is fond o' me. I 've been meaning to call for a week or more
I 'll call on her to-day! To pass the time o' day!

II. MISERY IN COMPANY.



THE rain is falling,
The fire is out!
Jane has the toothache,
John has the gout!



III. THE BEAU.



THERE was a man in Dedham town
Who put on a wig and a dressing-gown,
Flowered slippers and a flowing tie;
Then he looked in the mirror and said, "Oh, my!"



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"Kibun Daizin"
(Wealthiest Man)

"KIBUN DAIZIN"

OR

FROM SHARK-BOY TO MERCHANT PRINCE.

BY GENSAI MURAI.

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"Wanizame-Kozo"
(Shark-Boy)

CHAPTER X.

AMBITION SATISFIED—THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

KINOKUNIYA BUNZAYEMON, who unknowingly had left such a big fire behind him and sought the mountainous districts of the neighboring provinces as his field of action, went over to Sagami Province the same day, and negotiated with the chief owners of forests there and made a contract with them, paying them guaranty money in advance. The next day he crossed over to Awa Province and visited in turn the owners of mountain forests in Kazusa, Shimo-osa, and Musashi, and struck bargains with them to buy all their salable timber. Four or five days only were occupied in these rapid negotiations, at the end of which time, as the rumor of the big fire of Yedo had got abroad to these neighboring provinces, Kibun hastened on his way back to Yedo. As he was passing amid the smoldering ruins on the way to his depot at Fukagawa, he continually heard the people talking of himself. Every time he stopped and listened. "Well, Genbei San, Kinokuniya Bunzayemon is a fine fellow, is n't he? One would think he had foreseen the fire and prepared that enormous amount of *bento* beforehand; otherwise he could not possibly have given it out to the people so readily. I and others had nowhere to find food, so we supported ourselves for three days on that *bento*."

"Is that so, Hachibei San? I also received it every day. For three days, wherever one went among the ruins one was met with his charity. It is said that within three days no less than two thousand *koku** of rice were given away. Had it not been for that charity nearly

the whole population of the city would have famished. Moreover, Genbei San, the charity was extended even to the mansions of many *daimios*, and the nobles and their families ate of his *bento*."

"To be sure. Even the nobles with their heaps of gold and all their power could n't buy a single grain in the general consternation! Really that Kibun, whoever he may be, is a sagacious fellow!" Thus talked the men who had received his alms.

While Bunzayemon, who listened to this current talk, was inwardly rejoicing that Chobei had managed his affairs so admirably, he passed two women who were talking.

"Oh, Haru San, when I lost sight of my child in the crowd," one of them was saying, "I became almost mad in my search for her; but as I could not find her in the hurry and bustle, I gave her up for being trodden to death or else for being suffocated in the heat. In my grief I lost all care for my own life. But then I heard the people say that some thousands of strayed children had been taken to Kibun's country place at Fukagawa. I ran there at once, and lo! I found my little girl there among the children. My joy, of course, knew no bounds. Let people say what they wish, Kibun must be a merciful man; in such a fire as this naturally there are a lot of strayed children, and therefore he sent out his men to every quarter of the city, ordering them to bring such to his house. In three days a thousand or more people were rescued, they say. Henceforth I shall always have a niche for Kibun Sama in my heart."

"I shall, too. Your case was not so bad as mine. For my part, when I lost sight of my

* Ten thousand bushels.

mother, no words could express my anxiety. If she had been in sound health, I would have felt a little easier, but she has been laid up since last winter on account of her great age. At first we thought we were safe from the conflagration, as the fire had passed by us toward Takanawa; but then by the change of wind the sparks started the fire afresh at the very next door to our own. The men belonging to the house had gone to Takanawa to help a relative of ours there, and I thought it would be a shame to me if by my

dress and I was pretty badly burned. However, I took courage and got on my feet, being very anxious about my mother. I looked round, and she was not there. I knew she could n't possibly have run away, owing to her helplessness; so I looked around me, being sure she must be either in a ditch or stupefied by the smoke. The fire, however, was too quick for me. I could n't stay to make further search, so I ran away. I have been weeping since at the thought of mother's death, when

yesterday I heard a report that mother was safe at Fukagawa. I flew to the place and met her. When I asked how she had got there she told me that she had been rescued by the coolies of a certain Kibun, and after being brought there had received the most kind treatment. Henceforth I'll not sleep with my feet toward Fukagawa."

Hearing this, Bunzayemon was even more impressed by the clever management of Chobei. On his way home through the desolation and ruin he also passed by many of the *daimios'* palace-grounds, where he saw his own trade-



"I HAVE NO WORDS IN WHICH TO EXPRESS MY THANKS TO YOU.

indecision the fire should cause the death of my mother; so, holding mother's hand, I dragged her from the house.

"After two or three *chos** run, mother was out of breath and consequently could n't walk a step farther. I put her on my back and ran on, but we were both soon suffocated by the smoke, and then I tumbled down. I could n't get up for some time because other people who were running to escape from the flames trod on me.

"In another minute the sparks set fire to my

mark on all the boardings put up as temporary inclosures.

As he was wondering at this new proof of Chobei's energy and wisdom, two *samurai*, or retainers, came by talking.

"Look, my friend! The inclosure of this mansion, too, seems to have been put up by Kibun's people. The man is wonderfully ready for everything! And no doubt the fact that he has put up the temporary inclosure means that the rebuilding will be put into his hands, and no better man could probably be found."

* One *cho* equals about one hundred and twenty yards.

"You are right. If we employ him he's certain to lose no time about it."

Bunzayemon, who overheard this conversation, clapped his hands in admiration, and, turning to his attendants, said: "How now, my fellows! You did n't think much of Chobei at first, did you? Well, what do you think of him now?"

The attendants looked at one another and said: "Really, he is very clever—even more clever than you, sir! Yes, unless a man employs some men cleverer than himself he can never become great!"

With unbounded joy Bunzayemon soon arrived at his depot at Fukagawa. No sooner did he catch sight of Chobei than he held out his hand to him, saying: "Ah! I have no words in which to express my thanks to you. I have been hearing, from the chance talk of the people on my way home, of all you have been doing in my absence, and have been much struck by your sagacity. Indeed, I have never felt so much joy as I experience to-day!"

Bunzayemon, who was not accustomed to show joy or sorrow in his face, could not suppress his emotion on that day.

Almost all the houses in the city of Yedo were destroyed by the fire. Warriors and merchants had to build their abodes afresh, and because all the timber in the city was reduced to ashes, the price at once went up tenfold. Now Kibun alone, at this juncture, had already a great stock of timber on hand at his depot at Fukagawa, and he had fresh supplies constantly being sent in from the mountains in the near-by country, being the timber he had lately bought. The profit which he gained by selling all this material was something enormous—indeed, a huge fortune in itself.

Moreover, on account of his alms and the inclosures he had put up for various great feudal lords, they too became his customers and asked him to rebuild their mansions. By these orders he again made a great profit. He ascribed this good fortune entirely to Chobei, to whom he gave a great sum of money as a token of appreciation of his services. Besides, he handsomely rewarded the other men and boys in his employ.

He also sent for that chief carpenter, Seihachi.

"Well, Seihachi, this is the prize which I give you."

Thus saying, he put a box which contained one thousand *rio* in front of him.

The other was frightened out of his wits.

"Oh! do you say there's a gift of a thousand *rio* for me in this packet? Is n't it empty?"

"No, it's not empty. Lift it and see."

Whereupon Seihachi tried to lift it and said: "Truly, it's too heavy; I can't lift it! Is n't this a dream?" And he pinched his knee.

Bunzayemon laughed. "It is not a dream. It's a reward to you, sure and certain, and you had better take it home with you."

"Really, I thank you, sir. In the time of the fire I carried charity *bento* only three times, for I was working at other things; therefore I'm not worthy of so great a reward!"

"It is n't a reward for that."

"Then for the inclosure which I did for Sendai Sama, the *daimio*; for that work my assistants came late, so I could n't finish it till late in the evening. The work ought to have been finished much earlier."

"It is n't for that."

"Not for that, either? For what is it, then, sir?"

Bunzayemon pointed to Chobei, who was then in the shop, and said: "You brought me that excellent article, there. It's for that."

The carpenter misunderstood him and said: "Is that so? I see, for that article. That's an article rarely found, and I thought it would be a great loss if it was burned, so before other things I sent it down on a raft from Hachobori to Fukagawa. Then on the way it collided with a ship and the raft was nearly broken to pieces."

"What are you talking about?"

"You mean that hinoki plank, do you not, of eight inches both in breadth and thickness?"

"No; you don't understand me, yet. It is your prize for bringing Chobei to me."

"You mean Chobei San. Ah, I see, I see! I did not understand you. I wondered why you gave me such a handsome reward. But Chobei San has certainly proved to be an excellent man. I thought he was a hopeless

fellow. Shall I bring you another Chobei San? I have a lot more."

"What sort of Chobei is he?"

"The next idle fellow who depends on me for support."

Bunzayemon laughed, saying, "No, thank you; I don't want another Chobei of that kind."

In this wise, Bunzayemon undertook many important schemes and grew very rich. Thus in

time his fame sounded through the whole of Japan, and he built a big establishment at Hon-hachobori,—a street in Tokio, near the heart of the city,—which covered one big square. Always strenuously pushing forward his business, he at last, as had been his ambition, became the leading merchant in the whole of Japan. As the old verse says:

The heavy gourd from slender stem takes birth,
From strenuous will spring deeds of weighty worth.

THE END.

THE DÉBUT OF "DAN'L WEBSTER."

BY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.



"I GUESS you can get the ell roof shingled now, 'most any old time," cried Homer Tidd. He bounced in at the kitchen door. A blast of icy wind followed him.

"Gracious! shet the door, Homer, an' then tell me your news." His mother shivered and pulled a little brown shawl tighter about her shoulders.

The boy planted himself behind the stove and laid his mittened hands comfortably around the pipe. "Oh, I 've made a great deal, mother." Homer's freckled face glowed with satisfaction.

"What?" asked Mrs. Tidd.

"Did you see the man that jest druv out o' the yard?"

"No, I did n't, Homer."

"Well, 't was Mr. Richards—the Mr. Richards o' Finch & Richards, the big market folks over in the city."

"Has he bought your Thanksgivin' turkeys?"

"He hain't bought 'em for Thanksgivin'."

"Well, what are you so set up about, boy?"

"He's rented the hull flock. He's to pay me three dollars a day for them, then he's goin' to buy them all for Christmas."

"Land sakes! Three dollars a day!" Mrs. Tidd dropped one side of a pan of apples she was carrying, and some of them went rolling about the kitchen floor.

Homer nodded.

"For how long?" she asked eagerly.

"For a week." Homer's freckles disappeared in the crimson glow of enthusiasm that overspread his face.

"Eighteen dollars for nothin' but exhibitin' a bunch o' turkeys! Seems to me some folks must have money to throw away." Mrs. Tidd stared perplexedly over the top of her glasses.

"I'll tell you all about it, mother." Homer took a chair and planted his feet on the edge of the oven. "Mr. Richards is goin' to have a great Thanksgivin' food show, an' he wants a flock o' live turkeys. He's been drivin' round the country lookin' for some. The postmaster sent him here. He told him about Dan'l Webster's tricks."

"They don't make Dan'l any better eatin'," objected the mother.

"Maybe not. But don't you see? Well!"

Homer's laugh was an embarrassed one. "I'm goin' to put Dan'l an' Gettysburg through their tricks right in the store window."

"You be n't?" and the mother looked in rapt admiration at her clever son.

"I be!" answered Homer, triumphantly.

"I don't know, boy, jest what I think o' it," said his mother, slowly. "'T ain't exactly a— a gentlemanly sort o' thing to do; be it?"

"I reckon I be n't a gentleman, mother," replied Homer, with his jolly laugh.

"Tell me all about it."

"Well, I was feedin' the turkeys when Mr. Richards druv in. He said he heered I had some trick turkeys an' he'd like to see 'em. Lucky enough, I had n't fed 'em; they was awful hungry, an' I tell you they never did their tricks better."

"What did Mr. Richards say?"

"He thought it was the most amazin' thing he'd ever seen in his life. He said he would n't have believed turkeys had enough gumption in them to learn a trick o' any kind."

"Did you tell him how you'd fussed with them ever since they was little chicks?"

"I did. He wuz real interested, an' he offered me three dollars to give a show three times a day. He's got a window half as big as this kitchen. He'll have it wired in, an' the turkeys'll stay there at his expense. Along before Christmas he'll give me twenty-two cents a pound for 'em."

"Well, I vow, Homer, it's pretty good pay."

"Mr. Richards give me a commutation on the railroad. He's to send after the turkeys an' bring 'em back, so I won't have any expense."

Homer rose and sauntered about the kitchen, picking up the apples that had rolled in all directions over the floor.

A week before Thanksgiving, the corner in front of Finch & Richards's great market looked as it was wont to look on circus day: only the eyes of the crowds were not turned expectantly up Main Street; they were riveted on a window in the big store. Passers-by tramped out into the snowy street when they reached the mob at the corner. The front of the store was decorated with a fringe of plump turkeys. One

window held a glowing mountain of fruit and vegetables arranged by some one with a keen eye to color — monstrous pumpkins, splendid purple cabbages, rosy apples and russet pears, green and purple grapes, snowy stalks of celery, and corn ears yellow as sunshine. Crimson beets neighbored with snowy parsnips, scarlet carrots, and silk-wrapped onions. Egg-plants gleaming like deep-hued amethysts circled about magnificent cauliflowers, while red and yellow bananas made gay mosaic walks through the fruit mountain. Wherever a crack or a cranny had been left was a mound of ruby cranberries, fine raisin bunches, or brown nuts.

It was a remarkable display of American products; yet, after the first "Ah" of admiration, people passed on to the farther window, where six plump turkeys, supremely innocent of a feast-day fate, flapped their wings or gobbled impertinently when a small boy laid his nose flat against the window. Three times a day the crowd grew twenty deep. It laughed and shouted and elbowed one another good-naturedly, for the Thanksgiving spirit was abroad. Men tossed children up on their stalwart shoulders, then small hands clapped ecstatically, and small legs kicked with wild enthusiasm.

The hero of the hour was a freckled, red-haired boy, who came leaping through a wire door with an old broom over his shoulders. Every turkey waited for him eagerly, hungrily! They knew that each old familiar trick — learned away back in chickhood — would earn a good feed. When the freckled boy began to whistle, or when his voice rang out in a shrill order, it was the signal for Dan'l Webster, for Gettysburg, for Amanda Ann, Mehitable, Nancy, or Faragut to step to the center of the stage and do some irresistibly funny turn with a turkey's bland solemnity. None of the birds had attacks of stage-fright; their acting was as self-possessed as if they were in the old farm-yard with no audience present but Mrs. Tidd to lean smiling over the fence with a word of praise and the coveted handful of golden corn.

With every performance the crowd grew more dense, the applause more uproarious, and the Thanksgiving trade at Finch & Richards's bigger than it had been in years. Each night Homer took the last train home, tired but

happy, for three crisp greenbacks were added to the roll in his small shabby wallet.

Two days before Thanksgiving, Homer, in his blue overalls and faded sweater, was busy

old farm-house. Homer whistled gaily while he bedded the creatures with fresh straw. The whistle trailed into an indistinct trill; the boy felt a pang of loneliness as he glanced into the turkey-pen. There was nobody there but old



"THE BOY PLANTED HIMSELF BEHIND THE STOVE AND LAID HIS MITTENNED HANDS COMFORTABLY AROUND THE PIPE."

at work. The gray of the dawn was just creeping into the east while the boy went hurrying through his chores. There was still a man's work to be done before he took the ten-o'clock train to town; besides, he had promised to help his mother about the house. His grandfather, an uncle, an aunt, and three small cousins were coming to eat their Thanksgiving feast at the

Mother Salvia. Homer tossed her a handful of corn. "Poor old lady, I s'pose you're lonesome, ain't you, now? Never mind; when spring comes you'll be scratchin' around with a hull raft of nice little chickies at your heels. We'll teach them a fine trick or two, won't we, old Salvia?"

Salvia clucked over the corn appreciatively.

"Homer, Homer, come here, quick!"

Down the frozen path through the yard came Mrs. Tidd, with the little brown shawl wrapped tightly about her head. She fluttered a yellow envelop in her hand.

"Homer, boy, it's a telegraph come. I can't read it; I've mislaid my glasses."

Homer was by her side in a minute, tearing open the flimsy envelop.

"It's from Finch & Richards, mother," he cried excitedly. "They say, 'Take the first train to town without fail.'"

"What do you s'pose they want you for?" asked Mrs. Tidd, with an anxious face.

"P'raps the store's burned down," gasped Homer. He brushed one rough hand across his eyes. "Poor Dan'l Webster an' Gettysburg! I did n't know anybody could set so much store by turkeys."

"Maybe 't ain't nothin' bad, Homer." Mrs. Tidd laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Maybe they want you to give an extra early show or somethin'." She suggested it cheerfully.

"Maybe," echoed Homer. "But, mother, I've got to hurry to catch that 7.30 train."

"Let me go with you, Homer."

"You don't need to," cried the boy. "It probably ain't nothin' serious."

"I'm goin'," said Mrs. Tidd, decisively; "you don't s'pose I could stay here doin' nothin' but waitin' an' wond'rin'?"

Mrs. Tidd and Homer caught a car at the city depot. Five minutes later they stood in front of Finch & Richards's big market.

"Mother," whispered the boy, as he stepped off the car, "mother, my turkeys! They're not there! Something's happened. See the crowd."

They pushed their way through a mob that was peering in at the windows and through the windows of locked doors. The row of plump turkeys was not hung this morning under the big sign; the magnificent window display of fruit and vegetables had been ruthlessly demolished.

"What do you s'pose can have happened?" whispered Mrs. Tidd, while they waited for a clerk to come hurrying down the store and unlock the door.

Homer shook his head.

Mr. Richards himself came to meet them.

"Well, young man," he cried, "I've had enough of your pesky bird show. There's a hundred dollars' worth of provisions gone, to say nothing of the trade we are turning away. Two days before Thanksgiving, of all times in the year!"

"Good land!" whispered Mrs. Tidd. Her eyes were wandering about the store. It was scattered from one end to the other with wasted food. Sticky rivers trickled here and there across the floor. A small army of clerks was hard at work sweeping and mopping.

"Where's my turkeys?" asked Homer.

"Your turkeys, confound them!" snarled Mr. Richards. "They're safe and sound in their crate in my back store, all but that blasted old gobbler you call Dan'l Webster. He's doing his stunts on a top shelf. We found him there, tearing cereal packages into shreds. For mercy's sake, go and see if you can't get him down. He has almost pecked the eyes out of every clerk who has tried to lay a finger on him. I'd like to wring his ugly neck!"

Mr. Richards's face grew red as the comb of Dan'l Webster himself.

Homer and his mother dashed across the store. High above their heads strutted Dan'l Webster with a slow, stately tread. Occasionally he peered down at the ruin and confusion below, commenting upon it with a lordly, satisfied gobble.

"Dan'l Webster," called Homer, coaxingly, "good old Dan'l, come an' see me."

The boy slid cautiously along to where a step-ladder stood.

"Dan'l," he called persuasively, "would n't you like to come home, Dan'l?"

Dan'l perked down with pleased recognition in his eyes. Homer crept up the ladder. He was preparing to lay a hand on one of Dan'l's black legs when the turkey hopped away with a triumphant gobble, and went racing gleefully along the wide shelf. A row of bottles filled with salad-dressing stood in Dan'l's path. He cleared them out of the way with one energetic kick. They tumbled to a lower shelf; their yellow contents crept in a sluggish stream toward the mouth of a tea-box.

"I'll have that bird shot!" thundered Mr. Richards. "That's all there is about it."

"Wait a minute, sir," pleaded Mrs. Tidd. "Homer 'll get him."

Dan'l Webster would neither be coaxed nor commanded. He wandered up and down the shelf, gobbling vociferously into the faces of the excited mob.

"Henry, go and get a pistol," cried Mr. Richards, turning to one of his clerks.

"Homer,"—Mrs. Tidd clutched the boy's arm,— "why don't you make b'lieve you 're shootin' Dan'l? Maybe he 'll lie down, so you can git him."

Homer called for a broom. He tossed it, gun fashion, across his shoulder, and crept along slowly, sliding a ladder before him to the spot where the turkey stood watching with intent eyes. He put one foot upon the lowest step, then he burst out in a spirited whistle. It was "Marching through Georgia." The bird stared at him fixedly.

"Bang!" cried Homer, and he pointed the broom straight at the recreant turkey.

Dan'l Webster dropped stiff. A second later Homer had a firm grasp of the scaly legs. Dan'l returned instantly to life, but the rebellious head was tucked under his master's jacket. Dan'l Webster thought he was being strangled to death.

"There!" cried Homer, triumphantly. He closed the lid of the poultry-crate and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. "There! I guess you won't get out again."

He followed Mr. Richards to the front of the store to view the devastation.

"Who'd have thought turkeys could have ripped up strong wire like that?" cried the enraged market man, pointing to the shattered door.

"I guess Dan'l began the mischief," said Homer, soberly; "he 's awful strong."

"I 'm sorry I ever laid eyes on Dan'l," exclaimed Mr. Richards. "I 'll hate to see Finch. He 'll be in on the 4.20 train. He 's conservative; he never had any use for the turkey show."

"When did you find out that they—what had happened?" asked Homer, timidly.

"At five o'clock. Two of the men got here early. They telephoned me. I never saw such destruction in my life. Your turkeys had

sampled most everything in the store, from split peas to molasses. What they did n't eat they knocked over or tore open. I guess they won't need feeding for a week. They 're chuckful of oatmeal, beans, crackers, peanuts, pickles, toothpicks, prunes, soap, red herrings, cabbage—about everything their crops can hold."

"I 'm awful sorry," faltered Homer.

"So am I," said Mr. Richards, resolutely. "Now, the best thing you can do is to take your flock and clear out. I 've had enough of performing turkeys."

Homer and his mother waited at the depot for the 11 o'clock train. Beside them stood a crate filled with turkeys that wore a well-fed, satisfied expression. Somebody tapped Homer on the shoulder.

"You 're the boy who does the stunts with turkeys, are n't you?" asked a well-dressed man with a silk hat, and a flower in his buttonhole.

"Yes," answered the boy, wonderingly.

"I 've been hunting for you. That was a great rumpus you made at Finch & Richards's. The whole town 's talking about it."

"Yes," answered Homer again, and he blushed scarlet.

"Taking your turkeys home?"

Homer nodded.

"I 've come to see if we can keep them in town a few days longer."

The boy shook his head vigorously. "I don't want any more turkey shows."

"Not if the price is big enough to make it worth your while?"

"No!" said Homer, sturdily.

"Let us go into the station and talk it over."

On Thanksgiving afternoon the Colonial Theater, the best vaudeville house in the city, held a throng that had dined well and was happy enough to appreciate any sort of fun. The children—hundreds of them—shrieked with delight over every act. The women laughed, the men applauded with great hearty hand-claps. A little buzz of excitement went round the house when, at the end of the fourth turn, two boys, instead of setting up the regulation big red number, displayed a brand-new card. It read: "Extra Number—Homer Tidd and his Performing Turkeys." A shout of

delighted anticipation went up from the audience. Every paper in town had made a spectacular story of the ruin at Finch & Richards's. Nothing could have been so splendid a surprise. Everybody broke into applause—

in one corner, hay tumbled untidily from a barn-loft, a coop with a hen and chickens stood by the fence. From her stall stared a white-faced cow; her eyes blinked at the glare of the footlights. The orchestra struck up a merry



"HOMER THREW UP HIS HEAD AND LED THE TURKEY MARCH ROUND AND ROUND PAST THE FOOTLIGHTS."

everybody except one little woman who sat in the front row of the orchestra. Her face was pale, her hands clasped and unclasped each other tremulously. "Homer, boy," she whispered to herself.

The curtain rolled up. The stage was set for a realistic farm-yard scene. The floor was scattered with straw, an old pump leaned over

tune; the cow uttered an astonished *moo*; then in walked a sturdy lad with fine broad shoulders, red hair, and freckles. His boots clumped, his blue overalls were faded, his sweater had once been red. At his heels stepped six splendid turkeys, straight in line, every one with its eyes on the master. Homer never knew how he did it. Two minutes earlier he had said to

the manager, desperately: "I'll cut an' run right off as soon as I set eyes on folks." Perhaps he drew courage from the anxious gaze in his mother's eyes. Hers was the only face he saw in the great audience. Perhaps it was the magnificent aplomb of the turkeys that inspired him. They stepped serenely, as if walking out on a gorgeously lighted stage was an every-day event in their lives. Anyhow, Homer threw up his head and led the turkey march round and round past the footlights, till the shout of applause dwindled into silence. The boy threw back his head and snapped his fingers. The turkeys retreated to form in line at the back of the stage.

"Gettysburg," cried Homer, pointing to a stately plump hen. Gettysburg stepped to the center of the stage. "How many kernels of corn have I thrown you, Getty?" he asked.

The turkey turned to count them, with her head cocked reflectively on one side. Then she scratched her foot on the floor.

"One, two, three, four, five!"

"Right! Now you may eat them, Getty."

Gettysburg wore her new-won laurels with an excellent grace. She jumped through a row of hoops; slid gracefully about the stage on a pair of miniature roller-skates; she stepped from stool to chair, from chair to table, in perfect time with Homer's whistle and a low strain of melody from the orchestra. She danced a stately jig on the table, then, with a satisfied cluck, descended on the other side to the floor. Amanda Ann, Mehitable, Nancy, and Farragut achieved their triumphs in a slow dance made up of dignified hops and mazy turns. They stood in a decorous line awaiting the return of their master,

for Homer had dashed suddenly from the stage. He reappeared, holding his head up proudly. Now he wore the blue uniform and jaunty cap of a soldier boy; a gun leaned on his shoulder.

The orchestra put all its vigor, patriotism, and wind into "Marching through Georgia." Straight to Homer's side, when they heard his whistle, wheeled the turkey regiment, ready to keep step, to fall in line, to march and counter-march. Only one feathered soldier fell. It was Dan'l Webster. At a bang from Homer's rifle he dropped stiff and stark. From children here and there in the audience came a cry of horror. They turned to ask in frightened whispers if the turkey was "truly shot." As if to answer the question, Dan'l leaped to his feet. Homer pulled a Stars and Stripes from his pocket and waved it enthusiastically; then the orchestra dashed into "Yankee Doodle." It awoke some patriotic spirit in the soul of Dan'l Webster. He left his master, and, puffing himself to his stateliest proportions, stalked to the footlights to utter one glorious, soul-stirring gobble. The curtain fell, but the applause went on and on and on! At last, out again across the stage came Homer, waving "Old Glory." Dan'l Webster, Gettysburg, Amanda Ann, Nancy, Mehitable, and Farragut followed in a triumphal march. Homer's eyes were bent past the footlights, searching for the face of one little woman. This time the face was one radiant flush and her hands were adding their share to the deafening applause.

"Homer, boy," she said fondly. This time she spoke aloud, but nobody heard it. An encore for the "Extra Turn" was so vociferous, it almost shook the plaster from the ceiling.





THE CHILD IN THE GLASS.

BY MARY SIGSBEE KERR.

THE child who lives in the looking-glass
Is always waiting to see me pass;
She never seems to run and play,
But watches there for me all day:
For every time I go and see,

I find her peeping round at me.
One day when I was cross and cried,
She stretched her mouth so very wide,
I had to laugh — then she did, too;
She likes to do just what I do.

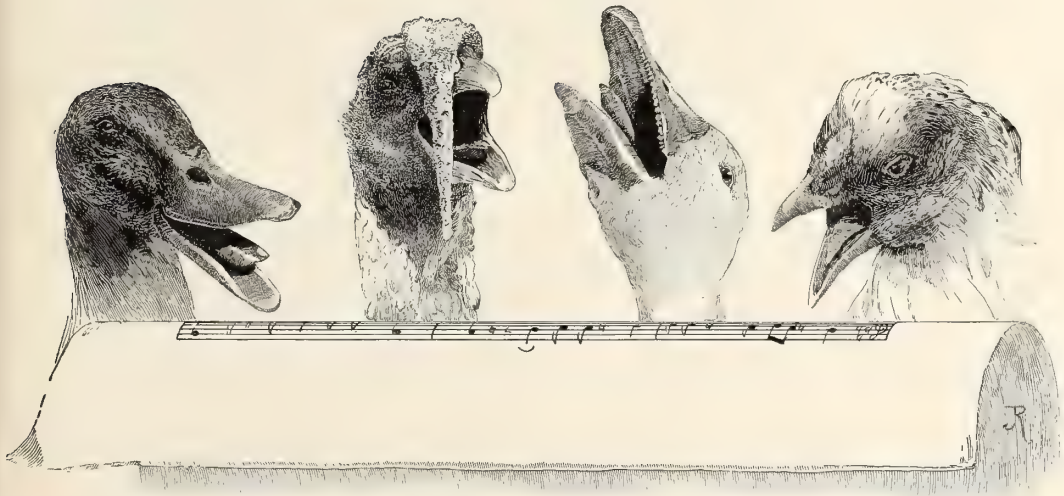
IN THE FIRST READER.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

“AND are the lessons hard?” she asked,
While spreading jam on thickly.
“Hard, mother? I should say they were!”
He answered very quickly.

“We ’ve reading, writing, ’rithmetic,
And spelling — that ’s another.
The teacher said, ‘Add twelve and nine’ —
I almost had to, mother!”

“Almost!” his puzzled mother said,
Half wondering if he knew it.
“Yes, almost — for she asked me to;
Only — I could n’t do it!”



THE DAY AFTER THANKSGIVING — A GLEE BY THE SOLE SURVIVORS.

NATURE and SCIENCE *for* Young Folks

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

THE GIANT FISHES OF THE SEA.

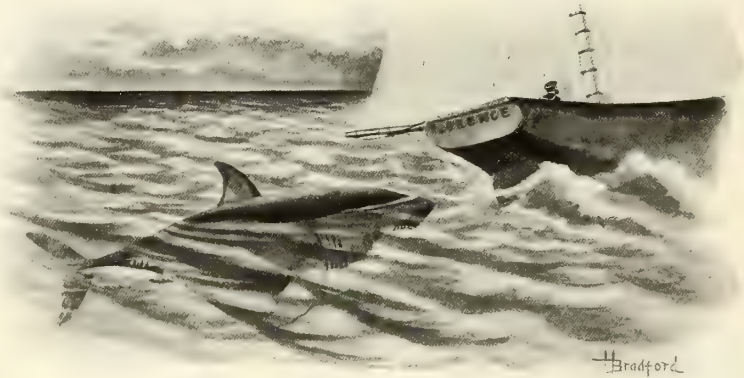
MANY people, including some scientists, believe that there exist in the sea to-day monster animals—sea-serpents, leviathans, and giant fishes—which have never been captured, and hence are unknown to zoölogists and have no place in scientific books. Whatever may be the facts in regard to such creatures, there are well-known members of the fish class which deserve to be regarded as monsters, and which may have given rise to the sea-serpent stories. Some of the most noteworthy of these fishes are here referred to and illustrated.

At the mention of giant fishes, many young folk will at once think of the sharks, among which, indeed, are found the largest existing fishes. Of the numerous kinds of sharks noteworthy on account of their size, there are four in the front rank; these are the sleeper-shark, the man-eater shark, the basking-shark, and the whale-shark.

The sleeper-shark, whose scientific name (*Somniosus microcephalus*, meaning sleepysmall-headed fish) fits it so admirably, appears to have developed its body at the expense of its brain, for it is a sluggish, stupid glutton, about six times as long as the average man. Its home is in the Arctic regions, but it sometimes makes visits as far south as Massachusetts, Oregon, and the British Isles. It is usually seen lying quietly at the surface, apparently dozing, and is easily approached by vessels; but sometimes, when hungry, it rouses itself and goes in

search of its prey, fiercely attacking and injuring whales, apparently unconscious of the great difference in their respective sizes.

One of the largest, and perhaps the most formidable, of sharks is the "man-eater," or great blue shark (*Carcharodon carcharias*). It roams through all temperate and tropical seas, and is everywhere dreaded. Its maximum length is forty feet, and its teeth are three inches long. While there are few authentic records of sharks attacking human beings, there have undoubtedly been many cases of sharks simply swallowing people who have fallen overboard, just as they would swallow any other food. How easy it would be for a man-eater to devour a person, may be judged



A MAN-EATER SHARK IN THE WAKE OF A VESSEL.
(It is about forty feet long when full-grown.)

from the finding of a whole hundred-pound sea-lion in the stomach of a thirty-foot shark on the California coast. A certain man-eater, thirty-six and a half feet long, had jaws twenty inches wide inside, and teeth two and a half inches long.

The basking-shark, known also as the elephant-shark and bone-shark (*Cetorhinus maximus*), is an inhabitant of the polar seas, but is occasionally observed as far south as Virginia and California, and some years ago was not rare

on the English and New England coasts. It reaches a maximum length of fifty feet, and is exceeded in size by only three or four animals now alive. Provided with small teeth, it feeds on fishes and floating crustaceans, and is not of a ferocious disposition. It is dangerous only because of its great bulk, and when attacked its powerful tail easily demolishes small boats. The basking-shark was formerly hunted on the coasts of Norway and Ireland for its oil; it was also sought on the shores of Massachusetts in the early part of the last century; and many of these sharks from twenty-five to thirty-eight feet long were recorded. The liver of a large specimen sometimes yielded twelve barrels of oil.

The largest of all fishes, the largest of all cold-blooded animals, and the largest of all existing animals, except a few kinds of whales, is the whale-shark (*Rhineodon typicus*), originally discovered at the Cape of Good Hope, but now known in Japan, India, South America, Panama, California, and elsewhere, a specimen having recently been obtained in Florida. This shark is said to attain a length of seventy feet, and is known to exceed fifty feet.

A fish of such peculiar form that the Italians call it *mola* (millstone), and the Spaniards *pez luna* (moonfish), is known to Americans and English as the sunfish, for it appears at the surface of the ocean on bright days and spends many hours basking listlessly in the sun, sometimes lying flat with one side out of the water, sometimes with the back fin projecting like a



OCEAN SUNFISH SUNNING THEMSELVES.
(They are about eight feet long when full-grown.)

buoy above the surface. The fish is disk-shaped, its height nearly equaling its length. It is one of the most grotesque of fishes, being apparently nearly all head. Of almost worldwide distribution, it is particularly abundant on the southeastern coast of the United States and on the California coast. It swims but little, being usually content to be drifted along by the ocean currents. The Gulf Stream wafts many a sunfish north each summer, so that the species is not rare off southern New England. That the fish deserves a place on the list of giant fishes may be judged from the fact that examples weighing from two hundred to five hundred pounds are not rare, and that much larger ones are occasionally met with. The weight of the largest known specimen, caught in 1893, at Redondo Beach, California, was eighteen hundred pounds. On such a monster, lying on its side, there would be room for thirty men to stand.

In the lagoons, sounds, and bayous of the West Indies and our southern coast, there exists in abundance a fish of great length, called the sawfish. The species is well known to those who reside on or visit the South Atlantic and Gulf seaboard, and the "saws" are familiar objects in "curio" stores all over the country. This fish has a broad, depressed body, and its greatest length exceeds twenty feet. The largest examples have saws six feet long, and a foot wide at the base, with teeth several inches long. The sawfish is without commercial value, and is never sought, but it has the faculty of



A SAWFISH ENTANGLED IN A NET.
(This fish is about twenty feet long when full-grown.)



A HORSE-MACKEREL, OR GREAT TUNNY, CHASING MENHADEN.
(The great tunny is about fifteen feet in length when full-grown.)

getting entangled in the fishermen's nets and badly damaging them in its struggles to escape, so that the fishermen regard it as a nuisance, and have to handle it with care in order to avoid the serious injury that might be inflicted by a lateral sweep of a big fish's saw.

The valuable mackerel family has one member which easily ranks first in size among the "bony fishes," as distinguished from the sharks, rays, sturgeons, etc., which have gristly skeletons; this is the horse-mackerel, or great tunny (*Thunnus thynnus*), whose range encircles the globe, and which is an object of fisheries in many countries, notably southern Europe. Built on the compact and graceful lines of our common mackerel, it excels in speed, alertness, and vigor among the fishes of the high seas, and might very easily make a trip across the ocean in one third the time of our fastest steamships. It preys on all kinds of small fish, and is often seen playing havoc among schools of luckless herring and menhaden. Fifteen feet is about its maximum length, and fifteen hundred pounds its estimated maximum weight, although it is likely that this weight is considerably exceeded. Thirty tunnies harpooned by one fisherman during a single season weighed upward of thirty thousand pounds. A mutilated specimen ten feet long was found by the writer on the coast of Massachusetts; its head weighed two hundred and eighty-two pounds; its carcass about twelve hundred pounds.

Among the rays are several members which reach colossal proportions. The largest and best known of these is the so-called "devil-fish" (*Manta birostris*) of our South Atlantic coast and the tropical waters of America. It occasionally strays as far north as Cape May, and is common south of Cape Hatteras. It is shaped like a butterfly or bat, and has been called the "ocean vampire." Projecting from either side of the head is a horn-like appendage, which, in reality, is a detached part of the pectoral fin, or "wing"; these horns, to which the name "devil-fish" owes its origin, are sometimes three feet long, and are movable, being used for bringing food to the mouth. Many years ago, the pursuit of this fish was a favorite pastime of the Carolina planters; and William Elliott, in his "Carolina Sports by Land and Water," says: "Imagine a monster from sixteen to twenty feet across the back,



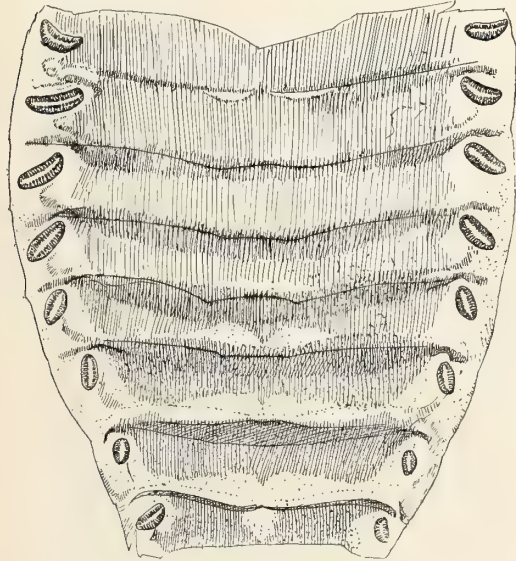
GIANT RAYS, OR DEVIL-FISHES.
(They are about twenty-five feet wide when full-grown.)

full three feet in depth, possessed of powerful yet flexible flaps or wings, with which he drives himself furiously in the water, or vaults high in the air." There are well-authenticated instances of this fish entangling its horns in the anchor ropes of small vessels and towing the vessels rapidly for long distances, to the mystification of the people on board. The expanse of body is greater in this species than in any other known animal. Examples sixteen feet wide are common, and those twenty feet across and over four feet thick are not rare. The maximum width is stated by authors to be from twenty-five to thirty feet. One specimen, of which the writer has a photograph, caught in Lapaz Bay, Mexico, many years ago, by the crew of the U. S. S. *Narragansett*, of which Admiral Dewey was then captain, was seventeen feet wide and weighed nearly two tons. A fish of the largest size mentioned would weigh not less than six tons. HUGH M. SMITH.

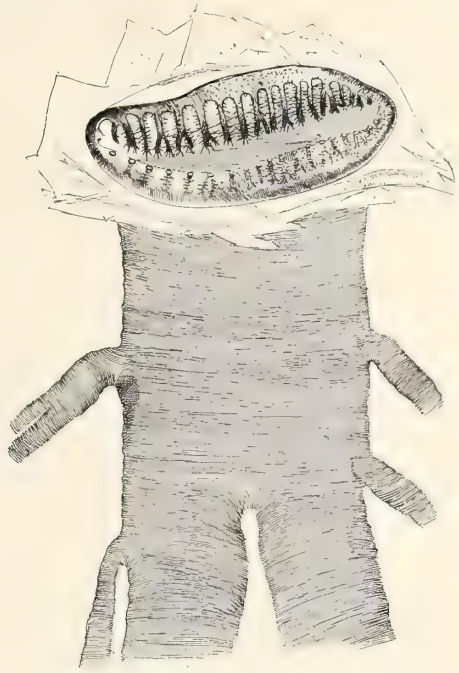
HOW INSECTS BREATHE.

INSECTS cannot breathe through their mouths as can most of the higher forms of animal life, nor do they have their breathing-openings near the mouth.

The early part of the insects' lives is chiefly spent in eating, and their mouths are so largely



THE "NOSTRILS"—THE BREATHING-HOLES ON THE SIDE OF A CRICKET.

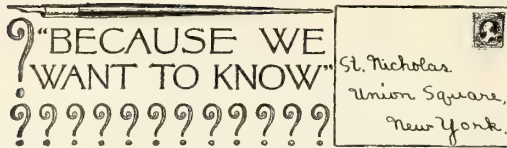


THE BREATHING APPARATUS OF AN INSECT (SPIRACLE AND TRACHEA).

engaged in this work that it would not be possible to use them also for breathing; while to have their nostrils in the immediate vicinity of their mouths would be very inconvenient. They must therefore be supplied with air in some other way.

Accordingly Mother Nature has little breathing-openings on the various segments of which their bodies consist. Scientists call these openings spiracles. Hold a locust between your fingers and watch the breathing movements of the body. Professor Packard says: "There were sixty-five contractions in a minute in a locust which had been held between the fingers about ten minutes." How does that compare with the number of breaths you take each minute? Insects of swiftest flight breathe most rapidly.

Each spiracle is guarded by little projecting spines which form a latticework or grate to keep out dust, etc. After passing through the spiracle the air is conducted to all parts of the body by tubes made by tiny spiral threads. This microscopic tube is something similar in form to a curl of hair made by brushing the hair around a curling-stick and then pulling out the stick.



FEATHERS OF WOUNDED DOVES.

WAYCROSSE, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you tell me why doves shed their feathers when wounded?

ROBERT MURPHY (age 13).

Doves or pigeons do not shed their plumage when wounded. The feathers cut by the shot, and those in the injured skin (not very strongly attached) near the wound, would of course drop out; hence the incorrect belief, common in many places, on which your question is based.

UPPER AND LOWER SIDES OF A LEAF.

WEST SUTTON, MASS.

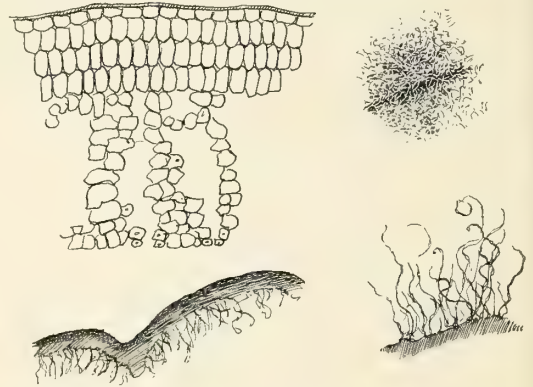
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me why a leaf is of lighter color on the under than on the upper side. I have noticed this especially on grape-leaves.

ALICE R. KNOWLES.

If a leaf, especially one thin and somewhat translucent, is examined by the aid of a compound microscope, it will be seen that the green pulp has the appearance somewhat of a honeycomb. There is an immense number of cells, some in rows and some irregularly arranged. A few of these cells are colorless and others contain more or less of the green color-

ing matter of the plant formed by the action of sunlight. Botanists call this green matter chlorophyl. The cells on the upper part of the leaf that are especially exposed to sunlight are well filled with chlorophyl, and are long and narrow, packed side by side closely together. These are called "palisade" cells.

The lower green cells do not contain so much coloring matter, differ from one another in shape and size, and are laid together loosely, often with very minute air-spaces between



SECTIONS OF A LEAF.

Drawn under a microscope. At upper left are shown the palisade cells. Below these in the same figure are the cells "laid together loosely, often with very minute air-spaces between them." The two lower figures and the upper right show the fuzzy appearance of the leaf. This is very beautiful when seen in a strong light by the aid of a good microscope.

them. This makes the under side of the leaf a lighter shade of green. Sometimes the light may be so reflected from these air-spaces as to give the leaf even a silvery or grayish appearance.

A "LIZARD" IN THE GROUND.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last August I found a curious thing up in Chocorua, New Hampshire. I was with some men who were digging a ditch behind our house, when they found a lizard about two feet below the surface. It was about six inches long, and was green. It crawled a little; but they killed it, thinking it must be poisonous. Could you tell me what it was?

Your interested reader,

MINTON M. WARREN.



Upper side.

Under side.

A LEAF OF THE GRAPE-VINE.

This was probably our common newt of an olive-brownish color, going through some underground spring. I know of no animal of that size and lizard-shaped that would be likely to burrow as much as two feet in the ground.

WEEDS

Weeds are great travelers; they are, indeed, the tramps of the vegetable world. They are going east, west, north, south; they walk; they fly; they swim; they steal a ride; they travel by rail, by flood, by wind; they go under ground, and they go above, across lots, and by the highway.—JOHN BURROUGHS.

THE BEAUTY AND INTEREST OF WEEDS.

DECATUR, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Across the commons from us there stands a little brown house where nothing thrives but poverty and weeds and happiness. Year after year the garden fails and the flowers die, but the weeds grow tall and straight and strong, and bring joy to the Little Girl. The Little Girl is a strange little girl. All the drowsy summer afternoons she lies in the shade of the great ragweeds, and dreams and plays. To her the ragweeds are



"LO! THERE STANDS AN ANCIENT DAME IN GREEN KIRTLE AND CRUMPLED YELLOW PETTICOATS."

This is the fruiting of the Indian mallow (*Abutilon*).



"THIS, INVERTED, THE LITTLE GIRL USES AS A POTATO-MASHER FOR HER PEBBLE POTATOES."

not ragweeds: they are tall, glorious trees wherein dwell wondrous songsters; a lady-bug is a redbird, and a wandering fly a nightingale. At

her head in a break in the ragweeds grows a tall buttonweed. To the Little Girl its rich, golden blossom is as beautiful as the choicest rose. In the center is a wonderful bed of stamens—and the sepals and petals are a gaily painted fence. Or, sometimes, the Little Girl turns them upside down, and lo! there stands an ancient dame in green kirtle and crumpled yellow petticoats. The seed-pod is no less wonderful to her. Many a time she has



"THE GREEN-GOLDEN BERRIES FURNISH ORANGES FOR THE DOLLY'S TABLE."

pondered over its wondrous molding, and the blending shades of green, light at the top and shading down into dark, almost black. This, inverted, the Little Girl uses as a potato-masher for her pebble potatoes—but in her heart there is no lack of reverence.

At her feet, in company with the "tickle-grass," the bull-nettle and nightshade grow side by side. To the Little

Girl the berries of the latter two are the most beautiful of all the weeds. Big brothers have forbidden her to touch them, but she does not understand, and the green-golden berries of the bullweed furnish oranges daily for the dolly's table. The strange structure of the nightshade berries she cannot understand; the thin transparent green walls through which the tiny seeds can be seen puzzle her.

"I guess they were made that way so that they could look up and see the stars," she confided to me, one day. She meant the pure white, star-shaped blossoms with their protruding little yellow eyes, and I could but agree.

A vigorous growth of smartweed with the delicate pink and red and white blossoms fringes her playhouse—some of the plants at least two feet high. These the Little Girl does not value so much; she plucks them to pieces, part by part, to see how many different colors of pink she can find, and then, in a fit of contrition, drops the poor mangled blossoms into the pan of cool water placed in the weeds for the chickens.

But far in the heart of the great weed patch there is a rich growth of goldenrod, and this, unsullied by the name of weed, is dearest of all the blossoms in the Little Girl's eyes. This she never plucks, but often, from my window, I see her bend over and press its sprays to her cheeks. Here big brothers have never penetrated, even in their wildest games of hide-and-go-seek; only the Little Girl, seeing with finer eyes, knows the heart of gold in the refuse. And so an interest, subtle and strange as the fragrance of the goldenrod, hangs over the Little Girl and her treasures.

MABEL FLETCHER (age 16).

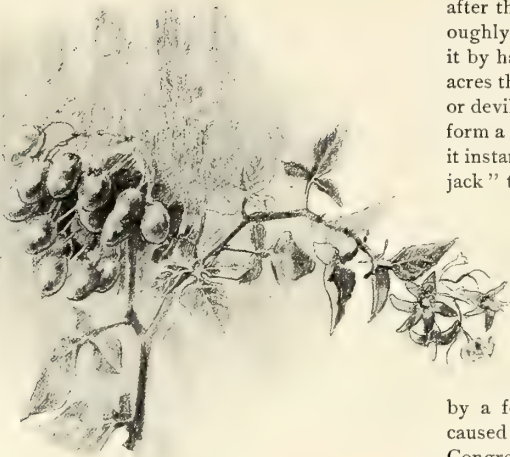
WEEDS IN THE WEST.

RICHMOND, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If any of your readers are interested in weeds they should come to Kansas. We can furnish them with weeds of every conceiva-



TICKLE-GRASS, OR WILD RYE.



THE BERRIES OF THE NIGHTSHADE.

ble description from March to November. To the child from the pavements they would be a source of never-ending delight; but to the farmer lad who has to hoe them they are just weeds — rank, ugly weeds, to be cut and beaten out of existence. The queen of Kansas weeds is, of course, the sunflower. It begins early, and, if left alone, it grows and grows, until in July the stalk, as big as my wrist, sends out the gold-and-brown faces nodding above my head. The sunflower grows mostly along the roadsides, for if a field is properly cultivated they are not hard to destroy.

The jimson is an energetic weed which is not at all particular as to its location. If it happens to be in a rich garden spot, it is not at all backward in making itself conspicuous. But a dry, hard feed-lot or barnyard is where it feels most at home. There, if unmolested, they will grow so closely together and in such proportions that, trying to pass through them, one might think he had discovered a miniature forest. The plant has a white trumpet-shaped flower several inches long; and the seed-pod is about the size and shape of a good-sized plum, but covered with prickles. One of the most brilliant of weeds is the morning-glory. There is no lack of variety in color — sky-blue, deep purple, pink, or all these in one. When allowed to run riot they turn a thrifty (?) farmer's field into as beautiful a flower-garden as you ever saw. Imagine a field of Kafir corn with stalks bending over with the weight of hundreds of glories. But the morning-glory which causes most sorrow for the farmer is the "white" morning-glory, called by some the "wild sweet potato." This is a perennial and has a fleshy root. It does no good to plow it up, for every joint of root or vine which touches the ground straightway sends out another plant.

There is the cockle-bur, which can be described only as a bur, just a little bunch of prickles. This is one of

the most troublesome of weeds. It generally grows after the corn is "laid by," and if the farmer is to thoroughly remove it he must go over the field and pull it by hand. In a field of fifty to one hundred and fifty acres this is no small task. There is also the stick-tight, or devil's bootjack. As the seeds grow on the stalk, they form a sort of ball; but let this brush against one's dress, it instantly flies to pieces, and each little seed or "boot-jack" turns upside down and fastens by its prongs.

Of the thistles, the most innocent-looking is the Russian thistle. When young, it looks like a handful of green hair. But as it grows the little hairs become stiff bushing stalks, changing the pretty little plant to an ugly thing almost as large as a wagon-wheel. When the wind loosens it from the earth it goes rolling and tumbling over the prairies until stopped by a fence or grove. For such a harmless weed, it caused quite a commotion on its advent to this country. Congress came very nearly appropriating a surprisingly large amount of money for its extermination.

Your constant reader,

FERN L. PATTEN (age 16).

THE WEEDS OF THE FIELDS.

WENDHAM, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Imagine a waste field, where the hand of man is not felt, a side-hill field bounded by a stone wall. Along the edge of the woods the black-berry bushes have grown tall and have mingled with the sumac that flaunts its glossy leaves in the bright sunshine. The late wild-roses and early goldenrod are here, but it is with the weeds that we are con-



THE WILD MORNING-GLORY.

cerned. As we enter the field, "the murmur of innumerable bees" comes to our ears, and pushing through the tall grass we come to a great patch of milkweed. The tall plants with their broad leaves look very pretty, and upon looking closer we find the reason for the bees' presence. A heavy blossom, or rather, a heavy cluster of little blossoms, hangs almost concealed under the leaves. The strong odor that they give out is disagreeable to most people; and I have known a horse to turn away in disgust after sniffing at the plants. On the under side of one of the leaves we discover the pretty caterpillar which makes its home here, and near by, flitting over the adjacent leaves, are several orange and black butterflies.

The wild carrot grows in profusion all around, and we must stop and look at a plant. The feathery leaves, almost the prettiest part of the plant, grow in a bunch upon the sand and from them rise the rough green stalks. How delicate the flowers are! The little brown speck in the center of each flower seems to accentuate the delicacy, and a pleasant caroty odor lingers around the plant, and grows stronger as we break the stems.

If we should take a look at this same field in winter



QUEEN ANNE'S LACE IN A CORNER OF A FIELD.
The pest of the farmer, the delight of the naturalist.

certain plants, our young folk regard all plants as does the grown-up botanist. All are beautiful and interesting, and none more so than those called weeds merely because they are very persistent in living and growing. And how interesting are the many forms and the zeal in the struggle for life! John Burroughs has well described them:

One is tempted to say that the most human plants, after all, are the weeds. How they cling to man and follow him around the world, and spring up wherever he sets his foot! How they crowd around his barns and dwellings, and throng his garden and jostle and override each other in their strife to be near him! Some of them are so domestic and familiar, and so harmless withal, that one comes to regard them with positive affection. . . . Knot-grass, that carpets every old dooryard, and fringes every walk, and softens every path that knows the feet of children, or that leads to the spring, or to the garden, or to the barn, how kindly one comes to look upon it!



THE "WEEDY" SUNFLOWERS BY THE ROADSIDE.

we would see the dried flowers, known as bird's-nests, standing stiffly above the snow. A flock of chickadees, balancing on them, eat the sharp-pronged seeds, which seem to us hardly palatable.

CATHERINE LEE CARTER (age 14).

It is only when we desire to cultivate certain plants that others become weeds—for "a weed is a plant that persists in growing where it is not wanted." Hence the farmer is troubled with many weeds, for many kinds of plants struggle against the few kinds he wishes to have grow. Even the daisies in the mowing-lot and the goldenrod along by the pasture wall he regards as weeds. Aside from any desire to cultivate



THE WILD CARROT IN WINTER.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"HEADING." BY CHARLES E. VENATOR, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

OUR "Favorite Episode in American History" contest has brought out some interesting facts, as well as some excellent contributions. It has shown, for one thing, that more children are interested in the early history of the nation than in the more recent events; also, that of the old episodes, the battle of Trenton, the Signing of the Declaration, the victory of Paul Jones over the Serapis, and the battles of Lexington and Concord, are the favorites, about in the order named. Indeed, so many of each of these came in, and all so well written, that we have been obliged to omit them, taking it for granted that all the young people of the League are familiar with these chapters in our his-

tory, and would not find much interest in reading them again in the department pages.

For, as we have said before, we must edit for the readers as well as for the writers, and the incident that is less familiar, even if less picturesque and dramatic, is likely to be of more general interest than the old fireside story we all know, however well re-told; and this hint may perhaps act as a guide to the future. It is not necessary that episodes should be new,—there are very few such,—but only that they should not be the very, very old ones, such as every school Reader for several generations has contained.

We all love to remember the Christmas surprise given to the Hessians at Trenton, the boy who dashed away from the "Signing," crying, "Ring, Grandfather,



"DISTANCE," ST. LOUIS WATER-FRONT. BY HUGO GRAF, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)



"DISTANCE." BY DOROTHY WEIMAN, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

ring!" the cry, "Sir, I have not yet begun to fight!" and, "the shot heard round the world," but they have all been repeated so often in song and story that we of the League can afford to pass them, though with fond reluctance, for other events and stirring words that it will be well for us to learn, and to teach to others. Of course, one's favorite episode is his "favorite," and there is no more to be said. But with a wider reading and research, perhaps others would claim a place as favorites, too, if not *the* favorite. Perhaps, hereafter, we shall say "A favorite episode" instead of "My favorite episode," so that the old beloved school-book story may be put aside with a clear conscience.

PRIZE WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 59.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Agnes Dorothy Campbell** (age 15), Monmouth, Polk Co., Ore., **Natalie D. Wurts** (age 16), 5219 Morris St., Germantown, Pa., and **Caroline Millard Morton** (age 16), 135 Superior St., Providence, R. I.

Silver badges, **William A. R. Russum** (age 14), 946 E. Jersey St., Elizabeth, N. J., **Harriet Ruth Fox** (age 14), 622 W. 152d St., New York City, and **Eleonor Randolph Chapin** (age 11), 76 Porter Place, Montclair, N. J.

Prose. Gold badges, **Rollin L. Tilton** (age 16), 123 S. Kingston Ave., La Grange, Ill., and **Mary E. Pidgeon** (age 14), Wadesville, Va.

Silver badges, **Emada A. Griswold** (age 13), 349 E. 53d St., Chicago, Ill., and **Margaret Spahr** (age 11), Kingsbridge Terrace, Kingsbridge, New York City.

VOL. XXXII.—II.

Drawing. Gold badge, **Charles E. Venator** (age 17), 94 Napier St., Hamilton, Ont.

Silver badges, **Helen George** (age 13), 572 Benson St., Camden, N. J., and **Mildred Eastey** (age 14), 200 S. 7th St., San Jose, Cal.

Photography. Cash prize, **Hugo Graf** (age 17), 4545 N. Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Gold badge, **Dorothy Weiman** (age 11), The Newport, 16th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Elsie Wormser** (age 13), 2014 Webster St., San Francisco, Cal., and **Emma W. Horn** (age 16), Catasauqua, Pa.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Adirondack Deer," **Gladys L. Carroll** (age 13), Saranac Lake, N. Y.

Second prize, "Robin," **Donald Jackson** (age 12), 2347 King's St., Denver, Col.



"DISTANCE." BY EMMA W. HORN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

Third prize, "Gull's Nest," **Dorothy Arnold** (age 12), 11 Ten Broeck St., Albany, N. Y.

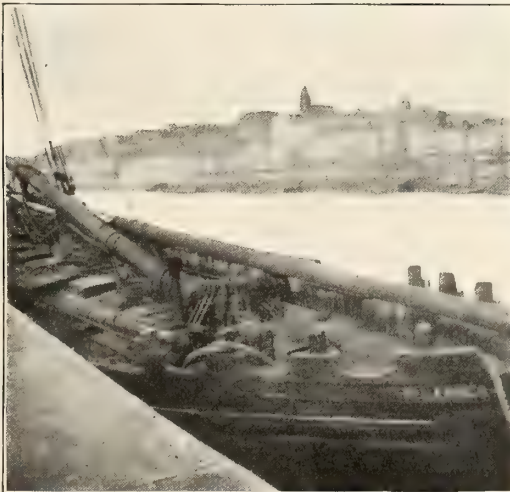
Puzzle-making. Cash prize, **Emerson Sutcliffe** (age 13), 47 Allerton St., Plymouth, Mass.

Gold badges, **Helen Carter** (age 14), Burlington, N. J., and **Edith Prindleville** (age 16), Box 17, Barrington, Ill.

Silver badges, **Zeno N. Kent** (age 16), Chagrin Falls, O., and **Walter L. Dreyfuss** (age 16), 1239 Madison Ave., New York City.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Evelyn Goodrich Patch** (age 11), Berkshire, New York, and **Mary Randall Brown** (age 15), 2429 First Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth D. Lord** (age 14), 1214 Elk St., Franklin, Pa., and **Zena Parker** (age 15), Abingdon, Va.



"DISTANCE." BY ELSIE WORMSER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A NATURE STUDY." BY HELEN GEORGE, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY ROLLIN L. TILTON (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

ONE bright morning in the year 1862, a wooden sloop of something over one thousand tons, fitted with steam-power, dropped down the Mersey and sailed away. She touched in southern England, and after taking on more men, sailed to the Azores. On arriving there she was met by two steamers, which brought supplies and war materials to her.

When these were transhipped, the English flag, which she flew, was replaced by the Confederate flag, and it was announced that she was the Confederate steamer *Alabama*.

Semmes, for such was the Confederate captain's name, had orders to destroy all vessels flying the flag of the United States. From that time on, for two years, she destroyed many vessels—in all, about sixty-five.

At the end of that time, Semmes put in to Cherbourg for repairs, and two days later the United States ship *Kearsarge* appeared. Semmes, who wished to signalize himself by sinking a large war-ship, asked Captain Winslow of the *Kearsarge* to fight. This challenge was immediately accepted.

On Sunday, June 19, 1864, the *Alabama*, accompanied by a French ship, to see that they left French waters, steamed out to sea. An English yacht also went out with them to observe that which they expected would be a victory for the *Alabama*. No two vessels were more evenly matched, although the *Kearsarge* was the faster.

When they were seven miles from land, the *Kearsarge*, who was ahead, turned and steamed straight at the *Alabama*. The *Alabama* fired a broadside, which went wild. When nine hundred yards away the *Kearsarge* turned and fired a broadside. It told fearfully. Then the *Alabama* got a terrible hammering. She tried to close up with the *Kearsarge*, but the *Kearsarge* steamed round and round, firing constantly. Shots cleared the *Alabama's* decks; they smashed her engines, they tore her sides, and broke the masts. Then the *Alabama* put her bow toward France; but the *Kearsarge* was ahead of her, and the pounding continued until she struck her colors, and, throwing her bow in the air, disappeared in the sea.

The *Kearsarge* put out her boats to rescue the crew, and gave the English yacht permission also. In that way Semmes escaped to England, but he brought no more ships out.

RURAL PLEASURES.

BY NATALIE D. WURTS (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

OH, the pleasures of the country,
In the happy autumn time,
Where the brook flows by, a-dancing
To a mystic, rippling rhyme!

See the lazy munching cattle
In the water plodding deep,
And the bees still seeking honey
From the flowers, now asleep.

And yonder toward the distant hills
The hazy circles show
A portent of dark days to come,
Amid the blinding snow.

But now the air is all serene;
Across the mound of grass
Comes tripping, like a dainty queen,
A pretty peasant lass.

She joins the harvesters at work
Amid the golden hay;
With care they stack the wagons up,
And homeward wend their way.

Ah, little maid, thy lot is one
That kings and queens would share,
To labor in a world so bright,
And breathe such fragrant air!

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY MARY E. PIDGEON (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

My favorite episode in American history is the first Thanksgiving.

The Pilgrims had a hard voyage over the Atlantic, and when they landed in America it was autumn, and the shores were bleak and desolate.

Think what must have been their feelings as they gazed on this, their future home, and then remember that they had left their own comfortable homes and their dearest friends for the sake of their religion!

During the long, hard winter that followed, when they had such poor, unsheltered homes, and when they had few comforts, no luxuries, and often not even the bare necessities of life, half of their number died.

When the summer came, however, and the days were longer, and the air grew warmer, they began to have a much brighter prospect, and they planted wheat, rye, barley, and Indian corn.

The latter grain a friendly Indian, named Squanto, had brought them and told them how to cultivate. Slowly the summer days ripened into autumn, and this time the people were much happier, for they had acres of grain, and the dense forest all around abounded in wild game, and the river was full of fish.

These blessings almost made the people feel that they had been fully repaid for leaving their own country, where they had been so cruelly persecuted.

And in November, the governor, Miles Standish, appointed a time for the people to have a great feast and give thanks for the many blessings of the past year.

So they sent four of their men out into the forest, with their guns, and they spent a whole day in shooting game.

Then they invited Massasoit, the Indian chief, and all his men, who had been very kind to them, to come and partake of their Thanksgiving feast with them.

The Indians, being very much pleased with the invitation, brought with them a present of five deer for the white men.

And the Indians and white men feasted and played games and had a merry time for three days.

This is the origin of our beautiful custom of setting apart, each year, a Thanksgiving Day.

SUMMER PLEASURES.

BY AGNES DOROTHY CAMPBELL (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

ON the bluffs, o'erlooking the bay, and the bar, and the ocean wide,
Stands the haunted harbor-light, un-
changed by time and tide,—
Except each year a little more of the sand
bluffs slips away,
And the tower's more weather-beaten,
washed by the winter's spray.
In the early morn, when the tide is out,
and the brown reef-rocks lie bare,
When the fog is thick, or the sun shines
bright, often we wander there;
We climb the winding stairs up to the
haunted light,
And gaze on the bay and ocean, and the
foam of the breakers white.

And, wondering, tell the story of the girl
who, long ago,
Looked out from this turret-window, on
the bay, stretched blue below,
With never a thought of danger more than
we have to-day.
What became of her there, with her flying
hair? What spirited her away?
Is the deep, dark hole in the turret-room
some old-time smugglers' cave?
Is the cry that we hear but the sea-gull's call, far out on
the ocean wave?
The pleasure is o'er; we finish the tale of the light seen
through the dark,
And the passing out, o'er the bar below, of a phantom,
nameless bark.

The dunes and hills and the stretching beach—'t is a
pleasure to wander there,
And watch the ships go sailing by, and breathe deep of
the ocean air.

But we leave the sea and the summer days, and scatter
far and wide,
And our pleasures are a memory, with the ebbing of the
tide.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN ORIGINAL AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY EMADA A. GRISWOLD (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, fought
April 7, 1862, is my favorite.

My grandfather was the captain of Company A of
the Eighth Regiment from Illinois, which was the first
one formed in that State.

He and another soldier were called "The Little Cap-
tains," because they were the youngest officers in the
Union army.

About the middle of the battle, a bullet struck my
grandfather in the thumb of the right hand.

He made his way as best he could through the un-
derbrush, with bullets flying all around him, to a little
stream at the back of the ranks, to wash away the blood
and see if he was badly hurt.

Before he started for the stream, he made up his
mind he would *not* run. *He* was not going to be a
coward! So afterward he went to one of the generals
and asked: "Did you see me go back, General?"
"Yes," was the answer. "Well, General," asked my
grandfather, "did I run?" The general answered,
slowly: "N-no—not exactly—but you did some of the
tallest walking ever I saw a man do!"

My grandfather afterward found that the lead from
the bullet had melted and wrapped around his thumb



"A NATURE STUDY." BY MILDRED EASTEY, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

bone. A piece of it, however, was still loose, so he went
to one of the soldiers who, he knew, had been a doctor
before he entered the army, and had his finger examined
to see if the loose piece could not be gotten out, but it
was an unsuccessful attempt, for they did not get it out.

Later, it began troubling him so much that he went
to one of his comrades who had a pair of pincers and
finally succeeded in pulling it out.

The part that wrapped around the bone is still there,
and he can always tell when it is going to rain, on ac-
count of his finger. It always feels heavy.



"ADIRONDACK DEER." BY GLADYS L. CARROLL, AGE 13.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL" PHOTOGRAPH.)

PLEASURE IN LITTLE THINGS.

BY CAROLINE MILLARD
MORTON (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

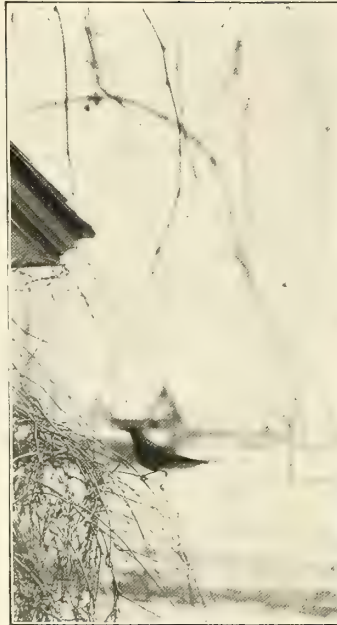
A BREATH of the stirring morning air,
Untouched by the city's grime,
But over the salty ocean blown
From a purer, airier clime.

A glimpse of the mighty ocean,
With its solemn sweep and roll;
Or the sweet low tones of the
Angelus,
Calling "Listen!" to the soul.

A page or a line from a fine old book
That strikes a note akin;
Or the beauty of an unfolding mind
Where wisdom is entering in.

A longed-for letter from a friend,
Across the wide, deep sea,
Or a glimpse of a strong, congenial
face
Where a future friend may be.

A wee, frail floweret, growing
In hidden, lowly nook—
All these may worlds of pleasure bring
To him who will but look.



"ROBIN." BY DONALD JACKSON, AGE 12.
(SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD" PHOTOGRAPH.)

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY MARGARET SPAHR (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

IT is hard for me to tell which is my favorite episode in American history; but I believe it is the settling of Pennsylvania.

I like the Quakers better than the Puritans, because they remembered how they had been persecuted, and did not persecute those whose religion differed from theirs. The Puritans seemed to forget, for they persecuted the Quakers as fiercely as they were persecuted in England.

The King of England, Charles II, owed a large sum of money to Penn's father, which he did not like to pay to Penn because he was a Quaker. Instead, he granted him a large tract of land called Pennsylvania from Penn's sylvia (Penn's woods).

Penn, owning this land, resolved to make it a place of refuge for the Quakers. Some came soon after, in 1682. Penn himself came a little later.

The Quakers paid the Indians for the land, knowing, and rightly, that the land really belonged to them and not to the King of England. They also let the Indians live on the land they had sold.

At a council with the Indians, Penn said: "I will not call you my children, for fathers sometimes must punish their children. I will not call you 'Brother,' for brothers sometimes quarrel. But I will call you the same person as the white man. We are as two parts of the same body."

That quarrels might be decided without violence, the Indians were to choose six out of their number, and the Quakers six out of theirs. The twelve persons were to meet and settle the quarrel.

No wonder the Indians never troubled the Quakers!

A WISHED-FOR PLEASURE.

BY ELEANOR RANDOLPH CHAPIN (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

I WISH that I might learn to fly;
Then I'd go sailing through the sky.

The little birds would turn with
fright,

And flap their wings with all their
might;

And I should say: "Ha, ha! He, he."
Oh, how important I should be!

My father'd frown: "My daughter
Jane,

Don't try that flying stunt again";
And mother'd look at me and say:

"Don't fly too high, child, when you
play."

"You need not fear," I should reply;
"I promise you I'll not go high."

My dearest friend, sweet Mary Ive,
Would cry: "Oh, gracious sakes
alive!

Why, Janey White! Oh, I declare!
Pray tell me how you got up there?"

Then I should say: "'T was easy,
so,"—

And flap my arms, and off I'd go.



"GULL'S NEST." BY DOROTHY ARNOLD,
AGE 12. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-
BIRD" PHOTOGRAPH.)

Around the world I 'd swiftly go—
To France and Germany, you know;
To London I should go and stay
Perhaps a night or so, and day.
Oh! please excuse this little sigh,
But I *do* wish that I could fly.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY FRIEDA G. CARTY (AGE 14).

WHEN Washington was preparing to march upon Princeton, there lived, just outside of Trenton, a woman named Jinnie Waglum.

She happened to be visiting a friend at the True American Inn, at which Washington was stopping, when she heard of a great difficulty which stood in the way of the march upon Princeton. Washington and his men could not go by the highways, for if they did they would be observed by the enemy, and no one in the army was sufficiently familiar with the country to conduct them by any other route. Hearing this, Mrs. Waglum sent to Washington, saying that she knew the country very well, and that she would gladly guide his army. Washington was overjoyed, and accepted her services.

So she mounted her horse, and it was not long before she was at the head of the army, riding toward Princeton. It was a singular sight, the whole army of brave soldiers, headed by the patriotic woman, wending its way through woods and across meadows.

They reached Princeton, and the next day the battle took place.

A MOONLIGHT PLEASURE SAIL.

BY HARRIET RUTH FOX (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WE were gliding down the Hudson on a dreamy, moonlight night,
And the inky waves were glist'ning in the mystic tranquil light,
While on either side the Highlands, in majestic silence,
rose,
And their huge, dark forms seemed sleeping in a calm,
serene repose.

Overhead the constellations seemed like forms of living light,
To the south the gleaming Archer drew his bow of silver bright,
And the myriad twinkling starlights journeying toward the western sky
Showed the deep black mountains blacker as they passed their summits high.

First came Storm King in his grandeur, rising stern,
abrupt, and steep,
As the guardian of the Highlands, placed his silent watch to keep;
At his feet flowed magic water, and he touched on elfin strand,
For the precincts that he guarded all were those of fairyland.

Down beyond him rose old Cro' Nest with his mystic light and shade,
With the bluebells all a-ringing in the forest and the glade,

And I heard the tiny plashing of the little culprit fay,
Going forth to do his penance ere the breaking of the day.

Soon I heard the fairies singing, shouting loud their triumph cry,
For the tiny elf returning from his journey in the sky;
And from out the wooded hillside shone the twinkling spark of light
Of his little flame-wood lantern, kindled by a comet bright.

On we passed; the moon was sinking, and her last faint silv'ry beam
Lingered for one fleeting instant, and then vanished from the stream.
All the crickets stopped their chirping, and the bluebells all were still,
And the fairy song was silent as we left th' enchanted hill.



"A NATURE STUDY." BY MURIEL C. EVANS, HONOR MEMBER.
(SEE NOTE, PAGE 91.)

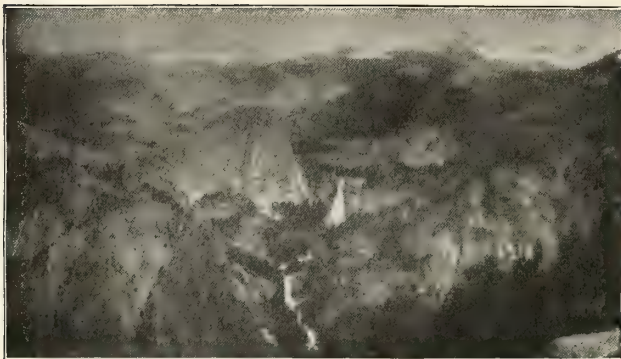
MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY—LINCOLN-AND-DOUGLAS DEBATE.

BY MAUDE KING (AGE 13).

PROBABLY the most important historical event of the nineteenth century was the Civil War, and it is not an exaggeration to say that the Lincoln-and-Douglas debate did more than any other agency to mark the way for the "subversion of slavery." It consisted of a series of discussions, beginning at Chicago in July, and lasting until late in October. In our great daily newspapers these speeches were printed, and were so widely read that the whole American people were in a state of excitement.

It was a grand spectacle to see these speakers addressing from five to ten thousand people in the open air.

Each was conscious that he was not speaking to his hearers alone, but to the whole nation. There was no hall in Illinois large enough to welcome the vast crowds which gathered. Nature alone could afford



"THE YOSEMITE." BY JENNIE H. KINKEAD, AGE 13.

sufficient space, and so the people assembled in the groves and prairies.

At first sight, the average spectator would probably sympathize with Douglas, commonly called "the little giant," he being the smaller man, but would likely change his mind before the close, seeing that Lincoln was so just and so courteous, while Douglas was at times irritable, and not even courteous.

Lincoln had several advantages over Douglas. He had the right side, and the people were coming to realize it. He had a better temper—always good-humored. His wit and illustrations were also an immense advantage. He was speaking for our country and for freedom. At times he rose to such a climax that the very words he uttered seemed to be kindled with fire. He must win, and win he would.

Yet we must respect Douglas. He was a mighty man, with a massive brain, and of a bold, resolute, fearless nature. He was very attractive, and everywhere popular, but his greatest blows did not annoy Lincoln in the least. Perhaps Douglas was saluted with the loudest cheers; but when Lincoln closed, the people seemed serious and thoughtful, and could be heard all through the crowd discussing the topics on which he had spoken.

These men have now passed away, but their names resound all over the world, and to those who had the opportunity of hearing these debates there will spring up in their minds a picture of the two champions who fought side by side in this great contest for the Union.

MY PLEASURES.

BY WILLIAM A. R. RUSSUM (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

My joys are few and far between,
For in the height of my elation
Something always comes to break
The harmony of the occasion.

Once, when my Ma had friends to lunch,
I e'en forgot to doff my cap;
And, when I'd spilt the apple sauce,
I broke my boiled egg in my lap.

The day that Pa bought me my wheel
I ran into a trolley-car,
And when I gained my feet again,
I found I'd smashed the handle-bar.

Once, with my gun, like hunter bold,
I went to shoot the birds that soar;

A shot into a hot-house sped,
And now I see my gun no more.

And once I built a fairy boat,
With rudder true and timber sound,
But, when 't was launched upon the lake,
The boat, it sunk; I nearly drowned.

And so my pleasures—don't you see?—
Are fraught with woe and tribulation,
For something always comes to break
The harmony of the occasion.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

MARY PEMBERTON NOURSE (AGE 13).

My favorite episode in the history of our great country is its first discovery by Leif, the son of Eric, who was the first settler, and, at that time, the King of Greenland.

As many interesting episodes as there are in our history I do not know why I should prefer this one. It may be because of the golden cloud of mystery hanging about it, which attracts and holds my mind in delightful speculation.

Long ago, in the last year of the tenth century, Leif the Lucky was sent by his beloved friend, King Olaf of Norway, to carry the Gospel to his father and all the people of Greenland.

But Eric the Red was one of Thor's most earnest worshipers, and rather than accept the Christian reli-



"DISTANCE." BY EUGENIE ROOT, AGE 14.

gion, he disowned Leif, his pride in his hospitality alone keeping him from ordering his son from the kingdom.

Leif, who held his mission dearer than life, was resolved to convert his father at any cost, and so sought to please him by some great deed.

On a beautiful day early in the eleventh century "The Lucky One" set out with his little crew of thirty-five men to discover a new country, of which an old sailor, who had been blown far out to sea, told many tales.

After many days of sailing, and after he had touched at many points of unknown land, Leif came in sight of a country more beautiful than any he had yet seen. This land was our own continent.

Soon the viking ship was sailing in the waters of the Narragansett Bay. The Northmen landed on what is now the Massachusetts shore, built huts, and stayed in this sunny land for one year.

What we know now as Massachusetts was at that time called Vinland by the request of Leif's foster-father, because of the quantities of grapes found there.

Although Leif made many more voyages to this land, the news of his discovery never went farther than Norway, and Columbus has the glory of being the first discoverer of our land.

PLEASURES.

BY GRACE LESLIE JOHNSTON (AGE 11).

It's a pleasure to see the blue ocean;
It's a pleasure to see the green grass;
It's a pleasure to feel the cool breezes,
And see the big ships as they pass.

As we sit and gaze out on the ocean,
And the birds, and the flowers, and stream,
We can fancy we see the cold autumn,
And November is there in our dream.

It looks cold, it looks snowy and dreary;
It looks chilly, and winter draws near;
But when it comes—skating and sledding!
I'm glad that November is here.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY ELSIE F. WEIL (AGE 15).

BEFORE the surrender of Lee, the Confederate army was on the verge of starvation, because of the exhausted condition of the Southern States, and, owing to the blockade formed by the Federal fleet, little food could be smuggled into the South.

But no sooner had Lee surrendered than the stalwart soldiers of the Union showed their generosity and good will. They laid aside all their previous animosities, and shared their rations with their tattered and half-starved brethren, against whom they were fighting in a life-and-death struggle a few short days before.

"Yankee" and "Johnny boy" sat down by the same camp-fire, and drank coffee out of one tin cup, friends again after four long, bitter years.



"A BEAVER HOUSE." BY EVERETT STREET, AGE 8.

This may not be in itself an important event in our history, but it makes me proud of the fact that I am an American, that I can claim descent from one of those brave soldiers who took the initiative step in welcoming back the South into the Union.



"A NATURE STUDY." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, HONOR MEMBER. (SEE NOTE, PAGE 91.)

PLEASURE.

BY ELIZABETH BURRAGE (AGE 10).

WHEN I am down by the sea-shore,
I love to dig in the sand,
And I love to hear the big waves roar,
As they dash in on the land.

And when I look out of my window,
And see the waves and the spray,
And when I hear the wind blow,
Then my heart is happy and gay.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY DONALD GIBSON (AGE 15).

It was in 1804 that France sold to the United States the region vaguely known as Louisiana, and as President Jefferson was determined to learn something of this vast territory, he asked Congress for an appropriation to explore the Northwest by way of the Missouri River. The result was the Lewis and Clarke Expedition, which was commenced in May, 1804.

Captain Meriwether Lewis (Jefferson's secretary) and his friend Captain William Clarke, with their escort, launched their boats in Wood River, opposite St. Louis. They reached the Mandan Indian village,



"GOOD-BY TO OCTOBER."
BY RITA WOOD, AGE 10.

sixteen hundred miles above St. Louis, in October, and, finding the Indians friendly, stayed there all winter.

On April 7 the journey was continued through an unknown country. The Little Missouri having been passed, the river became so narrow that it was difficult to tell the main stream from the tributary.

Captain Lewis went in advance to find the true course, and suddenly heard the voice of many waters. He hurried forward, and saw a sheet of water falling over a precipice eighty-seven feet, the Great Falls of the Missouri. The party camped at the site of the city of Great Falls for a month.

They entered the mountains on the 9th of July. At the forks of the Missouri it became absolutely necessary to use horses for crossing the Rocky Mountains, and these were purchased of the Indians.

The journey down the Columbia was long and hard, but they reached the Pacific Ocean in November, 1805, and built Fort Clatsop, where they remained until the spring of 1806.

Then began the homeward journey. When they had crossed the mountains, the party separated into three divisions, two of which were to go east by the Yellowstone River, and one under Captain Lewis to go by the Missouri.

After quite an uneventful voyage the entire force was reunited below the Yellowstone, August 12. The people at a settlement above St. Louis were surprised to see thirty ragged, bronze-faced men pass down the river. Some, however, remembered who they were and welcomed them heartily.

On September 23, 1806,

the ships came slowly into the water-front of St. Louis and the great Lewis and Clarke Expedition was at an end.

PLEASURES.

BY MARGARET B. DORNIN (AGE 11).

WHEN I was at my summer home
A beautiful time I had,
For pleasures they were plentiful,
And nothing there was sad.

I rode the old horse all around,
I climbed the apple-tree,
I watched the boats go in and out
Of the harbor by the sea.

And the pond at the back of the
house, you know,
Was nothing but pure white;
For lilies grew there in the open air,
And closed themselves at night.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY MARY THORNTON (AGE 13).

DURING the War for Independence the Americans fought under a great many disadvantages. One of the greatest of these was the lack of proper clothing. Good uniforms were practically unknown. Men who procured enough clothes to keep out the weather were accounted lucky, and envied by their less fortunate comrades.

In winter the suffering was intense. With half-clothed bodies, bare feet, and half starved in addition, is it any wonder that the patriots died of cold and sickness on every side?

No. It is to be wondered at that more did not die.

One cold night in December, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, Lafayette lay in his tent. He was thinking of his family far away in France. For a moment he was back in the old château, talking and laughing with his sisters, and making his great dog leap over a stick held high in the air.

He was roused from his reverie by the footsteps of the sentry as he paced to and fro outside the tent. Suddenly the footsteps ceased. Going to the door to see what the matter was, Lafayette saw the man kneeling down in the snow, trying to arrange the bloody cloths tied around his feet—for he had no shoes.

"Poor fellow!" thought the marquis, "he is cold. I am cold from standing here for just a minute, and what must he, with so few clothes, be? I will give him my blanket."

He wrapped the blanket



"A NATURE STUDY." BY SHIRLEY WILLIS, AGE 15, HONOR
MEMBER. (SEE NOTE, PAGE 91.)

about him and went up to the soldier, who had, by this time, again commenced pacing to and fro.

"You are cold," he said. "Is it not so? Here, take my blanket."

"But, sir," answered the soldier, although he eyed the blanket longingly, "I can't deprive you of your blanket."

"It does not deprive," returned the marquis, "for I have another."

And, putting the blanket into the soldier's hands, he went back into the tent, to lie shivering until morning.

"It may be, and is, wrong to tell lies," he murmured as he lay down, "but it is worse to let a human being freeze to death almost before your very eyes."

Now this little story may not be true, but I think it is very like the gallant young Frenchman who left home and country, wealth and friends, that he might do what he thought was right.

YOUTH'S PLEASURE IN AUTUMN.

BY MARGUERITE M. JACQUE (AGE 13).

Now Dame Nature, with a frown,
Dons her very darkest gown,
And the winds moan mournfully through the glen;
While the leaves, so brown and sear,
Rustle sadly on the ear,
For now November reigns supreme again.

What are they among the trees,
Flitting like a summer breeze,

Making light the gloom and shadow as they fly?

'T is a host of little hoods
In these drear autumnal woods,

Now a-nutting 'neath this chill
November sky.

Oh, what pleasure they find
here,

Changing dreariness to
cheer,

As the alchemists did clay trans-
form to gold!

Oh, how sweet is sunny
Youth

In its innocence and truth,
As it reaps the Old World's har-
vests hundredfold!

Oh, a sunny myth is Plea-
sure,

To this weary world a trea-
sure,

As children are a light to somber
fall!

How we love her blithe ca-
resses,

And how lavishly she blesses
The faces of these children, one
and all!



"HEADING." BY WESLEY R. DE LAPPE, AGE 17, HONOR MEMBER.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY CHARLOTTE ST. GEORGE NOURSE (AGE 9).

I DON'T know a great deal about history, but I think my favorite episode in American history is the time that the Narragansett Indians sent the snake-skin filled with arrows to Plymouth, to say that they were going to make war against the people in Plymouth. The people in Plymouth filled the snake-skin with bullets, and sent it back to the Indians, as if to say: "Shoot your arrows at us, and we will kill you with our bullets." And the Narragansetts were so afraid that they sent the snake-skin back again, and there was no war.

I don't know why this is my favorite episode in American history; perhaps it is that it shows the cowardliness of the Indians.

NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization formed of ST. NICHOLAS readers. Every reader of the magazine, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to a badge and instruction leaflet on application.

PLEASURE.

BY JOSEPHINE E. SWAIN (AGE 11).

To stroll beside a sunny brook,
And read in a secluded nook,
Or in some shady woods to stray,
From the fierce heat of a summer
day;

To gather berries in a pail,
Or on the waters clear to sail;
To ride on loads of fragrant hay,
And in a spacious barn to play;

To watch the firefly's matchless
light

As it illuminates the night;
To gather pebbles on the shore:
To do all these and many things
more—

is pleasure.



"A NATURE STUDY." BY CHARLOTTE WAUGH, AGE 15.



"HEADING." BY MARGARET DREW, AGE 9.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Augustus McAdam
Sarah Davis
Dorothy Walker
Helen Lombaert Scho-
bey
Enza Alton Zellar
Mabel Fletcher
Harold Norris
May Henderson Ryan
Robert E. Dundon
Mary Travis Heward
Mary V. Springer
Elsa Clark
Roscoe H. Vining
Doris Franklyn
Margaret Minaker
Anne Atwood
Marguerite Stuart
Marguerite Borden
Julia Ford Fieberger
Nannette F. Ham-
burger
Marguerite Eugénie
Stephens
Marion E. Lane
Marie C. Wennerberg
Frances Paine
Nannie Clark Barr
Marie Armstrong
Arthur Perring
Heward
Frances Minor
Hilda Kohn

VERSE 2.

Mary E. Osgood
Jessie Lee Riall
Frances Benedict
Ivy Varian Walshe
Blanche Leeming
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Louisa F. Spear
Jessica Quincy Dob-
son
Carolyn Coit Stevens
Marjorie Macy
Elizabeth Chapin
Eleanor Eunice Moody
Glady's M. Cornish
Katharine Shortall
Frances Lubbe Ross
Florence Isabel Miller
Edith J. Minaker
Erma Bertha Nixon
Joseph B. Cumming,
Jr.
Dorothy Douglas
Margaret Lowry
Beers
Margaret Lyon Smith
Glady's Barnes
Edith Sletzer
Theodor Bolton
Emmeline Bradshaw
Louise S. Miller
Jessie Freeman Foster
Mary Yeula Westcott

Hope A. Conant
Irene Weil
Anna Hunt Denniston
Elinor G. Finch
Mary Blossom Bloss
Adelaide Nichols
Elizabeth C. Beale
Isabel Deborah
Weaver
Ina Allen
Susan W. Wilbur
Katherine E. Gordon
Maurice Caplin Pol-
lard
Kathryn Macy
Dorothy Smith

PROSE 1.

Francis Marion Miller
Olive H. Lovett
Charlotte Baylies
Josephine Buchanan
Southworth Lancaster
Alice Otis Bird
Philip A. Orme
Mary Elsie Newton
Iola Dailey
Vance Ewing
Lucile Raymond
Byrne
Richard de Charms, Jr.
Roy J. Clappitt
Elizabeth White
Dorothy Kuhns
Helen L. Follansbee
Gwendolen Haste
Mary G. Bonner
Dorothy Cooke
May Thomas
Theodore Bronson
Mildred Ockert
Marjorie H. Sawyer
Katharine Marble
Sherwood
Elizabeth F. Yardley
Mabel L. Smith
Glady's Manchester
Helen E. Patten
Margaret Albert
Carl Olsen
Ella L. Wood
Morris Mendelsohn
Paul Ockert
Paul S. Arnold
Louis Everit De Forest
Ralph Blackledge

PROSE 2.

Ethel Steinhilber
Alice Braunlich
Alma Wiesner
Sara A. Parker
Martin Janowitz
E. E. Andrews
Grace Boynton
Vida J. Gaffa
Glady's Lisle Brown
Helen R. Schlesinger

Alexander D. Marks
Frederick A. Coates
Jack Kirkpatrick
L. Elsa Loeber
George Switzer
Elsie Nathan
Elizabeth R. Marvin
Douglas Lindsey
Dunbar
Gladys Degan Adams
Eleanor Widger
Sarah Brown
Elizabeth Toof
Dorothy Wharton
Dorothea Thompson
Abigail E. Jenner
Edith Brooks Hunt
Jessie B. Coit
Alice du Pont
Frederic Kilner
Carl H. Weston
Dana G. Munro
Marguerite B. Hill
Edith Dorothy Grady
Mary G. Collins
Marguerite Vail
Gilbert M. Proxell
Helen Janeway
Rose Marie Wise
Reeta C. Plant
Helen W. Irvin
Catherine H. Straker
Emmet Russell
Dorothea B. Jones
Mark H. W. Ruprecht
Joseph N. Stewart
Ruth Hayner
Elizabeth Hirsh
Katharine Nora
Steinthal
Muriel Ives

DRAWINGS 1.

John A. Ross
Ella E. Preston
Paul R. Lieder
Frances Mitchell
Helen E. Jacoby
Everett Williamson
Stanislaus F. McNeill
Ethel Messervy
Helen Mertzano
Verna Mae Tyler
Alice Delano
Vera Demens
A. Brooks Lister

DRAWINGS 2.

Leonie Nathan
Hugh Spencer
Elizabeth Leonard
Cordner H. Smith
Ruth Felt
Josephine Arnold
Bonney
Muriel R. Ivimey
Raymond Rohn
Carrie Vehlen

Elma Joffron
Philip C. Holden
Fannie E. Luton
Elizabeth Stockton
Richard F. Bab-
cock
Bessie Townley
Griffith
Edythe Mary
Crombie
Edna Lillian Gillis
Emily W. Browne
Robert G. McBlair
Winifred G. Smith
Elizabeth Wilcox
Pardee
Margaret A.
Dobson
Mary Hazeltine
Fewsmit
Harriette Barney
Burt
Margaret Wrong
Margaret S. Goodwin
Frances Lichten
Margaret Nicholson
Jacob D. Bacon
Margaret McKeon
Annette Brown
Elizabeth G. Freedley
Lester J. Ross
Bertha V. Emmerson
Charles M. Foulke, Jr.
Elsie Furbish
Henry Olen
Bessie B. Styron
Marie Atkinson
Jeanette McAlpin
Marcia Gardner
Frances Kathleen
Crisp
Joan Spencer-Smith
Mary M. P. Shepley
Anna Zollars
Florence Gardiner
Anne Furnan Gold
Irene Fuller
Ruth Wheelock Tol-
man
Olive Garrison
Lena G. Fitzhugh
Elizabeth McCormick
Margaret P. Merrill
Marjorie Sibyl Heck
Mary W. Ball
Katharine L. Havens
Rosamond Coney
Frances Varrall
Helen I. Merriam
Georgina Wood
Jean Wolverton
Margaret Lantz
Daniell
Clara Bucher Shanafelt
Hilda Rowena Bron-
son
Eliza Seely
Dwight P. Ely
Katharine Thompson
Robert Edmand Jones
Elise H. Kinkead
Margaret Hardee
Catherine Goddard
Bronson

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Emily Sibley
Ruth Hopper
Emily B. Randall
L. J. Gamble
Marian F. Butler
Margaret Armour
Helen L. K. Porter
Alice Wangenheim
M. Sumarokow-Elston
Frederick B. Cross
Alice Moore
Fulvia Varvaro
Julia M. Addison
Gertrude M. Howland
Frederic C. Smith
Mary H. Cunningham

Eleanor Park
Mary Weston
Woodman
Elwin Chadbourne
Sidney D. Gamble
Hugo Graf

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

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F. Catherine Douglas
Faith Simpkins
H. S. Tierney
Richard Dana Skinner
Clarence E. Simonson
Alma H. Hess
Elizabeth L. Marshall
Kendall Bushnell
Mabel Tenney
W. Caldwell Webb
Fairfield Eager Ray-
mond
Ender Voorhees
George Grady, Jr.
Anna E. Holman
Bradley L. Caley
Elizabeth Henry
Jacky Hayne
Albert L. Schoff
Gladys E. Chamberlain
Hilda C. Foster
Alice Nielsen
H. Ernest Bell
Herbert H. Bell
Dorothea Holden
Arthur Drummond
Wilkie E. Crocker
Cora Edith Wellman
Alice Garland
Carlota Glasgow
Leona W. Furbish
Ettabelle Cone
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pincott
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Stevens Crouse
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Mary Agnes Gold-
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Carl Stein
Earle H. Ballou
Joseph S. Webb
Helen Wing
Constance Helen Par-
mely
May H. Peabody
Harold G. Simpson
Robert E. Fithian
Olive Mudie Cooke
Amy Peabody
Alfred M. Watts
Carola Hess
G. H. Kaemmerling
Arthur Howe

PUZZLES 1.

Mary Enid Hatley
Vera A. Fueslein
Margaret W. Mandell
E. Adelaide Hahn
Doris Hackbusch
Allene Gates
Jannette T. Kissel
Rebecca Chilcott
Helen Loveland Patch
Francis M. Weston, Jr.
Flinor Colby
Dorothy Hawkins
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
Volant V. Balard
Florence Alvarez
Margaret McKnight

PUZZLES 2.

Frieda H. Christie
Pauline Mueller
R. Maurice Elliott
Helen Dean Fish
Julia Musser
Marian Elizabeth Case
Helen Hinman
Augustus Heyne
Dorothy Carr
Leah Louise Stock
Roger Williams
Carrie Noel Scott



"HOLLYHOCKS." BY ELIZABETH OTIS
AGE 16 HONOR MEMBER.

LEAGUE LETTERS AND NOTES.

We regret to say that "A Heading for September" by Isador Levitt in the September number was a copy from a picture in "Collier's Weekly" by B. Cory Kilvert. The silver badge was not sent.

In future, the winners of gold or cash prizes will be designated as Honor Members.

POINT PLEASANT, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I and a whole lot of other fellows were camping down on Barnegat Bay for one week. The mosquitos were awful. The night we were there we could n't sleep.

We caught fifty weakfish one day. They are great sport. Some of them were two or three pounds apiece. We all fished light fly-rod, and you can imagine what sport it was.

I remain your loving reader,
W. G. SCHAUFFLER, Jr.

SPRINGDALE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The June ST. NICHOLAS came several days ago, and I was both pleased and surprised to find my name on the roll of honor in the League. It encouraged me in hoping that my last contribution might be printed, so I want to tell you something about the subject of my study from animal life.

The little chipmunk was rescued from a watery grave. He was found floating down a mill-race.

Poor, wet, cold, scared little beastie! We made him a nice home, with "modern conveniences," in a large wire bird-cage. For days and days he would have nothing whatever to do with us.

My little sister named him Dan, because he reminded her of "Mrs. Jo's" poor prodigal in his prison cell. Our Dan, however, did not serve out his term quietly and patiently, but took every opportunity to escape, always announcing that he was "out" by a loud chirp, or whistle, like a bird's note. In one of his escapades, our cat, Elijah, chased him into the fire; his whiskers and tail were singed, and his poor little paws badly burnt. His tail had not grown out entirely when I drew his picture.

One morning last winter, when I went to feed him, Dan was lolling about on the floor of his cage, looking very much like he might be drunk. At first I thought he must be very sick, but when I found him in the same stupor morning after morning, I realized that he was only taking his winter's sleep. I guess poor Dan thought he was hibernating under difficulties.

All winter long we kept him, and he grew very gentle; but when spring came it seemed cruel to keep him away from the woods. So, one day not long ago, we went to find him a new home. We carried Dan's cage with us, and the minute he smelled the woods he was out of his den and rushing wildly around his cage, trying to find a loose bar. We found a nice hollow tree, put in a store of corn, and opened the door of his cage. He sniffed around a minute, stepped cautiously out on the dead leaves, and in the "twinkling of an eye" disappeared in the dark hole of the tree. Though we have visited his home, we have never seen him since. I hope, however, that his family recognized him after his long absence, and welcomed him back to his old happy life in the woods.

Hoping that Dan's story may interest some League member, I am,
Your sincere friend,

MINNIE GWYN.

HONOLULU, H. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you about camping on the island of Oahu.

After a ride of about twenty-five miles, both in train and stage, over a very interesting part of the island, I arrived at my destination, which was Wahiua.

I was greeted by a flock of girls, who were very delighted at my coming, and took me away to the gulch, where, seated on trees and rocks, we talked and ate sugar-cane. Finally, after we had talked and talked,—you know how girls talk,—the dinner-bell rang, and we gladly answered it.

The bowls of poi and raw salmon, fixed with different sorts of vegetables, looked most inviting and were eaten with great relish by a hungry traveler like myself. Then came coconut pudding and many other Hawaiian dishes, which were very delicious.

After our feast, or *huan*, we sang songs and then retired, as our saying was: "Early to bed and early to rise makes one healthy, wealthy, and wise."

My bed was in a tent under a lahua-tree covered with red blossoms, and sharing it with me were three other girls. I slept on a straw mattress on the ground, with a similar pillow, and one blanket to keep me warm, covered with a mosquito-net. I went to sleep sucking a stick of candy.

I woke before the sun was up, and finding all but one girl slumbering, we dressed, secured a can, and started off to get the milk.

After a hearty breakfast we went for a swim in a fresh-water pool, which to reach one had to nearly roll down a very steep ravine.

After this refreshing bath a trip up the mountains was decided on. The carriage took us for some distance, but then we had to leave it, and took the rest of the journey on foot.

On the way back we chopped a good deal of sardalwood, the fragrance of which was delightful, and we also saw a flock of pheasants. And this is the way I spent two weeks of my vacation, living among the mountains and enjoying nature to its fullest extent.

DOROTHY ELIZABETH TRUE.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 62.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 62 will close **November 20** (for foreign members **November 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Pleasure."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words to relate some episode in French history.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Distance."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Study from Nature," and a Heading or Tailpiece for February.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.



"NOVEMBER." BY DOROTHY LONGSTRETH, AGE 14.



"A STUDY," BY EMMA MOORE, AGE 7.

BOOKS AND READING.

A YOUTHFUL CRITIC. IN this department, not many months ago, an inquiry was made about reading poetry, the idea being to find out from young readers themselves whether they would choose poetry for the mere pleasure it gave them, rather than from a feeling that they *ought* to like it. Several letters replied to the question, describing an enthusiastic love for poetry. In one of these letters occurs the sentence, "I think Tennyson the greatest poet that ever lived."

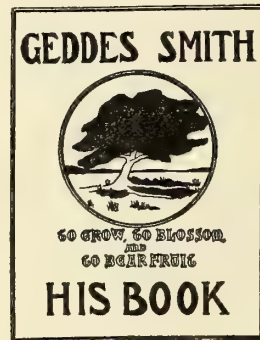
We have no wish to check young enthusiasm, but we doubt whether the writer, who is thirteen years old, fully understands how much her sentence means. Tennyson, all will admit, ranks high among poets, but is not our little friend somewhat forgetful of the claims of a few others? Perhaps, before putting the English Laureate of Victoria's reign at the head of the class, she might consider more carefully the merits of Homer and Dante, Shakspere and Milton, Virgil and Chaucer—to name a half-dozen that might be thought worthy of her attention. But the object of naming these neglected worthies is only to point out to the critic that she has not said what she probably meant to say. Did she not mean: "Of all the poetry I read, I like Tennyson's best"? If that was her meaning, she deserves praise for good taste, and not blame for exaggeration.

"SNOWED UNDER." PERHAPS in future ages this period of ours may be known as the "Age of the Printing Press," though ever since printing came into general use, there have been complaints of the deluge of books. We know, at all events, how much there is to read, and how one thing pushes aside another.

Would it not be well to keep a little notebook in which to enter the names of "things we mean to read," so that they will not be snowed under and forgotten? There are so many valuable articles in the magazines that the best of them should not be pushed aside by the new numbers which follow on so quickly.

A BOY MAKES HIS OWN BOOKPLATE. WE take pleasure in showing the little design here printed, and we hope it will encourage others of the ST. NICHOLAS girls and boys to make their own designs for bookplates. The writer of this letter has won a number of prizes in League contests.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As you are interested in children's bookplates, I would like to send you mine. I want to say that the idea is not original with me, but I executed it, with my drawing-teacher's help. I had thought of a plate before your article appeared, and that quickened my interest in it; so now I have it.



I am thirteen years old, and have finished my first year in the High School. I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS very much. I am very fond of reading, and think Ernest Thompson Seton's books fine. "Rag," and "Molly Cottontail," and "Krag," are among my favorites in his books. I wonder if ST. NICHOLAS readers know of "Eye-Spy," by William Hamilton Gibson, among nature books.

With best wishes for the magazine,
I am, your reader, GEDDES SMITH.

ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT. INCLOSED in a letter from Maryland comes a little map, drawn to make plain the story, "In a Brazilian Jungle," evidently an account of life not far from Rio de Janeiro. This reminds us to inquire whether our young readers all know what an interesting land is the great South American continent—extending from the very modern civilization of the northern countries to the desert wastes of the Land of Fire—Terra del Fuego. Brazil alone, as some of the stories

and articles in ST. NICHOLAS have shown us, has within its enormous territory room for every sort of life and adventure. That big republic has been the subject of many charming books. To name but a few, there are: "The Naturalist on the River Amazon," "A Thousand Miles' Walk across South America" (what boy can resist that tale?), "Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator," "Adventures in Patagonia." A good book to begin with is Carpenter's "South America."

Ought we not to know more of this great neighbor of ours? Perhaps if we knew each other better we should be even better friends, and it would be well to strengthen other ties before we cut the isthmus.

OUR friends are very kind to suggest lists of books for young people's reading, but we cannot always print these lists with due credit to the senders, because many books named are better known than is realized by the list-makers. It is, therefore, better to give selections. From one letter we copy these:

"The Middle Five" (Indian life),	<i>F. La Flesche.</i>
"Teens" (girl life),	<i>L. Mack.</i>
"Three Girls, and Especially One,"	<i>M. A. Taggart.</i>
"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,"	<i>J. L. Fox.</i>

The same correspondent mentions some dogs celebrated in literature.

She names Dr. Brown's famous "Rab," Ouida's "Moufflou," Flora Shaw's "Royal" in "Castle Blair" (so warmly praised by Ruskin), "Argus," the dog who died with joy at the return of Ulysses. But she does not mention one of our favorites, the noble "Bob, Son of Battle."

WE all study English history. How many of us know what a clear, living knowledge of the life of the people is to be gained by the reading, in proper order, of the historical stories that picture for us every political and social feature of England, from the times of King Arthur to those of Edward VII?

From a very brief list we may select a few suggestions. Beginning with Lainer's "The Boy's King Arthur" or Howard Pyle's "King Arthur and his Knights," we go on to Kingsley's "Hereward," Scott's "Ivanhoe," Bulwer's

"Harold," Doyle's "White Company," Stevenson's "Black Arrow," Bulwer's "Last of the Barons," and, after a few more, come to "Kenilworth" and "Westward Ho!" and "Lorna Doone," Doyle's "Micah Clark," and Thackeray's "Esmond," which brings us to Queen Anne's days.

We should be very glad to have a more thorough and complete list, or information from some friend as to where such a list is to be found. And if the same friend or another can likewise make up a good list to accompany the study of American history, we are sure that our young students will appreciate the favor. School histories cannot spare space to give the little happenings that make history live, and the best pictures of natural life are to be found in good fiction.

But we do not wish lists of books meant especially for young readers. We prefer books that can be read by either young or old—such as Cooper's "Spy," Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," or Hall's "Boys of Scrooby."

"ON THE FLY." A YOUNG mother, who was asked what advice she thought would be of use to boys and girls about their reading, said that it seemed to her that there was too much reading by off-hand glances. A boy or girl will grab up (the words are expressive; forgive their inelegance!) any derelict volume that comes in the way, and, opening it at random, will sit down, bolt a paragraph or two, and then run toward the next book, or other object, that promises a moment's interest. It is hardly necessary to say that such reading must do more harm than good, no matter what book happens to be chosen.

There is another habit that may be here spoken of, since it arises from the same uneasy curiosity and restlessness. This is the habit of always reading whenever one has nothing else to do; that is, of never sitting simply quiet. Reading is not thinking, and thinking is quite as valuable. If you never operate your mind except in grooves provided for it, you will weaken your powers of thinking. Sit quietly, and let your mind exercise its powers on material of its own choosing.

You may find that your own mind is not so bad a story-teller after all.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

ALL readers of ST. NICHOLAS, we are sure, will welcome the news that, beginning with this number, illustrations in color are to appear, every month, throughout the new volume—and it would be difficult to find better subjects for color pictures, both from the artistic and the humorous point of view, than are afforded by Mr. L. Frank Baum's delightful story, "Queen Zixi of Ix." We may be pardoned, therefore, for calling especial attention to this fine serial, which will win the heart of every boy and girl who reads it, and also to the beautiful and clever drawings by Mr. Fred Richardson, which will enhance the charm of the story for young and old.

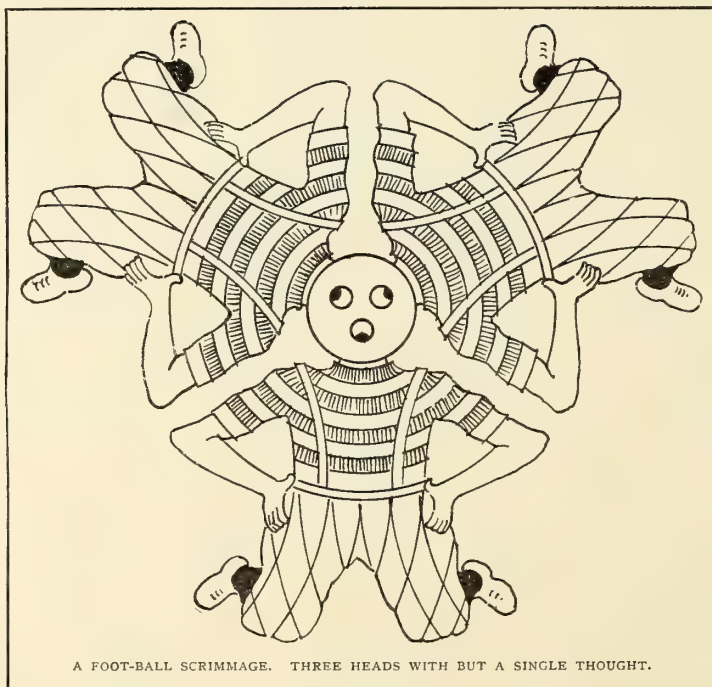
But we must not forget the other serials which begin in this number, for each of these is an important addition to the practical knowledge which ST. NICHOLAS offers to eager young minds. Mr. Caffin's admirable series "How to Study Pictures" is a new departure in inspiring a love of art, and is a genuine revelation in its clear and vivid way of presenting the facts about the world's greatest artists and their works. It is intended, of course, only for the older boys and girls who read ST. NICHOLAS; but these talks about great artists and how to study pictures are very simple and clear, and no one old enough to understand them is likely to forget them or to miss a single one of the whole delightful series. It is only fair to the author to say, also, that the ST. NICHOLAS

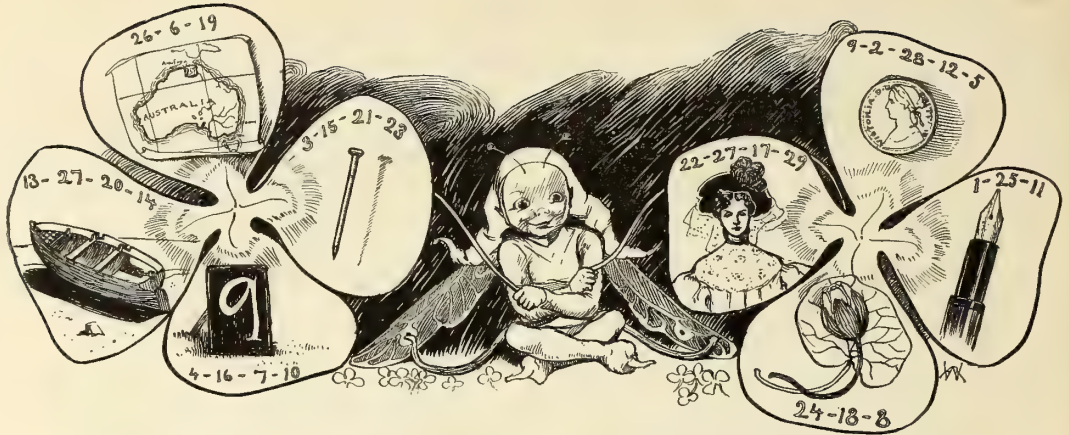
articles, while forming in themselves a connected set of papers, are only selected chapters from a book by Mr. Caffin to appear next year, which will contain twice as many chapters as ST. NICHOLAS is able to make room for in its crowded pages.

The third serial, "The Practical Boy," also deserves to be heartily commended to all boys who love to make things with their own hands. The article on page 42 of this number has attempted merely to point out some of the simpler forms of carpenter-work that a "beginner" can attempt with good reason to believe that he will produce something worth while. The few samples given are, of course, but a small part of the things a wide-awake boy will think of and wish to make. The principles involved in these examples will apply to scores of other common household objects.

And in the prospectus in the front advertising pages of this number will be found a list of some of the other subjects included in this handicraft series.

We bespeak for the prospectus pages, indeed, the careful attention of all friends and readers of the magazine, as this preliminary announcement sets forth, in a general way, something of the rich store of attractive contributions that ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls may count upon during the next twelve months.



**ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of twenty-nine letters, is a proverb which should be heeded by spendthrifts.

A NOVEL ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

*	.	11	.	.
2	*	.	.	12
*	.	9	1	.
10	*	4	.	3
*	.	.	.	5
.	*	14	.	7
*	6	.	8	13

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Not transparent. 2. To receive with favor. 3. Vagabonds. 4. Merry. 5. Sprightly. 6. Delicate. 7. The name of a country which is now at war.

The zigzag (indicated by stars) spells the name of a month; the letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 9 spell the name of a country which is the seat of war; the letters indicated by the figures from 10 to 14 spell the name of a country which is now at war.

EDITH PRINDEVILLE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell the name of a famous author; my finals, one of his works.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Strife. 2. Era. 3. Conducted. 4. A common game. 5. Period. 6. The first syllable of a vegetable sometimes used medicinally. 7. To transgress. 8. A little bed. 9. To lubricate. 10. A common article. 11. A small child.

ETHEL PAINE (League Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

.	.	11	.	.	7	.
.	.	.	.	2	.	.
.	.	.	.	1	.	.
.	8	.
.	.	.	.	10	.	.
.	.	.	.	6	9	.
12	.	3	4	.	5	.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An upright, four-sided pillar, usually covered with hieroglyphic writing. 2. A cupboard intended to contain articles of value. 3. A fox-

hunting term meaning "swiftly." 4. Slanting. 5. Radiant. 6. Thrift. 7. Pertaining to the root.

The initial letters, reading downward, spell the name of a month; the letters indicated by the numbers from 1 to 12 spell a pleasant season.

WALTER L. DREYFUSS.

DIAGONAL.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a popular machine.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An aquatic sport. 2. Walton's favorite pastime. 3. A painting. 4. An important city. 5. A supernatural event. 6. To maim. 7. A famous novel.

MINTON M. WARREN (League Member).

CONNECTED SQUARES.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Contends. 2. The century-plant. 3. A mark used by writers to show that something is interlined above. 4. To overthrow. 5. A contest in boxing.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Possessor. 2. To interlace. 3. Pertaining to the nose. 4. To elude. 5. To rent again.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To happen. 2. Source. 3. Pertaining to Cuba. 4. Custom. 5. To rejuvenate.

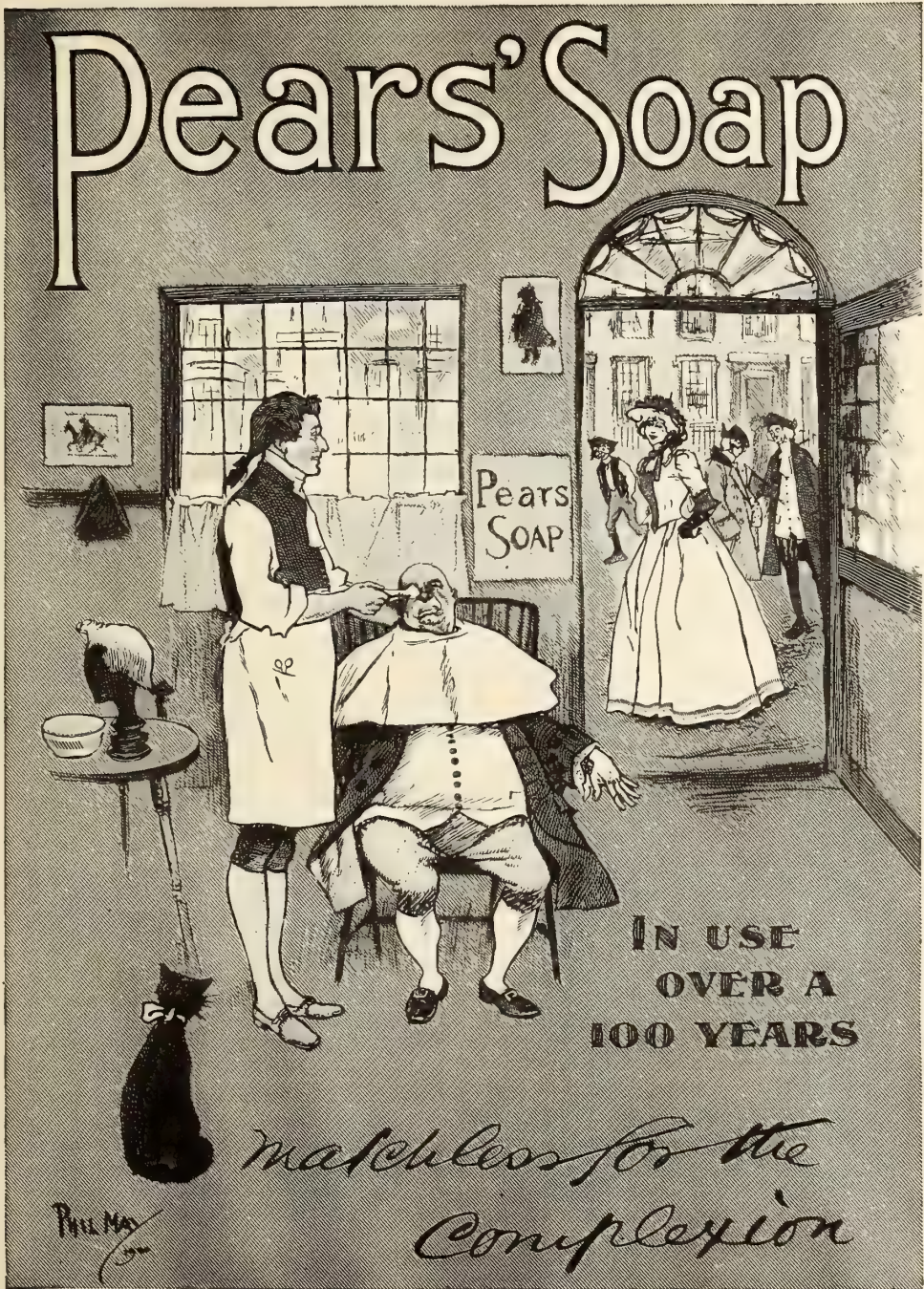
IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To shelter. 2. A fruit. 3. A cross woman. 4. Occurrence. 5. Hires.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Desires. 2. Concerning. 3. Exalted. 4. A brilliant flower. 5. Degrees.

ZENO N. KENT.

FOR THE TOILET

Pears' Soap



Pears' Lavender Water like Pears' Soap takes precedence
over all others after once being used.

"All rights secured."

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THE patriotic feeling which exists in Japan is shown by the efforts which young people are making to aid in the care of widows and orphans of soldiers who have lost their lives in the war with Russia. The commissioner of the District of Columbia recently received a letter from a Japanese schoolboy, addressed to "His Majesty The Lord Mayor of Washington." There were inclosed in the letter a few hundred common stamps of Japan, which the writer stated had been collected by school children there, who were striving to do all that they could to help care for the families of soldiers killed in the war. The commissioner was asked to sell the stamps and send the money to Japan to be used for this purpose. He replied that while he could do nothing officially he would be glad to do this in the interest of humanity.

BRITISH COLUMBIAN ISSUE.

ONE of the simplest, and at the same time the most pleasing, designs that have ever appeared upon a postage-stamp is that of the issue of 1866 for British Columbia. Only one die was prepared, that of the threepence.



The V, standing for Victoria, the queen, with the crown above it, makes an odd yet attractive combination. The native flowers of the country serve to embellish the design. The currency of the country was changed soon after this issue was made, and in 1868 stamps of various denominations were made by surcharging this stamp printed in different colors for each denomination. The values indicated by the overprint varied from two cents to one dollar. These stamps, in fine condition, have become rare, and are seldom seen in collections.

A NEW CRETAN ISSUE

IT is said that a new issue of stamps for the island of Crete will appear shortly. This little island, since the war between Turkey and Greece, has put forth a number of issues of pleasing character. Some of the varieties of surcharge are becoming quite scarce, and since most of them may still be obtained, it is well for collectors to complete the issues of the older stamps before the new series appears.

ADVICE TO YOUNG COLLECTORS.

YOUNG collectors should recognize the differences in the quality of specimens of stamps which they obtain. It is not enough that a stamp should be of a particular denomination and color; it should also be clean, the design not cut by the perforations, and free from tears or damage of any sort. One cannot be too particular in regard to the specimens mounted in one's album, for it is only by great care in this respect that a collection be-

comes, in the course of time, valuable, and also retains an attractive appearance.

It is not necessary, in order to make a good collection of stamps, that one should buy those which are high-priced. There are very many cheap, and yet scarce, stamps. The issues for Finland contain a number of such varieties. The early issues are distinguished from the later by distinctly different means used for perforating. The separations between the stamps in the first issues were made by means of a machine which cut the paper so that a projecting piece on one stamp corresponded with an indentation of the stamp next to it. The long projections are very easily torn off, and early issues of Finland, in perfect condition, are therefore becoming quite scarce. The Russianizing of the country has also reduced the use of postage-stamps to the smallest possible number.

EARLY POSTMASTERS' SPECULATIONS.

THERE are no countries whose stamps are held in higher esteem than the colonies of Great Britain and France. This has not always been so. Twenty years ago colonial postmasters, finding that collectors would purchase large numbers of their stamps if there were varieties enough among them, proceeded to produce such varieties by the process of surcharging. Prominent examples of the effect of this are seen in the stamps of Ceylon and French Guiana. The home governments, however, in both countries, soon put a stop to their postmasters' speculations, and therefore many of the varieties have become very rare. The scarcity of some specimens was helped also by the fact that collectors soon tired of buying these stamps when they found that they were produced in great quantity and variety. Thus, few specimens being bought and preserved in collections, they have become very scarce.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THE first stamps issued were the one-penny black, of Great Britain, and the Mulready envelop, both of which were prepared and placed on sale within a few days of each other. Envelop stamps have been dropped from the standard catalogue because they form a distinct division in collecting, and the demand for them has ceased to be large. The increase in the number of stamps issued will cause the dropping of different issues which are of minor interest. It is expected that the revenues, used for postal purposes, will be left out of the next issue of the catalogue. The principal difference in the early issues for Greece is seen in the lines of shading upon the face. In the Paris print these lines are broken up into fine dots. In the earliest Athens prints the lines are continuous and fine, clearly separated one from another. In the later Athens prints the lines are coarse and the ink frequently runs together.

CHEAP USED SETS

Bulgaria, 1901 . . . 7 stamps for 8 cents
Canada, 1903 . . . 5 " " 8 "
Great Britain, 1901-02, 8 " " 6 "
German Empire, 1902 12 " " 15 "

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Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 18 East 23d Street,
New York, N. Y.

100 different Foreign, Argentine, Australia, India, Victoria, Japan, etc., only 4c. Blank Album with 600 spaces, 5c. Send for the above and start collecting. Approval sheets. 50% com. Big list free. 1000 gummed hinges, die cut, 5c.
NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 9d Bromfield St., BOSTON



STAMPS 100 varieties, Peru, Cuba, Bolivia, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Costa Rica, Turkey, etc., and Album only 10c; 1000 mixed, 20c; 1000 hinges, 8c; 65 diff. U. S., 25c; 100 diff. U. S., 50c; Agents wanted, 50%. New List Free.

C. A. Stegman, Dept. D, 5941 Cote Brilliante av., St. Louis, Mo.



500 mixed 10c.; 50 all diff. 5c.; 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c.; 1000 hinges 8c.; 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. Stamps bought.
UNION STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.

STAMPS Fine stamps on approval at 50% discount. Reference required if unknown to us.
HOLTON STAMP CO., Dept. D, Boston, Mass.



Stamps Free An entire Indian State (Gwalior) Envelope—address in Native Indian—for the names of two collectors and 2c. postage. 40 Japan, 25c. Dime album hinges. 100 different stamps, 12c.

Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, O.

FREE A set of 10 all diff. Canada postage and a set of large U. S. Rev. for names of 2 collectors and return postage. Lists free.
KOLONA STAMP CO., Dept. N, Dayton, Ohio.

206 different stamps worth \$3.00 for 19c.; 306 different for 32c.; 1000 different, a grand collection, catalogued at \$24.50, for \$3.25.
JOSEPH F. NEGREEN, 128 E. 23d St., New York City.

FREE! One Foreign stamp catalogued at 5 cts. and our 60-page list to all collectors trying our 50% approval sheets: none better.
PERRIN & CO., 106 East 23rd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

STAMPS: 100 Cuba, Java, etc., stamp dictionary and big illustrated list, 2c. Agts., 50%. A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A, Boston.

STAMPS: 100 Honduras, etc., album and catalog, 2c. Agts., 50%. HILL STAMP CO., So. End, Boston, Mass.

100 all different foreign stamps, 1000 hinges, and large 40-page album, 10c.; 3 Corea, 5c.; 10 U. S. Long Rev., 10c.; 40 var. U. S., 8c.; 20 Russia, 10c. Geo. M. Fisk, 20 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.



300 Foreign Stamps, 10c. 104—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc., Album, 10c. 40 different U. S., 10c. 200 var. 25c. 500 var. \$1.25. 1000 var. \$4.75. 32 page list free. Agents wanted. 50% com.
D. CROWELL STAMP CO., 514 Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, O.

1000 Finely mixed stamps, 14 cts.; 1000 hinges, only 8c.; 1000 varieties from all parts of world, will cat. over \$25.00, only \$2.50; 500 var., cat. over \$10.00, 65c.; 200 var. U. S., cat. over \$6.00, \$1.00; 100 var. U. S. Rev., only \$1.00; 50 var. Foreign Rev., 10c. Approval Sheets, 60% commission.

P. G. BEALS, 38 Pearl St., Boston, Mass.



A Stamp Collector's paper for 6 weeks, 5c. Each subscriber who will ask for 50% approvals will receive all the following free: A pocket stamp album, an illustrated stamp catalogue, 100 mixed foreign stamps including Corea, China, Japan and Russia, and a book of general information "About Stamps." For Cash Orders we offer: Popular stamp albums, 30c., 50c. and 75c. editions, holding from 3000 to 6000 stamps; 546 varieties foreign stamps, \$1.50; 1000 varieties, \$3.25; 500 well mixed, 15c.; 1000 best hinges, 10c.

C. H. MEKEEL STAMP CO. (Wellston Sta.), St. Louis, Mo.

We Want Wide-Awake Boys

Some wide-awake boy will have the choice before Jan. 1, at our expense, of

A Trip to New York

and return and \$5.00 a day spending money;

A Life Scholarship

in Chicago's best business college;

Down the Mississippi

to New Orleans and return, with expense funds.

Are you the boy? No matter who, what, or where you are, your chance is as good as any other boy's.

No special training, no hard work, not much time required.

Simply keep your eyes and ears open and tell us what you see and hear.

This is easy enough, isn't it?

We have other treats besides the three above. Every boy is almost sure to get one or more of these, with a good chance for one of the three grand treats besides.

Write Us for Our Special Boys' Offer

The quicker you write the better your chance. Address "Treat Manager,"

Montgomery Ward & Co.

Michigan Ave., Madison and Washington Sts.,

Chicago

25 RARE STAMPS FREE with trial approval sheets. 1000 Hinges, 6c. F. E. THORP, Norwich, N. Y.

OVER 2000 VARIETIES

Foreign postage stamps at ONE CENT each. List free.
CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G Nassau Street, New York City



Send for this

Print your own cards, circulars, &c. Press \$5. Small newspaper press \$14. Money saver. Print for others, big profits. Type-setting easy, printed rules sent. Write to makers for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c.
THE PRESS CO. MERIDEN, CONN.

Any Little Girl

can make this doll's French dress. The figured lawn, with lace to trim, is carefully cut, and each piece numbered. Envelope, with picture of finished garment, and complete and simple directions for putting together. For 12-, 14-, 16-, or 18-inch doll.

Price 15 Cents. (Postage paid.)

JENNY WREN, 14 Lansing St., Rochester, N. Y.



METAL DOLL HEADS
ONLY GENUINE WITH ABOVE TRADE-MARK
Combine Durability of Metal with Beauty of Bisque, and do not break
Ask your dealer or write for free illustrated catalogue to
A. VISCHER & CO., Doll Dept.
43-51 West 4th St., New York.
None genuine without our trademark, "Minerva."



Build Well My Boy

The carefully built body of youth yields good health and daily comfort all through life.

There is no "good time" on earth that equals the "good time" every day.

Just to breathe sweet air, feel the pulses thrill, step with a swing and spring hard to hold in leash, and know yourself to be possessed of the greatest gift of the gods —

HEALTH

But one can give it all up by a very little daily drugging on coffee which attacks stomach, nerves, heart and other organs, first stimulating, then depressing, then setting up chronic disease. That's the indictment. Examine any old coffee drinker and see if you can find ONE entirely free from disease.

The POSTUM FOOD COFFEE supplies actual food elements in a liquid form, rebuilding the body and nervous system, at the same time furnishes a delicious beverage, much like in color and flavor to the milder grades of Old Gov't Java.

POSTUM

"There's a reason."



**Go as you
please**

but **Return Home** from

CALIFORNIA

via the

Shasta
and



Route

You can thus see the **Lewis and Clark Exposition**—opens at PORTLAND, OREGON, on JUNE 1, 1905; visit PUGET-SOUND, its mountains and cities, and make the tour of YELLOWSTONE PARK after JUNE 1, via the GARDINER GATEWAY, the *direct* and *official* entrance to the park.

The EXPOSITION, in a beautiful city and in the midst of ravishing scenery, will surprise you; the PUGET SOUND country will amaze you; the Park, upon which the government has recently spent \$750,000 in improvements, with its marvelous sights, and *new, modern, and unique hotels*, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, will surprise, amaze, and enthrall you.

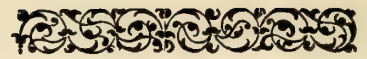
Long-Time Stop-over, circle trip, California excursion tickets are for sale at ALL railway coupon ticket offices. Purchase such and make the greatest trip of your life.

Look for and ride on six-horse Yellowstone Park Stage Coach in Southern California this winter.

Call upon any NORTHERN PACIFIC agent for information, rates, and folders, or write to the undersigned.

Send FOUR CENTS for LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION PAMPHLET.

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent, ST. PAUL, MINN.



The courtesy of employes on The

California Limited

is proverbial. What everybody says must be true.

Politeness is a simple thing; but it measures the difference between a thoroughly enjoyable three-days' trip and one which falls far short of satisfaction.

Ladies and children traveling alone are assured every attention.

Should you favor us by selecting The California Limited, we will do our part to make the journey pleasant.

The California Limited runs the year 'round between Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Francisco.

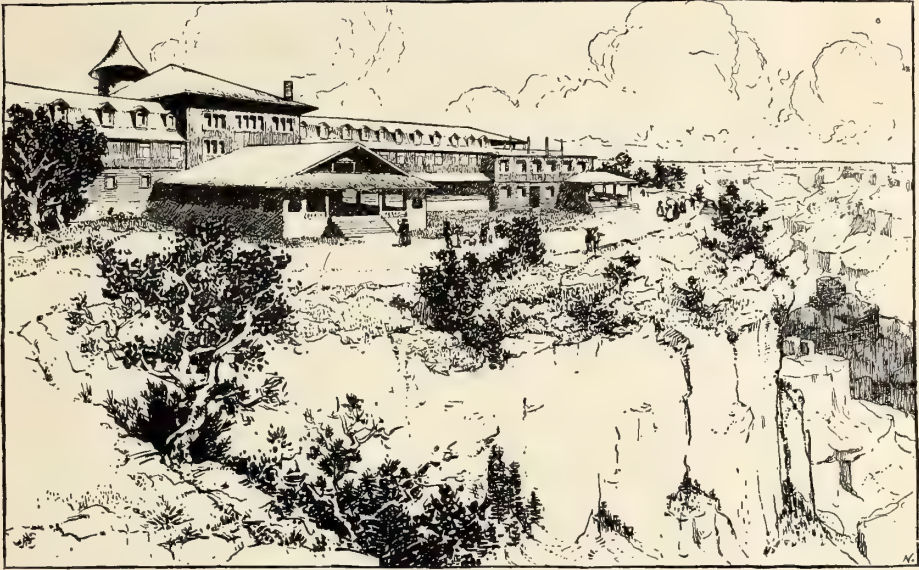
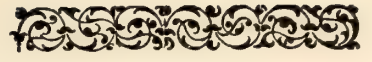
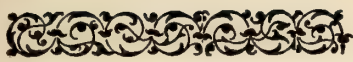
Daily service will be resumed November 13 for the tenth season, superseding the present semi-weekly schedule.

Carries Observation, Compartment and Drawing-room Pullmans, Buffet-smoker and Dining-car.

Santa Fe All the Way through Southwest Land of Enchantment. Rock-ballasted, oil-sprinkled track.

Pamphlet of the train, and book describing the California trip, mailed on request. Address General Passenger Office, Archison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago.

(New \$250,000 hotel, "El Tovar," at Grand Canyon of Arizona, open early in December.)



"El Tovar," Grand Canyon, Arizona

To see how the world was made Visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona

Deep down in the earth a mile and more you go, past strata of every known geologic age. And all glorified by a rainbow beauty of color.

Pedro del Tovar, a Spanish conquistador who came to Arizona with Coronado in 1540, assisted in the discovery of this world-wonder. To-day a quarter-of-a-million-dollar hotel, El Tovar, commemorates his name.

El Tovar is located near the head of Bright Angel Trail, at the railway terminus, on the brink of the canyon. Ready for occupancy early in December. Under the management of Mr. Fred Harvey.

The hotel is built of native boulders and pine logs, with wide porches and every room open to the sun. Accommodations for three hundred guests. Has steam heat, electric lights, a solarium and amusement hall. The furniture is from special designs.

El Tovar solves the problem of high-class accommodations for the traveler who wishes to visit the Grand Canyon as a side trip on the California tour. Only three hours by rail from the main line of the Santa Fe.

Write to-day for illustrated Grand Canyon pamphlet, "Titan of Chasms." El Tovar pamphlet (in press) will be mailed when ready. Address General Passenger Office, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago.



St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition, No. 41

Time to send in answers is up November 25. Prizes awarded in the January number. Open to all readers of St. Nicholas under eighteen years of age.

The prizes for Competition No. 41, amounting to Fifty-five Dollars, as follows:

FIVE PRIZES OF FIVE DOLLARS EACH, FIVE PRIZES OF THREE DOLLARS EACH,
FIVE PRIZES OF TWO DOLLARS EACH, FIVE PRIZES OF ONE DOLLAR EACH,

which will be awarded to the twenty competitors who shall submit the best papers in accordance with the conditions and terms given below. Address

ADVERTISING COMPETITION NO. 41, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, Union Square, New York.

CONDITIONS.

1. Any one under eighteen years of age may compete, irrespective of any other League competitions. No prize-winners are excluded from winning in advertising competitions.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (41). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.

3. Submit answers by November 25, 1904. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.



~STEP-OR-JUMP PUZZLE~

See pages 26-28

A Nutritious Food-Drink for all Ages

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

On the battlefield, in the tent, in hospitals and on shipboard, Horlick's Malted Milk has proved unequalled for tissue building and restoring strength. A delightful, recuperative drink for the invalid and aged, the sick, wounded and convalescent.

Pure, rich milk from our own sanitary dairies, combined with the extract of the malted cereals, in powder form. By simply stirring in water, it makes a delicious beverage more wholesome than tea, coffee, or cocoa.

In Lunch Tablet form, also. A healthful confection and a palatable, quick lunch for professional and busy people.

At all druggists.

Sample mailed free upon request. Our booklet gives many valuable recipes, and is also sent free, if mentioned.

Ask for HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

**Horlick's Food
Company,**
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.
London,
England.
Montreal,
Canada.

*Shakespeare's
Seven
Ages*



*4th: "Then the
soldier seeking
reputation at
the cannon's mouth"*

Terms of Competition No. 41

STEP-OR-JUMP PUZZLE.

In the diagram herewith printed are contained the names of more than a dozen well-known articles often mentioned in the advertising pages of ST. NICHOLAS. They are to be spelled out by starting at a letter in the square and then moving either *one* or *two* squares in a straight line from each letter to the next in order. Thus, starting at the S in the second line from the top, and moving two squares left, you reach T; then one diagonally down gives N, one square above is I, one above is C, two to the right is H, one below is O, one diagonally down is L, one to the

right is A, and one diagonally upward is S; spelling ST. NICHOLAS.

In the same way, there are at least a dozen more.

Write out all you find in alphabetical order, and number them. After each put the number of the squares that spell it, thus: "ST. NICHOLAS, 12-10-17-9-1-3-11-18-19-12."

The prizes will be awarded for the best and fullest solutions. Other things being equal, neatness and age will be considered in awarding the prizes.

Report on Competition No. 39.

The advertisements submitted to this competition, considered as a whole, were unusually bright and interesting. Almost all were original and amusing either in clever writing of the advertisement, or in the skilful drawing of the illustration; and often in both.

The work averaged more highly than usual, while the judges were pleased to see that not only the more confident and finished work of the older competitors was worthy of being considered for prizes, but that of the younger advertisers was equally clever in ideas; showing, we hope, that both old and young enjoyed the competition.

The judges especially wish to say that the spirit of winter (which was the chief idea of competition) was so well expressed in the advertisements as to make those who examined the competition in danger of suffering severely from the imaginary cold; and that to look at the drawings of the snowy winter storms might prove dangerous to those sensitive to grip, colds, or rheumatism. Indeed, the judges even found it impossible to touch some of the chilliest pictures without first protecting the hands with mittens!

Really, the advertisements are striking reminders of the severe weather that is to come, and warnings against carelessness in winter clothing and heating; while they also are strong advocates of the many modern antidotes to the cold advertised in the magazines.

Perhaps we had better repeat here a few old reminders, as they may prove helpful in your future work. One of the judges informs us that a few of the advertisements referred to Bible characters, or quoted sentences from the Bible. We hope the advertisers have not forgotten what we said not long ago warning them against drawing on such a source for advertising ideas — even for practical reasons only; and we urge the competitors to be sure that the familiar quotations or proverbs in their advertisements do not come from the Bible or any writing that is not distinctly secular. Advertisements must attract, not offend.

We were sorry to see that some of our competitors did not understand that the advertisements must have reference to the writer in this competition.

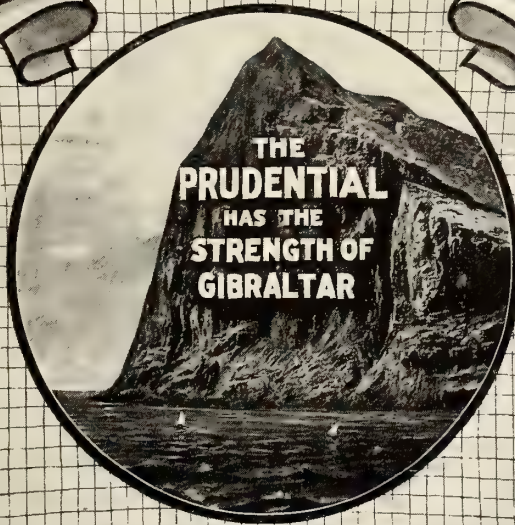
We were obliged for this reason to pass over some that would almost certainly have taken prizes had they fulfilled this fundamental condition.

But in spite of these occasional disappointments, the judges enjoyed the wit and talent that was shown in almost all the advertisements, and take pleasure in awarding these prizes; and we wish those who have not received prizes in this competition should know how often they came very near being among the successful ones, and hope and expect that their names will be among the prize-winners in future competitions.

See pages 24-28.



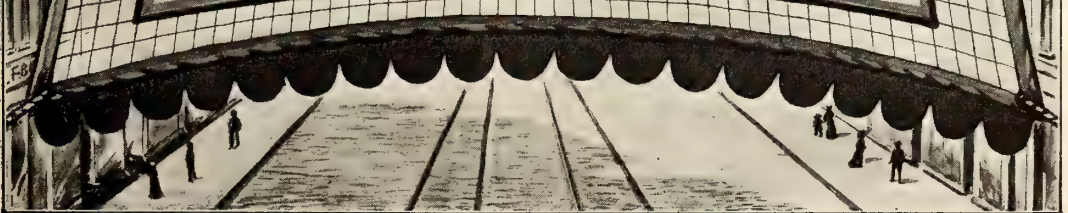
THE POPULAR CANDIDATE



For Family Protection—
Life Insurance in
THE PRUDENTIAL

One Billion Dollars Insurance in Force

Write for Information of Policies, Dept. 96.
The Prudential Insurance Company of America
JOHN F. DRYDEN, Pres't. Home Office: NEWARK, N. J.



Prize-Winners in Competition No. 39.

Five First Prizes of Five Dollars Each.

George W. Cronyn (16), 840 E. 141st St., N. Y. C.
Theodora (?) Van Wagenen (13), South Orange, N. J.
Helen L. Brainard (14), 1921 Guilford Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Vere B. Kupfer (17), 911 Park Ave., N. Y. C.
Cordner H. Smith (16), Washington, Ga.

Five Third Prizes of Two Dollars Each.

Mabel C. White (17), New York City.
M. McKeon (14), Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mary W. Woodman (17), Cambridge, Mass.
George de Charmes (15), Bryn Athyn, Montgomery Co., Pa.
Genevieve Bertolacci (14), Berkeley, Cal.

Five Second Prizes of Three Dollars Each.

Mary Belle McKellar (15), Shreveport, La.
Lucinda W. Reed (14), Philadelphia, Pa.
R. E. Andrews (16), Brookline, Mass.
Ella E. Preston (16), Davenport, Ia.
Hugh Spencer (17), St. Cloud, Minn.

Five Fourth Prizes of One Dollar Each.

John A. Ross (16), Davenport, Iowa.
Marion Thomas (14), Burlington, Vt.
Alice G. Boutell (13), Washington, D. C.
— O. Gest (16), New Jersey.
Rachel Rhoades (15), Columbus, Ohio.



JELL-O

Merely Child's Play
How often some ingredient is forgotten or not rightly proportioned and the dessert spoiled. That will never occur if you use JELL-O. It's always the same, just right! Everyone likes it and a child can prepare it as well as anyone. Your choice of 6 flavors: Lemon, Strawberry, Raspberry, Orange, Chocolate and Cherry. 10 cts. at grocers everywhere.

Jell-O Ice Cream Powder makes the best Ice Cream you ever ate. Get it at your grocer's. 2 packages for 25 cts.

New Book of Recipes, Illustrated, mailed FREE.
THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.
We invite you to visit our exhibit in the Agricultural Building.
World's Fair, St. Louis.



Better Than A Live Kitty.

Patented July 5th and Oct. 4th, 1892

For a child to love and hug and fondle.
No claws and just as pretty.
Easily made and indestructible.

PRINTED ON CLOTH
in fast colors with full directions for making

Your dealer can get them from Dry Goods jobbers, or, send 25 cents for **One Large Cat and Four Nice Kittens.**

ARNOLD PRINT WORKS,
North Adams, Mass.

The Eleven White Swans



ELIZA, the sweet daughter of the Wicked Queen, who was condemned by her mother to perform a supposed impossible task, was helped by the little mice who brought her thistles to make the eleven cloaks for the eleven white swans — her enchanted brothers — but it is doubtful if she would have completed the cloaks which transformed her brothers back into human shape had she not been invigorated and sustained by a wonderful beverage. Never until now has it been known what that beverage was, but can you doubt that it was identical with

LOWNEY'S BREAKFAST COCOA

A sample can ($\frac{1}{4}$ lb.) will be sent prepaid on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.

P. S. — The Lowney Receipt Book, telling how to make Chocolate Bonbons, Fudge, Caramels, Icings, etc., sent free.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., BOSTON, MASS.



WHY NOT
HAVE A

Spalding Sweater

or a Jersey, or anything else
in A. G. Spalding Bros.
catalogue of Athletic Goods

WHEN YOU CAN GET
WHAT YOU WANT

FREE?

Foot Balls, Foot-Ball Trousers,
Basket Balls, Skates, Running
Shoes, Golf Clubs, Snow Shoes,
Toboggans and a thousand other
articles given to men who
get subscriptions for

OUTING

The Great Outdoor Magazine of Human Interest, Edited by Caspar Whitney

If You Get 1 Person To Subscribe You May Order **\$1.50** Worth of Goods.

If You Get 2 Persons To Subscribe You May Order **\$3.00** Worth of Goods.

If You Get 3 Persons To Subscribe You May Order **\$5.00** Worth of Goods.

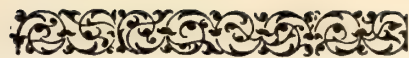
If You Get 4 Persons To Subscribe You May Order **\$7.00** Worth of Goods.

If You Get 5 Persons To Subscribe You May Order **\$10.00** Worth of Goods.

DON'T MISS THIS CHANCE

Take down our address and Write Us At Once. We will send you samples of
OUTING, Spalding's catalogue and an outfit that will MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU TO
GET WHAT YOU WANT IN A WEEK. Mention your school when writing. A
postal card will do.

THE OUTING PUBLISHING CO., 239 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.



OUTDOORS AND INDOORS

There is a harmless rightful pleasure in the consciousness of being fittingly dressed, from top to toe. :: :: :: :: :: ::
For outdoors, there are "**Sorosis**" shoes that defy the fall and winter weather. For indoors, there are dainty evening shoes and slippers, as pretty and aristocratic as the costumes of the fairest society dames demand. :: :: :: :: :: ::

A. E. LITTLE & CO., :: LYNN, MASS.





**A clever chap was Billy Pope,
And very wise, withal;
He washed his face with Ivory Soap
And jumped clean o'er a wall!**

Libby's

Good
Things
To
Eat



Our
Condensed
Mince Meat
Is Carefully
Prepared With
The Best Quality
Of Fruits, Spices,
Beef, Suet, Sugar,
Etc.

Our
Condensed
Mince Meat
Is Carefully
Prepared With
The Best Quality
Of Fruits, Spices,
Beef, Suet, Sugar,
Etc.

One package makes two large pies

Your Thanksgiving Dinner will be incomplete without good, old fashioned Mince Pies. Libby's Condensed Mince Meat makes delicious, wholesome pies, and is prepared from selected fruits and meats in the famous Libby kitchens.

Libby's ^{Natural} _{Flavor} Food Products

Condensed Mince Meat, Melrose Pate, Concentrated Soups, Potted Ham, Tongue, Peerless Wafer-Sliced Dried Beef, Cottage Loaf, Veal Loaf are ready to serve at a moment's notice, and are sold by all grocers.

Our booklet, "Salad Successes" containing recipes for twelve delicious salads, sent free upon request.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago



The Way To Brains

The right kind of brain makes money and "does things." You can't have a strong, sturdy, money-making "thinker" unless you feed it on the kind of food the body requires to rebuild the brain and nerves day by day.

You can have sharper brain, keener memory and better health on GRAPE-NUTS.

GRAPE-NUTS food is made for that purpose and *it does its work*. Trial proves it.

There's a reason.

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

The GAME
Sherlock Holmes
REGISTERED
TRADE
MARK



**THE LATEST
CRAZE**

**AUGURABLE, EXCITING
ENTIRELY NEW**

NOTE TO PLAYERS.—In scoring, count each SHERLOCK HOLMES card 5 points; Burglars, Robbers and Thieves captured, one point each.

"Everybody is playing Sherlock Holmes."
—*Boston Herald*.

"The liveliest card game ever devised."
—*New York World*.

PRICE 50 CENTS. SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

PARKER BROTHERS INC.

SALEM, MASS., U.S.A. and Flatiron Bldg. NEW YORK.
Also Sole Makers of PIT, Squire B.D. Ping-Pong etc.

Indispensable in Every
Household

GORHAM SILVER POLISH

IN CAKE FORM

The result of the experiments and experience of three generations. Cleans as well as polishes. Requires no effort to produce a satisfactory and lasting result. Does not cake or fill up the interstices and is guaranteed to be free from all injurious ingredients.

Price 25 cents a package

If unobtainable at your jewelers', send 25 cents in stamps for a sample package to

The Gorham Co.

Broadway & 19th Street, New York

VOLUME XXXII

1904

NUMBER 2

ST. NICHOLAS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER



MACMILLAN AND CO. L'TD, ST. MARTIN'S ST. LONDON

THE CENTURY CO. UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE CENTURY CO. ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Holidays and Other Days Swift's Premium Calendar

for 1905, size 12 x 35 inches, makes
a most desirable gift

Contains four lovely heads by McEntee, famed
for his portrayal of beautiful women. Richly
lithographed in ten colors and gold. A perfect
example of calendar art and a delight for the
whole year. It is sure to attract attention.

Swift's Premium Calendar sent postpaid to
any address for 10 cents in money or stamps,
10 Wool Soap wrappers or one metal cap from
jar of Swift's Beef Extract.

Address Swift & Company, Dept. G, Stock
Yards Station, Chicago, Ill.

Swift's Premium Hams and
Bacon—U. S. Inspected

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard
America's Standard

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

A Merry Christmas

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Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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niture, too—and can decorate its walls. A whole series of articles telling what a boy can do and make is to appear in the magazine during the next year, including papers on "Ice-boats, Snow-shoes, Skate-sails, Skees," "Camping Outfits," "Windmills and Power-wheels," "Tree-houses," etc., etc.

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During the coming year, moreover, ST. NICHOLAS is to publish a notable series of articles by Charles H. Caffin entitled "How to Study Pictures." These papers are intended only for the older readers of the magazine, but are very clearly and simply written, and cannot fail to greatly benefit all boys and girls of from twelve to fifteen who are interested in drawing or in gaining information concerning the world's great artists and great pictures.

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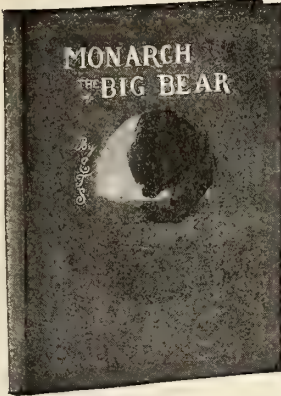
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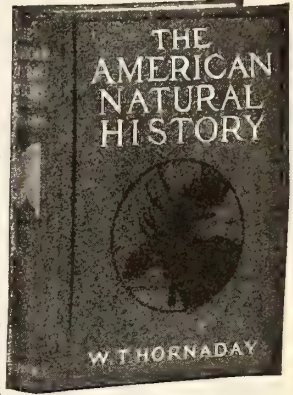
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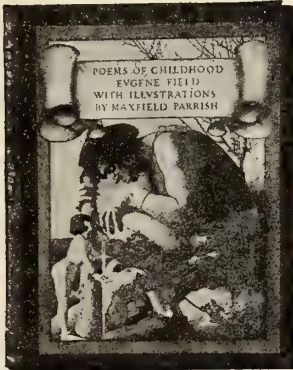
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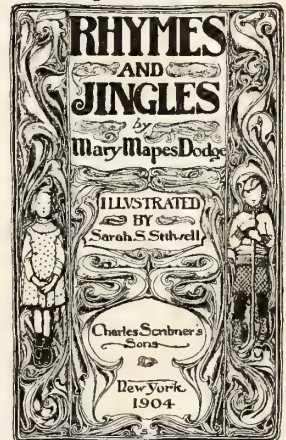
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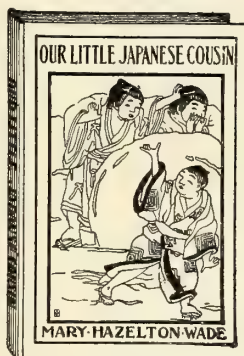
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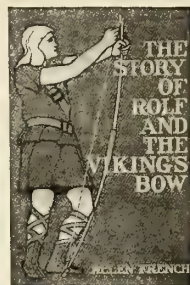
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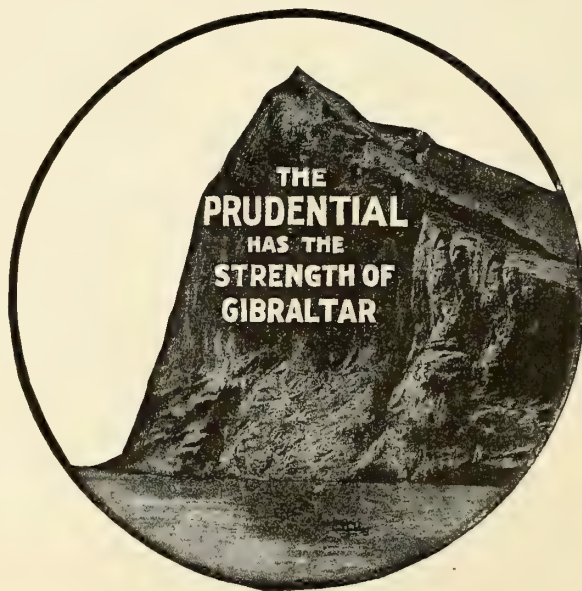
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F. RICHARDSON

"OVER THE YOUTH'S ARM LAY FOLDED THE MAGIC CLOAK."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXII.

DECEMBER, 1904.

No. 2.

QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

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BY L. FRANK BAUM,
Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER III.

THE GIFT OF THE MAGIC CLOAK.

NEARLY two days' journey from the city of Nole, yet still within the borders of the great kingdom of Noland, was a little village lying at the edge of a broad river. It consisted of a cluster of houses of the humblest description, for the people of this village were all poor and lived in simple fashion. Yet one house appeared to be somewhat better than the others, for it stood on the river-bank and had been built by the ferryman whose business it was to carry all travelers across the river. And, as many traveled that way, the ferryman was able in time to erect a very comfortable cottage, and to buy good furniture for it, and to clothe warmly and neatly his two children.

One of these children was a little girl named Margaret, who was called "Meg" by the villagers and "Fluff" by the ferryman her father, because her hair was so soft and fluffy.

Her brother, who was two years younger, was named Timothy; but Margaret had always called him "Bud," because she could not say "brother" more plainly when first she began to talk; so nearly every one who knew Timothy called him Bud, as little Meg did.

These children had lost their mother when very young, and the big ferryman had tried to

be both mother and father to them, and had reared them very gently and lovingly. They were good children, and were liked by every one in the village.

But one day a terrible misfortune befell them. The ferryman tried to cross the river for a passenger one very stormy night; but he never reached the other shore. When the storm subsided and morning came they found his body lying on the river-bank, and the two children were left alone in the world.

The news was carried by travelers to the city of Nole, where the ferryman's only sister lived; and a few days afterward the woman came to the village and took charge of her orphaned niece and nephew.

She was not a bad-hearted woman, this Aunt Rivette; but she had worked hard all her life, and had a stern face and a stern voice. She thought the only way to make children behave was to box their ears every now and then; so poor Meg, who had been well-nigh heart-broken at her dear father's loss, had still more occasion for tears after Aunt Rivette came to the village.

As for Bud, he was so impudent and ill-mannered to the old lady that she felt obliged to switch him; and afterward the boy became surly and silent, and neither wept nor answered his aunt a single word. It hurt Margaret dreadfully to see her little brother

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whipped, and she soon became so unhappy at the sorrowful circumstances in which she and her brother found themselves that she sobbed from morning till night and knew no comfort.

Aunt Rivette, who was a laundress in the city of Nole, decided she would take Meg and Bud back home with her.

"The boy can carry water for my tubs, and the girl can help me with the ironing," she said.

So she sold all the heavier articles of furniture that the cottage contained, as well as the cottage itself; and all the remainder of her dead brother's belongings she loaded upon the back of the little donkey she had ridden on her journey from Nole. It made such a pile of packages that the load seemed bigger than the donkey himself; but he was a strong little animal, and made no complaint of his burden.

All this being accomplished, they set out one morning for Nole, Aunt Rivette leading the donkey by the bridle with one hand and little Bud with the other, while Margaret followed behind, weeping anew at this sad parting with her old home and all she had so long loved.

It was a hard journey. The old woman soon became cross and fretful, and scolded the little ones at almost every step. When Bud stumbled, as he often did, for he was unused to walking very far, Aunt Rivette would box his ears or shake him violently by the arm or tell him he was "a good-for-nothing little beggar." And Bud would turn upon her with a revengeful look in his big eyes, but say not a word. The woman paid no attention to Meg, who continued to follow the donkey with tearful eyes and drooping head.

The first night they obtained shelter at a farmhouse. But in the morning it was found that the boy's feet were so swollen and sore from the long walk of the day before that he could not stand upon them. So Aunt Rivette, scolding fretfully at his weakness, perched Bud among the bundles atop the donkey's back, and in this way they journeyed the second day, the woman walking ahead and leading the donkey, and Margaret following behind.

The laundress had hoped to reach the city of Nole at the close of this day; but the overburdened donkey would not walk very fast, so nightfall found them still a two-hours' journey

from the city gates, and they were forced to stop at a small inn.

But this inn was already overflowing with travelers, and the landlord could give them no beds, nor even a room.

"You can sleep in the stable if you like," said he. "There is plenty of hay to lie down upon."

So they were obliged to content themselves with this poor accommodation.

The old woman aroused them at the first streaks of daybreak the next morning, and while she fastened the packages to the donkey's back Margaret stood in the stable yard and shivered in the cold morning air.

The little girl felt that she had never been more unhappy than at that moment, and when she thought of her kind father and the happy home she had once known, her sobs broke out afresh, and she leaned against the stable door and wept as if her little heart would break.

Suddenly some one touched her arm, and she looked up to see a tall and handsome youth standing before her. It was none other than Ereol the fairy, who had assumed this form for her appearance among mortals; and over the youth's arm lay folded the magic cloak that had been woven the evening before in the fairy circle of Burzee.

"Are you very unhappy, my dear?" asked Ereol, in kindly tones.

"I am the most unhappy person in all the world!" replied the girl, beginning to sob afresh.

"Then," said Ereol, "I will present you with this magic cloak, which has been woven by the fairies. And while you wear it you may have your first wish granted; and if you give it freely to any other mortal, that person may also have one wish granted. So use the cloak wisely, and guard it as a great treasure."

Saying this the fairy messenger spread the folds of the cloak and threw the brilliant-hued garment over the shoulders of the girl.

Just then Aunt Rivette led the donkey from the stable, and seeing the beautiful cloak which the child wore, she stopped short and demanded:

"Where did you get that?"

"This stranger gave it to me," answered Meg, pointing to the youth.

"Take it off! Take it off this minute and

give it me—or I will whip you soundly !” cried the woman.

“Stop !” said Ereol, sternly. “The cloak belongs to this child alone, and if you dare take it from her I will punish you severely.”

“What ! Punish me ! Punish me, you rascally fellow ! We ’ll see about that.”

“We will, indeed,” returned Ereol, more

and then, indeed, she knew it was a fairy that had spoken to her.

“You may keep your cloak,” she said to Margaret, with a little shiver of fear. “I would not touch it for the world !”

The girl was very proud of her glittering garment, and when Bud was perched upon the donkey’s back and the old woman began trudg-



“IT WAS A HARD JOURNEY.”

calmly. “The cloak is a gift from the fairies ; and you dare not anger them, for your punishment would be swift and terrible.”

Now no one feared to provoke the mysterious fairies more than Aunt Rivette ; but she suspected the youth was not telling her the truth, so she rushed upon Ereol and struck at him with her upraised cane. But, to her amazement, the form of the youth vanished quickly into air,

ing along the road to the city, Meg followed after with much lighter steps than before.

Presently the sun rose over the horizon, and its splendid rays shone upon the cloak and made it glisten gorgeously.

“Ah, me !” sighed the little girl, half aloud. “I wish I could be happy again !”

Then her childish heart gave a bound of delight, and she laughed aloud and brushed from

her eyes the last tear she was destined to shed for many a day. For, though she spoke thoughtlessly, the magic cloak quickly granted to its first wearer the fulfilment of her wish.

Aunt Rivette turned upon her in surprise.

fresh, and the trees are green and beautiful, and the whole world is very pleasant and delightful." And then she danced lightly along the dusty road and broke into a verse of a pretty song she had learned at her father's knee.



F RICHARDSON

"WHAT! PUNISH ME, YOU RASCALLY FELLOW! WE 'LL SEE ABOUT THAT."

"What's the matter with you?" she asked suspiciously, for she had not heard the girl laugh since her father's death.

"Why, the sun is shining," answered Meg, laughing again. "And the air is sweet and

The old woman scowled and trudged on again; Bud looked down at his merry sister and grinned from pure sympathy with her high spirits; and the donkey stopped and turned his head to look solemnly at the laughing girl behind him.

"Come along!" cried the laundress, jerking at the bridle; "every one is passing us upon the road, and we must hurry to get home before noon."

It was true. A good many travelers, some on horseback and some on foot, had passed them by since the sun rose; and although the east gate of the city of Nole was now in sight, they were obliged to take their places in the long line that sought entrance at the gate.

CHAPTER IV.

KING BUD OF NOLAND.

THE five high counselors of the kingdom of Noland were both eager and anxious upon this important morning. Long before sunrise Tollydob, the lord high general, had assembled his army at the east gate of the city; and the soldiers stood in two long lines beside the entrance, looking very impressive in their uniforms. And all the people, noting this unusual display, gathered around at the gate to see what was going to happen.

Of course no one knew what was going to happen; not even the chief counselor nor his brother counselors. They could only obey the law and abide by the results.

Finally the sun arose and the east gate of the city was thrown open. There were a few people waiting outside, and they promptly entered.

"One, two, three, four, five, six!" counted the chief counselor, in a loud voice.

The people were much surprised at hearing this, and began to question one another with perplexed looks. Even the soldiers were mystified.

"Seven, eight, nine!" continued the chief counselor, still counting those who came in.



"‘AH, ME!’ SIGHED THE LITTLE GIRL, HALF ALOUD."

A breathless hush fell upon the assemblage. Something very important and mysterious was going on; that was evident. But what?

They could only wait and find out.

"Ten, eleven!" counted Tullydub, and then heaved a deep sigh. For a famous nobleman had just entered the gate, and the chief counselor could not help wishing he had been number forty-seven.

So the counting went on, and the people became more and more interested and excited.

When the number had reached thirty-one a strange thing happened. A loud "boom!" sounded through the stillness, and then another, and another. Some one was tolling the great bell in the palace bell-tower, and people began saying to one another in awed whispers that the old king must be dead.

The five high counselors, filled with furious anger but absolutely helpless, as they could not

kept the people quiet when they learned from the bell that their old king was dead.

But now they began to guess that the scene at the east gate promised more of interest than anything they might learn at the palace; so they stood very quiet, and Jikki's disobedience of orders did no great harm to the plans of the five high counselors.

When Tullydub had counted up to forty the



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"A RAGGED, LIMPING PEDDLER ENTERED THE GATE."

leave the gate, lifted up their five chubby fists and shook them violently in the direction of the bell-tower.

Poor Jikki, finding himself left alone in the palace, could no longer resist the temptation to toll the bell; and it continued to peal out its dull, solemn tones while the chief counselor stood by the gate and shouted:

"Thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four!"

Only the mystery of this action could have

excitement redoubled, for every one could see big drops of perspiration standing upon the chief counselor's brow, and all the other high counselors, who stood just behind him, were trembling violently with nervousness.

A ragged, limping peddler entered the gate.

"Forty-five!" shouted Tullydub.

Then came Aunt Rivette, dragging at the bridle of the donkey.

"Forty-six!" screamed Tullydub.



“‘FORTY-SEVEN!’ CRIED THE CHIEF COUNSELOR. ‘LONG LIVE
THE NEW KING OF NOLAND!’”



And now Bud rode through the gate, perched among the bundles on the donkey's back and looking composedly upon the throng of anxious faces that greeted him.

"*Forty-seven!*" cried the chief counselor; and then in his loudest voice he continued:

"Long live the new King of Noland!"

All the high counselors prostrated themselves in the dusty road before the donkey. The old woman was thrust back in the crowd by a soldier, where she stood staring in amazement, and Margaret, clothed in her beautiful cloak, stepped to the donkey's side and looked first at her brother and then at the group of periwigged men, who bobbed their heads in the dust before him and shouted:

"Long live the king!"

Then, while the crowd still wondered, the lord high counselor arose and took from a soldier a golden crown set with brilliants, a jeweled scepter, and a robe of ermine. Advancing to Bud, he placed the crown upon the boy's head and the scepter in his hand, while over his shoulders he threw the ermine robe.

The crown fell over Bud's ears, but he pushed it back upon his head, so it would stay there; and as the kingly robe spread over all the bundles on the donkey's back and quite covered them, the boy really presented a very imposing appearance.

The people quickly rose to the spirit of the occasion. What mattered it if the old king was dead, now that a new king was already before them? They broke into a sudden cheer, and, joyously waving their hats and bonnets above their heads, joined eagerly in the cry:

"Long live the King of Noland!"

Aunt Rivette was fairly stupefied. Such a thing was too wonderful to be believed. A man in the crowd snatched the bonnet from the old woman's head, and said to her brusquely:

"Why don't you greet the new king? Are you a traitor to your country?"

So she also waved her bonnet and screamed: "Long live the king!" But she hardly knew what she was doing or why she did it.



"SO SHE ALSO WAVED HER BONNET AND SCREAMED: 'LONG LIVE THE KING!'"

Meantime the high counselors had risen from their knees and now stood around the donkey.

"May it please your Serene Majesty to condescend to tell us who this young lady is?" asked Tullydub, bowing respectfully.

"That's my sister Fluff," said Bud, who was enjoying his new position very much.

All the counselors, at this, bowed low to Margaret.

"A horse for the Princess Fluff!" cried the lord high general; and the next moment she was mounted upon a handsome white palfrey, where, with her fluffy golden hair and smiling

First came Tollydob and his officers; then the king's chariot, surrounded by soldiers; then the four high counselors upon black horses, riding two on each side of Princess Fluff; and, finally, the band of musicians and the remainder of the royal army.

It was an imposing sight, and the people followed after with cheers and rejoicings, while



F. RICHARDSON

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR SERENE MAJESTY TO TELL US WHO THIS YOUNG LADY IS?" ASKED TULLYDUB, RESPECTFULLY."

face and the magnificent cloak flowing from her shoulders, she looked every inch a princess. The people cheered her, too; for it was long since any girl or woman had occupied the palace of the King of Noland, and she was so pretty and sweet that every one loved her immediately.

And now the king's chariot drove up, with its six prancing steeds, and Bud was lifted from the back of the donkey and placed in the high seat of the chariot.

Again the people shouted joyful greetings; the band struck up a gay march tune, and then the royal procession started for the palace.

the lord high purse-bearer tossed silver coins from his pouch for any one to catch who could.

A message had been sent to warn Jikki that the new king was coming, so he stopped tolling the death knell, and instead rang out a glorious chime of welcome.

As for old Rivette, finding herself and the donkey alike deserted, she once more seized the bridle and led the patient beast to her humble dwelling; and it was just as she reached her door that King Bud of Noland, amid the cheers and shouts of thousands, entered for the first time the royal palace of Nole.

(To be continued.)



THE LOCKING-IN of LISBETH.

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

CHRISTMAS was the same as any other day to Judge Blair. He lived alone, and ate his Christmas dinner alone, and never gave presents. In fact, he was like the miller of Dee; for, since he cared for nobody, of course nobody cared for him.

On Christmas eve the judge stayed late at his office. His clerks left at five.

"A merry Christmas, Judge!" said Miss Jenkins, his type-writer, as she tied on a thick veil.

The judge looked up from his papers and stared at her over his glasses.

"What 's that? Oh—thank you, Miss Jenkins." But he did not return her greeting, and timid little Miss Jenkins blushed, and wondered if she had been too bold.

At half-past six a waiter from a near-by restaurant brought in a light supper. The judge often supped at his office when he had an important case on hand. It saved time.

"A merry Christmas, suh!" said the darky, when he had arranged the tray in front of the old gentleman.

"Hum? Oh, ah, yes—you may call for the tray later, George," said the judge, and George departed crestfallen; and if he banged the door on which was painted in imposing gilt letters,

MARCELLUS BLAIR
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

a little more vigorously than was necessary, why, who shall blame him?

The judge read over his brief while he ate,

pausing now and then to pick up his lead-pencil and make corrections in his neat legal hand.

Suddenly he straightened up and looked around the room.

"Now what was that?" he murmured, looking up over his eye-glasses.

Tap, tap, came a sound against the pane. He listened a moment, and then went back to his work; but, hearing it again, he rose and went to the window, and raised the shade.

There was a narrow space between the building in which the judge had his offices on the fourth floor and the big public school next to it. But the snow sifted in between, and it was very dark.

Suddenly out of the blackness came the end of a long wand, which hit the window-pane once, twice, quite sharply before the judge raised the sash with a bang.

"Who 's that?" he cried harshly.

"Please," said a very small voice across the way.

"Who 's there?" asked the judge, peering into the darkness.

"It 's me," said the little voice.

"Who 's 'me'?" demanded the judge.

"Lisbeth."

"Where are you?"

"In the school-room. I 've tried and tried to get out, but I 'm locked in; and I 've been here all the afternoon," the voice wailed.

"*What?*" exclaimed the judge.

"Yes, sir. I came back to get my books; and the girls had all gone home, and I s'pose the

janitor thought everybody was out and locked the outside door; and I banged and banged, but nobody heard me."

"Why did n't you call before?"

"I tried to, but could n't make you hear, until I thought of the pointer."

"Well, well, well," said the judge. Then he lighted a match.

"Lean out a bit and let me see you," he commanded.

The yellow glare showed a pale little face with earnest blue eyes, red-rimmed from crying, and fair hair braided in a thick braid.

"Why have n't your people looked you up?" the old gentleman asked querulously, as the light went out.

"I have n't any people," sighed Lisbeth, "only my sister."

"How old is she?"

"Oh, she 'll soon be sixteen, and she works at Roby's ribbon counter. She won't get home till late to-night, 'cause they don't shut up until late on Christmas eve."

"Hum," said the judge, crustily, "I suppose I 'll have to look after you."

He went back to his desk, and Lisbeth, shivering at the open window, saw him pick up the telephone receiver.

Suddenly he put it down and came back to the window.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

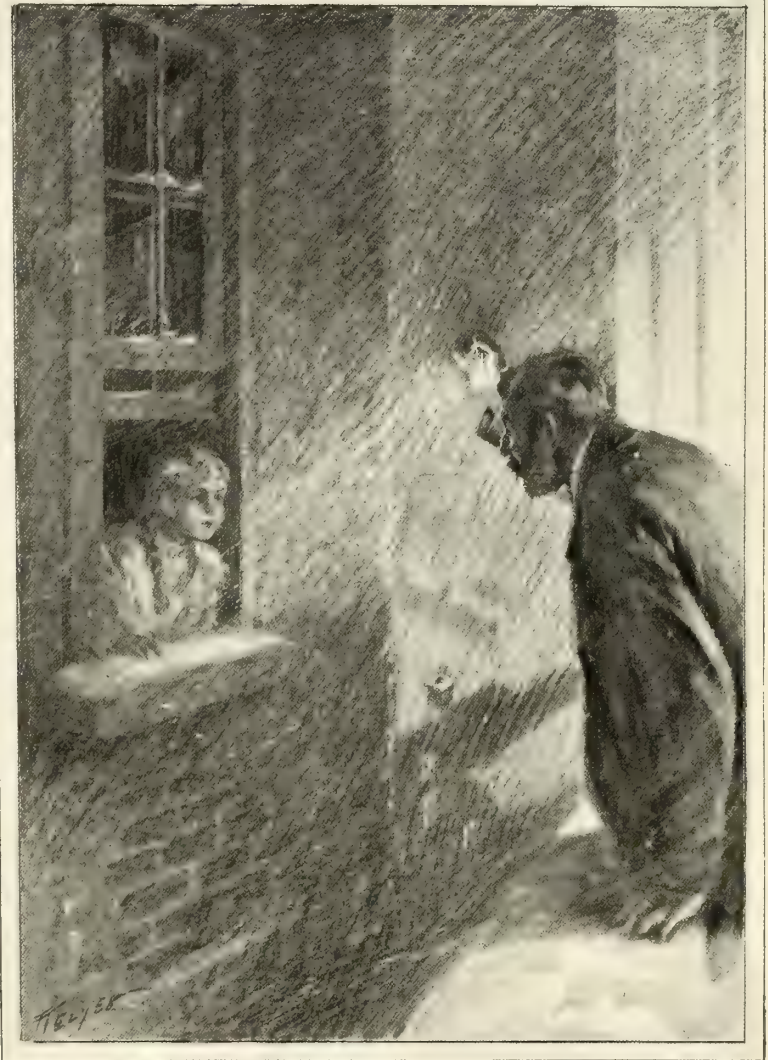
"Awfully," said the little voice in the darkness.

"Why did n't you say so before," questioned the judge, testily—"before I ate up my dinner?"

"I could n't make you hear, you know," was the patient answer.

"Well, there 's nothing left but some crackers and a pickle."

"Oh, a pickle!" Lisbeth's sigh was rapturous.



"THE YELLOW GLARE SHOWED A PALE LITTLE FACE WITH EARNEST BLUE EYES."

"Crackers and a pickle. Do you want them?"

"Oh, yes, thank you." Lisbeth wondered how the judge could ask such a question. But the judge had gone back to his desk and was emptying the dish of crackers into a large manila envelop. He laid the pickle on top, pinned the flap, and tied a string around the whole.

"Reach over your pointer," he directed; and when Lisbeth had laid it across the chasm between the buildings, he hung the package upon it, and in another minute the little girl had drawn it over.

"Is it all right?" asked the judge, as he heard the crackle of the paper.

"Oh, yes, indeed! It is a delicious pickle, perfectly delicious."

"Hum," said the judge again, but this time there was just the ghost of a smile on his old face as he went over to the telephone, called up police headquarters, and gave a peremptory order.

"They 'll be up in a minute to let you out," he informed Lisbeth, as he came back to the window; "and now I've got to work, and you'd better shut the window."

"It's very dark," quavered the little voice.

Somewhere back in the judge's past there had been a little child who at night would say, "It is very dark, father; stay with me," and the judge had stayed, and had held the little clinging fingers until the child slept. But when the child grew to be a man, he had married a lady who did not please the judge, although she was sweet and good; but she was poor, and the judge was proud, and had wished for greater things from his son. And so the son had gone away, and for years the old man had shut his heart to all tenderness; but now the little voice woke memories, so that the judge's tone was softer when he spoke again:

"Are you afraid?"

"It's dreadful lonesome," was the wistful answer, "and it's awfully nice to have you to talk to."

"Oh, is it?" said the flattered judge. "Well, you've got to wrap up if you stand there. It's freezing cold."

"Oh, I did n't think!" Lisbeth's tone was worried. "You will take cold. Oh, please shut your window."

But this the judge refused to do.

"I'll put my overcoat on, and pass Miss Jenkins's cape over to you. It's the first time I have ever seen any reason for her having it here," he grumbled as he took it from its hook.

So while the important case waited for the judge's review, the two shrouded figures sat at

opposite windows, while between them the snow came down faster and faster. The judge's office was brilliantly lighted, and Lisbeth could see every expression of the old man's face; but the judge could see nothing of the little girl, so that her voice seemed to come from out of the night.

While they waited thus, Lisbeth told the judge about her older sister, who had taken care of them both ever since their father died, and how Lisbeth kept house when she was not at school; and, best of all, she told him that she had saved twenty-five cents to spend for Christmas presents, and she was going to buy a pair of gloves for sister.

"And what will you have for Christmas?" asked the judge, interested in spite of himself.

"Oh, sister 'll give me something," said the child, cheerfully. "Prob'ly it will be something useful. If she gives me a dress she can't give me any toys or candy. And then, besides, she had to spend fifty cents for the chicken — they're so 'spensive."

"Chicken?" asked the judge.

"Yes, for our dinner. We're going to divide with the McGafneys on the top floor. They're awfully poor, and there's four children, but we're going to boil the chicken, and have lots of gravy and potatoes, so as to make enough. At first we thought we would n't ask them, and have enough ourselves for once; but sister decided that Christmas was the time to make other people happy, and of course it is."

"Of course," assented the judge, feeling very small indeed when he thought of his gruff reply to Miss Jenkins, and of how he had sent poor George away without even a Christmas wish.

On and on chatted the little voice in the darkness, while the judge, listening, felt the ice melt around his old heart.

"I shall have to eat my dinner all alone to-morrow," he found himself confiding, presently.

"Oh, you poor man!" cried the little girl. "Maybe we'll have enough — I'll ask my sister —" But before she could finish her invitation a loud knock echoed through the building.

"They've come," said the judge. "Now you just sit still until they come upstairs and get you; don't go bumping around in the dark."

"I'll go down and see them." And out he rushed, leaving Lisbeth to face his lighted window alone.

The police having found the janitor, the door was quickly opened; the lights soon flared in the halls; and in a minute Lisbeth was surrounded by a little crowd composed of two jolly policemen, the janitor, and a half-dozen people who had watched the opening of the door.

"You'd better take her straight to the station, Murphy," said one policeman to the other, "and they can send her home from there."

"You won't do anything of the kind," said a commanding voice; and the judge came in, panting from his climb up the steps, his shoulders powdered with snow, but with all the dignity that belongs to a judge, so that the policemen at sight of him touched their caps and the stragglers looked at him respectfully.

"Order a carriage, Murphy," he said; and in less time than it takes to tell it, Lisbeth found herself on the soft cushions, with the judge beside her.

"I'll take her, Judge, if you're too busy," said Murphy, with his hand on the carriage door.

But the judge had forgotten his important case. The clinging fingers, the look in the trustful blue eyes, made his old heart leap.

"Thank you, Murphy," he said; "I'll look after her. And oh, ah—a merry Christmas, Murphy!" and he left the officer bewildered by the unusual kindness of his tone.

As they rolled along, he pulled out his watch.

"What time did you say your sister would get home?" he said.

"Not much before twelve o'clock."

"It's only eight now," said the judge, "so I shall get you something to eat."

The rest of the evening was a dream to the little girl. The wonderful dining-room at the great hotel, where there were flowers and cut glass and silver on the lovely white tables, where palms lined the walls and turned the room into a tropical bower, where lights glowed under pink shades, where there was an orchestra, and where she had the most delicious things to eat—oysters and chops and a fairy-like pudding which the judge called "soufflé" and which tasted better than ice-cream.

And in that wonderful dream every one

turned around and smiled at the shabby little fair-haired girl, and at the tall, stately old gentleman with her; and when they went out, a beautiful lady, all in velvet and furs, stooped down and smiled into the child's happy face. "A merry Christmas, dear!" she said cheerily, and then she looked at the judge. "What a lovely thing you are doing!" she murmured, and the judge bowed.

"Thank you, madam," he said stiffly, but his old eyes shone.

Then into the carriage again, to stop at a big store to buy presents for the judge's friends. For all of a sudden the judge discovered that Miss Jenkins was overworked and faithful, and ought to have gloves and a big box of candy and a new book; but her greatest treasure was a card on which was written in a neat hand, "To Miss Jenkins. A merry Christmas, and many of them."

Then for George, the waiter, he bought a pocket-book, and tucked a bill into it; he ordered many things for some old acquaintances and then he chose a lovely red coat and hat and warm black furs for Lisbeth, and a blue coat and hat for the sister, which were to be changed if they did not fit; and while the clerk helped the little girl put on her new things, he went up to the toy department and gave an order that made the saleswomen think him a second Santa Claus.

When they were once more in the carriage, he ordered the driver to go to Roby's.

A crowd of girls streamed out from the doors of the big store as they drove up, but Lisbeth made straight for a slender figure in a thin old coat. As the dainty red-robed figure threaded its way between the staring girls, one of them cried:

"Marcella, Marcella Blair, it's Lisbeth!"

Within the carriage the judge sat up straight and looked out at the sound of that name. She had called her "Marcella Blair," and he was Marcellus Blair!

Before Marcella could think or understand, they were in the carriage together, the sisters and an excited old gentleman, who kept asking questions: "Who was your father?" "How came you to be named Marcella?"

"After my grandfather," said the dazed Marcella; "he was Marcellus Blair."



"EVERY ONE TURNED AROUND AND SMILED AT THE SHABBY LITTLE FAIR-HAIRED GIRL, AND AT THE TALL, STATELY OLD GENTLEMAN WITH HER."

And then the judge told her joyfully that *he* was Marcellus Blair and her grandfather, and — well, it was all so wonderful that Lisbeth simply sat speechless, and clasped her hands very tightly, and wondered if she were dreaming.

“And I have a letter from my father to you, sir,” explained Marcella, shyly. “He tried to find you after mother’s death. But you were abroad, and then — he died — and after that I did not know what to do.”

“Why did n’t you hunt me up?” demanded the judge. “Why did n’t you hunt me up?”

"I tried to once," said Marcella, "but the city was so big —"

"Oh, oh," groaned the judge, "and all this time I have been so lonely!"

And then Lisbeth tucked her hand into his.

"But you will never be lonely any more, grandfather," she said.

And he was n't; for he took Marcella and Lisbeth home with him that very night, and the next day the McGafneys had *all* of the chicken for themselves, and Marcella and Lisbeth ate turkey

and plum-pudding in the judge's great dining-room; and that night, as the happy three sat in the library in front of a roaring fire, Lisbeth laid her head on her grandfather's shoulder.

"It *was* lucky I was locked in, grandfather," she said, "or you might not have found us."

But the judge, with one arm around her waist and the other reached out to Marcella. shook his head.

"Don't talk of luck, dearie," he said. "It was something more than that; it was Providence."



A RIDDLE.

(For answer see page 190.)

FIVE vowels, three T's, two S's, N, B,
Only these letters, as plainly you 'll see;
Yet out of the same you can fashion one word
That for magic or power is—well, simply absurd!

The way that it governs and changes affairs,
Folks, and their projects—perhaps unawares;
Decides who shall stay and, as well, who shall go;
Secure in its fiat, its bold "thus and so,"
Such havoc with wills, or with heirs, I may say—
Such sudden o'eturnings to some other way!

Well, to work it all out is to lead you a dance,
Till you turn yourself into another, perchance!
It only is stable when harnessed, I 'm told,
By a big dictionary, both careful and bold;
Yet none of them differ—these books born of
Babel;
Though always 't is changing, none to change it
are able;
'T is a very hard task, and admits of no shirking.
Beware, lest it change itself while you are working!

M. M. D.

THE FOX WHO KNEW ALL ABOUT TRAPS

BY DANE COOLIDGE

ONCE there was a fox who lived on a high mountain in California, and he knew all about traps. His name was Silver-gray, and his winter coat of fur was so beautiful that any lady would be proud to wear it. In fact, so many ladies wanted to wear fur like his that merchants offered a great price for his skin and for the skins of all his brothers, the family of silver-gray foxes.

Now there were in California many men who had trapped beavers and minks in the days when people liked to wear those furs. And when they heard of the great price offered for the skins of silver-gray foxes they took their heavy steel traps and their rifles and provisions, and climbed to the top of the high mountains which are called Sierra Nevada, that is, Mountains of Snow. There, when the snow lay heavy on the ground and Silver-gray's fur was fine and long, they set their traps to catch him. But while they caught many of his cousins, the black foxes and cross-foxes, and also many of his own brothers, the silver-grays, they did not catch Silver-gray himself—because he knew all about traps.

No matter how carefully they buried their steel traps in the snow, Silver-gray knew where they were. He could smell the iron, and the touch of their hands, and even where their shoes had trodden the ground. For days after they had set them, when the scent had died out in the cold air, Silver-gray could still smell the iron of the traps; and he kept away.

When the spring came and Silver-gray shed

his winter fur, all the trappers went down to the valley, for they did not want his skin unless it was covered with the heavy hair which grew when the weather was cold.

Next winter, as soon as the snow lay deep on the Sierra Nevada Mountains and Silver-gray's skin was once more covered with fine long fur, all the trappers came back to their cabins in the mountains and set their traps again. For so beautiful was the fur of silver-gray foxes that every lady in the land wanted a skin, but the silver-gray foxes were so scarce that the great price of the year before had been doubled.

But there was an old man with a long beard who had trapped for many years, and when he saw Silver-gray's track in the snow he knew that the fox's skin was worth a great price. So, while the other trappers left the mountains, he remained behind; for he had resolved to catch Silver-gray, if it took all winter.

Now, first, in order to make Silver-gray tame and less afraid of the smell of man, this old trapper, whose name was Ransome, went out and shot wild pigeons and grouse and threw them in the places where he intended to set his traps. But Silver-gray passed by without eating them, for he remembered the terrible steel traps and was afraid of the smell of man. Then Old Man Ransome took some medicine which smells very sweet, and is called oil of bergamot, and he rubbed this on the trunks of the trees beneath which he had put the wild birds.

As Silver-gray was coming through the forest

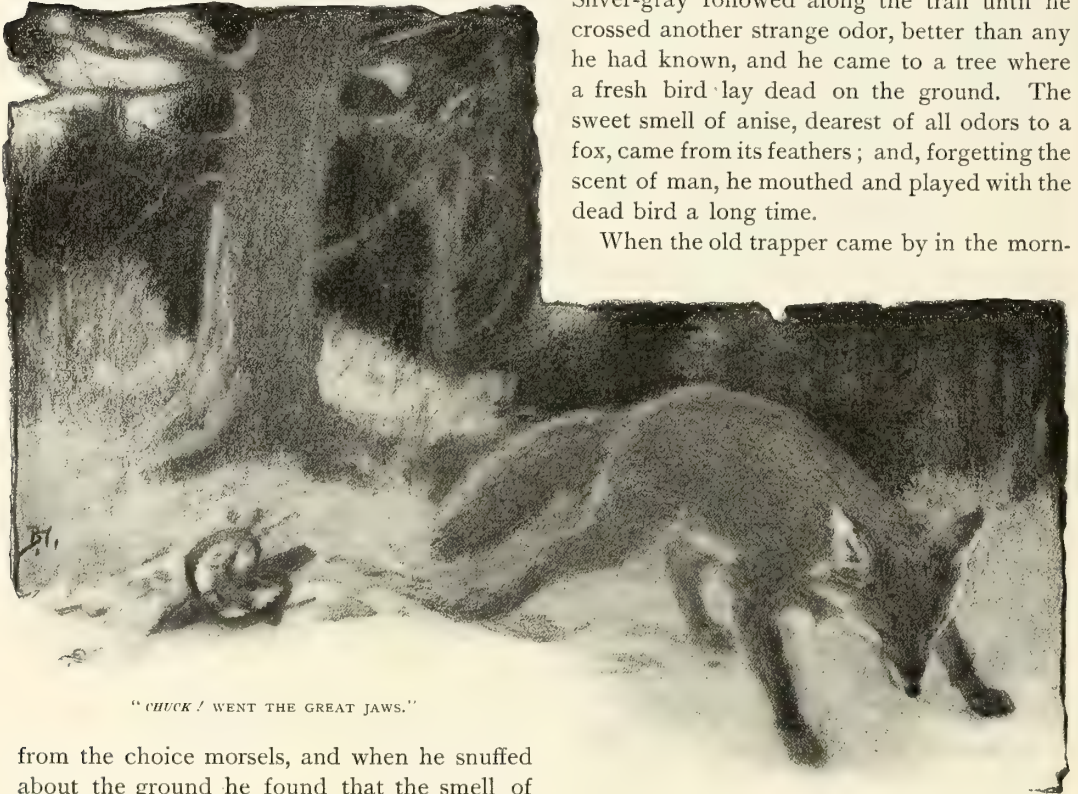
one night he smelled a very sweet odor, and when he followed up the wind he came to a pine-tree beneath which was the body of a wild pigeon fresh killed lying upon the ground. The scent of the sweet odor made Silver-gray's mouth water. He was very hungry, but, as he stooped to eat the pigeon, he caught the smell of man.

Then Silver-gray raised his nose quickly

as he trotted along the trail he scented the odor of man.

Until that time Silver-gray had always avoided the trails of men; but now that he was no longer hungry, he was lazy, and he wondered where the man was going. Besides, this track smelled only a little of man, and all the rest was like fish-oil, for Old Man Ransome had rubbed the oil on his shoes. So Silver-gray followed along the trail until he crossed another strange odor, better than any he had known, and he came to a tree where a fresh bird lay dead on the ground. The sweet smell of anise, dearest of all odors to a fox, came from its feathers; and, forgetting the scent of man, he mouthed and played with the dead bird a long time.

When the old trapper came by in the morn-



"CHUCK! WENT THE GREAT JAWS."

from the choice morsels, and when he snuffed about the ground he found that the smell of man came from the feathers of the dead bird. There was no smell of iron near—and he was very hungry indeed. But the body of the dead bird smelled of man, and he went away without touching it.

On the next night Silver-gray was trotting through the forest when he smelled a very bad odor, like rancid fish-oil, and when he followed it up, he came to a great rock at the base of which lay a fine grouse, newly killed, and the fresh meat lay all bloody before him. So rank was the odor of fish-oil that Silver-gray did not catch the smell of man in the feathers, and in a twinkling he devoured the whole bird. But

ing, and saw by the tracks what Silver-gray had done, he laughed to himself—thinking that he would soon catch him—and hastened off to bring his traps. Deep in the ground at the place where Silver-gray had eaten the grouse he dug a hole for his trap, and a trench from there to a short log, which he had buried in the ground. Then he pried open the great jaws of the trap and placed it carefully in the hole, with a piece of brown paper stretched over the top, so that the smell of iron could not come out. Along the trench he stretched the chain of the trap, and then he fastened it to the short

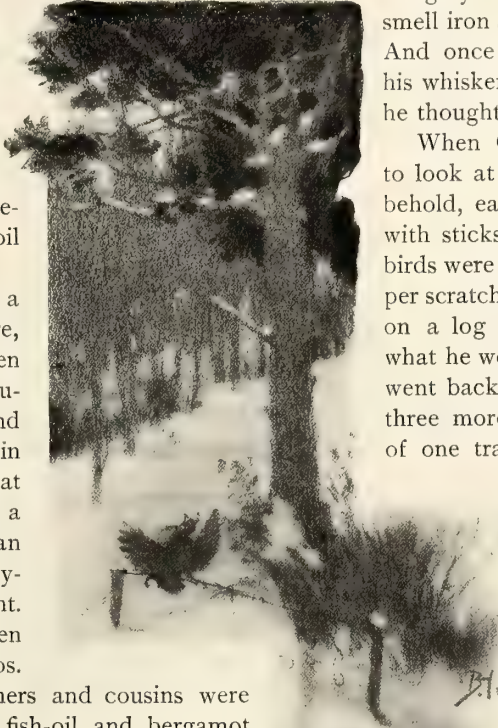
log. When the trap and log and chain were all buried underground, he scattered leaves and feathers above the place, and went away. On the spot where Silver-gray had killed the bird that smelled of anise he buried another trap, and just at sundown he placed fresh birds beside them and fresh oil upon the trees.

Now there had been a time in the years before, when Silver-gray had seen his brothers and his cousins, the black foxes and cross-foxes, struggling in the jaws of steel traps, that he would never walk in a path where the feet of man had trod, nor touch anything which bore his scent. Those were the days when he knew all about traps. But now that his brothers and cousins were gone, and the odors of fish-oil and bergamot and anise covered up the scent of man and led him to good things to eat, there came a change in the life of Silver-gray, and he thought that he was smarter than the man.

So when he came to the bergamot-tree, where the men had thrown out a fresh pigeon and the air was filled with the sweet odor of the oil, he did not turn away, even when he caught the smell of iron, the scent of the terrible steel traps, but stopped and swung his head craftily. Pressing his nose to the ground, he snuffed about in a great circle, clear around the tree. This he did to find where the trap was buried—and then he began to scratch. Very carefully he reached nearer and nearer to the smell of iron until he was sure he knew where it was. Then he turned his back and began to kick small rocks and sticks and dirt at it. *Chuck!* went the great jaws, and threw up a shower of dirt. Silver-gray jumped when the trap went off, but when he saw the jaws half open and filled with dirt he curled his whiskers back and laughed. So this was why

the man had put out all the fresh birds and the sweet odors! But he would never catch old Silver-gray—not while his nose could smell iron and his feet scratch rocks! And once again Silver-gray curled his whiskers back in a foxy laugh, for he thought he knew all about traps.

When Old Man Ransome came to look at his traps in the morning, behold, each was sprung and filled with sticks and stones—and all the birds were gone. Then the old trapper scratched his head and sat down on a log and thought a long time what he would better do. At last he went back to his cabin and brought three more steel traps, and instead of one trap he set two under each tree, and he covered them yet more carefully. But in the morning all his traps were sprung again, and he saw where Silver-gray had scratched and scratched until he had come close up to them,



"HE FLITTED ACROSS THE SNOW
LIKE A FLASH OF MOONLIGHT."
(SEE PAGE 114.)

and then kicked them full of sticks and stones. All three of the birds were gone again, and he saw that Silver-gray was still too smart for him. On the next night Silver-gray came again

and cautiously prowled and snuffed about—and this time he found that the man had set *three* traps at each place.

Curling back his whiskers in a scornful laugh, Silver-gray kicked them all full of stones; and when he had eaten the birds he dragged the three traps together and threw rubbish over them, to show the man how he disdained them.

But on the next night he found the traps all set again, the fresh birds and the sweet smells all there. And though once more he dragged them all into a pile to show his de-

the big traps; he concealed them in all the little paths that Silver-gray had made. He even spent days following the tracks in the snow and seeking for Silver-gray's den.

But, despite his skill and patience, in all things the fox was too cunning for him. If traps were set in his path he turned aside and ran up over the rocks. Never did he come in by the same trail twice.

When the man hunted for his den he hid in the heavy underbrush, where only a fox could crawl. And every time that he fooled the man



"ONCE MORE HE DRAGGED THEM ALL INTO A PILE TO SHOW HIS DERISION."

ription, on the night after that there were birds again awaiting his arrival.

Night after night, no matter how often he robbed them of bait, he always found the traps the same; yet each time he scratched about just as warily, for he knew that the man was full of tricks and all the time was trying to catch him.

For a month, with all his patience and skill, Old Ransome tried to catch Silver-gray—but every trick failed. No matter how carefully he buried the traps, no matter how craftily he shifted them about, Silver-gray was always on the watch, and his cunning never failed. Old Ransome hid little traps out in the rocks; he buried them under the sticks and in the dirt, where Silver-gray went for rubbish to kick over

his whiskers would curl back as he laughed. But one night he laughed too soon.

To catch the grouse with which he baited his steel traps Old Ransome had set snares on the mountain-side, and one night it happened that Silver-gray passed by the place and heard a bird fluttering in the snare. In a moment all his savage instincts were aroused. He flitted across the snow like a flash of moonlight, and, with a great leap, seized it by the neck. Mumbling and snarling, he devoured the poor bird. Then he sat down and curled his whiskers in a laugh; and that night he did not even visit the anise-tree.

In the morning, when Old Ransome looked at his steel traps, his face fell, for Silver-gray had not been near them, and he feared that he

had gone away. But when he went down to his grouse snares, and saw where the fox had rushed in and devoured the bird, he was glad. A new idea came to him, and he chuckled and laughed to himself. Then beneath a fallen log, where the water had washed out a little channel just large enough for a fox to crawl through, he buried a steel trap ever so carefully, and he left it there two days, so that all the scent of his hands would die away.

On the third day he caught a grouse and tied it by the leg under the log, a little way back from the trap—and he tied it in such a way that it would flutter and be more certain to attract attention. It was a cruel thing to do, but the old man wanted to catch Silver-gray, and he was willing to do anything if he could only fool him at last.

It was all silent in the great mountains when Silver-gray, the old fox, trotted out across the white snow that glistened in the moonlight and passed along the hillside where the snares were set for grouse. It was a great joke to catch the trapper's birds before he could use them for bait; and at the thought of the tender bird that he had eaten, old Silver-gray turned aside and went up to the snares. A sudden wind roared through the swaying tops of the black pine-trees, and he stopped to listen. Silver-gray did not know it, but the wind was singing a warning song. He was about to be caught.

There was nothing in the snares—yet, as he

listened, he seemed to hear, even above the moaning of wind in the trees, a faint flutter—the flutter of wings. Alert, he stood there with the moonlight shining on his beautiful fur, and he pricked his ears to catch the sound.

Whks, whks, it whispered very faintly—but it came from the log on the hill. Eagerly the wily fox crouched down and glided silently toward it; then, with one foot raised, he stopped and listened, snuffing the air ever so lightly.

Whks, whks, whispered the wings again, soft as the rustle of a mouse.

Then *Whrr!* and *Whrr!* in a storm of anguished fluttering, for the grouse had heard his step and knew that he was coming.

Sngrr! snarled Silver-gray, and rushed toward it.

Chuck! went the steel trap beneath him, and the strong jaws seized his foot in a grip that nipped like death. Bite and struggle as he would, the cruel iron, the iron which smelled of man and had once been his deadly fear, still clutched him by the leg—and only the hands of man could make it loose its hold.

With the cold body of the grouse beside him, Silver-gray lay moaning and snarling, while he waited for his captor to come. But even in his agony he bowed his head in shame, to think that he was caught. He had pitted his cunning against the cunning of Old Ransome—and now, in the grip of icy steel, he had learned the last thing about traps.





By H.G. DURYÉE

THE little girls who lived on Amity Street all wore mittens when they went to school in winter. Nobody's mother ever thought of anything else to keep small hands warm. Some mothers or grandmothers crocheted them, and some knit them with fancy stitches down the back, or put other mark of distinction upon them; but they were always mittens, and were always fastened to a long ribbon or piece of braid or knitted rein, so that they might not get lost, one from the other.

This connecting-link frequently gave rise to confusion, for when two little girls put their arms around each other's necks as they walked to school, they sometimes got tangled up in the mitten string and had to duck and turn and bump heads before the right string was again resting on the right shoulder. But as it was possible to laugh a great deal and lose one's breath while this was going on, it was rather an advantage than otherwise, and little girls who were special chums were pretty sure to manage a tangle every other day at least.

Clarabel Bradley did her tangling and untangling with Josephine Brown, who lived at the end of Amity Street. They both went to the same school and were in the same class. They waited for each other in the morning, and came home together, and shared each other's candy and ginger cookies whenever there were any, and took firm sides together whenever the school-yard was the scene of dispute.

But into this intimacy came a pair of gloves, almost wrecking it.

The gloves were sent by Clarabel's aunt,

who was young and pretty and taught school in a large city; and they came done up in white tissue-paper inside a box with gilt trimming around the edges and a picture on the center of the cover. Taken out of the paper, they revealed all their alluring qualities. They were of a beautiful glossy brown kid with soft woolly linings and real fur around the wrists, and they fastened with bright gilded clasps.

With them was a note which said:

For Clarabel, with love from her Aunt Bessie. Not to be kept for Sundays, but worn every day.

And the last sentence was underscored.

Clarabel's mother looked doubtful as she read the message. Such gloves were an extravagance even for best—and mittens were warmer. But when she encountered Clarabel's shining eyes she smiled and gave in.

So Clarabel took the gloves to her room that night, and slept with them on the foot-board of her bed, where she could see them the first thing when she waked; and in the morning she put them on and started for school.

One hand was held rigidly by her side, but the other was permitted to spread its fingers widely over the book she carried. Both were well in view if she looked down just a little. Passers-by might see; all Amity Street might see; best of all, Josephine might see!

But Josephine, waiting at the corner, beheld and was impressed to the point of speechlessness. Whereupon Clarabel dropped her book, and had to pick it up with both hands. The furry wrists revealed themselves fully.

Josephine found her voice.

"You 've got some new gloves," she said.

"Yes; my Aunt Bessie sent them."

"Are n't they pretty!"

"I think so, and they 're lots nicer than mittens. I 'm not going to wear my mittens again."

Josephine looked down at her own chubby hands. Her mittens were red this winter, with a red-and-green fringe around the wrists. Only that morning she had admired them. Now they looked fat and clumsy and altogether unattractive; but she was n't going to admit that to any one else.

"I like mittens best," she said stoutly,—
"forschool,anyway,"sheadded, and gave Clara-bel more of the sidewalk.

"My Aunt Bessie said specially that these were to wear to school." And Clarabel walked nearer the fence.

Josephine was hard put to it—Clarabel's manner had become so superior.

"I don't think your Aunt Bessie knows everything, even if she does teach school in a big city. My mother says she 's too young to—"

What she was too young to do was not allowed to be explained; for Clarabel, with a color in her face that rivaled Josephine's mittens, had faced her.

"My Aunt Bessie 's lovely, and I won't listen to another word against her, not another one—so there!"

Then she turned, with a queer feeling in her throat, and ran down the street to catch up with another little girl who was on ahead.

Josephine swung her books and walked as if she did n't care.

Clarabel overtook the little girl, who was all smiling appreciation of the new gloves, and was overtaken by other little girls who added themselves to the admiring group. But somehow her triumphal progress was strangely unsatisfactory; the glory was dimmed.

At recess, Josephine paired off with Milly Smith, who stood first in geography and wore two curly feathers in her hat. Clarabel shared her cookies with Minnie Cater, because it did

n't matter who helped eat them if it was n't Josephine. Neither spoke to the other, and at noontime they walked home on different sides of the street.

Perhaps that was why in the afternoon Clara-bel lost her place in the reader and failed on so many examples in arithmetic that she was told she must stay after school.

Usually there would have been several to keep

her company, but on this day there was no one else,—even Angelina Maybelle Remington had got through without disaster,—and Clarabel, wistful-eyed, saw the other girls file out.

At another time Josephine would have stayed; she always did when Clarabel had to, as Clarabel did when she was in like need. But to-night she filed out with the rest, and Clarabel, with a sense of desertion, bent over her problems of men and hay to mow, men and potatoes to dig, men and miles of railroad to build.

The noise of scurrying feet grew fainter, the sound of children's voices died away. The



"CLARABEL DROPPED HER BOOK, AND HAD TO PICK IT UP WITH BOTH HANDS."

room settled into stillness, except for the solemn tick of the clock and the scratching of Clarabel's pencil on the slate. There were fractions in the problems, and fractions were always hard for Clarabel. Her pencil stopped often while she frowned at the curly-tailed figures. In one of these pauses the door squeaked open a little way. It squeaked again, and some one sidled into the room; it was Josephine.

"Please may I go to my seat?" she asked.

"Certainly," said the teacher, and watched her curiously.

She tiptoed to the back seat, fumbled for a few minutes in her desk, then slipped to a seat a few rows farther in front; then to another and another, till she had reached the row in which Clarabel sat.

Clarabel, though she was bending over her slate, had heard every hesitating move, and when the last halt was made she shook her curls back from her eyes, looked around, and dimpled into smiles.

The teacher, watching, waited to see what would happen next. Nothing did, except that the two little girls sat and smiled and smiled and smiled as if they never would stop.

Presently the teacher herself smiled and spoke. She had a very sweet voice sometimes—one that seemed to hint at happy secrets. That was the way it sounded now.

"Would you like to help Clarabel, Josephine?" she asked. "You may if you wish to."

"If she'll let me," answered Josephine, her eyes fixed on Clarabel's face.

"I would love to have her," said Clarabel, her eyes on Josephine. And instantly the one narrow seat became large enough for two.

For ten minutes more there was great scratching of slate-pencils and much whispering and some giggling. Then with cheerful clatter the slate was borne to the platform. The teacher looked at the little girls more than at the examples. "I'm sure they're right," she said. "Now, off to your homes—both of you!"

"Good night," said Clarabel.

"Good night," said Josephine.

"Good night, dear little girls," said the teacher.

There was a soft swish of dresses and the children had reached the dressing-room. Within its familiar narrowness, Josephine hesitated and fingered her cloak-buttons.

"I think your Aunt Bessie"—it was very slow speech for Josephine—"is ever so nice and knows a lot."

"Oh!" bubbled Clarabel, joyously, "I do love the color of your mittens! Don't you—don't you"—she finished with a rush—"want to let me wear them home and you wear my gloves?"

Josephine put aside the dazzling offer.

"Your gloves are prettier and you ought to wear them."

Clarabel thought a minute, a shadow in her eyes.

"I know what," she declared, the shadow vanishing. "You wear one glove and mitten and I'll wear the other glove and mitten!"

"Oh!" said Josephine, with a rapturous hug, "that will be splendid!"

And thus they scampered home, the two mitten hands holding each other tight, while the two gloved hands were gaily waved high in the air with each fresh outburst of laughter.





THE USUAL HALF-YEARLY CALL. "VERY MUCH OBLIGED FOR THE LAWN-MOWER, AND FATHER ASKS, COULD YOU LEND US THE SNOW-SHOVEL, PLEASE?"



LITTLE PETE.

A CARRIER-PIGEON THAT TRAVELED EIGHT THOUSAND MILES
TO REACH HOME.

BY ROSS B. FRANKLIN.

SOME time ago, a consignment of homing or carrier pigeons left San Francisco for Auckland, New Zealand, to be used in carrying communications between Auckland and Great Barrier Island; and among the little feathered messengers was a bird named Pete, which belonged to me. Pete was always known as a wise

fellow, his intelligence at times causing people to marvel. But Pete was a tramp; that is, he could not be depended upon if sent on a long trip, often loitering on the way to hunt food or to play, perhaps staying out hours when he should have been absent only minutes. So Peter was shipped away to be used as a loft-bird—one

which stays at the home loft to attract returning messengers. Well, he went this time because he could n't help it; but his cunning played a fine trick on his new owners. This bird was taken two thousand miles by land to San Francisco; two thousand and eighty-nine miles by water to Hawaii; thence, two thousand two hundred and forty miles by water to the Samoan Islands; thence, sixteen hundred miles by water to Auckland—in all nearly eight thousand miles; and—now Pete is at home again!

The home-coming of this bird is little short of marvelous, and this is how he accomplished it. Watching carefully for an opportunity to escape, after landing at Auckland, Pete took to his wings, and finding in the harbor the vessel which had carried him so far from home, he radiated from its masts in every direction, searching for a familiar scene or object, which, of course, he could not find so many thousand miles away from his American dove-cote. However, he stayed near the ship, perhaps thinking it would return to America; but when the vessel finally steamed out headed for Australia instead of the United States, Pete deserted his perch and struck out straight toward his home land. So it happened that the *Lucy Belle*, an old-fashioned sailing vessel laden with lumber from the Samoan Isles, when three days from Christmas Island, was boarded by an almost exhausted stranger; and the stranger was nobody in the world but Mr. Pete. As the old sailor is a very superstitious being, Pete was welcomed amid cries of wonder at encountering a homing-pigeon in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, and was allowed to ride wherever he chose on shipboard. The bird was kindly treated and fed, and one day, during a storm which frightened him and drove the little tramp to shelter on deck, it was discovered that he carried a small tag on one leg, bearing a number and his name. He was placed in a box with slats for bars, and in this condition came into San Francisco Bay with the *Lucy Belle*, just as happy at sight of land as any

member of the crew, who considered him a mascot.

The story of the *Lucy Belle's* mascot soon spread among the shipfolk along the wharves, and in a few hours Pete was identified as having been shipped some weeks before for Auckland. Then it was that the people understood that the crafty fellow was homeward-bound.

All this is wonderful enough; but the fact that Pete reached home unaided over two thousand miles of land route is, perhaps, only less wonderful. But he did.

It was argued on the *Lucy Belle* that a bird possessing a brain wise enough to figure out an ocean voyage could reach his home on land; and after some debate, the sailors securely fastened a little story to Pete's leg, reciting his adventures so far as known to them, and turned him loose. How the dear little wanderer found his way home he alone can tell.

It took Pete nine days to travel the two thousand miles, in covering which, of course, he must have stopped often; for, if he could have gone straight home, the distance could have been made in thirty or forty hours. We who had sent him off to Auckland had not the slightest idea that he was this side of the equator, or of the world, when, one morning, not long ago, Mr. Pete quietly hopped down from the home loft, and, without any fuss whatever, joined his mates at a breakfast of corn, wheat, and crumbs!

Now, what do you think of him?

He will never be sent away again: for there is not sufficient money at the disposal of any one man to secure him.

If you know of any girls or boys who are discontented at home, show them this story of Pete, who so loved his humble abode of rough board and hard straw that he outwitted cunning men and defied the risks and hardships of an eight-thousand-mile journey over sea and land, in the effort to return to his home.

The picture on the opposite page is made from an actual photograph of Pete.



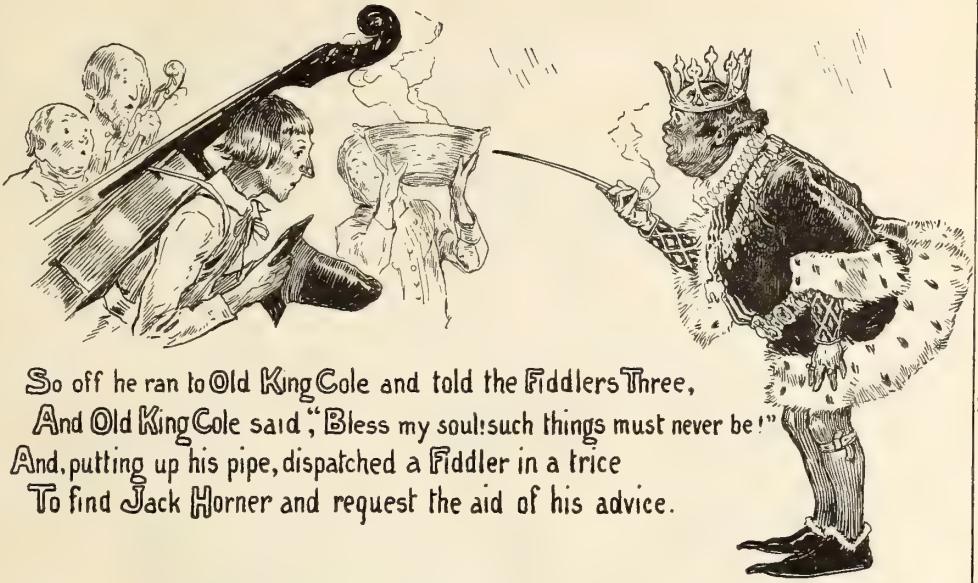
A MESSAGE TO MOTHER GOOSE.

By
Ellen Manly.



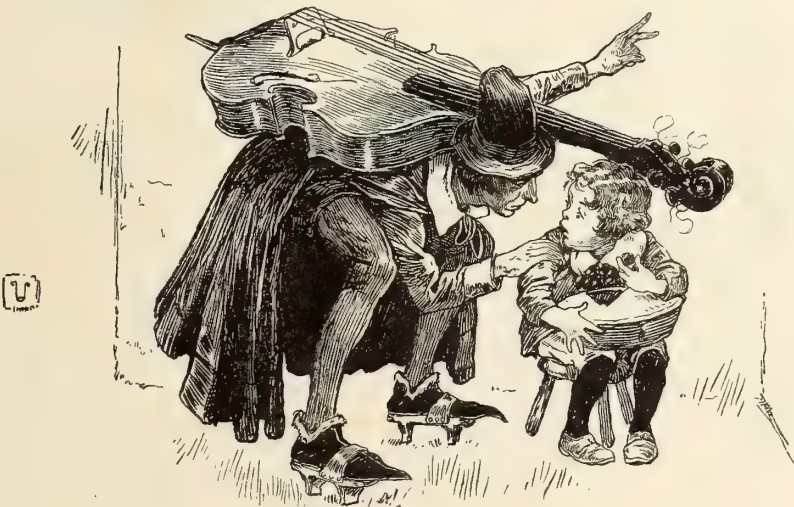
Once on a time there lived a child-so it was told to me-
Who never heard of Mother Goose and her fine family.
The man who lived up in the moon he saw her with his eyes,
And told the shocking story to the Man so Wondrous Wise,
Who said the proper thing to do in such a case would be
To send the dreadful news at once to good old Mother G.



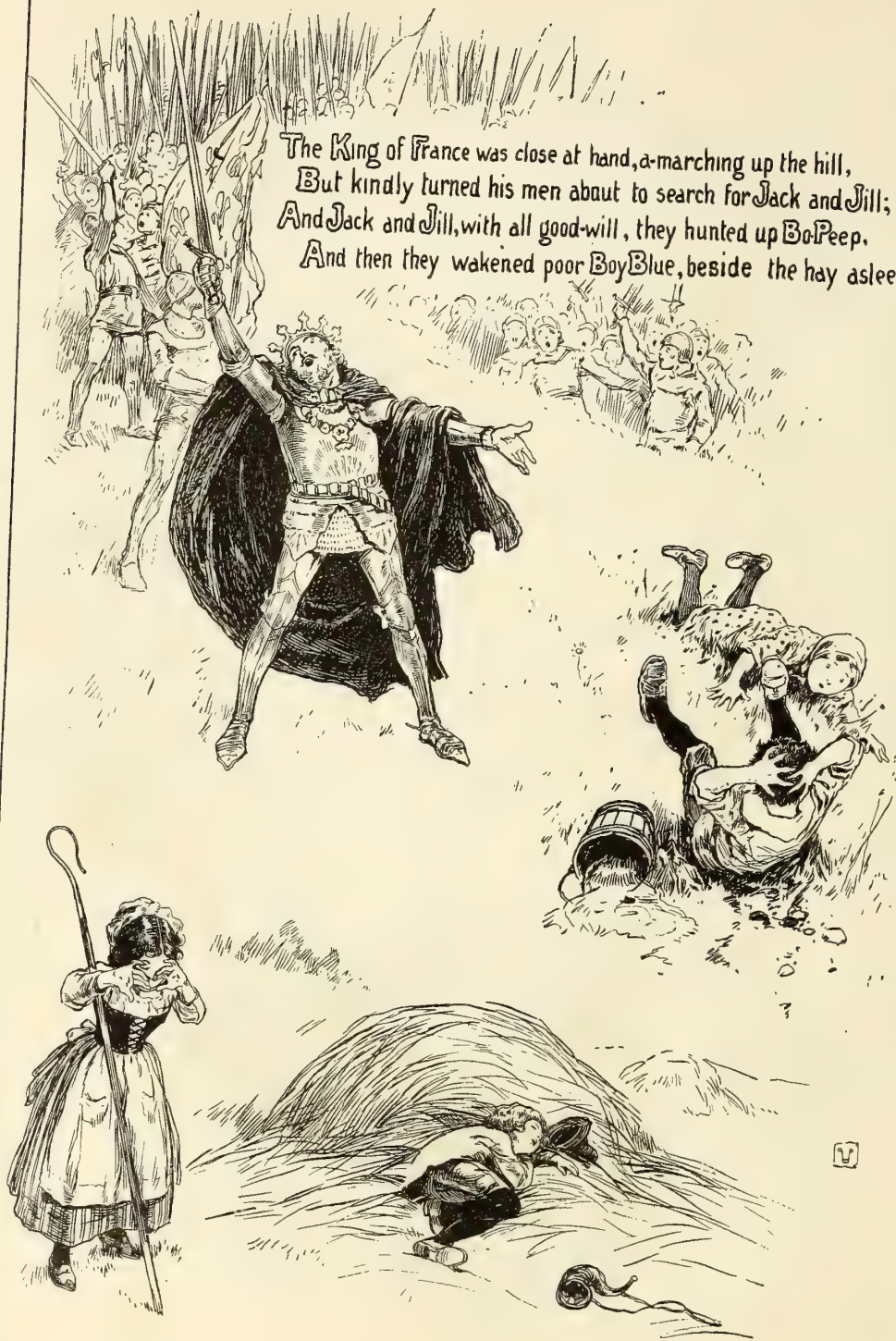


So off he ran to Old King Cole and told the Fiddlers Three,
 And Old King Cole said, "Bless my soul! such things must never be!"
 And, putting up his pipe, dispatched a Fiddler in a trice
 To find Jack Horner and request the aid of his advice.

Jack Horner cried: "Alack-a-day! and can it really be.
 There lives a child who never heard about my pie and me?
 I cannot spread the news myself - I'm busy finding plums.
 You'd better ask the King of France when next this way he comes!"



The King of France was close at hand, a-marching up the hill,
But kindly turned his men about to search for Jack and Jill;
And Jack and Jill, with all good-will, they hunted up BoPeep.
And then they wakened poor Boy Blue, beside the hay asleep.





BoPeep she left her wandering sheep, BoyBlue he blew his horn,
And sent the Knave of Hearts to tell the Maiden all Forlorn.
John Barleycorn he heard the news, and Tom the Piper's Son,
And Tom set out to find John Stout as fast as he could run.



The story shocked Miss Muffet so she dropped her curds and whey
And flew to Mother Hubbard's house, but found her gone away
To buy her poor old dog a bone, and so she told Jack Sprat
As he was lecturing Tommy Green for drowning pussy cat.

Brave Tommy Tucker stopped his song at
hearing what she said,
And, quite forgetting supper-time, his butter
and his bread,
To Mary Quite Contrary went, as in the
garden row
She raked the shells and silver bells
that she had coaxed to grow!



V

Then Mary left her precious flowers and ran with might and main,
 (The Man in Leather lent his coat in case it chanced to rain),
 And came to Mother Goose's farm before BowBells could ring,
 Which, Little Pelly Finders said, was quite a lucky thing.

Within her cosy little house beneath the
 juncrack-tree
 The worthy dame was just about to
 brew a cup of tea.
 But when she heard the dreadful news
 she let the teapot fall,
 And for her Sunday cap and gown impatiently
 did call.

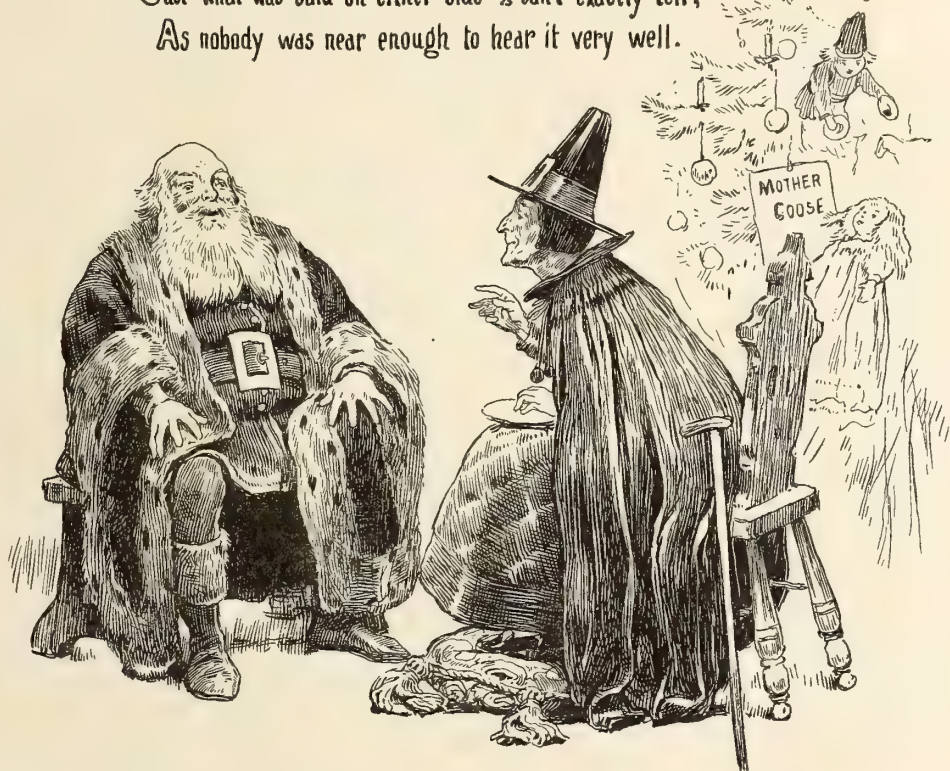


"Quick! get my steeple hat," quoth she, "my newest high heeled shoes,
 And bring my gander to the door; there is no time to lose!
 I must away to Santa Claus before the set of sun,
 To tell him this alarming tale and see what can be done!"

She wrapped her in her scarlet cloak; she donned her steeple hat;
 The gander flapped his lovely wings and circled like a bat,
 And then the noble bird away to ChristmasLand did soar,
 Nor slackened speed till they arrived at Santa Claus's door!



Good Santa Claus was overjoyed his dear old friend to see,
 And treated her to cake and nuts from off a Christmas tree.
 Just what was said on either side I can't exactly tell,
 As nobody was near enough to hear it very well.



But this I've learned: old Santa Claus that very Christmas took
 That poor, benighted little child a most enchanting book,
 And now she knows old Mother Goose - her children great and small,
 And, as good little folks should do, she dearly loves them all:



HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

SECOND PAPER.

COMPARING DA VINCI WITH DÜRER, AND RAPHAEL WITH WOHLGEMUTH.

I.

LEONARDO DA VINCI (BORN 1452, DIED 1519);
ALBRECHT DÜRER (BORN 1471, DIED 1528).

As we look at the two masterpieces pictured on pages 130 and 131,—Dürer's "Adoration of the Magi" and Leonardo's "Virgin of the Rocks,"—how differently they arouse our interest! In a general way, the difference consists in this: that the one is full of mystery; the other, of clear picturing. Leonardo has given us a painting which appeals to our imagination; Dürer presents one that delights the eye. The former's picture we feel to be an imaginary scene; the latter's, a wonderfully natural representation of an actual incident. In brief, while Dürer has tried to make everything plain to our eyes and mind, Leonardo has evidently used all his effort to make us forget the facts and realize the picture.

This contrast alone would make it worth while to compare the two paintings; but there are other reasons. These two men lived at the same time—the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. Dürer was the greatest of German artists; Leonardo was in many ways the most remarkable of the Italian artists of his day. It has been said of him that "he is the most thoughtful of all painters, unless it be Albrecht Dürer."

Leonardo's early years were spent in Florence, his middle age in Milan, and the last three years of his life in France. Dürer, except for a visit of two years to Venice and of one year to the Netherlands, remained faithful to Nuremberg, the city of his birth. Leonardo's teacher was Verrocchio—first a goldsmith, then a painter and sculptor; Dürer received his first lessons from his father, who was a master gold-

smith, and his training as an apprentice in the studio-workshop of Michael Wohlgemuth, a celebrated painter of Nuremberg. Both Leonardo and Dürer were fine-looking men, of great charm of manner and conversation and mental accomplishments,—being well grounded in the sciences and mathematics of the day,—while Leonardo was, also, a gifted musician. The skill of each as a draftsman was extraordinary. Leonardo left numerous drawings and comparatively few paintings, while Dürer is even more celebrated for his engravings on wood and copper than for his paintings.

Now, Dürer was born a German; Leonardo an Italian. This sums up much of the difference between their work as painters. The Italian race, under its sunny skies, has an inborn love of beauty. The Germans, in a sterner climate, retain, to this day, the energy that carved its way through the vast forests of their country.

Many of you have read something of the life of Martin Luther, the great German Reformer. Dürer was a great admirer of Luther; in his own work, as in Luther's, there was a great love of truth. It is very serious and sincere, and addressed to the hearts and understandings of the masses of the people.

It is quite possible, however, for pictures to be simple, precise, and direct, yet very commonplace. Dürer's work was never commonplace; he contrived to make it homely and natural, and yet always of an extremely high artistic quality.

That he did not possess, as well, the gift of ideal beauty is due partly to his having lived north of the Alps, for the feeling for ideal grace and beauty is fostered by the study of the human form, and this has always flourished best in southern countries, such as Greece and Italy, where the climate favors a free, open-air life.

In the northern countries, clothes, being more necessary, assume a greater importance in pictures also. They are a very prominent feature in this picture of "The Adoration of the Magi." We detect at a glance Dürer's fondness for depicting stuffs, embroidery, and objects of curious and beautiful workmanship.

In the first place, no one has excelled him in delineating "textures." You may see in this picture with what truth the different surfaces of wood, stone, hair, fur, feather, metal-work, embroidery, and so on, are represented. In this instance, it is to contrast the splendor of the visitors from the East with the lowliness of the Mother and Child, and with the meanness and ruin of their surroundings; also, to compare the gentle dignity of the Mother, the innocent sweetness of the Babe, and the profound reverence of the Wise Men. When we study it we discover that one reason why it impresses us so strongly is the skill with which the artist has represented all these things.

Here is the point at which the genius of Dürer, and that of Leonardo, similar in many respects, branch out like a Y into separate directions. It is not the outward appearance of objects, but their inward meaning, that most interested Leonardo. A glance at his picture "The Virgin of the Rocks" is sufficient to make us feel that the artist is not trying to impress us with the actual appearance of things; the outlines of his figures are not emphasized as in Dürer's picture: the cavern curiously formed of a strange rock, and the little peep beyond of a rocky landscape and a winding stream, the group of figures in the foreground by the side of a pool of water,—all are seen as through a veil of shadowy mist. Leonardo loved to peer into the mysteries and secrets of nature and life. He was at once an artist and a man of science; turning aside, for a time, from painting to build canals, contrive engines of war, to make mechanical birds which flew, and animals that walked. He foresaw the possibilities of steam and of balloons, and several important discoveries of later scientists. Mathematician, chemist, machinist, and physiologist, geologist, geographer, and astronomer, he was also a supreme artist. And always it was the truth—just beyond the common experience of man, hidden in

nature, or dimly discerned in the mind of man—that he strove to reach. Partly he grasped it, partly it escaped him; much of his life was spent in restless striving after the unattainable; so to him life presented itself as a mixture of certainty and uncertainty, of truth that is clearly seen and truth that is only felt. And in his pictures we find, first, extreme delicacy in the study and representation of faces and forms, and then a veiling of all in a gossamer web of light and shade. He did not invent the principles of light and shade in painting, but he was the first to cause light and shade to have a poetical effect. Others, as I explained last month, had secured the modeling of form, by the contrast of light upon the raised parts, with shadow on those farther from the eye; but Leonardo was the first to notice that, in nature, this contrast is not a violent one, but made up of most delicate gradations, so that the light slides into the dark and the dark creeps into the light, and even the darkest part is not opaque, but an almost transparent shadow.

How exquisite Leonardo's skill was may be noted in this picture; for example, in the modeling of the bodies of the two infants, so soft as well as firm, and in the lovely mystery of the Virgin's and angels' faces, with their broad, high foreheads, dreamy eyes beneath drooping lids, and a smile, very sweet and a little sad. For, as he searched nature for her mysteries, so he scanned the face of woman to discover the inward beauty that was mirrored in the outward.

So, while he and Dürer were alike in many ways, in their eager study of nature and in the study of their art, each had a different ideal. The one is full of the meaning of actual things; the other, of the mystery that lies behind them. Dürer is vigorous, direct, and powerfully interesting; Da Vinci is sensitive, strangely winning, but yet baffling and magical: and the character of each painter is reflected in his pictures.

II.

RAPHAEL SANZIO (BORN 1483, DIED 1520);

MICHAEL WOHLGEMUTH (BORN 1434,

DIED 1519).

By the beginning of the sixteenth century the great Italian artists Leonardo da Vinci, Michel-

angelo, and Titian had reached their prime, and during the long lives of these older men blossomed Raphael's brief life of thirty-seven years.

Again we are to bring into comparison the Italian and the German art of that time. One might almost say that the difference is as wide and high as the Alps, which separate the two

In 1494 his father also died, leaving the boy, then eleven years old, to the care of an uncle, who, it is supposed, arranged for him to continue his studies under the painter Timoteo Viti, who was then living in Urbino. At about the age of sixteen he was sent to Perugia and entered the studio of the painter called Perugino.



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI." BY ALBRECHT DÜRER.

countries themselves. Look at the engravings on pages 132 and 133, and see how Wohlgemuth's picture differs from Raphael's.

The house in Urbino in which Raphael was born in 1483 still stands. His father, Giovanni Santi (or Sanzio in the Italian form), was a painter of considerable merit; so Raphael's art education began in early childhood, and was continued through the thirty years of his life, for to the very end he was learning. He was only eight years old when his mother, Magia, died; but the father's second wife, Bernardina, cared for him as if he had been her own son.

The Madonna by Raphael here copied is called "*degli Ansidei*," because it was painted for the rich Ansidei family, as an altar-piece to adorn the chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas of Bari, in a church at Perugia. This picture was painted when the artist was only twenty-two years old. But already the pupil had outstripped his master. The figure of St. Nicholas is nobler than anything that Perugino painted, and more full of character.

And in still another respect he had already outstripped his master—namely, in the noble serenity of the "composition," of the grouping

and arrangement. For this is Raphael's supreme distinction. The Venetians surpassed him in color, the Florentines in drawing, but none to this day have ever equaled him in his mastery over the filling of a space, whether it be inside a frame or on the large surface of a wall. Study the Madonna degli Ansidei, and you will admire the tenderness of the Madonna's face, the rapture of St. John's, and the noble sweetness of St. Nicholas's. But the point I wish you to grasp — and it is difficult to put it into words — is that the composition *as a whole* is mainly responsible for the effect which the picture produces upon your imagination; that it is the actual direction of the lines, the shapes of the full and empty spaces and their relation to one another, which make the chief impression, and that the expression of the faces is only a minor detail, just as you are impressed by the total structure of some great building before you begin to notice the sculptures in its archways or the carved ornaments of the windows.

Perhaps you will best understand the meaning and value of perfect composition by contrasting Raphael's picture with Wohlgemuth's "Death of the Virgin." In the latter there is no composition, in the sense in which we are using the word — that is to say, of an arrangement carefully planned. It presents only a crowd of figures more or less naturally grouped. Our attention is not engrossed by the whole, but is scattered

over the parts. And you will find, as you continue your studies, that there is even more art in knowing what to leave out than in knowing what to put in; that simplicity of the parts and



"THE MADONNA OF THE ROCKS." BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

unity of the whole are the characteristics of the greatest artists.

Among the many interesting contrasts presented by the two pictures, one may be singled out. Wohlgemuth has tried to represent the

scene naturally, as it may have happened, and has introduced, around the Virgin, figures studied from the actual men who walked the streets of Nuremberg in his day, while Raphael's per-

was in his. Here is a sharp distinction in the way of seeing the facts of nature. One artist sees in them something to be copied or reproduced as accurately as possible; the other extracts from them an ideal view, on which he may found some fabric of his own imagination. From the one we get an impression of reality which is apt to go no further than would a mere beholding of the scene; but the other satisfies or excites our own imagination.

Raphael was filled with admiration of the art of ancient Greece. He loved to paint scenes from the beautiful old myths, such as the story of "Galatea," of "Psyche," and the rest. And in some of his greatest paintings, beneath the arches of a noble building in Rome, he has pictured for us not only Dante and Petrarch and other great Italians of the Middle Ages, but also the greatest men of old Greece—Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Socrates. It is almost as if through Raphael the beauty of the antique world was brought back to the sight of modern men.



"THE DEATH OF THE VIRGIN." BY WOHLGEMUTH.

sons are idealized — are figures imagined by the artist to express the idea which was in his mind. It is the same with his arrangement of a throne, an arch, and a landscape. The scene is not a real one; it is made up of things selected in order to suggest to our mind the idea which

But even more remarkable is what Raphael did in representing Bible scenes and sacred subjects. As a gardener will blend the pollen of two kinds of flowers and produce a third, which unites the beauties of the two, so Raphael blended the Grecian and the Christian in his

religious pictures; and this new ideal so captivated the imagination of the world that for nearly four hundred years men pictured the religious story to their eyes and minds through

his picture of "The Death of the Virgin." And it was more than the beauty of the old Grecian art and life that Raphael brought to light—it was the truth and beauty of the Christian



THE "MADONNA DEGLI ANSIDEI," BY RAPHAEL.

the beautiful atmosphere which Raphael had given to it. He did not waste his genius in the trivial task of simply showing how an event may have happened, as Wohlgemuth did in

faith. In his religious paintings he set these forth, not only for the world of his time, but with a power and glory which have continued through four hundred years, down to our own day.

(To be continued.)



AT the king's staff-headquarters at Gitschin there was great activity. Aides-de-camp dashed back and forth with messages; groups of Prussian officers stood about talking earnestly; while all around were columns of marching infantry, struggling teams of artillery, and dashing squadrons of cavalry.

It was scarcely light, but his Majesty the King of Prussia was up and fully dressed. He was seated in his tent, closely studying a map. On one side of him sat a gaunt, clean-shaven man, his long bony finger indicating

some spot on the chart. He was Field-Marshal Von Moltke, commander-in-chief of the Prussian armies in their campaign against the Austrians. Opposite the soldier sat an imposing and burly figure—that of Count Otto von Bismarck, then Prime Minister of Prussia, and later Chancellor of the German empire.

The three sat in consultation for some time, the soldier pointing out to the king the plan of attack, while the statesman ever and again flung out some suggestion or sought information.

It was the day of the battle of Königgrätz,

and a crushing blow was to be delivered by the Prussian armies at their Austrian opponents.

At seven o'clock the council broke up, and king, soldier, and statesman came out from the tent. Just as the Prussian monarch prepared to mount his waiting horse, he turned toward Count Bismarck and in a tone of apology said: "Have you a cigar in your case?"

An onlooker might almost have detected a shade of disappointment pass across the face of the Iron Chancellor as he hastily drew out a well-worn leather cigar-case and handed it to his king.

"With pleasure, your Majesty," he said.

The king opened the case, but the next moment closed it and returned it to his minister.

"I should do ill to deprive you of your last cigar," he remarked. "I know only too well their value out here."

In vain Bismarck pressed him to take it. He resolutely declined, and the case with its one lone cigar was returned to its owner's pocket.

The king's servant, overhearing the conversation, endeavored to obtain a cigar from some of the staff, but without success. Among all the officers of the King of Prussia's staff there was but one cigar, and that lay in the case of the Iron Chancellor.

All through the day he guarded that cigar as a miser guards his gold, and looked forward in happy anticipation to the hour when he should enjoy it after victory.

Soon after eight o'clock the king and his staff reached the line of battle, and the cruel panorama of strife was spread before their anxious gaze.

At noon in the orchard near Sadowa the king and his officers were resting, and once more the thoughts of the Iron Chancellor turned toward his lone cigar. He drew it forth from the case, and lovingly turned it over and smelled of it. How he longed to light it and inhale its fragrant smoke!

A cry came ringing down the Prussian front:

"The Crown Prince! The Crown Prince!"

The long-anticipated hour had arrived, and reinforcements were at hand. The king remounted his horse, and, attended by his generals and minister, spurred forward to meet his son.

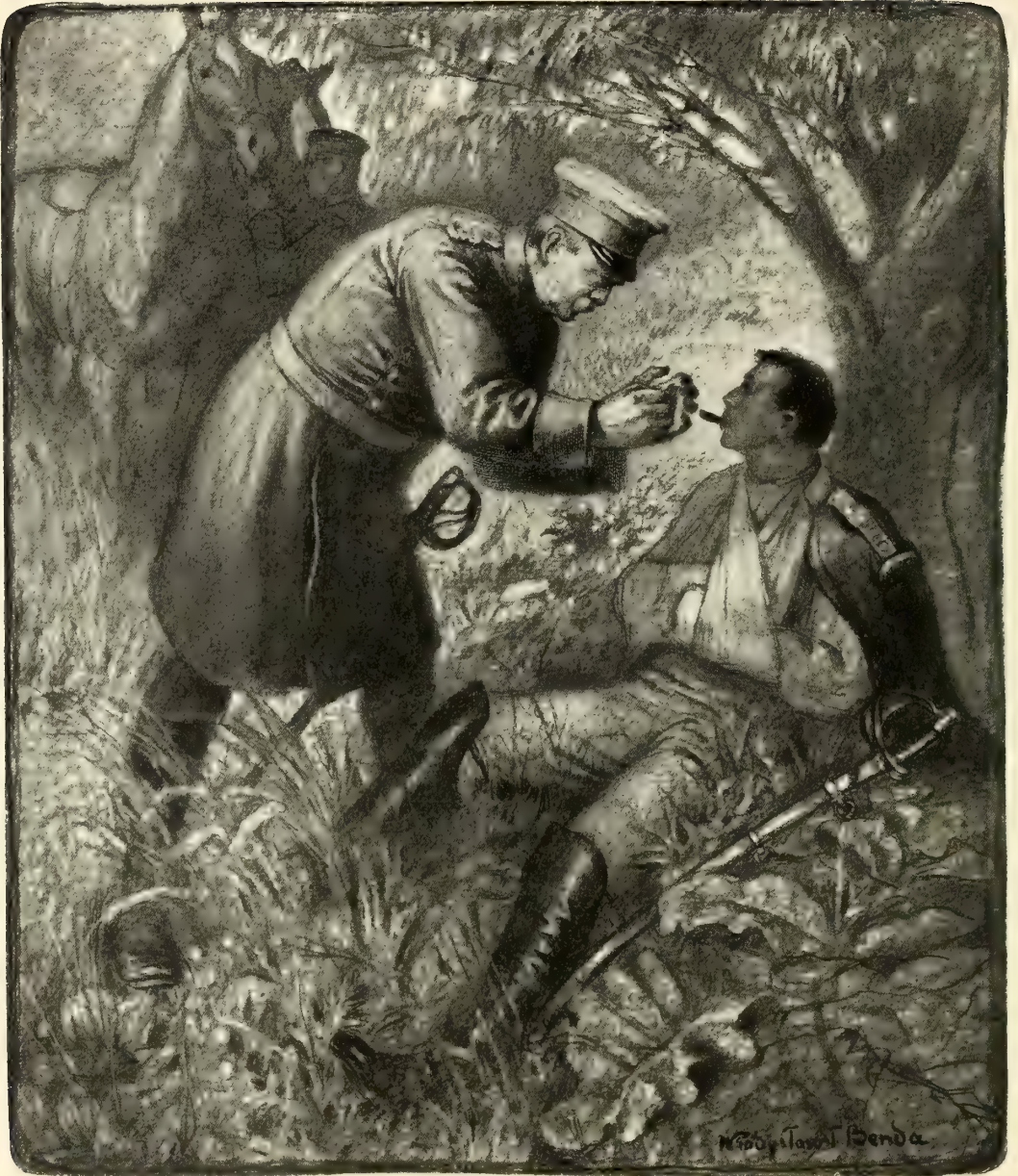
Forward, close behind the surging tide of battle, followed the staff-headquarters, and the Prussian leaders observed with growing satisfaction the staggering lines of the enemy. Long columns of Austrian prisoners began to pour past them. Captured cannons and standards followed. Victory was settling upon the German arms, and the Austrian retreat was fast becoming a rout.

"Forward! Forward!" were the orders, as position after position fell into the hands of the victorious troops; and at length Count Von Moltke turned to his royal master and calmly announced:

"Your Majesty, our triumph is assured, and our only thoughts need now be the pursuit. I beg of you to rest awhile."

Wearied and exhausted, the little party turned their horses' heads in the direction of a farmhouse which stood at the edge of the orchard, and the stern face of Count Bismarck lighted up with pleasure in anticipation of the treat that was now in store for him. His beloved, his last cigar, could now be enjoyed in the rest of the hour of victory. Eagerly he brought it forth and was about to place it in his cigar-holder. Just then an agonizing groan close at his side attracted his attention, and, looking down, he beheld a poor private of dragoons lying upon the ground wounded in both arms. He was begging for something to refresh him. Bismarck hastily felt in his pockets. He had a purse well filled with gold; a silver-mounted penknife; a match-safe; many papers and odds and ends; but, alas! nothing that would be of aid to this poor fellow. As he yet lingered, wondering what he could do, he noticed the wounded man's eyes rest with an almost appealing look upon the precious cigar he held as yet unlighted in his hand. In a moment the count understood. The poor fellow was longing for that cigar! Bismarck turned his head away to hide the struggle that was taking place within him. Could he give it up? After all the long, weary, nerve-racking day, was he to be deprived of his treasured reward at the very moment of its enjoyment?

In an instant he was off his horse, and cutting off the end of the cigar he placed it between the soldier's teeth. Tenderly he raised him, and then



"HE STRUCK MATCH AFTER MATCH BEFORE HE SUCCEEDED IN LIGHTING THE CIGAR."

bending over him he struck match after match in the strong wind that was then blowing before he succeeded in lighting the cigar. With a long-drawn-out sigh of satisfaction, the wounded man inhaled a draft of the soothing smoke, and then closed his eyes in quiet contentment to await the arrival of the surgeons and the ambulance.

Thus it came about that a few minutes later one of the king's aides-de-camp found the Prime Minister walking slowly away from the wounded soldier, every now and then looking back with a mingled expression of sorrow for his wounds and sympathy with his enjoyment of the only cigar that could be found on that battle-field.

AN OLD-TIME CALIFORNIA BURGLAR.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

IN the fall of 1849, Mr. Andrew Jackson Larison sailed out of Boston harbor for the gold-mines of California.

The first day out the handle of his name was knocked off, for this bright and handsome boy was working his way on a sailing ship around Cape Horn, and sea captains of those days had no time to waste on long names. He was only Larison after he left land and his visiting-card behind him.

On landing in San Francisco, Mr. Andrew Jackson Larison of Boston, Massachusetts, was taken down with the smallpox. The poor fellow left the hospital without a dollar or a friend, and with hardly a spare garment. Still he was stout of heart, a brave and determined boy, as were ten thousand others of those times who were trying to make a little fortune for the dear ones at home, and he did not falter.

The day after leaving the hospital, with his pale, thin face all in dots and spots, he engaged to work his passage up the Sacramento River to the mines.

"What is your name?" demanded the gruff captain with a green patch on his right eye and a silver-mounted six-shooter in his belt.

"Andrew Jackson Larison, sir," said the pale young man with the spots and dots on his face.

"Hey? Well, Mr. Andrew Jackson Lazarus," roared the captain, "take that coal-shovel and report to the mate, and be quick at out it, too."

And so Lazarus became his name, — Lazarus, and Lazarus only, for soon the other parts of his name were again rubbed off.

When young Larison reached the gold-mines he found there had been a great stam-pede for mines said to be of fabulous richness farther on over the mountains. All along the

banks of the little gold-bearing river he saw deserted cabins, the latch-string hanging out ready for any who chose to enter and take possession.

A good custom was this in the old days. Let a party of gold-hunters, game-hunters, or even hunters after health, go into the mountains and build a cabin for the season, care was always taken to leave it neat and clean and ready for the first poor wayfarer who might pass that way.

Larison pushed as far on up the stream as his legs would take him the first day. Near the lead of the placer-mines he found a cabin with the rickety door wide open. He entered and took possession.

A fine stream of water rippled and ran through the mossy boulders under the great, sweeping pine and fir and yew trees. The place was so still that the young man could hear his heart beat as he stood on the earthen floor before the huge fireplace and looked about. In one corner was a battered old rocker, a shovel, pick, and a few other tools. In the southwest corner arose a tier of "bunks," not unlike the berths of a ship in arrangement. In each bunk was spread a thick layer of fir and pine boughs, which gave out a pleasant odor. But on the topmost bunk, best of all, the thoughtful miners, on going away, had thrown their rough, outer clothing as well as some empty flour-sacks, gunny-bags, and so on.

Larison hastily climbed up to this topmost bunk, by setting his feet on the two lower bunks as if mounting a ladder, and the poor fellow soon had a fairly comfortable bed arranged on top of the fragrant boughs. Then he descended, struck a match, and from the pine quills and pine knots to be had at the



THE CAPTAIN.

door for the picking up, he built a fire so bright that it lit up the laughing little stream through the open door.

He went out, washed his hands and face in the cool water, took a refreshing drink, returned to his cabin, closed the door, and dined heartily on cookies and cheese which the gruff but kind old captain had made him put in his pocket on leaving the boat.

Our young gold-hunter slept soundly. He was now "an honest miner," with cabin, bunk, tools, claim,—all things, indeed, but gold. Was the gold there in the ground, down on the bed-rock, deep under the big mossy boulders? He would soon see.

With sleeves rolled above his elbows, and with bare feet, he wrought and he wrestled till nearly sundown. Not a "color," although he struck the hard, blue bed-rock in many places, that first day.

He climbed out of his claim, very tired and hungry, but not disheartened. The water had sung pleasantly to him all day. Beautiful wild flowers had leaned out from the bank, as if to comfort him in his solitude. The great solemn pines sang their mighty monotone in the warm winds of the sierras high over his head, and it made him think pleasantly of the pine woods of home.

He had passed by a small grocery-store the evening before, a mile or so down the stream. Thither he now returned, after arranging his tattered raiment as best he might, and laid his case before the bearded Missourian who kept the "store." As the Missourian was both kind and anxious to see work resumed at the deserted diggings, he readily let Larison have "on tick" what he timidly asked for—a cod-fish and two pounds of crackers.

Next day the same song of the pines, the same sweet flowers leaning from the banks of the tumbling little stream, the same strenuous toil, too,—but not a color of gold!

The lad was growing dizzy as he leaned over to strike a few last blows in the depths of a crevice of the bed-rock which he had been following all day without even a color to encourage him. His pick sank deep,—deeper than ever before,—and the clear water took on a dirty clay hue. He leaned over, took a handful

of this dirty yellow stuff from the point of his pick, and was about to throw it behind him and strike again, when he saw something glitter in his hand. He stooped to the water, and saw—"Gold! gold! gold!"

It did not take long to let the water wash the clay away as it ran gurgling down the crevice. Before it was yet fairly night the hungry man had nearly filled with gold dust a little pint cup which he found in the cabin.

But it was clear that this was only a "pocket." If he had had half a day still before him, he would have been able to scoop it out and turn his back on it all; in which case this story would not have been written.

The resolute boy had those dependent on him far away who were very dear. They would need all the gold. And then it was only one more day at furthest. He would remain to get all. With this resolution and a light heart, although a heavy step, he tottered down to the store. He would not—he could not—leave his gold behind him. He went his way, thinking all the time what he would have to eat on his return.

Ham! Ham and onions! Fried ham and onions! That was what he would have. He almost ran as he neared the store.

Four men were playing cards at a table as he came in. Two others lay on benches, asleep. The return tide of the stampede had set in, and men were not nearly so scarce in the camp as before. Larison let his gold sink deep down in his pocket.

He found the bearded Missourian behind his counter, and asked to pay his bill. The storekeeper seemed to have forgotten him. But after looking him in the face for a while, he said: "Oh, yes, yes! I remember you now. Let me see what it was you got."

Turning around to the wall he put his finger on a number of little dots and spots. These were for Larison's name; for the storekeeper could not read. Under the spots and dots were the tail of a fish and the outline of a cracker, with four little marks below.

"I also want a ham and a pound of crackers—a whole ham. I'm hungry. And I want onions—a pound of onions!"

The storekeeper handed over the ham, tied up the crackers, and took the gold and weighed

out his due. Larison immediately picked up his bundle and started for his cabin.

How fast he did walk! And how fragrant was that ham as it fried and cooked in the new fire on the hearthstone! The bag of gold he laid on the table. Now and then the young man turned his eye from the pan to the gold with a happy heart. One more day, then home!

He set the pan of frizzling ham on the table, closed the door, and sat down to his meal.

Suddenly there was a noise outside. The young man started to his feet, trembling and pale. The noise grew louder, as of many feet, now close to the door.

But he did not lose his presence of mind. He was certain the noise was of the four men he had seen at the card-table.

He had noticed them shrink from him and whisper among themselves. At the time he had thought they were referring to the fresh marks of smallpox on his face. The singular way in which the storekeeper had set down his name on the wall confirmed him in this. But why should those men come to rob him if they believed he had the smallpox? Was his gold more precious to them than life?

How quickly a man thinks at a time like this! What was to be done? He was alone and unarmed. There were, he believed, four burglars — no doubt, all well armed. The noise grew louder. There was a great battering at the frail door.

Suddenly Larison made his plan.

He dashed the gold against the stone wall that formed the back of the chimney. The precious contents sank down safe in the deep ashes.

Then with one bound Larison sprang up high in the topmost bunk and covered his face as he groaned: "Smallpox! Smallpox!"

The door was now broken open with a terrific crash.

Then Larison heard the din and rattle and noise of heavy feet. But there was no word spoken except by the youth with covered face, high up in the corner, who uttered the wail of "Smallpox! Smallpox! Smallpox!"

After a time Larison paused to listen. He could now hear nothing at all but the beating of his heart. He rubbed his hands with glee at the thought of his shrewd device. The gold, he knew, was all there in the ashes. Half an hour's washing would restore it to him. Then he would get the rest out of the pocket, and strike for Massachusetts by the shortest possible route. Planning this, still full of heart and hope, he turned over in his bunk and fell asleep.



"THE DOOR WAS NOW BROKEN OPEN WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH."

The sun was high when he awoke. Peering out cautiously, quite ready to hide his head and cry, "Smallpox!" at the first sight or sound of an intruder, he saw, heard — nothing at all!

Then he came down and looked about. The crackers were gone. The frying-pan lay upside down on the floor. The ham was gone also!

Turning to the door in a bewildered fashion, he saw on the soft earth outside the tracks of his assailant. They were big, broad tracks — the tracks of a grizzly bear. The smell of ham had made the bear a burglar!

But Larison was rich!

THE WINTER QUEEN.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



OH, have you seen the Winter Queen
In her robe of filmy lace,
With her shining crown and her cloak of down
And her gentle dreaming face?

The flowers love her, for a snow-white cover
To keep them warm she brings.
She tucks them around, with a crooning sound,
And they fall asleep as she sings.



THE SQUARENESS OF NEIL MORRIS.

BY HENRY GARDNER HUNTING.

"MOTHER, I've got a job!"

Neil Morris burst into the little sitting-room from the storm outside like a small missile hurled by the wind itself through the door on that cold October day.

Mrs. Morris looked up with a smile. "A job, Neil? Who has hired you?"

"Dr. Ferris. He's going away, and he's going to give me three dollars a week to sweep his barn floor every morning while he's gone. It's got to be swept every morning before seven o'clock, and I've got to sweep first east, then west, alternately."

"Alternately, you mean, Neil," said his mother. Then she smiled. "But what did you say? East and west alternately? Do you mean one morning east and the next morning west? The doctor has been joking with you, Neil. He's always joking, you know."

"No, he has n't, mother. He wrote it all down. He wrote it in duper-cut. We signed two copies. I've got mine here."

Mrs. Morris smiled again while Neil pulled a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket.

"Why *do* you attempt such big words, Neil? I suppose you mean duplicate, don't you?"

"Mm!" said Neil. "Duper-cut."

He stood on one foot and leaned against his mother's chair while he and his sister Edith listened as Mrs. Morris read his contract aloud:

"It is hereby agreed between John Ferris and Neil Allen Morris, signers hereto, that said Neil Allen Morris, in consideration of the sum of three dollars per week, to be paid only as hereinafter specified, shall sweep the floor of a barn owned by said John Ferris and situated upon his home premises in the village of Pentwater, each and every morning, excepting only

Sundays, commencing the last Monday in October, 190-, and ending the first Saturday in April, 190-, inclusive; said sweeping to be entirely completed with thoroughness and neatness each morning before the hour of seven o'clock, and to be performed as follows: On the first morning he shall sweep altogether in an easterly direction; on the second, altogether in a westerly direction, and so on, alternately, each day (except Sundays) during the life of this contract.

"Said John Ferris hereby binds himself to pay the specified wages of said Neil Allen Morris, in a lump sum, within one week after the expiration of specified period, provided each and every provision of this contract has been carefully and exactly observed and carried out by said Neil Allen Morris.

"It is further agreed, however, that if for any reason whatever, sickness only excepted, said Neil Allen Morris fails to fulfil, in every particular and to the letter, his part in this contract, he thereby forfeits every right to and claim upon any remuneration whatever for his labor, without regard to any other consideration.

"In agreement whereto we have this day set our hands and seals.

"JOHN FERRIS. (Seal)

"Oct. 7, 190-." "NEIL ALLEN MORRIS. (Seal)

"Why, Neil," laughed his mother, "how very businesslike! Dr. Ferris is the queerest old gentleman I know. But do you realize what you have promised to do?"

"Yes, 'm—sweep the barn every morning before seven o'clock, one morning east and the next morning west. And if I don't do it just exactly so for the whole time, he is n't going to pay me at all."

Mrs. Morris's face grew more grave. "I think you understand well enough," she said; "but that is a hard contract, Neil. You very seldom get up before seven o'clock."

"I will get up; I promised him, and I will."

"You 'll find it harder than you think, and you can't fail even once without forfeiting all wages. But what about this east-and-west nonsense? He could n't have meant that seriously. And, Neil, three dollars a week is a good deal for just sweeping out the barn each morning. Are n't you afraid he's merely giving you the money because you're a small boy and not because you will earn it?"

"No, mother; it's what he said. And he said I was to do my work just as I was told, and not to ask any questions."

"Did you tell him why you wanted to earn money?"

"Yes, afterwards; I told him you said I might have a pony like Earl Foster's if I'd earn him. And he said it did n't make any difference what I wanted the money for, if I would do exactly as the contract says."

Mrs. Morris looked at her small son doubtfully, though she still smiled.

"Well," she said at last, "I suppose it's all right. But you must do your work well, Neil."

"Of course; it would n't be square if I did n't, because I promised."

It seemed an easy enough matter to Neil. How could it ever be hard to get up a little earlier than usual each morning and go and sweep a neighbor's barn? And as for the queer instructions he had received about the manner of sweeping, it would be no harder to sweep in one direction than in another, while he could easily keep count by getting a little calendar on which to mark each day "E" or "W," according to its turn. It was simple enough, surely. Of course he would do the work well, and his wages would amount to more than sixty dollars. And then, oh, that pony! It would n't be long to wait,—just through the winter, when he did n't want the pony so much anyhow,—and next summer he would be able to ride—everywhere! He could just see the very pony he wanted: an iron-gray little fellow with a black mane and tail—just such a pony as he had seen, and priced, at the county fair that fall. And he could just imagine how it would feel to have that sturdy little fellow under him and to go galloping off over the country roads with the breeze in his face and the gravel flying behind, and the jolly good fun of covering long

distances, of running races, and of learning the hundred possible tricks of riding. Neil was delighted with the prospect. To him the pony seemed as good as his, for he meant to make light work of his daily task, and failure was as far from his thoughts as though it were quite impossible.

But the difference between daylight and darkness has made all the difference between hope and discouragement for many a man older and wiser and more experienced than Neil; and those first wintry mornings when he climbed out of his warm bed at the six-o'clock whirr-r-r of his alarm-clock put quite a different face upon the matter. In the first place, it was dark at six o'clock; and then, it was cold, and lonely too, for even Mary the maid, the earliest person in the house, did not come down until half-past six; and the fires were low. Then, too, there was no breakfast to be had at that hour, and Neil found it much colder to be out before breakfast than after.

But if his enthusiasm cooled somewhat when the real nature of his undertaking began to be known to him and its hardships fully understood, he made no complaint.

"I guess it is n't going to be a picnic," he remarked to himself, once or twice; but to his mother he said nothing at all about it except that he was getting on all right. His father, who had never asked any questions since Mrs. Morris had told him of Neil's contract, now treated the boy's new promptness at breakfast—the only noticeable evidence of his early morning work—as a matter of course and in a way which suggested recognition of the work as a business affair, and one of importance, too. This helped Neil, for he felt that the work was very much a matter of business and very important indeed.

When the severely cold weather came, however, it began to be a veritable hardship to climb out of bed when the freezing air seemed to nip at nose and toes even inside the house, and when the two blocks' walk to Dr. Ferris's was a struggle against a stinging wind which made his very forehead ache under his cap, or a tramp through the uncleared snow, which sometimes overtopped his boots. Then, too, the barn itself was a gloomy, cold, cheerless

place by lantern-light, and many a time Neil would have been glad to hurry his work to get away sooner and be back at his home, which was always warm and bright at breakfast-time.

There were mornings when the boy asked himself if it were worth while, and was disposed to laugh at the strict instructions under which he worked. There seemed little need, indeed, to sweep an unused barn floor every morning, and certainly there could be little reason why that sweeping could not be done as well after breakfast as before. Then this matter of sweeping east or west grew to appear more and more an absurdity as the weeks passed, and sometimes Neil thought no sane man could ever have required such a thing. Then again, he knew that the doctor, though having a reputation for odd ways, would hardly have hired him to do this without some good reason.

But what with working the harder to warm his blood, and whistling to raise his spirits, and determining not to question his employer's purposes, the task was always done quickly and well and according to instructions, and the walk home nearly always found him in a wholesome glow of body and a cheerful frame of mind, and Neil learned by degrees that there is nothing like a bit of work well done to give satisfaction to the worker.

Of course he counted his earnings from day to day. If each new day brought a new fight, it also brought an addition to the sum in store for the purchase of the pony, and with each sweeping-time past he was one day nearer spring and the realization of his happiness.

So November and December passed. Christmas had come and gone. With steady persistence Neil had kept at his work, and, oddly enough, he was getting happiness out of it. He began to be conscious now of a new element in his father's attitude toward him which showed in voice and look—something that filled his heart full of a pride and pleasure that was new to him, too, though he could not at all have defined it. His mother sometimes asked him about his task, and, though there seemed to be nothing he could tell her, the sympathy in her tone was like that in his father's eyes. Once he had even overheard his father say something about being "proud of the young-

ster's pertinacity"; and though he had not the vaguest idea what pertinacity might be, he could not doubt that he was winning some sort of approval.

But just at the beginning of the New Year something happened which cast a gloom over Neil's whole outlook. On the last night of December a party of boys and girls met at the home of one of Neil's friends to watch the old year out. It was a merry party, and a jolly good time they had—so jolly, indeed, that not only was the old year gone, but more than one of the early hours of the new year had crept away before the party broke up.

This was a very unusual thing indeed for Neil, who was an early bird at both ends of the day; and knowing how very sleepy he was likely to be when rising-time came before dawn, he set his alarm-clock on a chair beside his pillow, so that it might not fail to awaken him. And then he crept into his bed, a very tired boy indeed, and slept so soundly that he did not hear the alarm, after all, when it buzzed out its warning at six o'clock.

But a habit often has a surprising influence, and it was not long till, even against the weight of his weariness, which had been quite proof against the alarm, Neil's habit of waking early was strong enough to open his eyes. The quick certainty that he must be very late filled his mind. He sprang out of bed and struck a light. It was twenty minutes after six, and he knew that he must hurry as he had never before been obliged to do if he were to finish his sweeping in time.

He dressed so fast that he forgot the chill of the room, which often made him shiver; and then, with a dash of cold water in his face and a very hasty effort to pull rebellious hair into order, he was away, out into the cold gray morning, and off to his duty.

By the light of the lantern he found his broom, and began sweeping away with all his might; and just as the mill whistles commenced to blow for seven o'clock, he was hanging up his broom again, with the satisfaction of having won his race against time.

His new little calendar for the new year, to which his account of the sweeping must now be transferred, hung on the wall beside the old

one near the lantern where he had hung it a week ago. Neil went across to mark his morning's record upon it. He had swept east that morning, and taking out his pencil he started to mark his "E" in the corner of the first square on the new calendar. Then suddenly he stopped and gasped, his breath rising white in the frosty air, and his very heart seemed to stop beating, for he saw that the last mark on the old calendar, which he had been certain had been a "W," was an "E" also!

It seemed to Neil as though the little penciled letters, the record of his work, stood out from the white sheets with a double blackness. The little calendar's very face appeared to have suddenly grown cold and hard toward him. What had he done? How *could* he have done it? He had swept in the wrong direction! He had swept east out of turn. He had broken his contract—or at least the strict terms of its conditions, the fulfilment of which "to the letter" had been made as rigorous a requirement as any portion of it.

He stood and stared up at the fateful pencil-marks, scarcely crediting his eyes. He traced the record back through the days of December, and noted each alternation. Then he returned to the record which showed his error, and stared at it again till his eyes blurred suddenly and he had to gulp very hard and think fast to keep the tears from overflowing.

Suddenly he turned from his calendar, caught the broom from its hook, and swept the floor again, this time in a westerly direction. He did not reason out exactly why he did this. His mind was not wholly clear. There was a very heavy ache in his heart and in his throat, but he was not yet owing to himself the reason for it. He was trying to think, but only two ideas would come to him, and he did not like either of them, and he fought each off before it fairly formed in his mind. It seemed to him that he must have more time before he could judge just what he ought to do, yet he knew it was not time he wanted.

He finished his second sweeping, hung up his broom, and closed the barn as usual; and then, as he stood in the early sunlight outside and looked up at the clear, beautiful sky, he suddenly faced his question squarely. Had

he failed to keep his contract? There was no doubt about it. Then he had forfeited all right to the promised payment for his work, even if his breach had been of the least important and most unreasonable part of the agreement. There could be no question of it.

He did not feel like crying now. A cold, heavy weight seemed bearing down upon his heart—a weight which made him ache all over with a weary helplessness. He did not know what to do. He dreaded to go home and meet his father and mother. How could he tell them? Yet he could not stay here.

He walked slowly down the path, his thoughts running on. What should he do now about the sweeping? Of course, as he had failed and forfeited his wages, there would be no use in going on with the work. He might as well stop and confess to his mother that he had failed. But if he did that the barn would not be swept. There was no one else to do it. Certainly he did not believe, as his mother had hinted, that Dr. Ferris had hired him for work that was quite unnecessary, and if the work was necessary, how could he leave it when Dr. Ferris had trusted him to attend carefully to it? Besides, he had promised.

Neil's mind grew slightly confused, and he went over the ground again. Yes, he had forfeited all pay for his labor, and could not expect to receive a single cent for the whole winter's work; yet he could not see how that fact lessened his obligation to complete the work as nearly according to contract as possible. His heart rebelled at the thought, but his sense of right was unclouded and he was sure there could be no alternative.

By the time he reached home Neil's head was aching with the worry, the tumult of thoughts, and the consciousness of his failure; but he tried to make nothing of it, and met the others at breakfast with an attempt to cover his real feelings. But his mother saw the signs of pain in his eyes.

"What's the matter, Neil?" she asked anxiously, as the boy tried to look at her bravely; but he was obliged to drop his eyes to his plate. "Are you sick? What is it?"

"Oh, nothing, mother. My head aches, that's all; but it's a bad headache," he said.

"You were up too late last night, dear, were n't you?" she asked.

"I guess so," returned Neil. "I think I'll sleep awhile after breakfast."

He attended to his small tasks about home when breakfast was over, and then was glad to go to his room to be alone, if not to sleep. He threw himself upon the bed and tried to ease his now throbbing head. But all in vain.

"I guess I am sick!" he muttered to himself, as he tossed about restlessly; and then he lay suddenly still and thought about his own words. Sick? He certainly was close to it

himself as having been sick that morning? Who was to contradict him if he did? Was he not himself the best judge? Who else was there to report to Dr. Ferris upon the matter, anyway? How was Dr. Ferris to know? For that matter, how was Dr. Ferris to know anything at all about how he did the work, except what Neil himself chose to report? The matter was certainly in his own hands.

Neil was lying very quiet now, and looking up at the ceiling with eyes which were feverishly bright with excitement. Why not? Why not? Over and over through his mind ran that question. Certainly he had been—at least he was—sick enough to justify that excuse for his mistake. Then why not give it, or, for that matter, why report the mistake at all?

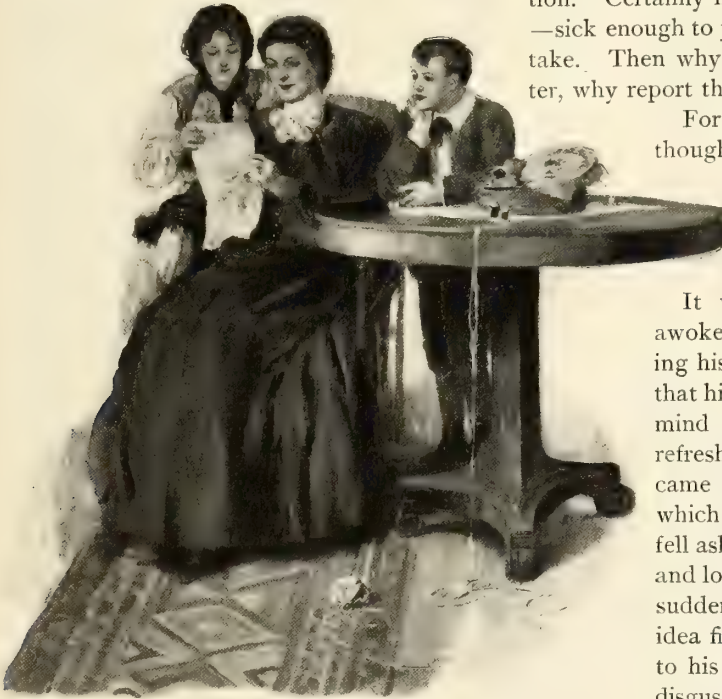
For more than an hour the boy thought the matter over, till his aching brain was tired out with it, and then suddenly his weariness overcame him and he dropped off to sleep.

It was nearly noon when he awoke. His first sensation on opening his eyes was the pleasant one that his headache was gone and that mind and body were rested and refreshed. Then almost instantly came recollection of the thoughts which had been in his mind when he fell asleep. With a start he sat up and looked around guiltily, and then suddenly a great repulsion for the idea filled his heart, and he sprang to his feet with an exclamation of disgust.

"How could I do such a thing?

Would that be square?" he whispered. "Well, I think not."

It was useless for Neil to try to convince himself that the morning work of those next three months was not one long hard strain. It was just that. But because it was honest work, well done for an honest purpose, and because it was backed by a simple determination to be "square," it was somehow very satisfactory indeed when it was finished. Of course there were days, sometimes even weeks, when it was a veritable fight; but as he began to see that it



"NEIL AND HIS SISTER LISTENED AS MRS. MORRIS READ THE CONTRACT."

now. He tried to remember whether his head had ached when he first jumped out of bed that morning. No, he did not think it had. Still he must have been sick then—or—or he would n't have overslept—and the headache would n't have come on so soon afterward. He was quite sure he must have been sick. What was it the contract said? There was one excuse for failure to keep it "to the letter."

He felt his cheek growing hot, and he turned the cooler side of his pillow up and buried his face in it. Was he not justified in reporting

was a fight for a real principle, and as he gradually grew accustomed to the lack of a selfish motive, he began to be very glad indeed that he had made the fight as he had, for its own sake and the content he felt in knowing that he had not been a coward and unfaithful.

April came at last, as long-looked-for seasons finally do, of course, and Dr. Ferris came back during the first week, as he had said he would. Saturday evening, therefore, Neil called on the old gentleman to make his report. He had not imagined how hard this little matter would

Neither could he recall what the doctor had replied; but it ended just as he had expected. He told the whole story of his failure, and then, when the doctor asked him a great many questions, he answered them, though he did not understand just why Dr. Ferris asked so many or such particular ones about points he had not thought important. Neither could he understand why he wanted to know whether Neil's father and mother had been told of his failure to keep his contract, or if he had mentioned it to his sister, and a number of other questions that Neil thought had nothing to do with the matter. He did remember that he had considered the old gentleman a little mean because he had seemed to take a pleasure in having him give the particulars of his failure, which he might easily have seen was painful enough a matter to Neil. Then, at the end, the doctor was quite unnecessarily insistent, Neil thought, that he should sign a document which the old gentleman himself had prepared, acknowledging that he had forfeited all right to wages. But even this Neil bravely did, and did with all the show of proud cheerfulness he could muster.

And then he went home and told his father and mother about it all, and was a good deal embarrassed because his mother cried about it, and because his father, without saying a word, seemed to forget his paper for half the evening afterward to look across its top at his small son.

Before a week had passed, however, Neil had dropped into his usual habits, except that he was rarely late to breakfast, and that somehow it seemed easier now to do some of the duties about home and at school than it had once seemed. He thought this must be because he had found out more about what it was to work really hard. Of course his heart ached sometimes about the pony, but he only resolved that some day he would earn the money to buy him, and he determined to be patient.

And then, one Saturday morning, just a week after Dr. Ferris's home-coming, Neil was bringing in the coal from the bin for the kitchen fire, when his mother called him to the front of the house, and, when he came, laughingly pushed him ahead of her out the front door to look at something before the steps. And there on the



CARRYING OUT THE CONTRACT.

be, but he found it very hard indeed. He could never remember, in fact, just what he said about the day he had made his breach of contract, or why he had concluded that to excuse himself as sick would not be square.



"ON THE BRIDLE NEIL SAW A LITTLE WHITE NOTE ADDRESSED TO HIMSELF."

road stood an iron-gray pony, with a new little saddle on his back and a grinning negro boy holding the bridle. And when Neil ran down the steps, with a shout of wonder and delight, the pony turned his head with just a little whinny of friendliness, and on the bridle Neil saw a little white note addressed to himself.

It was a wonderful little note. For some reason unexplainable it brought to Neil's eyes, even at that happy moment, the tears he had kept back through three hard months past; and it made Mrs. Morris laugh and cry at once, and even Neil's father coughed and wiped his glasses that evening when he read it. And although it was a very brief note indeed, it

seemed to have a singular power of producing such emotions, for this was all it said:

MY DEAR NEIL: A contract's a contract, and should always be binding to the letter. You may think I'm a funny old fellow; but I hired you, and made the conditions as hard as I could, because I love grit in boys, and wanted to see yours come out. It came, and I am well repaid. But this pony is for the boy who can keep the spirit of his promise better than the letter of his contract, and for one who cares more to be "square" than for any other consideration.

Your very true friend,

JOHN FERRIS.

P.S.—The pony's name is "The Squire." If you will look up this word in the dictionary you will discover that it has one meaning exactly the same as a favorite word of yours—and mine—which will tell you why I named him so, out of compliment to his new master.

J. F.



BY COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, U. S. NAVY.

ON the Fourth of July, 1899, in a broad level valley in the heart of Ellermore Land, I came upon a herd of five musk-oxen. When they saw us they ran together and stood back to back in star form, with heads outward. This is their usual method of defense against walrus, their only enemies in this land. After they were shot, I discovered two tiny calves, which till then had been hidden under their mothers' hairy bodies.

Such funny little coal-black creatures they were, with a gray patch on their foreheads, great, soft black eyes, enormously large, bony knock-kneed legs, and no tails at all!

With the falling of the last musk-ox, my dogs made a rush for the little animals, which, though wide-eyed and trembling with fear, showed a bold front to the savage unknown creatures which surrounded them. Fortunately, I was too quick for the dogs, and rescued the little fellows.

Then I hardly knew what to do. I had not the heart to kill them myself, nor to tell my Eskimos to. Finally, I thought I would try to get them to the ship, fifty miles away, though I did not know how I was to do this over the miles of mountains and rough ice.

After the dogs were fastened, the little fellows stood quietly by the bodies of their mothers till all the animals were skinned and cut up; but when we were ready to start for camp, and had put a line about their necks to lead them away,

they struggled so violently at the touch of the rope that, knowing they would soon strangle themselves to death, I had the ropes taken off. Then we tried to drive them, but could not. Then I remembered my experience years before at far-off Independence Bay, and told Ahngmaloktok to throw one of the musk-ox skins over his back and walk off.

With a *baa-a-a* the little fellows were at his heels in an instant, and with noses buried in the long hair trailing behind him, followed contentedly, while the rest of us kept off the dogs.

In this way everything went nicely, and we scrambled along over the rocks, waded across two or three streams, and walked through an exquisitely soft, green little patch of meadow, cut by a gurgling crystal brook, until we reached the ice-boat, where the sledge had been left.

The part of the valley through which we passed seemed, in the bright light of the July sun, very summer-like. The space on the south side of the river, between it and the foot of the bluffs, protected from all winds, warmed by the sun throughout the twenty-four hours, watered continually by streams from the ice-cap, trickling down the bluffs, is a series of brilliant green-meadow patches, through which little crystal streams meander over beds of yellow sand and round rocks, like many a trout brook at home.

Flowers were numerous, and the brilliant

golden sunshine gave everything a luster. Yet behind it all I could see the specter of the deadly cold and darkness of the long Arctic night, which follows so quickly this brief period of life and warmth. It was a scene to form one of memory's vignettes. No wonder it is a favorite haunt for musk-oxen.

At the ice-foot several of the dogs made another rush for the calves, but some were headed off by me, and one was met by a rushing black bull with a head like a piece of iron, which sent him rolling into a crack in the ice, where he lay for some minutes, the breath for the time

they were very plucky, and nothing could keep them from following that black-furred skin on the back of Ahngmaloktok, who led the way.

When the distance from one cake to another was too great to jump, they plunged into the water without hesitation, though sometimes a reproachful *baa-a-a* was sent after the unfeeling "mother" ahead. With a little help from me they finally climbed out upon the unbroken ice, and two drenched and forlorn little figures hurried patiently on after Ahngmaloktok.

But their troubles were by no means ended. It was a long four miles across the bay; and



"THE SHIP WAS FIFTY MILES AWAY, OVER MOUNTAINS AND ROUGH ICE."

knocked out of him, and he himself quite dazed by their strange method of attack.

After a short rest at the ice-foot, Ahngmaloktok and I, with the calves, started to cross the ice of the bay to our camp on the opposite side, leaving the Eskimos to follow with the dogs, sledge, and meat. Between the shore and the ice-sheet in the center of the bay was a broad canal of water with cakes of ice floating in it. This was a trying place for the little fellows, but

there were numerous pools of water, which kept them constantly wet. Fortunately for them, the day was clear and sunny, with no wind, so they were not so cold as they might have been; but when camp was reached they were very, very tired. Ahngmaloktok threw the skin down close beside the tent, and curling themselves up close against it they went at once to sleep, regardless of us and the dogs.

After a good sleep, Ahngmaloktok and Ahn-



YANKEE DOODLE AND MISS COLUMBIA IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.



COMMANDER PEARY'S MUSK-OX "DAISY," PRESENTED TO THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK BY THE PEARY ARCTIC CLUB.

F. C. G.

gooploo and Ahsayoo went back across the bay to bring out the rest of the meat and skins, and I remained in camp to rest my feet, raw and bruised from the sharp rocks during the hunt, and to look after the calves. They showed no fear, but came right into the tent, where I fed them with biscuit soaked in water and a little milk, then curled up against me and went to sleep while I wrote up my journal. They were still very tired. Later in the day, when I climbed the slopes back of my tent to see through my glasses what my men were doing in the distant valley, they followed me, and, coming upon a bit of willow, began eating it eagerly.

I was delighted to find they were old enough to eat something besides milk, and I led them about from sprig to sprig of the stunted willow which grew here and there among the rocks, until they had had a good breakfast. Then they followed me back to the tent for another nap.

Later they came up to me again for their lunch, and before the day was over I had named them Yankee Doodle and Miss Columbia, because I first saw them on the Fourth of July.

I was thinking, too, that if I could only get them to the ship and keep them till the ice would break up and let the ship sail home, what fine pets they would make for a little blue-eyed girl I knew at home, who had herself been born



"I TOLD AHNGMALOKTOK TO THROW ONE OF THE MUSK-OX SKINS OVER HIS BACK."

The Eskimos were gone a long time, and after the sun swung round into the north and hid behind the mountains, I rolled myself in my blanket and went to sleep, leaving my little friends browsing contentedly just back of the tent. Some hours later my men returning woke me, and when I asked about the calves, said that they were still back of the tent. So I turned over for another nap.

When I woke again, and after listening for some time heard nothing of the little fellows, I crawled out of the tent and climbed the slope, but could not see them anywhere. Then I woke sharp-eyed Ahsayoo and told him to trail them.

After a long time he came back and told me he had followed their tracks far up the valley, but had not seen them.

They had evidently started off soon after the dogs came back, and, having had a good rest



A CHUBBY LITTLE MUSK-CALF.

in the Arctic regions, hardly more than a hundred miles from where I found the musk-oxen.



"WITH A BANG THE LITTLE FELLOWS WERE AT HIS HEELS IN AN INSTANT."

has a funny little jet black calf of her own, with soft bright eyes, a gray forehead, thick, clumsy legs, who follows her closely with nose pressed into her warm fur, nibbles the willow leaves, and drinks from the sparkling brooks when the sun shines, and, when the cold winds blow and the snow falls, curls up close against her and, covered by her long fur, sleeps warm and very soundly.

and plenty to eat, had kept steadily on without stopping. At first I thought of sending all the Eskimos out with some provisions, with orders not to come back without the calves. Then I remembered how far it was to the ship and how rough the road, and how very barren the rocks were everywhere about the ship, with no willow for the calves to eat, and I decided to let them go.

I have often thought of them since, marching off up the broad valley together, like Arctic babes in the wood, and have wondered what befell them on their lonely journey—whether they soon found a herd of musk-oxen to join, or whether, perhaps, for days and weeks they cropped the willows and grass, and slept in the shelter of some big rock before they found companions.

If you or I should go to that same valley now, we should not know them even if we saw them, for that was over four years ago, and Yankee Doodle, if alive to-day, is doubtless a great big musk-ox, with huge, strong horns that nearly cover his head, and is, perhaps, the king of a herd. Miss Columbia, quite likely,



"I HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT OF THEM SINCE, MARCHING UP THE BROAD VALLEY TOGETHER, LIKE ARCTIC BABES IN THE WOOD."

• NATURE - STUDY •



This dear little goose of a
girlie, -

“Who ever had notions like hers!
If I lived in an evergreen forest,
I’d never be cold!” she avers.

And how could that happen, my dearest?
“Why, ’cause,” her reply is the clearest -
“I’d go to the fir-tree that’s nearest,
And buy me a nice set of
furs!”

✻



Trouble in the Doll's House

BY LAST YEAR'S CHRISTMAS DOLLY.

OH, dear! I ’m in such trouble I don’t know
what to say!

I heard somebody talking of a Christmas
doll to-day!

I ’m quite upset about it, for if Santa Claus
should bring

Another doll to our house, ’t would be a
dreadful thing!

I ’m certain no one wants her, and I don’t
see any need,

For I am just a Christmas-doll myself—I am
indeed!

Perhaps you don’t believe it, but I know it
cannot be

A year since I was hanging on a lovely Christ-
mas tree,

And I ’m sure I ’m still a treasure for any little
girl—

Though my nose is somewhat battered and
my hair is out of curl;

My broken arm ’s been mended, and the eye
that ’s left, you know,

Is just as blue and smiling as it was a year
ago!



If another doll should come here, all beautifully dressed,
 And my mama should love her a little bit the best,
 My heart would just be broken, for little May and I
 Have been such happy playmates in the year that's just gone by!
 And I'm very sure no stranger, however fine and new,
 Could love my little mother as dearly as I do.

No wonder I'm unhappy! It's dreadful to be told,
 "You look forlorn and shabby, and are getting very old,"
 When you feel so brisk and lively you know it can't be true!
 Oh, dear! I wish that some one would make me something new,
 And fix me up a little, so nobody would say
 A Christmas doll was needed for dearest little May!

So if you meet with Santa, do tell him, please, for me,
 That I and little mother are as happy as can be;
 That I'm just as good to play with as any doll you know,
 And not a minute older than I was a year ago;
 Tell him *not* to bring a dolly, whatever he may do,
 For whoever says we want one, *I* say it is n't true!



THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

SECOND PAPER.

FITTING UP A BOY'S ROOM.

TOOLS.

BEFORE proceeding further it will be well to say a word about the tools a boy should have. These should be the same as carpenters use, but they may be smaller and not so cumbersome to handle. Tools in a chest, and sold at the toy-store, are not to be relied on for carpentry work, as they are usually dull and made of soft steel that will not hold an edge.

Good tools can be had at nearly every hardware store or general store in the country.

For ordinary work you will require a good rip and crosscut saw, with twenty and twenty-four inch blades respectively, a claw-hammer and a smaller one, a wooden mallet for chisels and to knock the lap-joints of wood together, a jack and a smoothing plane, a compass-saw, a brace and several sizes of bits ranging from a quarter to one inch in diameter, a draw-knife, square, awls, pliers, rule, several chisels, a screw-driver, and a few other tools that will become useful at times, but which can be added as they are required.

It is hardly necessary to give illustrations of the various tools in a carpentry outfit, as nearly every boy is familiar with their appearance and readily learns their names from a carpenter.

It is a difficult thing to instruct a boy by any written description how to use tools, and rather than to attempt it I should advise the young workman to watch a carpenter at work.

GENERAL REMARKS.

SOME very good results have been accomplished by amateur decorators, designers, and carpenters with their own handicraft.

The color-schemes, designs, and arrangement that may be carried out in fitting up a boy's

room are almost without limit, and hundreds of different ideas could be worked out, depending upon the shape and location of the room. Diagrams and illustrations that the boys can easily follow of a few suggested articles are given in these pages, together with a clear description of sizes, materials, and workmanship that should be a great help to the boy decorator and craftsman.

In the selection of woods from which to build furniture, and the material for upholstering chairs, settees, and stools, the products of the locality in which the boy lives must be taken into consideration. Some States produce pine, white-wood (cottonwood), poplar, or cypress, that can be worked easily; while in others spruce, hemlock, maple, and fir will be easier to obtain; and in the far West gum-wood, red-wood, cedar, and cypress are the least expensive. The cost of the wood is a matter to be considered, and often a more artistic result can be had by using an inexpensive wood.

Some woods have an open and broad grain that, if carefully filled and varnished over, will give a very pleasing effect. Chestnut, butter-nut, quartered oak and ash have this quality, and all of them are adapted to furniture construction and room trimmings.

For many of the chairs and other furniture, spruce, apple-wood, and cypress will render good results, and all of them have a pretty grain when stained, wiped, and varnished. Ash is harder and will make good solid furniture; and if it will not be found too difficult to work, it will prove a very satisfactory and serviceable wood for chairs, tables, benches, and other pieces of furniture that are subjected to hard usage. In the construction of the various pieces of furniture illustrated, the simple rules of carpentry only are to be followed; and in making all of this furniture only the lap, mortise-and-tenon, and

tongue-and-groove joints are employed. They must be well made, however, so that perfect unions will result; for every piece of furniture will rack in time if not properly constructed. For this reason, only the plain joints are advocated for the young workman.

Of course there are more pieces of furniture shown in this article than one boy will wish to make; but, as tastes differ, I have given a generous assortment from which to select.

A BRACKET-CLOCK.

A GOOD design for a simple bracket-clock is shown in the illustration. It is made from thin boards half an inch thick, half a yard of burlap,

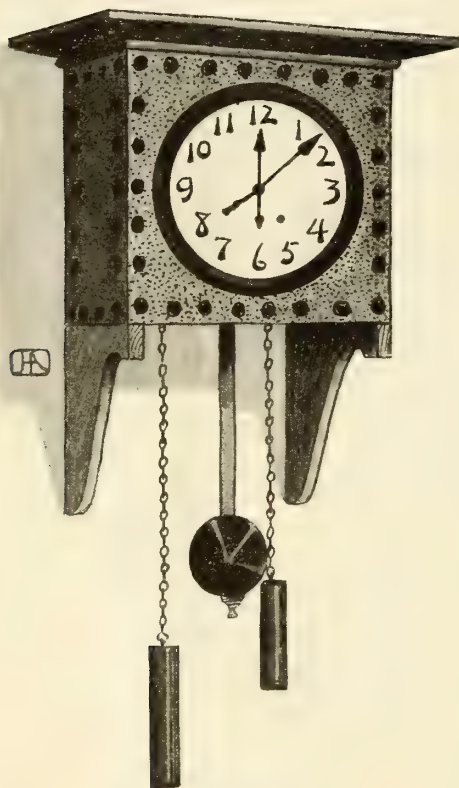


FIG. 1. A BRACKET-CLOCK.

some large-headed nails, and an inexpensive clock movement run by springs or weights.

The box part of the case is eight inches square and three and a half inches in depth, and the bracket ends may be detached or be a part of the sides, cut, as shown in Fig. 2, to extend six inches below the bottom of the box. The dial and glass

frame should measure six inches in diameter, and to fit it to the box it will be necessary to

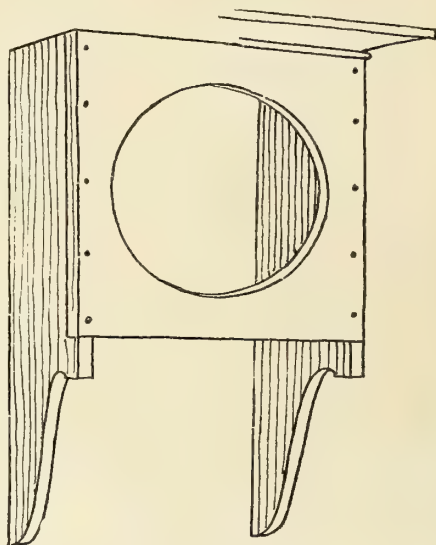


FIG. 2. DETAIL OF THE BRACKET-CLOCK CASE.

cut a hole in the front of the case five and a half inches in diameter, as shown also in Fig. 2.

The shelf top to the box is beveled at the under side and attached with glue and nails. It overhangs the sides and front of the box about two inches, and is made from wood three quarters of an inch thick.

If it is impossible to find large-headed nails to finish the edges of the front and sides, mock nail-heads, three quarters of an inch in diameter, can be cut from lead and applied with thin steel nails. The movement, which can be purchased from a clockmaker, is attached to the back of the case before the dial is made fast. The clockmaker can also mount and adjust the dial and movement if necessary.

A READING-CHAIR.

A USEFUL piece of furniture, as shown in Fig. 3, is a reading-chair, which is arranged with shelves under the seat at both sides to accommodate books. The frame of the chair is twenty inches across the front and twenty-two inches deep, outside measure, and the corner posts are two inches square and twenty-three inches high. The front board between the leg-posts is twelve inches wide, and is cut at the lower edge, as

shown in the illustration, with a compass-saw and draw-knife. This board is let into the rear sides of the front legs, as shown in Fig. 4, and a simi-

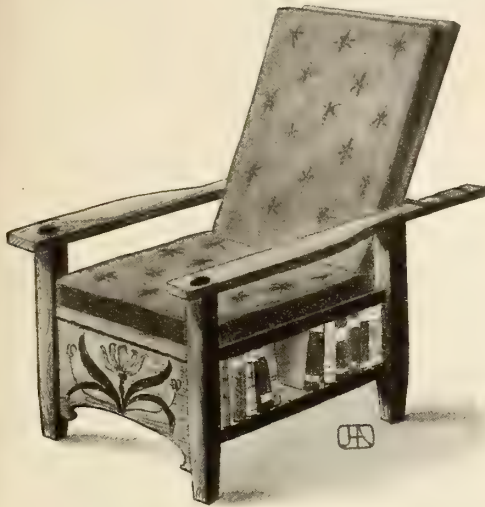


FIG. 3. A READING-CHAIR.

lar board is fastened in between the rear legs, but its lower edges need not be cut out.

The top edges of the cross-boards are fourteen inches above the floor, and connected with

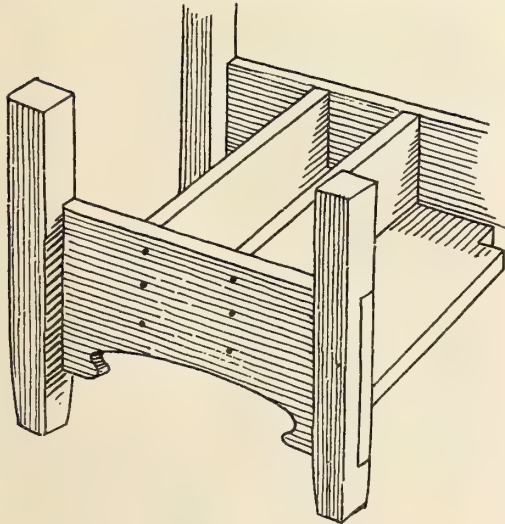


FIG. 4. DETAIL OF THE READING-CHAIR.

each other by means of boards nine inches wide and seven eighths of an inch thick, as shown in Fig. 4. They are placed seven inches in from each side, and are fastened in place with long, slim screws driven through the cross-boards and into their ends. These will form the backs to the

book-pockets, and to the top and bottom edges of them the seat and under-boards are made fast.

The arms are four inches wide at the front and two at the rear, where the grooves are cut and into which the stop or cross rod fits. These arms should extend out six inches beyond the rear posts, and two inches at the front and sides of the front posts. A solid or framework back, twenty-four inches high and fifteen inches wide, is hinged to the back board of the body.

An upholsterer will make the cushions the size to fit the chair.

A BOOK-TOWER.

THE tower is six feet high and twelve inches square. The posts are one and three quarter

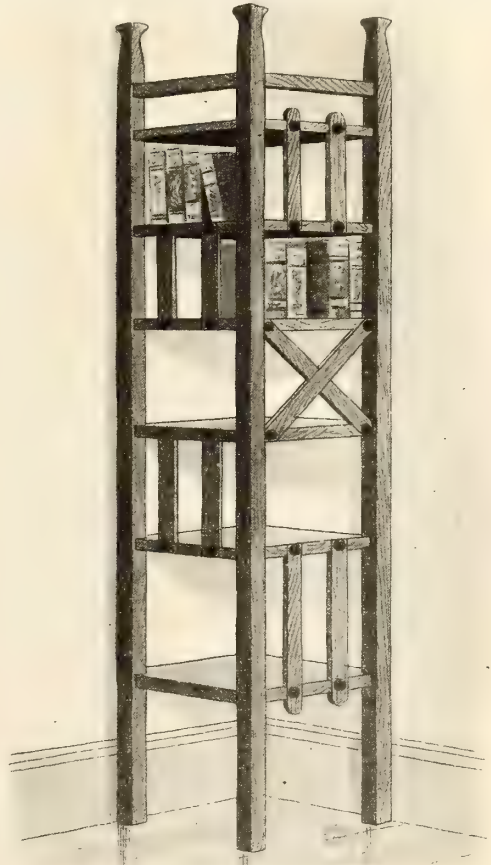


FIG. 5. A BOOK-TOWER.

inches square, and the shelves are seven eighths of an inch thick; but the vertical guard-rails are half an inch thick and two inches wide, and are let into the edges of the shelves.

A DESK-CHAIR.

THE front posts of the chair shown in the illustration are twenty-three inches high, and the rear ones thirty-four, and all of them are two inches square. They are placed twenty-one inches apart at the front and back, and eighteen



FIG. 6. A DESK-CHAIR.

at the sides, and are connected by two side-rails, four inches wide and seven eighths of an inch thick, let into the posts so that the top edge is sixteen inches above the floor. Four inches above the floor a three-inch rail is let into the rear sides of the front and rear posts, while near the top and behind the leather back another one is placed to brace the top of the rear posts. The seat and back are of leather of any color desired, and attached to the rear posts and side-rails by means of large-headed wrought bellows-tacks, or tacks with lead mock heads, as shown.

On both sides and running from the upper part of the front legs to the lower part of the back legs should be placed diagonal braces, as shown in the illustration.

A BOOK-NEST AND WRITING-DESK.

THE book-nest and writing-desk shown in Fig. 7 is a simple but useful piece of furniture attached to the wall, and in which a multitude of things may be kept. It is made of seven-eighths-inch boards ten inches wide, smooth on both sides and edges, and preferably with a pretty grain that will show well if prop-

erly stained some weathered tone and coated with thin varnish. It is thirty inches wide and five feet high, with two compartments and three ledges for books and magazines. At the top a lock compartment is made with two doors, each fourteen inches wide and ten inches high, hinged to the side boards.

Six inches below this closed cupboard another division is made with a cross-shelf for books, and fourteen inches below the book-shelf the ledge to which the drop-shelf is attached is placed so that it will be about thirty inches above the floor. Under this main ledge two more shelves are arranged, and below the bottom one the side boards are cut away to a narrow back leg not more than two inches wide. At the back of the side boards, just under the cap or top board, but not shown in the illustration, a cross-rail is made fast, and through this screws are passed into the wall to hold the nest securely.

A drop-ledge twenty-eight inches wide and fourteen inches deep is hinged to the shelf, as shown in the illustration; and, to keep it in a horizontal position, chains are made fast to it at

both sides, as the illustration shows. The front of the drop-ledge and the compartment doors are decorated with sheet-lead, hinge-straps, escutcheons, and large-headed nails. The interior of the desk part can be ar-

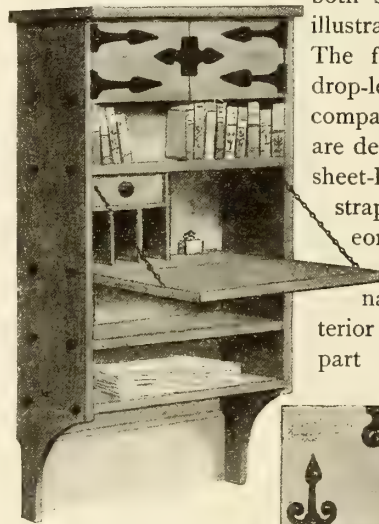


FIG. 7. A BOOK-NEST AND WRITING-DESK.



UNDER SIDE OF DROP-LEDGE.

anged with pigeonholes and a drawer to hold small things. The cap or top board is twelve inches wide and thirty-four inches long, making an overhang of two inches at the front and ends.

A BOX BOOK-CASE.

BOXES of various sizes can be used for this purpose, according to the space on the wall that will accommodate the case; but for general use two cases can be cut down so as to make them thirty inches high and seven inches deep, and in each one two shelves can be arranged. The boxes are held together at top and bottom



FIG. 8. A BOX BOOK-CASE.

with boards seven inches wide and thirty-six inches long; and between the boxes a shelf can be fastened about midway between the top and bottom boards. A wooden back is not necessary to this case, as the wall will form the back; but around the top edge a strip of cornice-molding should be mitered at the corners and attached with long, slim nails or screws.

Under the lower corners wooden brackets may be fastened to the wall, or when the shoe-cases are being cut down one side may be trimmed, with the compass-saw, in the form of a bracket end. A rod fastened at the top, under the molding, will support light curtains which a mother or sister can make from some pretty goods; but if the curtain feature is not desired, it may be omitted.

BOOK-LEDGE AND STOOL.

Two interesting and useful pieces of furniture are shown in Fig. 9—a book-ledge and a stool; and as the main shelf is but fourteen

inches wide, they will not occupy a great deal of space in a room. The main shelf is forty-two inches long, fourteen inches wide, and one and a quarter inches thick. The side pieces or legs supporting it are twelve inches wide and thirty-three inches high. These pieces are thirty-six inches apart, and arranged between them, twenty inches above the floor, an under ledge eight inches wide is fastened with long screws and brackets.

Nine inches above the main ledge a top shelf is supported on side legs which in turn are propped at the outside with wooden braces or blocks six inches high and four inches wide at the bottom. The side supports are placed the same distance apart as the under side pieces, and are held in position on the top of the main ledge with short dowels or pegs driven in their under end and which fit into holes bored in a corresponding position in the ledge. This upper work can be omitted, however, if the plain



FIG. 9. BOOK-LEDGE AND STOOL.

ledge is preferred. If desired, the main shelf may be made two or three inches wider to accommodate a large book, such as a dictionary or an atlas. The stool is twelve inches square and twenty-two inches high, and the top is covered with a stout square of leather caught all around the edges with nails with mock heads.

A WRITING-DESK.

A VERY artistic writing-desk has a drop-ledge that closes up and can be locked against the rail just under the line of pigeonholes.

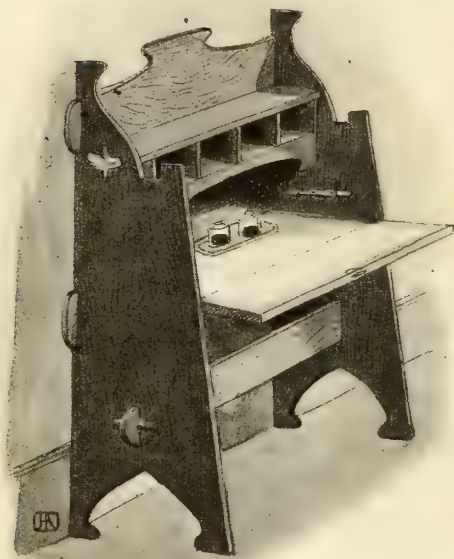


FIG. 10. A WRITING-DESK.

The sides are forty-five inches high, fifteen inches wide at the bottom, and eleven near the top, where the square end is shown, and behind which the wood is cut away in a curved form. The top angles of the triangular coves cut at the lower ends of the sides are eight inches high from the floor. Ten inches above the floor, mortises are cut in the sides, just over the cove angles, into which the ends of the lower cross-rail fit. These ends are three inches high and seven eighths of an inch wide, and a similar mortise is cut at the top of each side-piece, into which the ends of the ledge over the pigeonholes fit and are wedged tight with wooden pins.

The desk may be from twenty-four to thirty-

six inches in width, but thirty inches will be found a desirable size. The writing-ledge is thirty inches above the floor, and to the front edge of it a drop-ledge of the proper width is attached with hinges let into the wood on the top when the ledge is let down. The width of the ledge is made according to the location of the rail that supports the pigeonholes, so that no definite size can be given, but must be determined after the pigeonholes and rails are in place. The lower cross-rail is five inches wide, and is cut at the ends, as shown in Fig. 10, so that they can be anchored with wooden pins. At the back, about midway between top and bottom, laps are cut in the side boards six inches long and seven eighths of an inch deep, into which a brace is laid and made fast. Similar laps are cut near the top, into which the ends of the top or crown board fit.

Excepting the top ledge, the inside partitions are three eighths of an inch in thickness, while all the other woodwork forming the desk is seven eighths of an inch thick, of pretty grained wood which will look well stained and varnished.

A BOOK-TABLE.

A BOOK-TABLE is a very useful piece of furniture for a boy's room. For a room of average size the table-top can be forty-eight inches long, twenty-six wide, and thirty high, with the cor-



FIG. 11. A BOOK-TABLE.

ner posts two and a half inches square, and set in three inches from the edges and ends of the top, so as to form an overhang. A careful in-

spection of the illustration will make its construction clear. The ornamented board serves to hide the joints of the diagonal braces. This board can have a design painted or burnt on it. The top of the table may be left plain or may be covered with cloth or imitation leather.

A BEDSTEAD.

A BEDSTEAD will not be found beyond the boy's ability to make if it is simple, and of wood that is easily worked.



FIG. 12. A BEDSTEAD.

Single bed-springs are three feet wide and six feet long, and the mattress is the same size. The side-rails of the bed should be three feet one inch apart, and the head and foot rails six feet one inch apart at the inside, so as easily to accommodate the springs, which rest on strips of wood attached all around to the inside of the rails at the lower edge. It will be safer to buy your springs first.

The bedstead shown in the illustration is not a difficult one to make, and in general construction it is similar to many of the chairs, tables, and other furniture that have been described.

The lower edge of the side-rails is ten inches above the floor and the rails are eight inches wide, while those at the head and foot are but six inches in width, as you can see in the illustration. The head-posts are four feet high, and those at the foot are three feet. All four of them are two and a half inches square, and of selected straight-grain wood. The spindles in the head and foot are five eight-inch dowels let into holes made in the edge of the top and lower cross-rails. Both lower spindle-rails are two and a half inches in width, and the spindles are spaced two inches apart from center to center, and let into the wood about an inch, where they can be glued to hold them securely.

Fig. 12 shows the manner in which a corner post is cut to admit the cross-strips and the side-rails. Glue and screws are used at the joints, and mock nail-heads make a good effect.

Strong, well-made casters should be set under the posts. The top cross-pieces at the head and foot are shaped with a compass-saw and a draw-knife, and smoothed off with a wood-file and sandpaper. The woodwork can be stained and varnished or shellacked to correspond with other furniture in the room.

TREATMENT OF A SIDE WALL.

FOR a square room an original idea is shown in Fig. 13 for the treatment of a side wall.

Each side is to be carried out in practically the same manner, but the picture is changed at each side, with the whole panorama blending together or connecting at the corners. Where a window or door breaks into the picture, the sky-line and cloud effect are carried on over the top of the casing; and beyond the casing the picture begins again, not, however, where it left off on one side of the casing, but continuing as if no door or window intercepted it.

This painting is done on thin linen or cotton fabric that is pasted directly on the wall, and with oil-paints the young artisan may carry out

his drawing while standing on a packing-case or on two boards arranged across the heads of barrels. The wainscot all around the room is three feet high and made of tongued-and-grooved boards five inches wide, on top of which a six-inch ledge is made fast and supported with brackets. A band of wall, two feet high, above the shelf, is covered with plain in-grain paper, against which small pictures may be hung.

Over the panoramic painting strips of wood one and a half inches wide and three quarters of an inch thick are fastened vertically to divide it off into sections, and at top and bottom a similar strip continues all around the room.

Frames on which canvas is stretched may be painted separately and mounted over a rail, and afterward bound together with vertical strips; but unless the two edges of canvases are together when the painting is done, it is difficult to get the shades of color to blend properly without appearing to be separate paintings.

Light, thin colorings are preferable to solid masses, and considerable poppy or pale drying-oil can be used in the paints to thin them and give the glazed rather than the heavy pigment effect to the pictures.

If the boy has no talent for painting, excellent colored prints or carefully selected and artistic posters or Japanese color-prints may be used for the panels.

A pretty color-scheme for this side-wall treatment will be to work out the panorama in color, somewhat subdued and not too vivid. The band of wall underneath may be in a soft, light old red, and all the woodwork in a light olive-green, either stained and given one coat of shellac or varnish, or the wood may be treated to one or two flat coats of paint without any gloss, so as to give it a dull finish.

The ceiling is tinted a light buff or cream color with water-paint or calcimine; and any hardware, such as hinges, hasps, gas-brackets, or curtain fixtures, will look well in black.

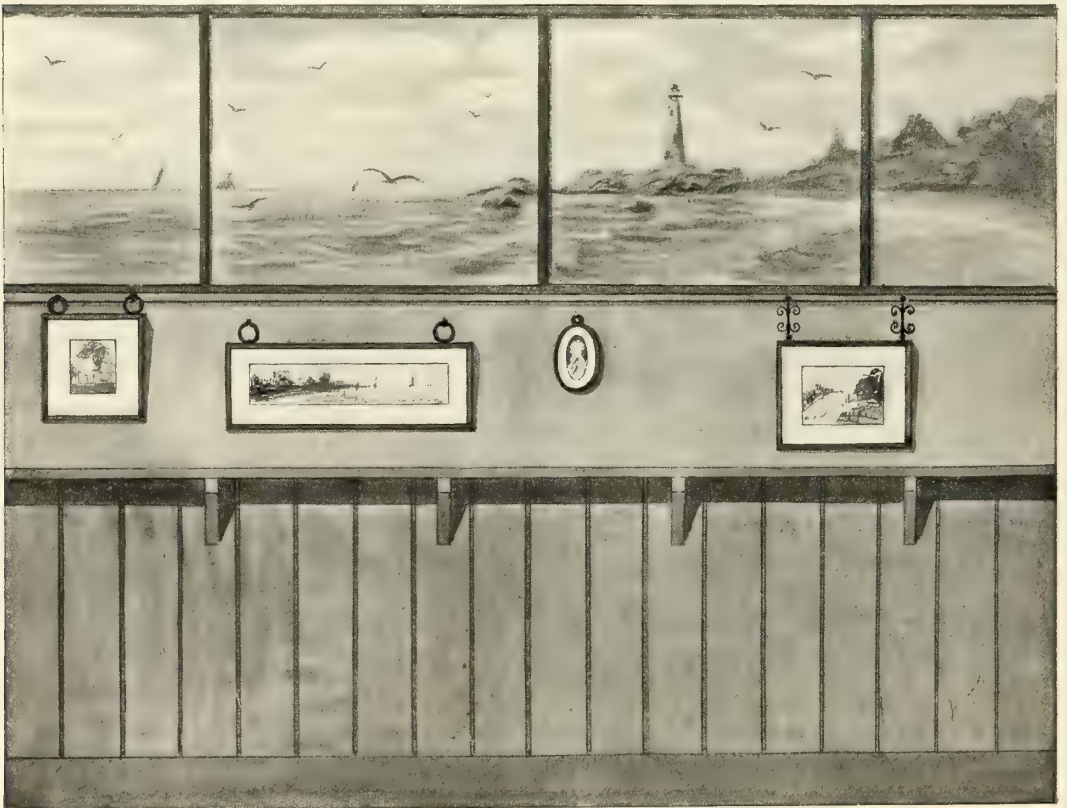


FIG. 13. A SUGGESTED TREATMENT OF A SIDE WALL.

A stained and varnished floor with a rug in the center will complete this room, which, if nicely decorated, will be the pride of the boy who did it and an inspiration for others.

thin wood covered with burlap and nailed fast to the side of the door facing the room, with large-headed nails or with mock nail-heads not less than one inch in diameter. Ledges four inches

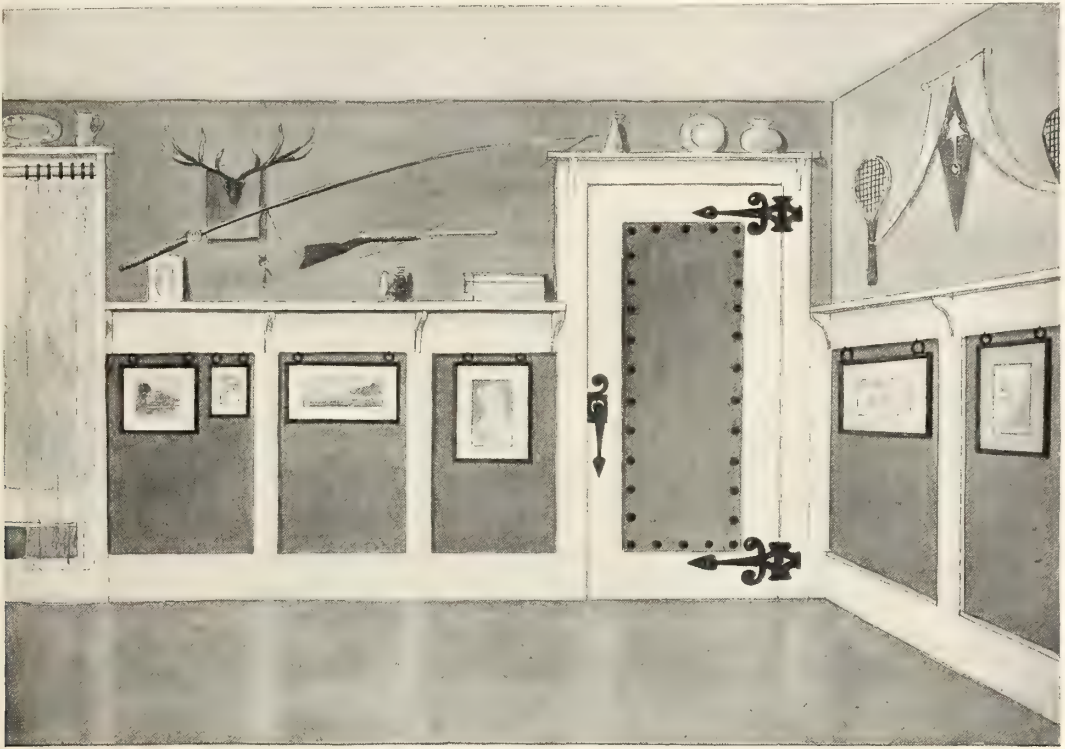


FIG. 14. ANOTHER SUGGESTED SCHEME FOR WALL DECORATION.

THE SIDE OF A ROOM.

ANOTHER scheme for the decoration of a boy's room is shown in Fig. 14.

The paneled wainscot is formed with vertical strips of wood, four inches wide and four feet high, mounted above the surbase. On top of these a six-inch band of wood is carried all around the room, on which a five-inch ledge is mounted and supported with brackets, which line with the center of the vertical strips. The doors, door and window casings, surbase and wainscot rails are painted white, and all the hardware is black. Hinge-straps of sheet-lead are cut and fastened to the doors and casings with large oval-headed nails, and to cover the panels in the doors one large panel is made from

wide are placed over the door and window-casings and supported with brackets at the ends that line with the middle of the casing uprights.

The walls above the wainscot ledge are papered, and the panels in the wainscot are covered with burlap and glued to the wall. The burlap on the panels and door may be in a coffee-color or light brown, and the paper in a light shade of old green.

The ledge on top of the wainscot is a capital place for smaller pictures, curios, paint-boxes, small books, and the generous assortment of all kinds of things a boy will collect in his association with other boys or on his vacations.

The January number will contain a timely article telling how boys may make ice-boats, skees, skate-sails, bob-sleds, snow-shoes, etc.



JEMIMA.

Of all the pleasant places, oh, the best, I do believe,
 Was old Jemima's kitchen one snowy Christmas eve,
 When Ted and Eleanor and I drew up her big arm-chair,
 And we, on kitchen-boxes, sat in a circle there!
 And Aunt Jemima said: "Lan' sakes! You chillun heah ag'in?
 Well, I reckon I *must* tell you about Br'er Tarra-pin,
 How he frazzled po' ole Mistah Fox and fooled Br'er Buzzard, too,
 And played a mighty low-down trick on Mistah Kangaroo."
 The wind howled down the chimney, but the fire it snapped and glowed
 As Jemima told us, also, of Br'er Rabbit and Br'er Toad,
 And that other funny story of Br'er Turtle and Br'er Coon,
 And showed us li'l Br'er Rabbit's house, away up in the moon.
 And then she said: "Now, chillun, run — 'fo' Santa comes along!"
 And leaned back in her squeaky chair and sang a Christmas song.

Carolyn S. Bailey.



CHRISTMAS EVE—SANTA CLAUS'S RIVAL.



ON THE WAY TO



BEARSE 04.

SHUT-EYE TOWN.

Nature and Science for Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



EVERGREEN FERNS.

IN PRAISE OF DECEMBER.

SOME of us grown-up folks, perhaps, have got in the habit of thinking of December more as the last month of the year than as the first month of one of the most joyous of seasons. It is strange that one should ever think of December—the holiday month—as dull and lacking of interests. There have been poets and writers without number who have praised the various months of spring, summer, and autumn, and indeed of winter as a whole, but few have had good words for December. Burroughs writes, "Is there anything like a perfect April morning?" and Lowell inquires, "What is so rare as a day in June?"

Jefferies, a famous English naturalist, has written well and at some length in praise of summer. Dr. Abbott has much to say in praise of autumn and claims that "October is as lovable as May." But I do not recall any of the older naturalists who have praised December. The most of them make but little, if any, mention of it.

But all our young folks, I am sure, will unite with me in the praise of December, the month of "jolly old Santa Claus," for its indoor joys and the beginning of tingling, vigorous, and merry outdoor sports.

THE GROUND-PINE.

Then, too, there is no end of nature's attractions. It is not a leafless month. Some leaves, it is true, have ripened and fallen, but there are plenty on the trees we call evergreen, and on the ground-pine; the fronds of some varieties of ferns also are richly green. In spite of the prospect that snow will soon cover the ground in our northern states, there is plenty of animal life—various birds, four-footed animals, and even insects on the sunlit stretches of the snow. To one in thorough sympathy with nature the December fields and forests are neither dull nor uninteresting, but it takes the young folks to find life and interests out of doors. The older folks regard December as the end of another year, the young folks as the beginning of untold joys.

A WHITE SQUIRREL.

A FEW years ago a snow-white squirrel appeared near the writer's home among the Berkshires, and it was her good fortune to have this white-furred, pink-eyed little beauty for a pet. This albino was not captured until autumn, when it was full-grown. It was not quite as large or as strong as its companions, and so was more easily tamed.

Few of the young people who keep tame squirrels realize that a cage with plenty of nuts and water is as hard for their pet as prison bars with bread and water for a boy. We found "Frolic," the white squirrel, eager for all kinds of fruit except grapes. In June he stained his paws with strawberries; in August he feasted on mushrooms; and during winter birch buds fresh from the snowy woods were always a great treat. Whenever the cage door was opened, this fairy-like pet would climb into the window-garden and eagerly nibble the shining Christmas ferns.

The young folks who have seen wild squir-

rels at their games of tag in the June woods know how much those in captivity need to play. A large pan of snow on a bare floor makes an ideal romp for such a lively pet. Frolic would turn somersaults, and frisk and play by the half-hour in his delight over snow, which he had never seen until it was shown him in the house. Instinct seemed to tell him, as it does the boys and girls, that snow is just the thing to play in. He often tried to coax the kitten to romp with him, plainly showing that a caged pet longs for companionship. Sometimes tame squirrels, when frequently fed, will live for months in a dooryard, and are far happier, healthier pets when allowed



A WHITE SQUIRREL.

their freedom. I know of one case where a wild gray was coaxed to live in a country dooryard. This squirrel grew so tame that it would take nuts from the hand, although it made frequent trips back to its native haunts. One day an old hunter was out in the woods, and seeing a gray watching him, he pointed his gun at him. In the nick of time the thought flashed across his mind that it might be the village pet. The man took a nut from his

pocket, and the confiding little animal jumped to his shoulder and ran down his arm for the feast.

Sometime in February this squirrel disappeared entirely; but when the family had given up their pet as lost, what was their surprise, one sunny spring morning, to see her returning along the rail fence with a baby squirrel in her mouth, exactly like an old cat with a kitten! The wise little mother made trip after trip, until she had her entire family of four safely housed in her old home in the spruce-tree, where she knew perfectly well that she would find protection and plenty of food. With mother-like instinct, she undoubtedly brought the weakest first, for the last squirrel kitten was too heavy for the panting little mother, and she coaxed it along behind her over the perilous rail fence. W. C. KNOWLES.

THE SPIDER WITHOUT A SNARE.

WHENEVER we think of spiders we think of webs, large wheel-like stretches or bulky masses or dainty gossamers spread on the grass or in fence-corners. If the spider did not build its snare, how would it get its dinner? Spiders, like boys and girls, are generally anxious about dinner. Spiders are always on the lookout for a hearty meal, and as this means something to eat almost or quite as big as themselves, with somewhat epicurean tastes into the bargain, they must be ever seeking food. The snare-

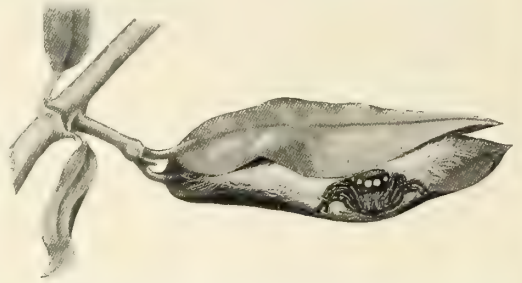


SEEKING A DINNER.

A little jumping-spider, with nest in honeysuckle-vine, sneaking on a fly. In this case the fly flew as the spider jumped, and it is doubtful if the little *Attus* could have held the *Musca* even if the latter had been fairly caught. Smaller flies, tree-hoppers, larvæ of small moths, gnats, midges, and the like are the common prey of this spider. Sometimes it attacks insects larger than itself, but is seldom successful with big active flies.

weavers follow best the good, poetic precept, "Learn to labor and to wait"; but the little fellows that build no snares, that do not depend

on waiting, must, if the temperature permits, be ever on the hunt. Let us see how they fol-



A LITTLE BLACK AND SPOTTED JUMPING-SPIDER ON GUARD.

He is between two honeysuckle-leaves. Several of the eight bright eyes of the spider are looking at the intruder. The nest contains eggs.

low a revised precept—learn to labor and to "hustle."

On the sunny side of this tree-trunk, on the old barn door, among the pine-needles, in the crannies of the stone wall, under the projecting end of the wooden steps, amid the ever-green honeysuckle on the south porch, in almost any half-sheltered, half-sunny spot, we shall have no trouble finding the little black jumping-spider *Attus*, that scientists have recently renamed *Phidippus Tripunctatus*, though the three spots to which the specific name refers are generally increased to five or more. This is the little tiger of the spider fraternity. So common and so active and so hungry is it that its list of victims grows very long indeed, even in its short lifetime, and generally they are of a kind that makes the little tiger a great and worthy friend of man. Flies, bugs, very young crickets and grasshoppers, plant-lice, tree-hoppers, midges, gnats, small moths, and caterpillars—these and many others are its victims by the score and by the hundreds.

It, too, spins a web (what spider does not in some way?), a delicate, pure white, cottony bag, to shelter itself and eggs throughout the winter, and later, when the eggs hatch, its young, the little spiders, swarm all over the mother, and all through the thick web, reminding one of the old woman who lived in a shoe. Our little *Attus* will not venture far from home. Find one that seems a wanderer and hunt closely, and ten to one you will find the web near by, somewhere in a cranny or crack, under bark, under stones, in heads of wild carrot, in curled leaves, in the disused lock or latch of an old

A FIREPROOFING MINERAL.

You have probably heard the word "asbestos" used in connection with theater curtains, and with various methods of rendering a theater or other building fire-proof. Asbestos is a fibrous mineral that cannot be burned. Chemically, it is a silicate of lime and magnesium. When torn to pieces in a machine made for that purpose, it looks like a mass of cotton, and these fibers can be spun into threads or strings, and then woven into fabrics useful for various purposes. The Welsbach mantles of our gaslights are tied to a supporting wire by a piece of asbestos string.

It is stated that the ancient Greeks made wicks of the fibers and used them in the sacred fires in their temples. It



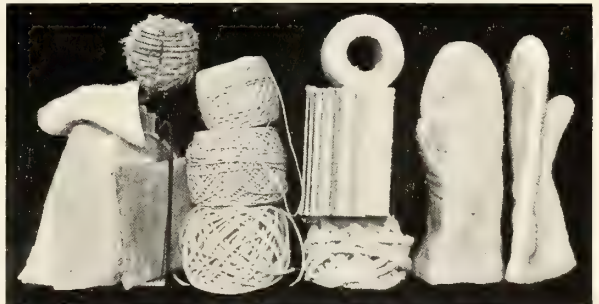
THE LITTLE BLACK AND SPOTTED JUMPING-SPIDER (*ATTUS*) AND ITS NEST UNDER THE LATCH OF AN OLD DISUSED BARN DOOR

The nest in the hole from which the lift had been taken was the one in which the spider found shelter, and when a straw was poked in on the other side the small occupant backed out this side, always, as is their habit, keeping its front eyes on the intruder. The nest in the chink between the door and the wall contained a batch of the spider's eggs.

door, or, like our little resident of the honey-suckle, between two leaves which the web strands have drawn partly together. Get a straw and poke it into one end of the web. Out pops the small proprietor from a slit in the other end, and, always turning face toward the enemy, prepares to beat a further retreat or stand and fight.

SAMUEL FRANCIS AARON.

Jumping-spiders attract our attention by their short stout legs, bright colors, big eyes, and quick movements. — E. F. B.



VARIOUS ARTICLES MANUFACTURED FROM ASBESTOS.

The fibers of asbestos have a silky luster, and in color are white, gray, green, or a green-gray.

(NOTE.—For courtesies and use of specimens for photographs we are indebted to Mr. J. B. Johnson, with H. W. Johns Manville Co., New York.—EDITOR.)

TRUE AND FALSE LEGS OF CATERPILLARS.

EVERY caterpillar has three pairs of true legs on the fore part of its body, corresponding to the six found in the butterfly or moth. These are terminated by a sharp claw.

There are also, in most cases, four pairs of prolegs along the middle of the body and one pair at the rear. These ten prolegs disappear when the cater-



A BLOCK OF ASBESTOS.

(On the right and left of this block are shown masses of the cottony form into which the crude asbestos is broken.)

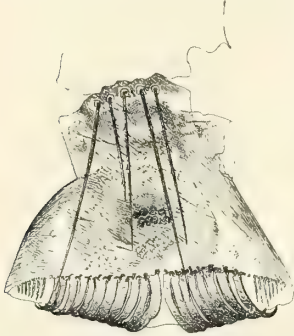
pillar transforms to the perfect insect, hence are called false legs. The ends of these false legs



THE LARVA OF MILKWEED BUTTERFLY.

(The three pairs of legs at the left are true legs. The middle four pairs and the pair at the right end are prolegs or prop-legs.)

are not terminated by a sharp claw, but in many species of caterpillars by a very curious arrangement which re-



A FOOT OF A CATERPILLAR SHOWING THE QUEER ROWS OF HOOKS.

(Drawn under the microscope from a specimen circulated in a box of the American Postal Microscopical Club.)

sembles wonderful rows of small claws or a pretty brushlike formation. Many naturalists who use a microscope are fond of studying these false legs. The accompanying illustration was drawn from a specimen circulated in a mailing-

box of the American Postal Microscopical Club. This had been studied by many scientists.

SEEMS TO "COME TO LIFE."

On page 750 of Nature and Science for June, 1904, was explained an apparent quick "growth" of a Spanish onion, due to internal pressure. On page 1036 of Nature and Science for September, 1904, was an observation of movements of dead branches due to varying temperature and moisture.

These remind one of the interesting opening and shutting of the skeleton portions of a plant found in the deserts of Egypt and Palestine. After the death of this plant the softer parts disappear, leaving a hard framework. These dead branches, somewhat resembling the leaves of some evergreen trees, curve inward in the dry season, protecting the still living seeds in the center. The whole plant has but slight attachment to the sandy soil, and is often torn up by the wind and rolled away. In the wet seasons the branches absorb the

moisture to a large extent, unfold, resume the direction they had in life, and thus let the seeds out at a time when the sand is wet and the seeds will grow most readily. This motion is not a matter of the growth of life, but is purely mechanical. The plant is frequently carried off by visitors, and is sold by venders and at certain stores as a curiosity. If it is immersed in water, the opening of the branches gives one the impression that it has "come to life," hence the popular name of "Resurrection Flower of Jericho," "Rose of Jericho," and other names.

The fact that the *dead* branches hold the living seeds in dry weather, and open to let them out in wet, is truly wonderful. But some dealers are not content with the actual facts. One circular pictures the plant "before wetting" as small and bud-shaped. "After wetting" it is pictured as filling a dinner-plate with luxuriant foliage, and stems extending upward, bearing clusters of beautiful blossoms!



"THE DEAD BRANCHES CURVE INWARD."



THE BRANCHES OPENING AFTER THE PLANT HAS BEEN IMMERSSED IN WATER.

This dealer also states falsely that vermin and mosquitos will not stay where the plant is.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

THROWING STONES AND FEATHERS.

AVERILL PARK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to ask you why you can't throw a feather as far as you can a stone, but still you can throw a small stone farther than a larger one. Please tell me and you will greatly oblige,

Your interested reader,

SARAH MCCARTHY.

The reason why you cannot throw a feather so far as you can a stone is because the feather meets with greater resistance than the stone in passing through the air, having, *in proportion to its weight*, a far greater exposed surface than the stone.



THE MULLEN.

A BEAUTIFUL WEED.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A great many people call the mul-

len a hideous weed. I think it is just the opposite of that. It seems to me it is rather pretty with its velvety light-green leaves, pretty yellow flowers, and brown seeds. I have always liked the mullen very much because it seems so much like a person. It is so tall and straight that I imagine it is honest and straightforward, and even though it is so tall it is n't too proud to live among the smaller plants.

Yours truly,

MARGARET TWITCHELL (age 14).

A MILKWEED "TRAP."

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The pollen of the milkweed is collected in two club-shaped masses linked in pairs at their slender tips, each of which ends in a sticky disk-shaped appendage united in V shape below. This pollen is hidden inside the flowers.

There are five little raised tent-like coverings at equal distances around the flowers, under the horn-shaped nectaries, and the tent-like covering which is cleft along its entire top by a fine opening conceals the stigma. Outside of each of these, and separated from the stigma in the cavity, the pollen masses will be found.

When a bee or other insect alights on the flower to sip of the sweets in the five horn-shaped nectaries, he must hang to the bulky blossom; almost instantly one or more of the feet enter the opening of the tent-like covering, which holds the foot tight until he is ready to fly away, and while the insect is sipping the honey his feet come in contact with the pollen, and as the foot finally draws out it brings with it the pollen.

Often the flower exceeds its purpose and proves a veritable trap; when the bee tries to draw its foot out of the tent-like covering, the foot is caught so tight that the bee becomes exhausted in his effort to escape; and a search among the flowers will often show bees, wasps, flies, and also butterflies hanging by one or more legs, which will be firmly held in the grip of the fissure.

In the picture which I send with this letter I have endeavored to show how the bee is entrapped; the darkened part is the pollen cell.

Your sincere reader,

IRENE KELVOE (age 12).



MILKWEED CATCHING AN INSECT.



THE MILKWEED.

This catching of insects by the milkweed is evidently accidental, and of no use to the plant.



HOLDING THE ALLIGATOR AND FEEDING IT BITS OF MEAT.

HOW TO FEED A SMALL ALLIGATOR.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have always been very much interested in the Nature and Science part of your magazine. Since I have found out that you can give information on certain topics, I would like to ask you about a small alligator which I have brought from the South. It is only about eight inches long, and I do not know how to care for it.

Your loving reader,

JAMES E. KNOTT (age 12).

Keep the alligator in a tank, or vivarium, the bottom of which is covered with pebbles and has some water in at least a portion of it. There should be a place out of the water on which the alligator may crawl. Thus we imitate the natural home of the alligator. You know that it does not spend all of its time in the water, but enjoys lying on the bank of the river.

Ordinarily the alligator will take small bits of meat without especial urging. I have found it convenient, sometimes, to hold the alligator and feed it bits of meat placed in its opened mouth on the end of a sharp-pointed stick. My alligator readily opens its mouth when the sides of the head are rubbed.

NEWTS UNDER STONES.

METUCHEN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While out in the woods, Saturday, I came across a spring. I lifted the large stones near it, and found under them a number of newts or salamanders in company with a lot of frogs. The latter were a dark gray-green above, rather mottled, and a bright yellow underneath. The newts are about five inches long, and of a salmon-color, mottled on the back with dark brown. The coloring of some of them is so heavily marked as to be almost black above, while others are quite light. Can you tell me what their names are from these descriptions? I brought four of the newts home. Can you tell me on what to feed them? Yours truly,

G. WILLARD MARTIN.

These were probably the common "red" salamander or newt. They live under stones and in damp places as well as in the water. Feed them on earth-worms or fresh chopped meat.

DROPS OF WATER ON THE OUTSIDE OF AN ICE-PITCHER.

PHOENICIA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I noticed that when a pitcher of ice water is placed in a warm room, the pitcher will have drops of water on the outside. Will you please tell me how the drops come on the outside of the pitcher?

Your loving reader,

FRANK MACDOWELL (age 13).

The drops, sometimes called "sweat," are the water which was in the air in contact with the cold surface of the pitcher. The air in cooling was condensed and the water "squeezed" out. These beads of water are very easily seen on the surface of a silver ice-pitcher.



THE HOUSE-CRICKET.

IS THE CRICKET A CANNIBAL?

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day, as I was coming home from school, I saw a little cricket eating

another. When I put my foot in front of it, it ran away. Will you please tell me if it had killed the other one, or found it dead, and commenced to eat it?

Your interested reader,

ELLA COULTER.

Crickets usually feed upon plants, but occasionally they eat other insects. I find no record of their killing and eating other crickets, but your observation makes me suspect an insect murder and cannibalism. What do you think yourself?

VARYING PROTECTIVE MIMICRY IN ONE "BROOD" OF CHRYSALIDES.



nt 9

THE HOME OF THE WRITER OF THE ACCOMPANYING LETTER. Showing the location of the vines (Dutchman's-pipe) on the porch. It was on the leaves of these vines that the brood of caterpillars fed.

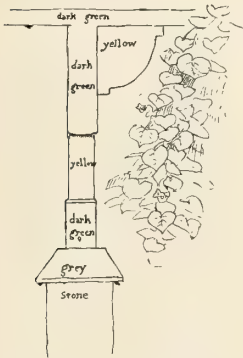
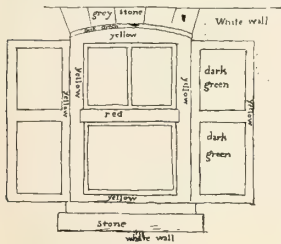


DIAGRAM OF POST AND SURROUNDINGS.

Showing the various colors in the vicinity. Each member of one brood of caterpillars, in becoming chrysalides, located on or near some one or more of these various colors.

LANSDOWNE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On one side of our porch is an *Aristolochia*, or Dutchman's-pipe, and every year a great many larvæ of the blue swallowtail butterfly, *Laertias philenor*, feed on the leaves. We usually kill all the "worms" we can find, for of course they spoil the looks of the vine. This summer we were away for a month, and were very much surprised, on returning home, to find nearly everything around the porch hung with the chrysalides. A strange part is that they vary very much in color. Some are bright, some a light green, and others are of different shades of brown. Three or four are clinging to the stems of a jasmine,

and are so exactly its color that it is very hard to see them. With almost no exception, the brown ones are on the stone posts, dead twigs, wire which supports the vine, and such dull-colored things, while the green ones are on or very near green stems. A rose-bush is growing by one post, and a chrysalis on the post, but very close to the bush, is light green. Another hanging on some woodwork painted a dark green is nearly the same color, and very noticeably darker than the others. I inclose several sketches. One is the post, on the upper part of which clung the dark green one (since destroyed) and also several others. The chrysalis which I found nearest the rose-bush was light green, like two of the specimens I send you. Those which were on the under part of the stone were brown.

The second sketch shows the place between the water-stained plaster and the water-pipe where I found the inclosed brown chrysalis. The wall is stained dull brown very much the same color. The others which I send you were all on the jasmine, and entirely surrounded by the green leaves and stems. I will send a box in this mail containing the chrysalides.

Very truly,

Your interested reader,

ANNA D. WHITE (age 13).

This is a marked example of protective mimicry, in that the members of the same



EACH CHRYSALIS BECAME A BLUE SWALLOWTAIL BUTTERFLY. (*Laertias philenor*.)

brood went to various colors, and each "mimicked" the color of its location.

We cannot help calling especial attention to this very interesting and very well written letter from an observant young reader.



ONE OF THE CHRYSALIDES.

Showing the unique way it has of fastening itself on the wall by a thread of silky material.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY WALTER E. HUNTLEY, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

TO THE DOUBTFUL COMPETITOR.

Who strives with brave and honest heart,
Unheeding toil and tears,
Shall find a guerdon set apart
Somewhere among the years.

ONCE in a while, a long while,—once a year, it may be,—some one writes in or tells us that such good contributions as are published every month in the League cannot be original—that they must be copied from some book or magazine. Our reply is: You must remember that the members of the League are the most intelligent young people in the world. You must remember that many of them have been working and striving for many months, even years, before they obtain recognition, and that such effort means a result which cannot be measured by the standard of a child, however capable, who has made one effort without success. There is a talent for writing and drawing. There is also a gift for learning music. Yet the child who could learn to play the violin even passably with one lesson would be worth going far to see. Also, there are many, even of those who have the greatest talent, whose progress is very slow. The League editor has watched the development of boys and girls whose first efforts were so unpromising that for months there was no warrant for mention in the roll of honor, and has seen the gradual improvement which brought these persevering, resolute aspirants gradually to the highest reward the League has to bestow. Several acknowledgments from such members may be found among the League Letters in this issue.

Of course there are many of the brightest and most capable children in the world who have no gift for creative art, and who do not wish to acquire skill in photography or to give attention to puzzle-making. Such as these will win recognition in other fields, in their own good time and way. The field of art is not for all. Yet even those who may not possess the honors awarded there cannot but be benefited by the effort to win them. Every sincere effort toward expression in word or line brings the sure reward of new knowledge

and mental growth, and is never wasted. Recognition and prizes are precious to those who win them, but in the long, long way of years it is the honest and strong endeavor that upbuilds a nation of nobler women and of braver men.

Once in a while, a long while,—once a year, it may be,—some one who has not read the rules, or who having read them does not care, does send a copied contribution, and the editor, who cannot see everything that has ever been written and drawn, may accept and publish that contribution. Then there is a great unhappiness, for among the fifty thousand League members there are always many—oh, very many—who have seen that picture or poem or story before, and most of these write letters (some of them cross ones) to the League and

say, "How can we compete against such unfairness as this?" But it does not hurt them half as badly as it hurts the editor, nor so much as it hurts the unfair contributor. For the League career of such a one ends right there. The prize is not sent, and the matter is reported in the League Notes. The copier is certain to be discovered. We know this, for every case that has been brought to our notice has been reported not by one only, but by scores; and this, by the way, is one of the very best reasons we have for knowing that there is not one in a hundred of the contributions published that is not "original," as indorsed, according to the League rules.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 60.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Margaret Minaker** (age 16), Gladstone, Manitoba, Can.

Gold badge, **Lucile D. Woodling** (age 12), 302 Prospect St., Cranford, N. J.

Silver badge, **Jessie Freeman Foster** (age 15), 5535 Lexington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Prose. Gold badges, **Robert Walsh** (age 14), 405 E. 4th St., Newport, Ky., and **Anna Loraine Washburn** (age 16), 377 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Louise Roberts** (age 12), 63 Washington St., Hartford, Conn., and **Beatrice Frye** (age 13), 4346 W. Belle Pl., St. Louis, Mo.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Walter E. Huntley** (age 16), 263 Verona Ave., Newark, N. J.

Gold badge, **John A. Ross** (age 16), 312 E. 14th St., Davenport, Ia.

Silver badges, **Phyllis McVickar** (age 11), Morristown, N. J.; **Helen Gardner Waterman** (age 13), cor. Hawthorn and Albatross Sts., San Diego, Cal., and **Elsa R. Farnham** (age 7), Box 511, Laurium, Mich.

Photography. Gold badge, **Phyllis B. Mudie-Cooke** (age 16), 65 Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, London, W., Eng.

Silver badges, **Dorothea Da Ponte Williams** (age 17), 21 Godolphin Rd., Shepherds Bush, London, W., Eng.,

and **Gladys E. Chamberlain** (age 14), 825 Congress St., Portland, Me.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Elk," by **Harold G. Simpson** (age 14), 135 Lyndale Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn. Second prize, "Deer," by **Sidney Gamble** (age 14), 521 Glenwood Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. Third prize, "Blue Heron," by **Lawrence Sherman** (age 15), 104 Cleveland St., Orange, N. J.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Nell G. Semlinger** (age 17), 320 North St., San Antonio, Tex., and **George H. Chapin** (age 16), 26 Laurel Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Silver badges, **Clara Beth Haven** (age 15), 162 Main St., Watertown, N. Y., and **Elinor Townsend** (age 10), Bolivar, Mo.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Mary Ruth Hutchinson** (age 17), 412 Gunnison St., Burlington, Ia., and **Helen Hoag**, 2140 Collinwood Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Silver badges, **Harriet Bingham** (age 15), 704 Chestnut Ave., Altoona, Pa., and **Nettie C. Barnwell** (age 15), 213 Grand Ave., Yazoo City, Miss.

THE REWARD OF THE WEST.

BY MARGARET MINAKER (AGE 16).

(Cash Prize.)

FOR this we toiled. When scarce had shone
The sanguine sunrise, and the air
Cool, with the night-breeze barely gone,
We trod the dewy earth behind the share,
Cleaving the rich, dark soil in furrows long;
Above, a lark poured out his liquid song;
Beneath, the grasses whispered morning
prayer.

And when the sky is gold and red,
Slowly we homeward wend our way;
The horses, tired, with drooping head,
Knowing that rest is near them, gently neigh;
And o'er the earth the shadows slowly steal,
Making the land dim, ghostly, and unreal.
So goes the long summer, day by day.

But are we not repaid full well?
For, mellowed by the sun and rain,
Before us sway with gentle swell
Oceans of shining wealth unmatched by
Spain;
Waving and rippling in the breezes bold,
It stretches toward the sky, our field of gold—
Unlimited and boundless, waving grain.

AN EPISODE OF RUSSIAN HISTORY.

BY ROBERT WALSH (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

ONE cold morning, during the time when Napoleon made his unsuccessful expedition into Russia, the landlord of the inn of a small village near Moscow was commanded to bring a good meal to three young flippant French officers, evidently brothers. Complying with this request, he soon appeared with a japanned waiter on which he bore a dozen steaming sausages, some potatoes, and a portion of rye bread.

At the sausages the Frenchmen sneered, at the potatoes scowled, and as for the rye bread, one of them took it up and threw it in a corner, upon which the impudent trio left the hostelry with a most contemptuous look on their countenances.

The innkeeper was very angry, but he took the sausages and potatoes back to the cook, and the bread he placed in a near-by closet.

Who has not heard of the awful disasters that happened to Napoleon's Grand Army at Moscow? When they arrived there they found a destitute city, which the Russians had burned rather than leave it to the French for winter quarters. Napoleon had nothing to do but retreat; this was the greatest of all disasters. It was marked by a continuous line of dead, which the ghouls robbed, the ravens picked at, while wolves ate, rather than drank, the frozen blood. Thousands were drowned fording rivers. During all this while the indefatigable Cossacks harassed the flanks, and it is said that Ney's rear-guard was reduced from thirty thousand to thirty men. And yet their worst suffering was said to be the taunt of the enemy: "Could not the French find graves at home?"

A man in ragged uniform tottered up to the landlord with whom our story begins, and with these words fell at his feet exhausted: "Moscow burned—brothers killed—food!"

He was resuscitated, and as his wild eyes met the rye bread he had but a few days since cast aside, he clutched and ate it; and after a good meal the lieutenant of Napoleon marched on, a sadder and wiser man.



"HOME AGAIN." BY PHYLLIS B. NUDIE-COOKE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

CHARITY'S REWARD.

BY LUCILE D. WOODLING (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

THE queen in royal splendor sat,
'Mid courtly pomp and ease;
She was the queen of many lands,
Whom princes sought to please.

Upon her head a sparkling crown
Her royal favor proved,
But vain the fame of royalty:
She was a queen—unloved.

Without the royal palace gates,
Amid the great town's roar,
A woman, lowly born yet high,
Long labored for the poor;



"HOME AGAIN." BY DOROTHEA DA PONTE WILLIAMS,
AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

And on the day when Christ was born,
And church bells rang so free,
She many a home made happier—
A queen of charity.

Let other queens in splendor sit,
'Mid courtly pomp and ease;
She really rules the people's hearts—
The queen of charities.

AN EPISODE IN RUSSIAN HISTORY.

An Incident in Kuropatkin's Boyhood.

BY ANNA LORAIN WASHBURN (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

WHEN Kuropatkin was a boy of about seventeen he was sent to a military academy. In this school the boys had to work very hard, but they were allowed one day each week when they could play to their hearts' content for twelve hours, on the condition that they would act as gentlemen.

On one of these holidays, Kuropatkin was strolling down the street, when he saw two of his school friends grab the contents of a small candy-shop and run away with them.

The next day while the boys were at their lessons the candy merchant came in and complained. The head officer asked him to pick out the two boys. But, alas! the poor little candy-seller had been too frightened to notice the thieves' faces. All he knew was that two boys wearing the uniform of the school had robbed him, and that a third had seen them do it. In despair the officer sent him away and turned toward the school.

"Boys," he said, "you have all heard this story. Now I am going to ask all of you three questions, which

I want you to answer truthfully." And then, beginning with the first row of expectant boys, he asked each one these questions:

"Did you steal the candy?"

"Did you help steal the candy?"

"Did you see the others steal the candy?"

They all answered no until it came to Kuropatkin. He denied having done the first two things, but he answered yes to the third. Then, getting up from his seat, he saluted his teacher.

"Sir," he said, "I know who did the robbery, for I saw them do it, but I shall not tell you. They have already denied any knowledge of the affair. Now," and his voice rang out clear and true, "let them stand up and confess, and be Russians and be men." Then, saluting again, he stepped back to his place.

A murmur of applause ran through the room, and during it the two culprits stood up and acknowledged their guilt.

After this incident Kuropatkin was treated as a hero by all his friends.

THE WISE MEN'S REWARD.

BY JESSIE FREEMAN FOSTER (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

JOURNEYING onward, looking upward
Toward the Eastern Star,
Came three wise men through the desert,
To Bethlehem afar.

And when at last the star stood still
Their hearts were filled with joy;
They entered through a manger door
To see the Heavenly Boy.

They knelt before Him filled with praise,—
The Babe of Bethlehem,—
And for their gifts so rich and rare
He sweetly smiled on them.



"ELK." BY HAROLD G. SIMPSON, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE,
"WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

MY REWARD.

BY FRANCES LUBBE ROSS (AGE 13).

THERE are many kinds of rewards,
Such as honor, wealth, and fame.
Some toil for riches, and others strive
To make themselves a name.

When an artist paints a picture
Or a poet writes a verse,
'T is sometimes for love of beauty,
Sometimes to swell his purse.

As for me, the reward I strive for
Is neither riches nor fame;
'T is this: to see in ST. NICHOLAS
"Gold Badge," and above it—my name!

AN EPISODE IN RUSSIAN HISTORY—THE
FOUNDING OF ST. PETERSBURG.

BY BEATRICE FRYE (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

PETER THE GREAT was the founder of St. Petersburg. The site selected for the city was a miserable marsh half under water. A few solitary fishermen inhabited it, and were barely able to get a living. These fishermen pointed out to Peter an old tree with a mark on it showing to what perilous height the waters sometimes rose, thereby showing him what a dangerous location it was for a city. Peter ordered the tree to be cut down.

This enterprise of Peter's was almost impossible, but Peter was not easily daunted. He ordered multitudes of workmen from the different parts of his empire to come and work for him. They had no tools, but had to dig the soil with sticks or with their hands, and carried the earth away in their caps or aprons.

Within a year thirty thousand houses were built on the marsh. Beneath those houses were the bones of many wretched laborers who had died during the dreadful toil. But it mattered not to the Czar. He only said, "One must break eggs to make an omelet."

Peter then commanded people to come from different parts of his empire to reside in this city. Men in all kinds of trades were transported by force to St. Petersburg. Every boat that entered the harbor was to bring a certain quantity of unhewn stones.

The little house where Peter lived was built largely by his own hands, and is now inclosed within an outer structure. His house was built of logs, and consisted of only three rooms—a dining-room, bedroom, and kitchen.

Thus St. Petersburg was built and peopled by Peter the Great. It is but just that the city should bear his name.

Lost or damaged League buttons will be replaced free on application. This rule does not apply to the prize badges.



"DEER." BY SIDNEY GAMBLE, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE,
"WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

AN EPISODE IN RUSSIAN HISTORY.

BY LOUISE ROBERTS (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

ONE day Nicholas I was walking in the Summer Gardens at St. Petersburg, when he met an actor whose acting he had seen and liked. He stopped and complimented the Frenchman on it, and the actor, much pleased, replied. Now it was not permitted to speak to the emperor in the public gardens, so as soon as the Czar had passed on a policeman arrested the actor. His protestations that the emperor spoke first were of no avail. He was put in prison.

Nicholas went that night to see him act, but he was not there.

No one could give him any explanation as to the cause of his not being there; so the emperor remained unsatisfied.

The next day the actor was set free.

In some way Nicholas heard of it and sent for him. The Czar asked him what he could do to make up for the action of the police.

"Never speak to me in the public gardens again," said the man; and his request was granted.

The next day Nicholas sent him money equivalent to a whole month's salary.



"BLUE HERON." BY LAWRENCE SHERMAN,
AGE 15. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD
PHOTOGRAPH.")

A REWARD FOR BEING BAD.

BY MARJORIE VERSCHOYLE BETTS (AGE 15).



"SHE LAUGHS AT ME." (SEE POEM.)

I 'm stupid—every one says so;
And surely teacher ought to know:
She said it, too.
I never can do sums or spell—
The right way is so hard to tell,
I think, don't you?

When teacher asked, "New York, Irene?"
I said, "My fav'rite magazine
Is published there."
But teacher frowned and cried, "How bad!"
Perhaps she wanted me to add,
"In Union Square."

I 'd know, though, if I were like Nell;
She answers all her ques-
tions well,
And never tries.
She laughs at me and sel-
dom works
At things: just slips along,
and shirks—
And gets the prize.

But foot is where I always
stay,
No matter how I toil away;
So I 'd be glad
If some one of their own
accord
Would kindly offer a re-
ward
For being bad!

Winners of prize badges
should preserve them very
carefully. If lost they can-
not be replaced.

AN INCIDENT IN RUSSIAN HISTORY.

BY ELIZABETH TOOF (AGE 13).

PETER THE GREAT was born in 1672 and died in 1725. Though he lived in a very wild and romantic time, he did many things which were of lasting benefit to his country. One of these was to plan and build the first Russian boat, at Moscow.

Many years after its completion, when the Russian navy was established, this little vessel was taken on a barge to St. Petersburg, where it was received with great ceremony.

The next day it was removed from the barge and rowed out into the bay, with the Emperor and several of the high officials on board. Not far away was the entire Russian fleet, arranged in the form of a semicircle. So the little vessel went back and forth across the bay, and was saluted by the discharge of three hundred guns each time it approached the fleet, and heartily cheered by the crowd on the shore.

That night the *Little Grandfather*, as it was so significantly called, was put into the dock at St. Petersburg, where it remained for some time.

THE BEST REWARD.

BY CATHARINE H. STRAKER (AGE 11).

In fairy tales the heroes all
Were fair young princes, strong and tall,
Who 'd free a princess they adored,
And win her as their just reward.

In learning 't is n't weight or size
That makes the pupil win a prize;
It 's just the one that stands the test
Of his exam, and does his best.

CROWN JEWELS OF RUSSIA.

BY RAY MURRAY (AGE 13).

In the city of St. Petersburg, near the Alexander Column, stands the Winter Palace, one of the largest buildings in the world, and during the greater part of the year it is the residence of the Czar.

It is superbly situated, for close beside it rolls the river Neva, like a flood of silver.

In one of the rooms of the Winter Palace, guarded night and day, are kept the crown jewels of Russia. It would be difficult to imagine anything more magnificent than the imperial crown. It is in the form of a dome, the summit of which consists of a cross of large diamonds resting on an immense ruby. This ruby, with its cross, is poised on arches of diamonds, whose bases rest upon a circle of twenty-eight other diamonds, that clasp the brow of the emperor. The crown of the empress also contains no less than one hundred splendid diamonds, and is, perhaps, the most beautiful mass of these precious stones ever formed into a single ornament.



"HOME AGAIN." BY GLADYS E. CHAMBERLAIN, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

The chief of the superb collection is the Orloff diamond, which sparkles on the summit of the imperial scepter. Its history is as interesting as the stone is dazzling.

It formed at one time the eye of an idol in a temple of India. A French soldier, pretending to have been converted to the native religion, gained access to the idol's temple one dark night, and, by some surgical operation best known to himself, deprived the deity of its bright eye and fled with the prize.

After passing through several hands it was finally purchased, for over half a million of dollars, by the famous Count Orloff, who laid it at the feet of Catharine II as the most magnificent jewel in the world.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY JOHN A. ROSS, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)



"HOME AGAIN." BY FRED BRYLE, AGE 15.

CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY WILKIE GILHOLM (AGE 16).

WHEN Nature clasps about her throat a mantle soft and white,
And loops from all the snowy eaves her glittering swords and bright,
Oh, then we look for Christmas day—the day to most hearts dear,
When sacred birth spread o'er the earth good will to men, and cheer.

Hail, Christmas morn! bright, glowing hearths expel the old Frost King,
While from the church the Christmas bells their carols sweetly ring.
Adown the stairs with merry laugh comes all the household band—
White-locks and rosy Dimple-cheek, hand clasping close in hand.

And grandpa from the Christmas tree, a-glitter toe and top,
Soon strips the groaning branches of their wondrous, generous crop.
While grown-ups all receive the gifts which grown-up folks enjoy,
The drum and doll, gay sled and skate, delight each girl and boy.

Then dinner-time. Oh, turkey dear! I see you brown and grand;
Plum-pudding and the real mince-pie support you hand in hand.
Oh, then the laughing repartee, the true and jolly fun;
No day is there like Christmas day, the real old-fashioned one!

Next, young folks hied them to the pond, all afternoon to skate,
To try Dutch Roll, the Outside Edge, and learn the Figure Eight;
Whilst grown folks harnessed up the horse, with sleigh-bells all a-chime,
And even the horses seemed to feel that it was Christmas-time!

AN EPISODE OF RUSSIAN HISTORY IN GERMANY.

BY PHILIP C. GIFFORD (AGE 12).

NEAR the little town of Eisenach in northern Germany, on a high forest-covered hill, stands the majestic old castle of the Wartburg. In the splendid *Hofburg* is a glass drinking-vessel, mended in many places, which the guide pointed out to us, and told us its romantic story. When Peter the Great started from Russia in 1697 to make a tour of all the principal cities of Germany and Holland and a visit to London, so that he could see for himself how other nations built ships, forged metals, and made war, he wished to travel incognito. But the very first man he met at Zaandam had been in Russia working as a smith, and the Czar having a striking face he was recognized at once. He took lodgings with a man by the name of Kist in two little rooms and a loft, in which he prayed morning and night. While he stayed in Zaandam he built a 60-gun ship.

On his homeward journey he made no attempt at secrecy. He was entertained by the King of England and the Emperor of Germany. He stopped at the Wartburg to see the Elector. At the feast given in his honor, he drank out of this glass and then threw it



"HOME AGAIN." BY PHILIP S. ORDWAY, AGE 17.

upon the floor, saying no one should drink from the glass that he had drunk from.

But the pieces were gathered and mended after he was gone, and are now shown as an interesting relic of his visit to Germany.

THE MAN WITH NO REWARD.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 11).

The man who walking through
the streets
So patient all the day,
Oh, what reward does he receive,
Along his weary way?

They talk about the lazy tramp
Who never works at all;
But yet he worketh just as hard
As the lord up at the hall.

THE STORY OF OLEG'S DEATH.

BY WARD S. GREENE (AGE 11).

OLEG was ruler of Russia. For a long time he had asked his wizards and magicians, "By whom is it fated that I shall die?"

And one of his magicians said that his horse would be the cause of his death.

So he ordered them to take care of the horse, but never to bring it to him again. So many years passed, and he did not ride his horse, but went among the Greeks.

Then he returned and stayed at Kief for four years, and in the fifth year he called his oldest groom and asked him where his horse was. And the groom said that it was dead.

Then Oleg laughed and said, "The wizard spoke falsely; the horse is dead, and I am alive."

And he went to the place where the skull and bones of the horse lay unburied.

And he said, "How can a skull be the cause of my death?"

So he planted his foot on the skull, and out darted a snake and bit him, so that he fell sick and died. They buried him on the mountain called Stchekovitsa, and his grave is there to this day.

THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS.

BY DOROTHY STOTT (AGE 11).

THE shepherds sitting on the hill,
Watching their flocks of sheep,
Had grown very, very weary,
And closed their eyes in sleep,

When through the darkness broke the sound

Of many angels' voices:

"Peace on earth, good will to men!
Oh, all the world rejoices!"

Oh, happy night! Oh, blessed night!
The shepherds looked bemazed;
They hardly could believe 't was true,
That sight on which they gazed.

"Good will! good will!" the angels sang.

"Our Saviour-King is here;

Oh, go, ye shepherds, to the place
Where the star shines bright and clear."

The shepherds went and found
the Child

In a manger, lying there,
Sleeping sweetly and peacefully
'Neath his watchful mother's care.

That was the world's first Christmas,

And we children love to hear
The story of the Christ-child
Which has grown to us so dear.

A RUSSIAN EPISODE.

BY FAITH GOSS (AGE 10).

SOME years ago my great-aunt Elizabeth, who lives in Russia, wrote to us and said in one of the prisons some state prisoners were kept.

On the Fourth of July the people saw floating on the breeze red, white, and blue rags in the prison windows. The rags had been torn from their clothing.

The officials were very much surprised to see the rags.

The prisoners wished to show the Russians that they loved a country of liberty.

The prisoners communicated together by tapping on the water-pipes.



"MY PLAYMATE." BY PHYLLIS MCVICKAR, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN HISTORY.

BY ZENA PARKER (AGE 14).

MANY years ago, in 1769, when our beautiful State of Tennessee contained nothing but vast forests, winding rivers, and savage tribes of Indians, a little body of settlers crossed the boundary and made their camp by the banks of the Cumberland River.

It required brave men to thus face the hardships of a life in the wilds of the forests—a life that, too, was constantly threatened with danger from the Indians. But these men were brave. Was it not the Tennessee pioneers who fought and won the battle of King's Mountain? And, best of all, this party was led by one of the bravest and best men that ever lived—James Robertson, "Father of Tennessee."

The settlers at once set to work, and Robertson was the help and inspiration of all of them. If any one was discouraged, it was Robertson who patiently helped and persuaded him to try again; if there was anything too dangerous for any one else to do it, it was James Robertson who did it.

They built forts and cabins, and prepared in every way for their families to come. Finally they came; but they had not been there very long when troubles with the Indians began. The settlers fought bravely through many attacks; but one day they discovered, to their consternation, that their ammunition was almost out. What were they to do? It meant almost certain death to go to the next settlement for more, as the Indians were on the alert and killed every one they could who encroached on their hunting-grounds.

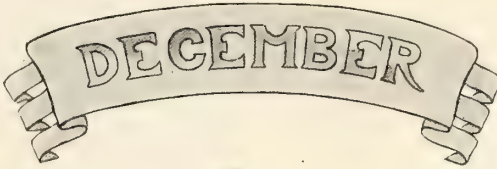
But Robertson was always willing to go on the dangerous errands. How could he mind risking his life, when he might be successful in getting the ammunition, and thus keep his people from a horrible death?

He armed himself with the little shot he had left, bade farewell to his friends, and set out on his perilous journey.

Robertson returned safely from his expedition, to the

great joy of the settlers, for they had nearly given up hope; and his timely arrival saved the people from an Indian massacre.

It was that great bravery and courage in all emergencies that won for Robertson in the years to come positions of great importance, commanding unflinching love and trust from his people; and we look back to those perilous days with much admiration and reverence for the courageous "Father of Tennessee."



"MY PLAYMATE." BY ROBERT EDMAND JONES, AGE 16.

A COWARD.

BY PEARL E. KELLOGG (AGE 14).

It was Johnny's birthday, and he had received several nice presents. First, there was a fine new baseball which papa had given him; then, there was a silver-mounted clothes-brush from mama, a fascinating game from sister Nell, and, lastly, there were two peculiarly luminous green marbles which baby Dorothy had insisted upon purchasing for him.

When Johnny went to bed he laid his presents on the bureau instead of putting them away, as a good boy should have done. This very fact was the cause of his downfall. Johnny turned out the light and laid his tousled head on the pillow; but thoughts of his birthday danced through his head and he could not go to sleep. (One never can go to sleep on one's birthday.) All redoubtable methods of enticing sleep had failed, and Johnny gave up in despair. His eyes began to rove around the room, which was faintly lighted by the shimmering silver moonlight. Suddenly he perceived two great green eyes staring at him from the ghostly shadow. At first he thought it was all a terrible dream; but as the eyes continued to stare he realized that he was wide awake, and he uttered a scream of terror.

When his frightened mother had reached the room and turned on the light, she found a terror-stricken little boy with his head tightly wrapped in the bed-covers. After Johnny had satisfied himself that the terrible something had departed, he told his mother the cause of his scream.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY HELEN GARDNER WATERMAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY S. F. McNEILL, AGE 14.

"Now what do you suppose it was, mama?" questioned Johnny, when he had ended.

For a moment his mother appeared deep in thought and did not answer. Presently, however, a little twinkle came into her eyes, and Johnny knew that she had "supposed."

"Johnny, where did you put your presents?" she asked.

"On the bureau. Why?"—as his mother stepped toward the bureau. For answer she held up the two green marbles which had been baby Dorothy's gift to him. For a moment Johnny did not comprehend; but, when he did, such peals of laughter arose that sister Nell came rushing down the stairs to see what was the matter. Of course Nell told all Johnny's schoolmates of his scare, and they never ceased to tease him about those marbles.

A BRAVE COWARD.

BY ETHEL PICKARD (AGE 15).

A LONELY boy stood watching a crowd of bathers who were swimming in the water on a warm summer day. Suddenly a boy called out, "Why don't you come too, Charlie?"

"Oh, I don't wish to swim to-day," he answered, whereupon some of the swimmers gave a loud laugh, and one said: "You're a coward, Charlie." The boy turned away, stung by their taunts. He could not deny it, for he was greatly afraid of water, and never had the courage to enter it. Two of the girl bathers were the daughters of a wealthy English general who had recently distinguished himself in the Boer War. Charlie greatly admired the girls, who had traveled extensively in Europe but were now boarding at his home. The girls, however, who had seen much of soldier life, derided him as a coward, and teased him continually.

That night Charlie, who had been studying at a late hour, fell asleep. Suddenly he was awakened by a loud report, and opened his eyes to find his room filled with smoke. Opening the door, he was greatly alarmed to find the hall filled with flames. Running to the window, he was about to jump when he suddenly remembered the English girls. Their room was in a wing of the house, and all their means of escape cut off. Putting his coat over his head, he resolutely opened his door, and, almost choked with smoke, at last reached the girls' room. Their door was open, and they were lying on the threshold, overcome with smoke. Hastily picking

one up, he again ran the gantlet of flames. He threw the girl out of the window into willing hands below, and returned for her sister. Many minutes elapsed before he came again to his window. His head had been cut open by a falling rafter, and his hair and clothes were burning in spots. Hurriedly throwing the girl out of the window, he then jumped himself, and that was the last he remembered for many days; for, although the girls were unhurt, yet Charlie was badly injured, and remained in the hospital many weeks.

The English government, hearing of his brave deed, sent him a paper thanking him to which Queen Victoria's name was signed, and that is now his most treasured possession.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

A NUMBER of League members have written to say that they would like to correspond with other young people of the League. For a time we published these requests, but our space is so limited and the requests became so numerous that we have been obliged to omit this interesting feature.

Requests still come for a competition in musical competition. This also we are obliged to forgo for want of space. To publish even a very short score would require a half-page of ST. NICHOLAS, and most musical contributions would need much more room.

The following League members will exchange stamps and souvenir post-cards: Zayda R. Williams, Box 651, Geneva, Ohio, Sidney Robinson, 240 River Ave., Ft. Rouge, Winnipeg, Can., Lois Williams, 921 Carrollton Ave., New Orleans, La., and Bernice Marks, Box 346, Lake Placid, N. Y.

Contributors should consider the League audience as well as the subjects given. Thousands of ST. NICHOLAS readers enjoy the League department, even when they are not contributors, and if we



"MY PLAYMATES." BY JOHN D. BUTLER, AGE 14.

can furnish entertainment for this audience we are making a long step toward success, the larger field of art.

MT. OLIVE, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to thank you for the gold badge which I received.

I think that the badge itself is very beautiful, but to me that which it represents—the hard work, the long time of waiting, and now the honor—is more than the badge itself.

I am very much interested in the League, and can truly say that you are one of my best friends.

I love to read the stories in the magazine, and like especially well most of the continued stories and the long stories complete in one number.

Wishing you success in the future, I remain,

Your faithful member,
MARY SALMON.

LAKE HOPATCONG, LANDING P. O., N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for printing my story in the pages of ST. NICHOLAS devoted to the League. It is such an encouragement to me. I began writing for ST. NICHOLAS last January, and have not missed sending in my contribution (always prose) a single time since. My efforts have been rewarded

each time by having my name on the roll of honor. I have now mounted the first round in the long ladder to literary success; I have had my work printed in a good magazine. I shall persevere in my efforts, writing, if possible, each month until at some future date (it may be in the far future) either I shall have won first place twice, thus entitling me to the cash prize, or I shall have proven to the satisfaction of myself and friends that it is an impossibility.

Again thanking you for thus encouraging me, I remain,

Your loving reader,

HELEN J. SIMPSON.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER."
BY ROBERT W. FOULKE, AGE 17.

HILLSDALE, Mich.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My grandmother received as a wedding present a large tract of land which she turned into a park. As there were lots of weeping willows, it was quite a beautiful place. She made two lakes and one pool. One lake was double or cut in two by a dam of rocks with gates. In each lake there was an island full of flowers and plants. The other was a larger lake and lengthened into a channel which ended in a pool shaded by willows. There was a small pool with a rock castle in the center. Grandma put over a hundred goldfish in the center lake. She was given some beautiful swans, who live on the boundary river. She bought some fifteen black ducks, and they live on the river also.

There is a large house for the fantail turbit and other kinds of doves. She used to have an owl and some squirrels. She was offered a bear, but she did n't accept it.

There are flowers all over and it is an altogether lovely place.

Your ever-loving reader,

LEAH LOUISE STOCK (age 11).

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My gold badge came last night and I think it is a perfect beauty. I was so surprised when I saw I had won it, as I had never had anything higher than roll of honor No. 2 from the League before.

I shall certainly keep on trying in the hopes of winning a silver badge also, and possibly even a cash prize.

Yours very sincerely,

AGNES R. LANE.

MICHIGAN CITY, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My gold badge arrived to-day, and the happiness of that moment in which I realized it was wholly mine I shall never forget.

During the seventeen months I have been a League member I have not missed a competition; yet six of those times I have known the utmost discouragement, not even reaching the honor roll. And this is my reward.

Greatly as I thank you for the encouragement you have given me, I thank you much more sincerely for the discouragements; for each defeat only renewed my ardor and made me more determined to win.

I almost envy the newer members who still have their prizes to work for when I think that I can never rewin my gold badge.

Thanking you once more for my prize, I remain,

Your ancient friend,

BLANCHE LEEMING.

LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: About a month ago our neighbors heard a queer noise in their kitchen, and they thought it was a rat, and a few nights ago they heard a noise in the ceiling and saw two pieces of plaster and an ivy leaf fall from above them. They saw a flying-squirrel come down from a crack by a sliding door. They captured it and put it in a cage. They think it was living in the walls all that time. After it eats it washes its paws, and it curls its long, flat tail over its eyes when it goes to sleep. It is a great little pet, especially as they are rather scarce around here.

MARY THORPE GEST (age 12).

NORTH ABINGTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Three years I've been working for that which I received last Saturday—the silver badge; so perhaps you can realize to some extent how overjoyed I was to get it.

Although I have contributed very irregularly at times, I've always been greatly interested in the League.

As I was looking over the ST. NICHOLAS for October, I was very much disappointed not to find my name on the roll of honor; but I kept on looking at the magazine, and oh, I was so delightfully surprised to see my poem! Wishing you a long and prosperous life,

I remain, sincerely,

FRANCES BENEDICT.

OAK PARK, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The badge which came day before yesterday has certainly pleased me very much. It is so pretty! and, now that I have won that, I will work harder and try for something better.

I appreciate the picture, in the October number of the ST. NICHOLAS, entitled "An Incident in Real Life," greatly, since I myself have so often started to arrange my numbers, and two or three hours later suddenly realize that the whole afternoon is gone.

Thanking you again for the badge, I remain,

Your loving reader,

MILDRED C. JONES.

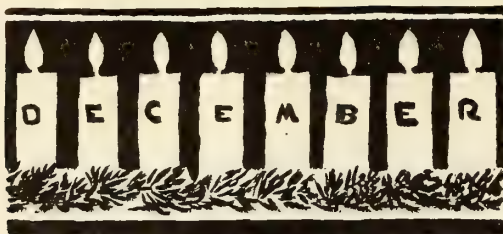
Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Burwell Newton Kilbourn, Mary Thompson, J. Curran Rogers, Margaret Flint, Hugh Spencer, W. R. De Lappe, Marion W. Pond, Mildred Stanley Fleck, Sophronia M. Cooper, Elma Joffron, Catherine E. Campbell, W. Clinton Brown, Mary Henderson Ryan, Eleanor Myers, Ruth G. Lyon, Valerie Marbury, Dorothy G. Gibson, Helen Whitman, Marie Armstrong, Marie Holt Greene, William S. Innis, and Elizabeth Marvin.

CHAPTERS.

DURING the holidays is a good time to form League Chapters, also for old chapters to elect new officers for the coming year. League Chapters should have many pleasant meetings between Christmas and New Year's, and after. Winter is the time for getting together, whether for work or play, and the League means both. Don't make your meetings all work or all play. Reading, games, and refreshments—that is a good program, and is subject to all sorts of variations, because the reading may be of any sort, the games may be just what you like, and the refreshments whatever you happen to find easy to get. Nobody will be dissatisfied, we are sure, after an evening or an afternoon of employment and recreation.



"PLAYMATES." BY IRENE GAYLORD FARNHAM, AGE 12.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY ELSA R. FARNHAM, AGE 7.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Badges and instruction leaflets will be sent upon request to all desiring to join the League and to organize chapters. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to the magazine to belong to the League.

As a matter of convenience, the secretary of each chapter should be authorized to receive subscriptions from any one desiring to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS.

NEW LEAGUE CHAPTERS.

No. 767. Blanche Goode, President; Jeannette Phillips, Secretary; five members. Address, 1018½ Fourth Ave., Rock Island, Ill.

No. 768. Carleton Washburne, Secretary; eight members. Address, 115 Lexington Ave., Elkhart, Ind. Meetings Friday. No dues. Light refreshments.

No. 769. Mabel Reed, President; Catharine Wellman, Secretary; ten members. Address, 82 W. 12th St., Bayonne, N. J.

No. 770. Mary Gove, President; Rachel Wyse, Secretary; three members. Address, 254 Lafayette St., Salem, Mass.

No. 771. "Rainbow Chapter." Emily Thomas, President; Orlando Richards, Secretary; nineteen members. Address, West Haven, Conn.

No. 772. Jennie Morgan, President; Agnes Finnegan, Secretary; nineteen members. Address, Saranac Lake, N. Y.

No. 773. Margaret Davidson, President; Helen Irvine, Secretary; four members. Address, New Brighton, N. J.

No. 774. "The Seaside Club." Ruth Bartlett, President; Martha Batchelder, Secretary; four members. Address, Box 38, Hampton Falls, N. H.

No. 775. "M. C." Eugene Lieder, President; John Buyer, Secretary; four members. Address, 152 Leonard St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Naomi Hale Cook
Mabel E. Fletcher
Natalie D. Wurts
Alleine Langford

Constance Fuller
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Emily Rose Burt
Edith J. Minaker
Josephine Potter Davis
Daisy Errington Brettell
Catherine Montgomery
Ray Randall
Dorothy Ebersole
Margaret Gregg
Katherine Gibson

VERSE 2.

Florence Smith
Esther Hopkins
Dorothy Childs Cross
Josephine E. Swain
Donald S. MacBride
Elizabeth Spicer
Florence Isabel Miller
Elizabeth Chase Burt
Charlotte E. Norris
Olga Marwig
Leah Adkinson
Mary F. Van Wormer

PROSE 1.

Allen F. Brewer
Thomas McCarthy
Madeleine Dillay
Sophronia Moore Cooper
Katharine A. Potter
Rufus Willard Putnam

Vera Demens
Frank Hertell
Mary A. Woods
Margaret Dow
Clara Bucher Shanafelt
George Switzer
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Dorothy Cooke
Freda Phillips
Katherine McD. Palmer
Sidney B. Browne, Jr.
Phyllis M. Clarke
Robert Emmet Dundon
Elizabeth R. Marvin

Dorothy C. Sturgis
Elinor Colby
Lawrence Seton Straker
Marie Atkinson
Hilda Kohr
Marjorie Newcomb Wilson
Margaret Lantz Daniell
Olive Garrison
Dorothy Ochtman
Sophie Langdon Mott
A. Victor Egbert

DRAWINGS 2.

Nellie G. Parry Price
Harriette Barney Burt
James Frank Dolin
Alice Sullivan
Margery Fulton
Emily W. Browne
Ella Preston
Rita Wood
Marjorie Hubbell
Anne Constance Nourse
Cora L. Merrill
Edith Park
Gladys L'E. Moore
Mary Ellen Willard



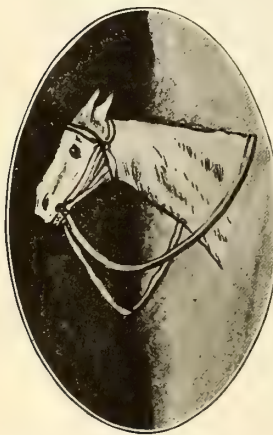
"MY PLAYMATE." BY RUTH PARSHALL BROWN, AGE 12.

Edwina J. O'Brien
Leonora Branch
Alvin McAlunan
Lester Babcock
Helen W. Kennedy
Helen J. Simpson
Henry B. Dillard
Alice I. Misenheimer
Mary Gove
Leigh Stevens
R. Goldschmidt
Helen M. Barton
Bessie Coat

Harry I. Tiffany
Elizabeth A. Gest
Olaf Mann
Alice Esther Treat
Carl Gustav Werner
Ethel Messervy
Cordner H. Smith
Mildred Willard
Gertrude Elizabeth Allen
H. Ideva Hughes
Shirley A. Rich
Phyllis Nanson
Emilie C. Flagg
Ellen C. Griffith
Alice B. Nicholson
Kathryn A. Nicholson
Lois D. Wilcox
Dorothea M. Dexter
Helen M. Brown
Charles J. Novy
Aline J. Dreyfus
Ester Dell Lewis
Gettine Vroom
William W. Westring, Jr.
Margaret McKeon
Bessie Wright
Helena B. Flynn
Virginia Witnor
Charlotte A. Nicholson
Elizabeth White

DRAWINGS 1.

Helen K. Bromm
Jessie C. Shaw
Alice Josephine Goss
Richard F. Babcock
May Frasher
Elizabeth Otis
Guy Holman
Shirley Alice Willis
Margaret A. Dobson
Harold J. Breul
Helen Ryan
Muriel Jensen
Helen Mertzanzoff
Isabel G. Howell



"MY PLAYMATE." BY VIEVA FISHER, AGE 10.

Mary A. Pirong
Guy Wellington
Katherine Mary Keeler
Elizabeth Keeler
Gladys Nelson
Archie MacKinnon
G. B. Markle, Jr.
Beulah A. Belcher
Anna Zollars
Anne Furman Goldsmith
Phoebe Underwood
Charlotte Cook
Honor Gallsworthy
Catherine Warner
Georgina Wood
Eleanor Frances Welsh
Esther Naomi Brown
Margaret Booraem
Hilda Rowena Bronson
Kate Fishel
Mary Taft Atwater
Lelia Y. Remnitz
Hazel Bakewell
Robert H. Gibson
Florence G. Mackey
Margery Gardner
Susan J. Appleton
Mary Baxter Ellis
Rachel Wyse
Helen Hill Newby
Prudence Ross
Dorothy Hoke
Eleanor Keeler
Kathleen McKeag
James A. Crouse
L. M. Blackford, Jr.
Vernon Dodge
Grace Wardwell
Adelaide Nichols
Katharine Leeming
Mildred Curran-Smith

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Tyler H. Bliss
Lydia A. Stetson
S. M. Janney, Jr.
Thurston Brown
George Merriitt, Jr.
Anna M. McKechnie
Piero Colonna
T. Beach Platt
Irene F. Wetmore
Claire Brundage
Mary W. Woodman
Elsie Wormser
John W. Beatty, Jr.
Janie J. Polk
Clifford Standing
Joseph Wharton Lippincott
Harry J. Polk

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Florence R. T. Smith
Ruth H. Caldwell
Mary E. Glessner
Hugo Graf
Constance Williams
Canema Bowers
J. Raymond Hampson
Rose G. Wood
Grace Povenmire
Dorothy V. Gresham
George Hill
Walter Schilling
Marion D. Freeman
George Grady, Jr.
Charlotte Greenbaum

NOTICE.

THE St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers for the purpose of mental improvement, good-fellowship, and the more kindly consideration of our animal friends. The membership is free, and any reader of the magazine, whether a subscriber or not, may obtain the League badge and instruction leaflet on application.



-MY PLAYMATES-

BY LEWIS SEYMOUR, AGE 14.

May H. Peabody
Eleanor Phillips
H. Ernest Bell
Marion I. Reynolds
Walter Moore
Elizabeth Thacher
Donald Armour
Stewart Bowers
Rene Guillon
Mary Wadsworth
Mildred R. Betts
Bradley L. Coley
Verna Mae Tyler
Dunton Hamlin
Elen Soumarhoff Elston
Helen Whitman
Christina B. Fisher
C. Mortimer Wilmerding
Helen Goodall
John B. Lowry
George B. Watts
Beth P. Dean
R. Barton Parker
Katharine Wardsworth

PUZZLES 1.

Katharine King
Elizabeth Beal Berry
Benjamin L. Miller
Doris Hackbusch
Madge Oakley
Clarence Gamble
Edna Chapman
Grace F. Anderson
Erwin Janowitz
Estelle J. Ellisson
Joseph Wells, Jr.
Marion Thomas
E. Adelaide Hahn
"Two Puzzlers"
Gwyneth Pennethorne
Nesta Pennethorne
Marion Touluin

PUZZLES 2.

Alice Knowles
Walker Ely Swift
William McAdams
Margaret Flint
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
Alice D. Karr
Eleanor L. Halpin
Louisa Henderson
Flournoy A. Hopkins
Juanita Read Harmar
Augusta Kilpatrick
Alice A. Perkins



"END OF NOVEMBER." BY ALEXANDRA BRADSHAW, AGE 16.

"Good night—time to hibernate."

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 63.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 63 will close December 20 (for foreign members December 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Hero."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words to relate to some episode in Greek history.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Gloomy Day."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "My Favorite Subject" (from life) and a Heading or Tailpiece for March.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

WHAT ARE BOOKS LIKE? It is natural that men who write books should be

the most appreciative readers, and they are moved by their love of reading to tell others the value of books. Often this is done by comparing books with other things. Thus, Theodore Parker, a great thinker, writer, and preacher, compares them with ships, saying: "A great book is a ship of thought, deep freighted with truth, with beauty too. It sails the ocean, driven by the winds of heaven, breaking the level sea of life into beauty where it goes, leaving behind it a train of sparkling loveliness, widening as the ship goes on." Lowell likens the ability to read to a key "which admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination, to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moments." This would make a book, by the same metaphor, a doorway. Others compare books to treasure-chests—Ruskin, for example, in "Sesame and Lilies"; but the treasure in the chest is grain—sesame—not gold.

Who of our readers will tell us to what else books have been compared?

HAWKS AND STORY-BOOKS.

IN earlier days the farmers' boys used to run for the gun whenever a hawk was seen wheeling in the air, and many an innocent bird was slain because some hawks do now and then kill a chicken. But to-day, we hope, the farmers know better, and have taught their boys that most hawks do more good than harm, and that only a few kinds are the farmers' enemies.

There was a time, not so many years ago, when it was considered by many parents a waste of time to read any but "serious books," and all story-books were rather frowned upon. Even when Sir Walter Scott was writing his wonderful Waverley Novels, one reason he had for concealing his authorship was the fear that his story-writing would be thought undignified. To-day it has been learned that among stories, as among hawks, there are the harmful and the helpful kinds. Yet still there are some

traces of the old feeling, and some children are constantly advised to choose the "serious books" or "solid reading." A story told of himself by a historian will shed some light on this question. He said that after he had tried for some years to acquaint himself with life in Byzantium, he could acquire only the vaguest idea of it from the historians, but when he read Scott's "Count Robert of Paris" the period seemed to come at once to life in his mind. So much for a good story-writer as compared to historians with less imagination.

THE LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

ALL of us who are readers are like travelers in the great Land of Literature, and as we go on our journeys we find which roads are best, quickest, and pleasantest. When our small brothers and sisters are setting out in the same magic country, we may save them much stumbling by giving good advice as to how to travel and where to go. We find our reward in their sharing of our pleasures, in repeating the same routes, and thus we renew our own pleasant recollections. Elder brothers and sisters may thus come to have a reputation as good pilots or guides, and in that case their advice will be gladly taken. But they must not assume to direct the smaller readers too rigidly, for individual tastes, like mistakes, occur "even in the best-regulated families."

FINISHING WHAT IS BEGUN.

WE should be glad to hear from some of our wise readers upon the question whether it is well to persevere in reading a book one does not enjoy. There seem to be good arguments to be urged in favor of each course. At all events, there must be discretion used. To force one's self to read a dull and stupid book seems a waste of time; to drop a book as soon as its reading requires a little effort is quite as foolish if the book be a good one. Which is the right course?

LEIGH HUNT.

BORN just about at the end of our Revolution, Leigh Hunt was educated at the same school as Lamb and Coleridge. He became a writer

for the press, but all his life he was more a book-lover than a journalist. Few have spoken of books with more affection, and Macaulay said he had "the power of justly appreciating and heartily enjoying good things of very different kinds," and Lowell said he was "as pure-minded a man as ever lived."

His essay on "My Books" will be enjoyed by every young reader, especially where he tells which old writers really cared for books, and gives his reasons for his judgment of them. He shows that "our four great English poets," Chaucer, Spencer, Shakspeare, and Milton, were all book-lovers; otherwise, he declares, Shakspeare could never have been willing to retire to Stratford before old age.

Leigh Hunt is a delightful friend, who will chat with you delightfully, and leave you glad of the time spent over his writings.

CHRISTMAS TO THE LOVER OF BOOKS. It is a great mistake to choose Christmas books entirely by covers and

guess-work; and it is well to remember that it is better to postpone a gift for a few days rather than to buy a poor book. If you feel that you must buy books without reading them, you can at least select something published by firms of good reputation, knowing that they will be careful what is sent out under their names. It is not a bad plan to buy one or two volumes of a standard set, trusting to later purchases or birthdays, Christmas, and other present-giving occasions to complete the set gradually.

A NEW USE FOR ST. NICHOLAS. If you like, you can make this magazine useful to you as a suggestion of topics for your reading. Thus, if you take up the September number, see what interesting subjects it touches upon. Of course, the few articles in any one number can do no more than tell a very little of their subjects, and every one of them may be more fully studied in books. The article on "Brittany," for instance, may lead you to an acquaintance with all that picturesque region. Go to a library and see what a large list of books can be found dealing with these quaint people and their queer land. The Japanese serial takes you to another quarter of the world, as different as possible and even more fascinating. In your old numbers of St.

NICHOLAS will be found a score of articles telling about these remarkable "Yankees of the East"—of their holidays, their customs, their shrines, and gardens. The story of the diver, too, brings to mind another realm of wonders, the submarine world, where all is unfamiliar and fairylike. "Elinor Arden" makes history seem alive, while "The Children of Zuñi" serves to remind us that our own land has a storied past, and the article on "London" serves by reminding the reader that our English cousins are mindful of our present.

THE BOOKCASE. It is not necessary to have a large and imposing case for your books in order to feel that they are well taken care of, but there are certain things you might insist upon. One is that your books should not be in danger of falling to the floor and breaking their backs, spraining their bindings, or crushing their corners. Therefore they should not be put into some flimsy set of hanging shelves, likely to come tumbling down at any moment. Better have a strong, if plain, set of shelves standing firmly on the floor. Next, remember not to crush the books together until they crack, or to leave so few to a shelf that they are always tipping this way and that, wrenching the pages out of the covers.

Better a few books taken care of and read than a large library neglected. Better fewer books and of better quality.

CHOICE BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. If a child loves books at all, you can hardly begin too early to intrust her or him (there is no reason for always saying "him") with really valuable books. The fine book sets a standard of treatment for the rest. If the child has only cheap, flimsy volumes, always coming to pieces, a book will seem to be worthy of no care, and the library will not be valued. But a choice work, beautifully bound, is so charming a possession that it will be sure of respectful treatment, and the owner will come to see that a book is, or may be, a matter worth consideration. There are in second-hand stores thousands of good books that cost no more than the poorly printed works, despised by all who think book-making an art. Buy good books, and you help to bring good books into the market; for the public receives what it asks for.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE are sure that all our readers will find the second instalment of Mr. Baum's great story, "Queen Zixi of Ix," even more interesting than the first, and will rejoice over the author's clever surprise of letting his young hero be "the forty-seventh person to enter the gate" and thus become the King of Noland.

Indeed, it may be truthfully said that the story increases in charm and fun with each chapter. And a rare treat awaits the reader in the January instalment, in which King Bud really begins his reign, and has some very troublesome questions to decide.

With the aid of his sister Fluff, Bud cleverly disposes of these questions with credit, except in one amusing instance, wherein he shows that he is not yet a Solomon.

"I love grit in boys, and wanted to see yours come out," says Dr. Ferris, in Henry Gardner Hunting's story, in this number, "The Squareness of Neil Morris"; and American boys, we feel sure, will appreciate this admirable account of how one boy carried out his contract, even though it seemed "a hard contract" in the beginning and an unfair one later on. We trust that no boy who takes ST. NICHOLAS will fail to read this story.

Among the first lessons about animals learned by boys and girls is the fact that the fox is a very crafty little creature. And this is so well illustrated in Mr. Dane Coolidge's story, "The Fox Who Knew All About Traps," that ST. NICHOLAS young folk will delight in the account of "Silver Gray's" cleverness in avoiding Old Ransome's traps. It was inevitable, of course, that he should be caught at last, for the wit of even the wildest fox is not equal to the wit of man. But Old Ransome

surely must have had a great respect for Silver Gray's cunning; and let us hope that his captor's admiration of a worthy foe may even have saved Silver Gray from slaughter for the sake of his fur.

We must call special attention, also, to another instance, in this number, of remarkable sagacity in the animal world—the story of "Little Pete," the carrier-pigeon that headed straight for his American home from the far-away town of Auckland, New Zealand. Many wonderful stories are told of homing-pigeons, but no more wonderful instance of their marvelous instinct has ever come to our notice.

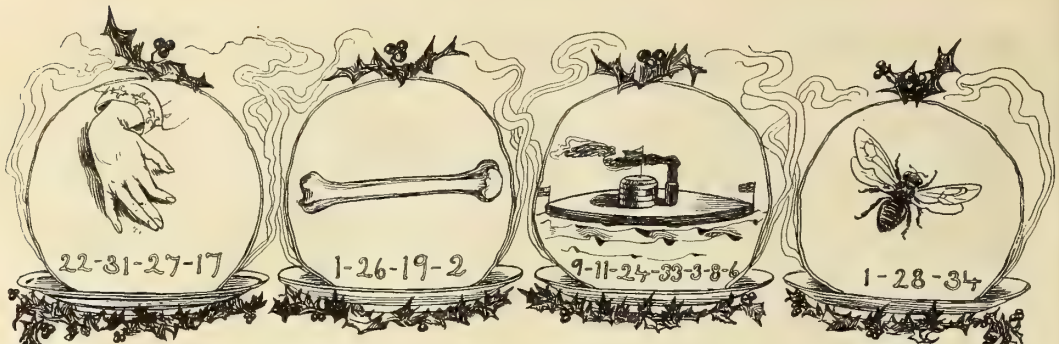
The contributions sent in by members of the St. Nicholas League show that there are a great many boys and girls in our country who, even at the age of fifteen, are gifted young artists. These young folk—and all other readers who are interested in art—will do well to read carefully Mr. Caffin's excellent papers upon "How to Study Pictures." We have made it plain, from the first, that these articles are not intended for *very* young readers—although they, also, some day, when they are old enough to enjoy them, will be glad to find the same articles awaiting them in book-form.

Meantime, the younger readers of ST. NICHOLAS can take delight in the contribution which this month appears beside Mr. Caffin's article—the clever story in rhyme entitled "A Message to Mother Goose," with Mr. Varian's charming illustrations.

The answer to the riddle on page 110 is: SUBSTITUTION.



BETWEEN THE ACTS AT THE CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

**ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.**

THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-four letters (shown in the eight little pictures), is a proverb which teaches contentment.

CHARADE.

My *first* is a kind of seat;
My *last* your ills may cure;
Now take a glass and look within,—
You 'll see my *whole*, I 'm sure.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

DIAGONAL.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell a common word.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Blotting out. 2. Part of the body. 3. Pertaining to a pirate. 4. Displayed. 5. Contented. 6. Working. 7. An astringent fruit. 8. The principal church in a diocese. 9. A large, web-footed sea-bird.

GRACE F. ANDERSON (League Member).

TRANSPOSITIONS AND ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: A narrow opening; transpose, and make portions. Answer: slot, lots.

1. A hard substance; transpose, and make a light substance. 2. Hovels; transpose, and make closed. 3. A fruit; transpose, and make to gather. 4. Mellow; transpose, and make a wharf. 5. A point of the compass; transpose, and make a chair or bench. 6. Certain nocturnal fliers; transpose, and make to pierce. 7. Domesticated; transpose, and make a companion. 8. Gait;

transpose, and make a garment. 9. Parts of the head; transpose, and make to burn.

When the transpositions have been rightly made, write the words one below another. The zigzag (formed by taking the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first letter of the third word, the second letter of the fourth, and so on) will spell a season of festivities.

ELINOR TOWNSEND.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. PART of the head. 2. Surface. 3. To raise. 4. A feminine name.

JUANITA READ HARMAR (League Member).

GEOGRAPHICAL CUBE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1	2
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3	.	.	.	4	.
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.	8

FROM 1 to 2, a continent; from 1 to 3, a city on the northern coast of Africa; from 2 to 4, one of the United States; from 3 to 4, an island in the Malay Archipelago; from 5 to 6, a seaport in British East Africa; from 5 to 7, the name of a city and a lake in Nicaragua; from 6 to 8, a territory; from 7 to 8, a country of Europe; from 1 to 5, a country of Asia; from 2 to 6, a city of Upolu; from 4 to 8, a continent; from 3 to 7, an island of the Lesser Antilles, belonging to the Dutch.

NELL G. SEMLINGER.



CHOCOLATE

PETER'S

The Original
**SWISS
MILK
CHOCOLATE**

PETER'S

CHOCOLATE

Santa Claus' Best Gift

An X-Mas
Gift that
Delights
Everybody.

IRRESISTIBLY DELICIOUS
Wholesome as Bread and Butter

The Original
Other
Brands are
Imitations.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Importers, Dept. M, 78 Hudson St., NEW YORK

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THE season of the year has arrived at which young collectors are opening their albums and making their decisions as to what they will do during the coming winter. It is a good time to put things in order. Go through your collection, and notice the stamps that are in poor condition, if you have any such. Make notes of them, and endeavor first of all to replace them with good specimens. It will add greatly to the interest of your collection to do this. There is nothing which detracts more from the appearance of a collection than to see torn, dirty, or greasy stamps in it. Some collectors think that if they have a copy of a stamp, even though it may be in poor condition, it is better to obtain one which they do not have at all than to replace the damaged specimen by a good one. This is a mistake.

THE "QUEEN OF ADHESIVES."

ONE of the best of the weekly papers devoted to the interests of stamp-collecting has been holding a competition recently, in which its subscribers have named the stamp which seemed to them to be the "Queen of



Adhesives." Fifty-one different specimens were named, including among others such fine varieties as the twelve-and-one-half-cent of Nova Scotia, twenty-four-cent, 1866, of Newfoundland, the five-shilling of St. Vincent, and the two-shilling sixpence of the Falkland Islands. Two well-known collectors who were judges had before them a specimen of each of the varieties named by the competitors. They finally arrived, by the process of gradual elimination of the less interesting specimens, at the conclusion that the two-shilling sixpence of the Falkland Islands was the "Queen of Adhesives." Collectors generally will, we think, agree that their judgment was excellent. Our illustration of the stamp does not show it in its beauty, for the fine blue shade of the original enhances its appearance greatly.

A PROPOSED WEST INDIAN UNION.

THE papers report a plan to unite under one government all the separate West Indian islands belonging to Great Britain. The headquarters of the governor-general would be in Jamaica, the largest of the islands. It is supposed that this would reduce the expenses of government and provide a surplus which could be used in helping to increase the commerce of the islands. The experiment would not be likely to interfere with the present methods of issuing stamps. The plan of combining the issues for separate islands into a single series for a group has been tried, and found to be a failure so

far as the production of an increased revenue was concerned. Therefore, each island or group of islands is certain to retain its distinctive issues. It is thought by some that such a consolidation of the governments of these islands would interfere with their popularity as winter resorts, for the social life of each place centers at the palace of its governor, who entertains with liberality.

NEWFOUNDLAND STAMPS.

THE great variety to be found in the stamps of Newfoundland has made them favorites with collectors. These stamps give us the best pictures that we have of the members of the royal family. The different industries of the island are shown and its products are represented quite extensively on its stamps. The character of the coast, the style of its shipping, its discoverers, and its government are clearly revealed. The colors of the stamps are bright and pleasing as a series.

THE "SEEBECK" ISSUES OF SALVADOR.

THE issues for the Central American country, Salvador, have been attracting some attention recently. The beautiful "Seebeck" issues have given way to a series locally printed by a rather poor lithographic process. These stamps, probably because they have been stolen by dishonest officials, have been surcharged in a great variety of ways in order that stamps authorized for use might be known. Many of these varieties have not been listed. Therefore, one who has an opportunity to examine quantities of them is quite sure to discover valuable varieties. This is one of the things which lend zest to stamp-collecting. It thus comes to pass, also, that a country which has been neglected by specialists and thought to be fit only for the young collector is now prized by those who are well advanced in collecting.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

IT is difficult to say what are the best books to read on the subject of stamp-collecting. The publishers of the principal journals may be written by one who desires to know, and they will recommend works published by them, all of which are worth reading. The odd appearance which is observed in the late stamps of West Australia is said to be the result of printing them from zinc plates, by means of which it is not possible to secure the same finished appearance produced by the use of steel. Cut provisionals are not as common as they were formerly, for governments take pains to furnish officials with plenty of stamps, and it is generally recognized that the cutting up of a stamp produces a piece which is difficult to handle on account of its small size. It is just as well to surcharge with a new value and leave the stamp its full original size.

STAMPS. ETC.

CHEAP USED SETS

Bulgaria, 1901 . . . 7 stamps for 8 cents
Canada, 1903 . . . 5 " " 8 "
Great Britain, 1901-02, 8 " " 6 "
German Empire, 1902 12 " " 15 "

Have you tried our 50% approval sheets?

Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 18 East 23d Street,
New York, N. Y.

100 different Foreign, Argentine, Australia, India, Victoria, Japan, etc., only 4c. Blank Album with 600 spaces, 5c. Send for the above and start collecting. Approval sheets also sent 50% com. Big list free. 1000 gummed hinges, die cut, 5c.
NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 9D Bromfield St., BOSTON



Stamps Free A sheet of 50 Unused Cuban Revenues for the names of two Collectors and 2c. postage. 100 different stamps, 3c.; 100 different U. S. stamps, 25c.; 21 Russia, including 1 Rouble, only 20c. 40 Japan Postage and Revenue, only 25c. **Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, O.**

FREE! One Foreign stamp catalogued at 5 cts. and our 60-page list to all collectors trying our 50% approval sheets; none better.
PERRIN & CO., 106 East 23rd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.



STAMPS 100 varieties, Peru, Cuba, Bolivia, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Costa Rica, Turkey, etc., and Album only 10c; 1000 mixed, 20c; 1000 hinges, 8c; 65 diff. U. S., 25c; die cut, U. S., 50c; Agents wanted, 50%. **New List Free.**
C. A. Stegman, Dept. D, 5941 Cote Brillante av., St. Louis, Mo.

206 different stamps worth \$3.00 for 19c.; 306 different for 32c.; 1000 different, a grand collection, catalogued at \$24.50, for \$3.25. International albums, \$1.50; Challenge, spaces for 4000 stamps, 30c. 1905 large list free.
JOSEPH F. NEGREEN, 128 E. 23d Street, New York City.

100 all different foreign stamps, 1000 hinges, and large 40-page album, 10c.; 3 Corea, 5c.; 10 U. S. Long Rev., 10c.; 40 var. U. S., 8c.; 20 Russia, 10c. **Geo. M. Fish, 20 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.**

STAMPS: 100 Cuba, Java, etc., stamp dictionary and big illustrated list, 2c. Agts., 50%. **A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A, Boston.**

STAMPS: 100 Honduras, etc., album and catalog, 2c. Agts., 50%. **HILL STAMP CO., So. End, Boston, Mass.**

FREE A set of 10 all diff. Canada postage and a set of large U. S. Rev. for names of 2 collectors and return postage. Lists free. **KOLONA STAMP CO., Dept. N, Dayton, Ohio.**

STAMPS Fine stamps on approval at 50% discount. Reference required if unknown to us.
HOLTON STAMP CO., Dept. D, Boston, Mass.



500 mixed 10c., 50 all diff. 5c.; 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c.; 1000 hinges 8c.; 40 diff. U. S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. Stamps bought.
UNION STAMP CO., D., St. Louis, Mo.

5 VARIETIES URUGUAY FREE with trial approval sheets. 1000 Hinges, 6c. **F. E. THORP, Norwich, N. Y.**

20 diff. U. S. large cents, 1 half cent, 1 eagle cent, 1 Confed. bill—all for \$1.00. Stamp and Coin lists free.
R. M. LANGZETTEL, 92 Crown St., New Haven, Conn.

40 Varieties

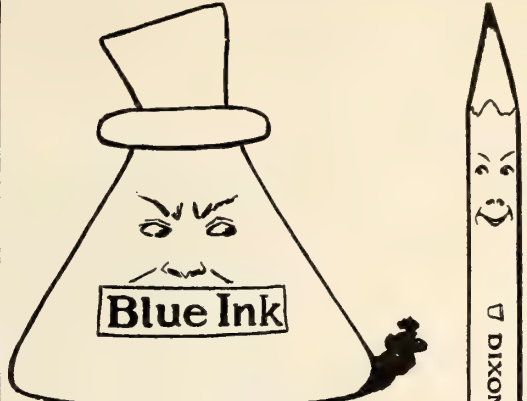
U. S. envelopes, (cut square), 20c., St. Louis set 10c. Lists free.
CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G Nassau Street, New York City

OLD COINS Paper Money, etc., for sale. 10 different for n coins, each from a different country, 22c. Curious Morocco cast coin, dated 1290, price 12c. Confederate Money, 5 bills for 15c. Retail coin list free. Premium list 8c.
THOMAS L. ELDER,
Dept. N, 32 East 23d St. . . . New York City.

About Packets. Every stamp collector should send for our free illustrated price list of our "Queen City Series of Non-duplicate Packets." Finest and cheapest packets ever offered. No Trash.
QUEEN CITY STAMP CO., 2 Sinton Building, Cincinnati, O.

STAMPS. 120 var. rare Zanzibar, Fiji, China, etc., 10c.; 8 Samoa, 10c. Est. 1881. Importing Co., Salem, Mass.

DAINTY HAND-MADE AND PAINTED BABY BOOKS, \$2.50 each, or 3 for \$2.25 each, in boxes. Especially pretty for Christmas baby gifts. Postage paid. Address
Miss E. F. WASHINGTON, 214 S. 43rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.



NO ONE USES THE INK WHEN THERE'S A DIXON AROUND

The thirteen year old girl who wrote the above is one of the prize winners in the Dixon advertisement contest. She is right, but what's bad for the ink is good for the Dixon pencil—and the one who uses it.

A guide of great value to all pencil users can be had for a postal addressed Dept. R

Joseph Dixon Crucible Company,
Jersey City, N. J.



A Stamp Collector's paper for 6 weeks, 5c. Each subscriber who will ask for 50% approvals will receive all the following free: A pocket stamp album, an illustrated stamp catalogue, 100 mixed foreign stamps including Corea, China, Japan and Russia, and a book of general information "About Stamps." For Cash Orders we offer: Popular stamp albums, 30c., 50c. and 75c. editions, holding from 3000 to 6000 stamps; 546 varieties foreign stamps, \$1.50; 1000 varieties, \$3.25; 500 well mixed, 15c.; 1000 best hinges, 10c.
C. H. MEKEEL STAMP CO. (Wellston Sta.), St. Louis, Mo.

UNUSED BRITISH COLONIALS, 14c per set

4 Cayman; 6 Ceylon; 4 East Africa and Uganda; 4 Falkland; 5 Hong Kong; 6 Mauritius; 4 Nigeria; 4 Virgin Islands; 4 Malaya; 3 Lagos, 10c; 5 Seychelles, 12c; 25 Pictorial, 60c. We will exchange for or buy your duplicates. Pocket album, cloth, 6c.

The Royal Postage Stamp Album

Send for illustrated booklet describing this beautiful album.
THE COLONIAL STAMP CO., 953 East 53rd St., CHICAGO



Send for this

Print your own cards, circulars, &c. Press \$5. Small newspaper press \$18. Money saver. Print for others, big profits. Type-setting easy, printed rules sent. Write to makers for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c.
THE PRESS CO. MERIDEN, CONN.



METAL DOLL HEADS

MINERVA
ONLY GENUINE WITH ABOVE TRADE MARK

Combine Durability of Metal with Beauty of Bisque, and do not break
Ask your dealer or write for free illustrated catalogue to
A. VISCHER & CO., Doll Dept.
43-51 West 4th St., New York.
None genuine without our trademark, "Minerva."



Look to Your FOOD



Too much **STARCH** (in form of white bread, undercooked potatoes, etc.), **PASTE** (half-cooked cereals, soggy vegetables, etc.), **GREASE** (over-fat meats, fried foods, etc.), **COFFEE** (with its dangerous Caffein, etc.), these elements that make up the diet cause nine-tenths of human ails, and only by change to proper food can these ails be cured. So long as the cause is there the effect will remain, although, of course, you may cover it with medicine for a time.

Cut out the pasty, soggy, greasy, starchy foods, and tea and coffee, and get back to a natural diet, don't over-eat, be sure to chew your food thoroughly, some exercise, plenty fresh air, and soon all the joys of living will come back again, for you know there's no feeling in all the world half so fascinating as the glow of returning health, strength and vigor.

How?

Try this 10 days and note how much stronger you will feel in Body and Brain—keener, brighter and fit to keep up in the life race.

BREAKFAST of, say **A Little Fruit,** **Saucer of GRAPE-NUTS and Cream,**
 A Little Toast, **A Soft Cooked Egg or Two,** **A Cup of Postum**

in place of tea or coffee. Surprising how far you can go on this simple meal yet be strong and feel well fed, for the reason that **all the food elements are there.**

LUNCH on the same and no more till the evening meal.

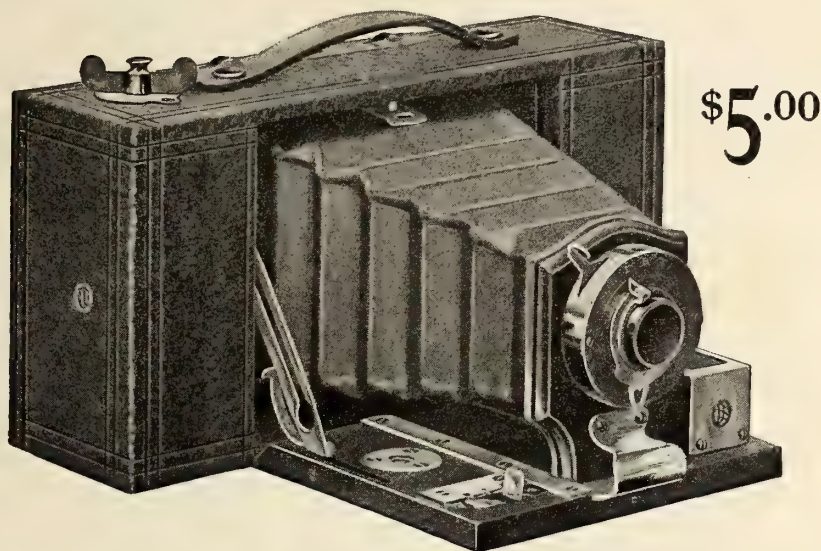
Make **DINNER** the hearty meal: such meat as you prefer (some can't eat pork), good wholesome vegetables well cooked but not soggy, whole-wheat bread or toast, dessert from some one of the GRAPE-NUTS recipes (book in each pkg.).

This diet will put you on your feet again, and for a sound scientific reason.

There is no charm like the glow of returning health; 10 days of the GRAPE-NUTS diet will prove it.

Get the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in each pkg.

"Almost a Kodak."



The New No. 2 Folding Brownie

More of a camera than has ever before been offered at the price. Good enough to satisfy grown people—simple enough for the children. A Christmas delight to either.

Has automatic shutter with iris diaphragm stops, meniscus lens, automatic focusing device, reversible finder, two tripod sockets. Uses daylight film cartridges for 6 exposures, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

BROWNIES, \$1, \$2, \$5. KODAKS, \$5 to \$97. DEVELOPING MACHINES, \$2 to \$10.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

*Catalogues free at the
dealers or by mail.*

Rochester, N. Y.

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 42.

A Competition that is ABSOLUTELY NEW.

To all schools—teachers and scholars:

All the advertising competitions printed in ST. NICHOLAS have practically been planned to teach the ST. NICHOLAS readers how to advertise. This object has been accomplished. The recent contests show that the young workers have learned what advertising means.

Now we feel that it might become tiresome to have the same kind of competition month after month, and, since their instructive purpose has been fulfilled, let us have something new. A bird that has learned to fly does not wish to return to the nest; a baby that has mastered the art of walking never wants to creep; even our patient ST. NICHOLAS competitors, having learned how to make good advertisements, have perhaps begun to wish for a change. The former prizes have been simply little stimulants, administered like spoonfuls of a tonic, to interest and encourage the young advertisers.

In this new field we are going to offer prizes of substantial value for more advanced work.

Every school in the United States is invited to send in answers to the one hundred questions printed below.

There is no restriction as to obtaining aid in answering the questions; on the contrary, each school is urged to secure the help of any one who is interested in their winning one of the prizes offered for the answers.

Teachers and parents and grown-up friends are asked to help their children to win the principal prize. The answers must be submitted *in the name of the teacher*, but any prize won shall belong to the school, until some other disposition is made of it.

The following are the Prizes:

FIRST PRIZE—The Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas, bound in $\frac{3}{4}$ morocco, 10 volumes, not obtainable even through clubbing rates at less than \$90.

SECOND PRIZE—The same set, but bound in $\frac{1}{2}$ morocco, value more than \$60.

THIRD PRIZE—Books, to be selected from the catalogue of The Century Co., at the prices there given to the value of \$30.00.

FOURTH PRIZE—Ten subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS for one year to any ten addresses of scholars in the competing school.

FIFTH PRIZE—Eight subscriptions as above.

SIXTH PRIZE—Six subscriptions as above.

SEVENTH PRIZE—Four subscriptions as above.

EIGHTH PRIZE—Two subscriptions as above.

NINTH PRIZE—One subscription as above.

TENTH PRIZE—One subscription as above.

It must be understood that every competing paper must be submitted in behalf of a school situated in the United States. Answer must be submitted before January 25, 1905.

As the purpose of this competition is to show the breadth of the field covered by modern advertising, with each set of one hundred answers to the one hundred questions must be sent in one hundred printed advertisements, each one of which must be related to the subject of one of the questions.

Thus in addition to answering question No. 1, in regard to the proportion of water in the human body, it is necessary to send an advertisement relating to drinking-water, table-waters, distilled water, or some other closely related subject. This advertisement may be clipped from any periodical, and should be numbered "No. 1" to correspond with the question to which it refers.

The choice of these advertisements and their value as illustrating the answer will be considered in awarding prizes. Competitors may be glad to know that they can obtain either the advertisements or any information about them by writing to those who deal in the manufactured goods.

We repeat that assistance may be obtained from any one in answering the question. But each answer must be accompanied by a printed advertisement relating to its subject. This advertisement must be sent in complete. It is suggested that a slip of paper be gummed to the advertisement and that the question (which need not be copied on the slip) be answered thereon.

Thus, a set of competing answers would be as follows:

I. A statement signed by the teacher of the school that the answers are submitted on behalf of the school, giving its name and address.

II. A set of one hundred advertisements to each of which is attached a numbered answer to *one* of the hundred questions.

The list of prize-winners will be announced in the advertising pages of the ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.

The
**GRAND
PRIZE**

Given to
MELLIN'S FOOD

*The Highest Award
of the*
**WORLD'S FAIR
ST. LOUIS**



**THE ONLY GRAND PRIZE
GIVEN TO INFANTS' FOODS**

"A CENTURY OF QUESTIONS."

1. Suppose all water extracted from the human body, how much of its bulk would remain?
2. What has a vacuum to do with canning food?
3. What is meant by a cereal?
4. What advantage is there in whole-wheat flour?
5. What is meant by pickling?
6. Explain the action of soap.
7. What is the effect of exercise on the muscles?
8. Why is outdoor air better than that indoors?
9. Name a popular outdoor recreation for the young.
10. What are the requisites for a walking tour?
11. Explain the advantages of woolen for clothing.
12. How closely should one follow the fashion?
13. What clothing is most healthful?
14. Explain three requisites of a good shoe.
15. Tell the advantages and disadvantages of water-proof shoes.
16. When is jewelry in good taste?
17. What is meant by "loud" dressing?
18. How much care should be given to the personal appearance?
19. Should one seek to avoid eccentricity in dress?
20. What two methods of washing clothing are most popular?
21. Name three systems of heating houses, and give their advantages.
22. What is combustion?
23. What is indicated when smoke is profuse?
24. How is coal formed?
25. What becomes of coal when it is burned?
26. How much air is needed for each person an hour?
27. Why does ice by melting keep things cool?
28. How is heat kept out of a refrigerator?
29. What are the advantages of living in a temperate climate?
30. What benefits are found in sea and mountain air?
31. Explain the difference between an architect and a builder.
32. Why do trolley-roads cause house-building in suburbs?
33. What is the difference between real estate and personal property?
34. How many 25 x 100 lots in an acre?
35. What is a gambrel-roof?
36. What is the advantage of a potter's wheel?
37. What is meant by seasoned wood?
38. How is cut-glass made?
39. What is the advantage in using silver for tableware?
40. How is steel tempered?
41. What is the reason for putting chimneys on lamps?
42. Why does the filament in an electric lamp remain unconsumed?
43. How is power from an engine converted to electricity?
44. How is electricity used for heating?
45. What is acetylene gas?
46. How is plate-glass made?
47. Why should light for reading come over the left shoulder?
48. What is the benefit of a "Southern exposure"?
49. How is a candle made to snuff itself?
50. What is meant by actinic rays?
51. Why does a bicycle balance best when in motion?
52. How does a bicycle-rider gain both in speed and in power?
53. What are the chief methods of propulsion used for automobiles?
54. What is a storage battery?
55. What is a gasoline engine?
56. What is meant by "skidding" in an automobile?
57. What is a "limited" train?
58. How is an engine reversed, in a locomotive?
59. Name and define five (5) varieties of carriages.
60. How does the rule of the road differ in America and England?
61. Name ten (10) literary books you think should be in every home.
62. Why is a book of maps called an Atlas?
63. What is the use of a Gazetteer?
64. What is the best use to make of old magazines?
65. At what age should a child go to school?
66. How many hours a day should a child study?
67. Is it best to give boys a military training?
68. Is a vertical or slanting handwriting better?
69. Should nature-study be taught in schools?
70. What indoor games are best for children?
71. Give some of the chief methods of life-insurance.
72. What does "adjusting a loss" mean, in fire-insurance?
73. How are savings-banks restricted in their investments?
74. What is meant by a United States bond?
75. What is a loose-leaf ledger?
76. What is the vertical-filing system?
77. Explain a few uses of the card-index.
78. Name a few modern improvements in office-desks.
79. How is manifolding done on a type-writer?
80. How, besides printing on a press, are circulars duplicated?
81. To what class of instruments does a pianoforte belong?
82. What is the principle on which automatic players work?
83. Why are there no frets on a violin finger-board?
84. What is meant by a "half-tone" plate?
85. What is a "direct process" plate?
86. What is the substance that is darkened in developing an exposed plate?
87. What is the focal length of a lens?
88. What is the purpose of a diaphragm in a camera?
89. How does a phonograph reproduce sound?
90. What principle underlies the fountain-pen?
91. What is a choke-bore shot-gun?
92. What is the use of rifling?
93. What is an automatic revolver?
94. What is meant by bolt-action, in firearms?
95. What is the meaning in golf of "two up and two to play"?
96. What is the use of a cleeck?
97. What is the use of jewels in a watch?
98. How can a clock be made to run a year with one winding?
99. What is meant by inoculating the soil?
100. What is ginseng?

Report on Advertising Competition No. 40.

The idea of this competition was to relate the experiences of the family of Uptodates with modern advertised articles; also to invent a character, a member of the Uptodate family, which would be unique and would advertise

an especial article, as the "Belle Chocolatière" advertises Baker's Chocolate

This last idea was not so well carried out by the young competitors as the judges expected, most of the answers having to do with the ad-

FOUNTAIN PENS

Awarded a Grand Prize at St. Louis.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Christmas

A gift that yields satisfaction by the handful. Christmas giving should be genuine, so pass the imitation and choose Waterman's Ideal,—ideal indeed in every respect. If it isn't an "Ideal" it isn't a Waterman. Best dealers have full stocks. Exchangeable always. Send for illustrated catalogue of our gift pens, and ink filler.

L. E. Waterman Co.

173 Broadway, New York.

8 School St., Boston.

12 Golden Lane, London.

160 State St., Chicago.

138 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

107 St. James Street, Montreal.

ventures of the whole family. One of the prize answers is so good in its meter, idea, and advertising qualities that we print it for all the competitors to see.

It is by Geddes Smith and received the first prize:

THE STORY OF THE UPTODATES.

My name is Robert Uptodate;
I take my train at half-past eight,
And I am never "just too late,"—
I use an Elgin.

And I am Madam Uptodate;
Our Browning Club is held at eight,
For me the meetings never wait,—
I use an Elgin.

And I 'm Rob, Jr., Uptodate;
I go to school at half-past eight,
And tardy marks are not my fate,—
I use an Elgin.

My name is Helen Uptodate;
At music-lesson, game, or fête,
I 'm proud to say, I 'm never late,—
I use an Elgin.

This is excellent, you see, in the swing of the meter, and in the name of the advertised article coming in as a refrain at the end of every verse, making it almost impossible to forget that they "use an Elgin."

It is a pity that each verse could not have been illustrated by the author with appropriate pictures, but we must not expect too much.

Another verse by Alma E. Barger was very good in its directness, and the meter is good also, except in the third line, where she found the name Royal Baking Powder rather hard to work in.

Mrs. Uptodate's biscuits were heavy as lead.
No thought of good powder had entered her head,
Till once, in the store, *Royal Baking Powder* she saw,—
Since then they have had heavy biscuits no more.

There is something very amusing about the following bright little jingle:

The Uptodates' baby, Rowena,
Grew leaner and leaner and leaner;
But when *Mellin's* was tried
On her little inside—
Well! you really just ought to have seen her!

Perhaps the vagueness of the last line adds to the interest, and this, combined with the romantic name of Rowena, is really very funny.

The following verse by Jennie Bockelman, which took a second prize, is good advertising, because it makes Lowney's Cocoa sound very attractive; but we would suggest that it would have been better to have made a pretty little

cook instead of the ignorant, vulgar-looking woman in her picture. This, too, would have carried out the idea better as showing that she was a woman of good sense.

LOWNEY'S COCOA.

With gifts and with pleadings, that, alas! were in vain,

Mrs. Uptodate begged the wise cook to remain;
But all came to naught till she happened to say,
"You can have *Lowney's Cocoa* for breakfast each day."

Then the cook gave a grin: "Now that sounds more sane;
I can't withstand that, so I think I 'll remain."

Mrs. Uptodate's attitude of tearful entreaty in the illustration is very well drawn, and we congratulate the artist upon the arrangement of the figures in her picture.

The advertisement of Sorosis shoes by Iris Heap, in which a mother punishes her little girl by not allowing her to wear her Sorosis shoes for two days, suggests very cleverly the ease and comfort of those shoes.

An advertisement submitted by Helen Reeder, where the two people go out to skate, and come home half frozen, suggests an awful fate when Miss Margarita Uptodate advises John to "take Lowney's ere it is too late." We shudder to ask—too late for what? Perhaps Lowney's Cocoa was the means of saving the life of the unfortunate, frozen John!

The following verse, and the picture of a neat, shining kitchen which accompanied it, is a good advertisement because it makes the reader feel the benefit of having the housework all done so quickly and so well. The meter is not very correct, and if the composer had beat time to her verse it would have helped her to obtain a good meter.

It is ten o'clock, and wash-day, too,
But Mamma Uptodate has no work to do;
Her wash, you see, has all been done,
And now it's drying in the sun.
Now, how can this wonderful thing be so?
Because she used *Pearline*, you know.

A few words of advice to the young competitors may prove useful.

Some of the answers of only two or three lines were more interesting and better advertising than others of pages long. Remember that literature is not desired, but simple, good, practical advertisements that could be printed on a page of a magazine. Meter is more important than rhyming, and if you cannot combine them write in blank verse. Be careful to avoid vulgar expressions and objectionable



This exquisite Sorosis Tie is quite the most comfortable of all Pompadours. As represented it is of Silver-Grey Sorosis Suède with Silvered Steel-bead embroidery. It is



also made in Coffee colored Tan and in Patent leather, steel-beaded, with wide Ribbon bows.



Sorosis Shoes for Women are always pretty, especially those for house-wear, driving, and all dress occasions. They conform so snugly to natural lines of the feet, at rest or moving, that by economy of space alone, they are made to appear small and neat. By the same excellence also they preserve their fine shape.

Sorosis Shoes for Boys, for Girls, and for Infants are fashioned so scientifically that they actually benefit growing feet. They are really inexpensive because they are extremely durable.

The same is true of Sorosis Shoes for Men, for the Sorosis Shoe-Manufacturers use only the very best materials and none but their own perfected lasts and patterns.



THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

slang, so that your advertisements may appeal to people of good breeding.

It is with pleasure that we welcome among the prize-winners an English competitor.

On the whole, this competition has proved interesting and, we hope, of real value in training the St. NICHOLAS readers in the great art of good advertising.

PRIZE-WINNERS IN COMPETITION NO. 40.

Five First Prizes of Five Dollars Each:

Geddes Smith (14), Orange, N. J.
Ella E. Preston (16), Davenport, Iowa.
Agnes Cole (16), Elizabeth, N. J.
Alma E. Barger (14), New York City.
Shirley Willis (16), St. Louis, Mo.

Five Third Prizes of Two Dollars Each:

Florence Hanawalt (15), Chicago, Ill.
Kate Sprague De Wolf (15), Jersey City, N. J.
Dudley T. Fisher, Jr. (14), Columbus, Ohio.
Annie F. Goldsmith (14), Salem, Mass.
Hazel Pike (11), Santa Barbara, Cal.

Five Second Prizes of Three Dollars Each:

Jennie Bockelman (15), Atlantic City, N. J.
Olive E. Lane (14), Bristol, Conn.
Margaret W. Peck (14), Bristol, Conn.
Katherine Gay (13), New York City.
Helen G. Waterman (13), San Diego, Cal.

Five Fourth Prizes of One Dollar Each:

Mildred B. Copeland (16), New York City.
Blanche Leeming (14), Michigan City, Ind.
Ethel B. Greig (16), P. Q., Canada.
Iris Heap (13), London, England.
Elizabeth Stockton (15), Bristol, Conn.

See also pages 22, 24 and 26.

Send
for
Booklet
A

**"NO MORE
GETTING UP AT
NIGHT!"**

TRADE **BOTTLEHOT** MARK

**KEEPS THE BOTTLES
HOT FOR BABY!!**

**INVALUABLE
WHILE TRAVELING**

**SOLD EVERYWHERE OR SENT DIRECT
FOR \$2.00** Money returned if not satisfactory.

Dept. 4-BOTTLEHOT BAG CO. 1 MADISON AVE.
NEW YORK

JELL-O

**Gold Medal, World's
Fair, St. Louis, 1904**
Jell-O and Jell-O Ice Cream
Powder lead the World.

Visitors at the St. Louis Ex-
position have only the highest
words of praise for the instruc-
tive exhibit and demonstration
of Jell-O and Jell-O Ice Cream
Powder.

Jell-O is put up in six choice
flavors and is such a delightful
and quick dessert it pleases
everybody. 10c. per package.

Jell-O Ice Cream Powder makes the best Ice Cream you
ever ate, and makes it with very little trouble. Four flavors.
At all grocers or by mail, 2 packages for 25 cents.

New Book of Recipes mailed FREE.
THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y.

Straight to the Gate

(The Golden Gate)

SAN FRANCISCO

OGDEN

CHEYENNE

OMAHA

MILWAUKEE
ST. PAUL

CHICAGO

If you have spent a winter in

California

it is probable that you are planning to go there again. If you have never enjoyed the beautiful scenery, the delightful climate and the hundred other charms of the golden state, you should postpone the trip no longer.

California is not impossible even to those of moderate means. The idea that a trip there is a luxury for only the rich has been abandoned by the knowing ones. With California

Less than

3

Days

distant from Chicago, with low rates via this line, and with excellent living in California at moderate cost, the sojourn is within the reach of almost everyone.

The Overland Limited

is one of the two fast daily trains to San Francisco via the St. Paul and Union Pacific line. Electric lighted throughout, it is a blaze of glory along the old overland trail. No other train compares with it in speed, service and equipment.

The California Express

is another excellent train. It carries tourist and standard sleepers Chicago to San Francisco and Los Angeles. On both trains dining car service at moderate rates is offered for each meal. The tourist sleeper is first class in everything but name and expense. Berth rate, Chicago to California, \$7.

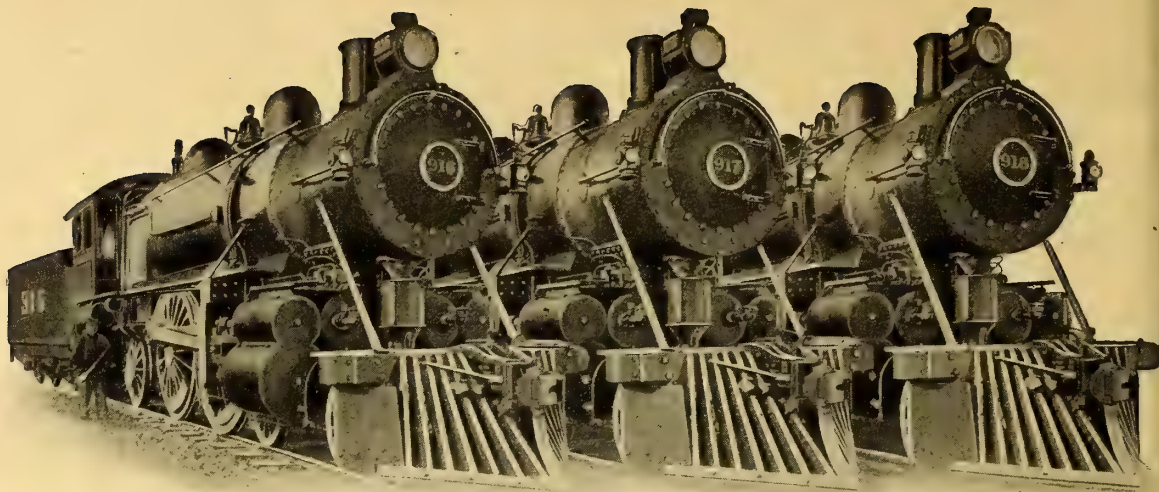
The Overland Limited leaves Union Passenger Station, Chicago, 6.05 p. m., and the California Express, 10.25 p. m. daily.

If you are interested in a trip to California, fill out this coupon and mail to-day for free books to
F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago.

Name _____ Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Probable Destination _____



Three of a Kind

Beats many other combinations, and three famous trains of the CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY offer an excellence of service and equipment not obtainable elsewhere. There are many reasons for this, one of which is the fact that this railway operates its own sleeping, dining, library and other cars.

THE SOUTHWEST LIMITED, between Chicago and Kansas City; THE PIONEER LIMITED, Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis; THE OVERLAND LIMITED, Chicago, Omaha and San Francisco, offer a variety of routes notable in attractive features. In planning your next trip through the West why not arrange to go one way and return another? These trains leave Union Passenger Station, Chicago, every evening, as follows:

THE SOUTHWEST LIMITED at 6.00 p.m.

THE OVERLAND LIMITED at 6.05 p.m.

THE PIONEER LIMITED at 6.30 p.m.



Each train is electrically lighted, handsomely appointed and equipped with library car, dining car, sleepers, chair cars and coaches.

J. H. HILAND,
Third Vice-President, CHICAGO.

F. A. MILLER,
General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO.





Every day in the year, the famous Overland Limited leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast. It is the most luxurious train in the world and traverses the most direct route across the continent. Electric-lighted throughout, it makes the journey solid through without change, less than three days en route, over the only double-track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.

All appliances for safety, comfort and speed that a liberal expenditure of money and skill can secure.

Two fast daily trains via the **Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line**

provide for the traveler

The Best of Everything.

Choice of routes, liberal return limits, fast time and all the comforts of travel make the trip to the Wonderland of the Pacific one of the greatest charm.

Round-trip tourist tickets on sale from all points at greatly reduced rates.

Full particulars on application to

W. B. KNISKERN,

Passenger Traffic Manager C. & N.-W. Ry.,
CHICAGO.

OLITE

If You Could Skate

on the street, walk or any place where there is a little snow, and not be obliged to go a long distance to hunt up an ice-covered pond or stream

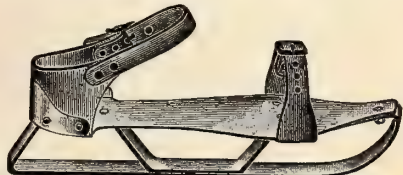
You Would Enjoy It

Wouldn't you now? You would skate oftener; very much oftener in fact. The reason you don't do it now is because your common skates are not adapted for use on snow, and their lack of suitability destroys the pleasure that would be derived from properly designed skates.

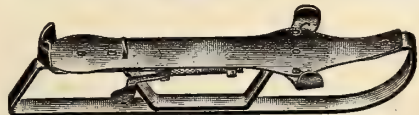
You Can Do It

and a lot more, by using **Wide Runner Skates**. They enable you to skate on snowy street or walk as well as you can skate on ice with ordinary skates. Besides, they are perfect for coasting, and this exhilarating sport is the most alluring one ever offered American young people.

Made of special high quality steel, extra strong to resist hard usage and handsomely finished.



WITH STRAPS, Length of Top, 7, 8, 9, or 10 inch.




WITH LEVER CLAMPS, Length of Top, 9, 10, or 11 inch.

Price of either style, any size, \$1.25 per pair. We pay express to any office, United States or Canada. DO NOT FAIL TO STATE THE STYLE AND SIZE YOU DESIRE.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU WANT IT

HANDY THINGS CO.

72 ROWE ST., LUDINGTON, MICH., U.S.A.



Santa Fe

Unlimited comforts are provided on The

California Limited

Compartment Pullmans for those who seek seclusion; Observation Pullmans for those who wish to view the passing show; Buffet-smoking cars for those who enjoy club luxuries.

Absolutely the finest transcontinental train. And better than ever this season. Millions of dollars recently spent to perfect the track it runs on.

All this luxury is yours for three glorious days, at the mere price of a California ticket.

The California Limited runs daily between Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Harvey dining-car service. Santa Fe All the Way through Southwest Land of Enchantment. Rock-ballasted, oil-sprinkled track.

Pamphlet of the train, and book describing the California trip, mailed on request. Address General Passenger Office, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago.

(New \$250,000 hotel, "El Tovar," at Grand Canyon of Arizona, open early in January, 1905.)



"El Tovar," Grand Canyon, Arizona

To see how the world was made Visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona

Deep down in the earth a mile and more you go, past strata of every known geologic age. And all glorified by a rainbow beauty of color.

Pedro del Tovar, a Spanish conquistador who came to Arizona with Coronado in 1540, assisted in the discovery of this world-wonder. To-day a quarter-of-a-million-dollar hotel, El Tovar, commemorates his name.

El Tovar is located near the head of Bright Angel Trail, at the railway terminus, on the brink of the canyon. Ready for occupancy early in January, 1905. Under the management of Mr. Fred Harvey.

The hotel is built of native boulders and pine logs, with wide porches and every room open to the sun. Accommodations for three hundred guests. Has steam heat, electric lights, a solarium and amusement hall. The furniture is from special designs.

El Tovar solves the problem of high-class accommodations for the traveler who wishes to visit the Grand Canyon as a side trip on the California tour. Only three hours by rail from the main line of the Santa Fe.

Write to-day for illustrated Grand Canyon and El Tovar pamphlets. Address General Passenger Office, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago.





MAKE BOOKS YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT



A New Brownie Book

**THE BROWNIES
IN THE PHILIPPINES**

Verse and Pictures by **PALMER COX**

"The funniest, the most ludicrous and jolliest of all the Brownie books."

Newark Advertiser.

"A more pleasing holiday gift for children cannot be found."—*Boston Herald.*

"It is likely that the substratum of truth that underlies all fun and fancy in this

book will be valuable, and to many give more actual information than reading long magazine articles."

Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Two new figures are added to the Brownies, the Rough Rider and a Fisherman, whose figures are mischievously suggestive."—*Christian Advocate.*

A large square book, in boards, \$1.50

Two Delightful Books for Little Girls

**MARY'S GARDEN
AND HOW IT GREW**

By **FRANCES DUNCAN**

Here is a book which mothers will want to give to little daughters who have shown a desire to learn something about gardening. In the form of a charming story for children, telling of the friendship of little Mary and her "Switzer" neighbor, a retired gardener, the reader of this book will obtain a practical treatise on making flower-gardens.

Illustrated by L. W. Ziegler.

In beautiful binding, cloth, \$1.25



**MARJORIE
AND HER PAPA**

By **Captain**

ROBERT H. FLETCHER

This is a book which has been a favorite for a number of years and is now issued in new form and in very beautiful binding. It is a sweet and tender story of a father's friendship for his dear little daughter. The illustrations are by Reginald Birch, whose pictures of children are so well known and popular.

New edition in handsome binding, \$1.00

"Makes Bible Reading a Delight"

THE BIBLE FOR CHILDREN

Recommended by

Bishop Henry C. Potter, D.D.
Bishop Edward G. Andrews, D.D.
Rev. Theodore T. Munger, D.D.
Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D.
Rev. Donald Sage Mackay, D.D.
Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D.D.
Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D.
Rev. James M. Ludlow, D.D.
Rev. William R. Richards, D.D.
Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D.
Rev. Minot J. Savage, D.D.

Here is a book which tells the sweet, simple stories of the Bible in the Bible language, omitting genealogies and doctrines, and whatever we regard as unprofitable to the young listeners or readers. Chapters and verses are disregarded, and the book has been so divided into subjects, forming complete stories, that the child will be interested in every part. The life of Jesus is nicely put together in a continuous account taken from the four Evangelists.

In beautiful binding, richly illustrated, printed in black and red, \$3.00

Recommended by

President Daniel C. Gilman
President L. Clark Seelye
President Charles F. Thwing
President W. H. P. Faunce
President J. G. Schurman
Hezekiah Butterworth
John Willis Baer
Josephine Shaw Lowell
Grace H. Dodge
Clara Barton
"Susan Coolidge"

By the Editor of St. Nicholas

POEMS AND VERSES

By **MARY MAPES DODGE**

A new collection of the poems of Mrs. Dodge, gathering together into one book old favorites and Mrs. Dodge's latest verse and poems—the entire collection being representative of her choicest and ripest work.

12mo, 250 pp., \$1.20 net, postage 8c.

Send for our Classified
List of Children's Books

THE CENTURY CO.,

**UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK**

BOOKS



MAKE BOOKS YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT

"This is a book to put into the hands of all boys."—*Christian Observer*, Louisville, Ky.



BABY ELTON, QUARTERBACK

An Athletic Story for Boys (and Girls as well)

By **LESLIE W. QUIRK**



"The story of a college boy that every boy of any age will like. 'Baby' plays football, baseball, and is an all-round athlete. The book presents a faithful picture of the athletic side of college life."—*Courier Journal*, Louisville, Ky.

"The best of the story, though, is the standard it quietly sets up of physical and moral manhood. A good book for boys to read and a better one to profit by."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Every boy with warm blood in his veins will enjoy reading 'Baby Elton, Quarterback.'"—*Newark Advertiser*.

Very richly illustrated, handsome binding, 200 pp., \$1.25.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

By **TUDOR JENKS**

"It is as good as a novel to read of Smith's doings. The average boy only knows him from the Pocahontas episode."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Intended for young people, but older readers also will find this an instructive and entertaining book."—*The Outlook*.

Illustrated, cloth, 259 pp., \$1.20 net, postage 11c.

LUCY AND THEIR MAJESTIES

By **B. L. FARJEON**

"One of the most original and most ludicrous stories ever written for children."—*Newark Advertiser*.

"Classic entertainment is here for small folks somewhat familiar with English history who would like to know at closer range Queen Bess, Cromwell, and other notables."—*The Outlook*.

Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory and George Varian, cloth, 350 pp., \$1.50.

ELINOR ARDEN, ROYALIST

By **MARY CONSTANCE DU BOIS**

"Among the winsome maidens of modern fiction Elinor Arden must take a high place. She is the daughter of a royalist in the days of Charles I and the Roundheads. . . . The story is well told and the plot most cleverly conceived."—*Sunday Sentinel*, Indianapolis, Ind.
"Elinor Arden is a heroine whom every reader will love."—*Baltimore News*.

Illustrated by Benda, cloth, 283 pp., \$1.50.

By the Author of "The Call of the Wild," and "The Sea-Wolf."

THE CRUISE OF THE DAZZLER

By **JACK LONDON**

"This is a rattling good story for boys. A story of an adventure on the Pacific coast and one which a boy will not willingly lay down until the last page is read."—*Post Express*, Rochester, New York.

"It is a wholesome as well as an attractive book, making it very suitable for the average boy."—*Standard Union*, Brooklyn, New York.

"The sea adventures are wonderfully well done and the moral lesson tells itself with no preaching."—*Evening Sun*, New York.

"A more wholesome, manly, inspiring story for the young is not to be found in the entire autumn list."—*Boston Beacon*.

Illustrated by Burns, cloth, 250 pp., \$1.00.

KIBUN DAIZIN

Or "From Shark-Boy to Merchant Prince"

"A unique juvenile is this story of a Japanese boy by a popular Japanese author."—*Pioneer Press*, St. Paul, Minn.

"A story for children by a famous Japanese novelist. A fair idea of the spirit that has suddenly placed the island empire in the forefront of civilization may be got from reading this little book."—*Herald*, Baltimore.

Illustrated by George Varian, cloth, 175 pp., \$1.25.

ANIMAL STORIES

Retold from *St. Nicholas Magazine*

A series of six little books containing choice material about animals culled from thirty years of *ST. NICHOLAS*. Books that boys and girls will love. The titles are as follows:

About Animals
Cat Stories
Stories of Brave Dogs

Lion and Tiger Stories
Panther Stories
Bear Stories

Each book richly illustrated, cloth, 65c. each net.

Send for our Classified
List of Children's Books

THE CENTURY CO.,

**UNION SQUARE
NEW YORK**



A practical treatise on flower culture for young people told in the form of a story

MARY'S GARDEN AND HOW IT GREW

By Frances Duncan

It is evidently the design of the author of this charming book to lure little girls into delving in the brown earth, raising flowers, healthy appetites, and rosy cheeks.

This volume will prove invaluable to older people also, because Miss Duncan takes nothing for granted in the matter of horticultural knowledge and gives all those little details which amateur

gardeners so sadly need.

"Mary's" garden experience starts with January, and runs through the whole twelve months.

For winter there is window-gardening; in spring there is seed-planting. Later, Mary is initiated into the mysteries of setting out a hedge, pruning, budding, rose-growing, the transplanting of perennials, the setting out of bulbs, and many other interesting and delightful phases of flowerdom. Many drawings illuminate the text.



Mr. S. B. Parsons, the veteran horticulturist, writes to the author: "The book is admirable, and I think it could hardly be better. The personality you have thrown over it all is a very great charm. All the children will want to know little Mary, and it will sell like hot-cakes at Christmas."

"The idea upon which it is based is a very happy one, and the book is also technically sound."—*Dick J. Crosby* (*In charge of Children's Garden Work, Agricultural Department, U. S. A.*).

"It should be hung on every Christmas tree this year."—*Charles N. Chadwick* (*Brooklyn Board of Education*).

12mo, 261 pages. \$1.25.

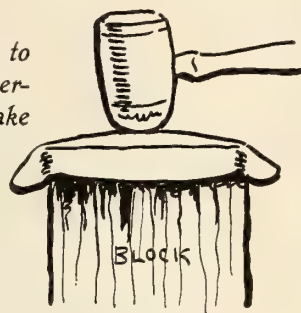


THE CENTURY CO., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK



A source of inspiration to the youth or the older person who likes to "make things"

Over 200 photographs and working drawings by the author



The Art Crafts for Beginners

Contents:

- I. Design
- II. Thin Wood-working.
- III. Pyrography
- IV. Sheet-Metal Work
- V. Leather Work
- VI. Bookbinding
- VII. Simple Pottery
- VIII. Basketry
- IX. Bead Work

By FRANK G. SANFORD
Director of Department Arts and Crafts, Chautauqua University

Price \$1.20 Net,
Postage 9 cts.



Examples of Sheet-Metal Work
(Designed and Executed by Amateurs)

The author describes in detail how to make over forty useful and ornamental articles in the various mediums described, together with suggestions for endless other varieties of similar objects.

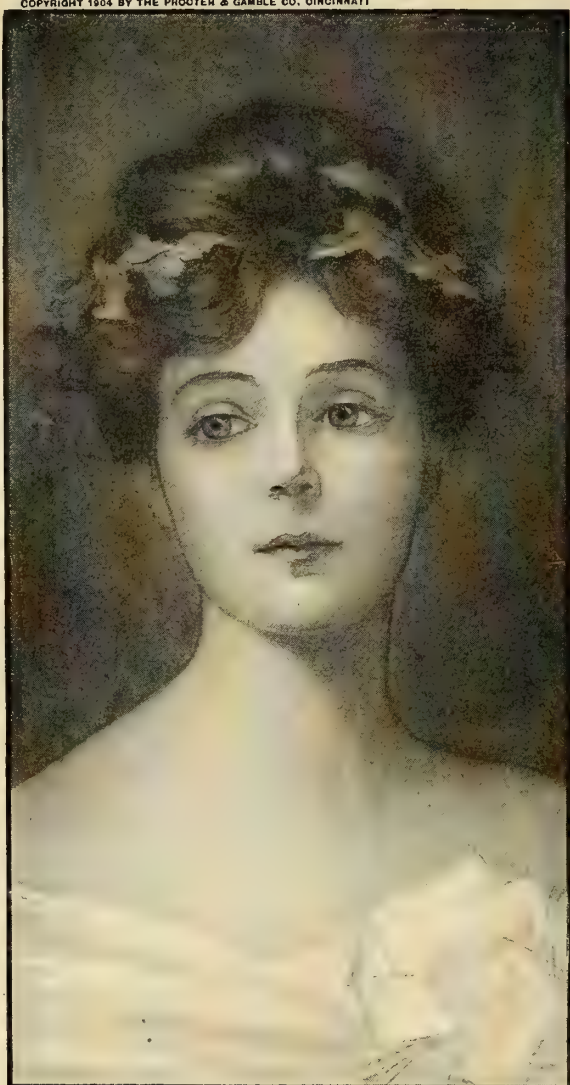
AMONG OTHER THINGS DESCRIBED MAY BE MENTIONED:

- How to Make a Sun-Dial
- How to Make a Brass Candle-Shade
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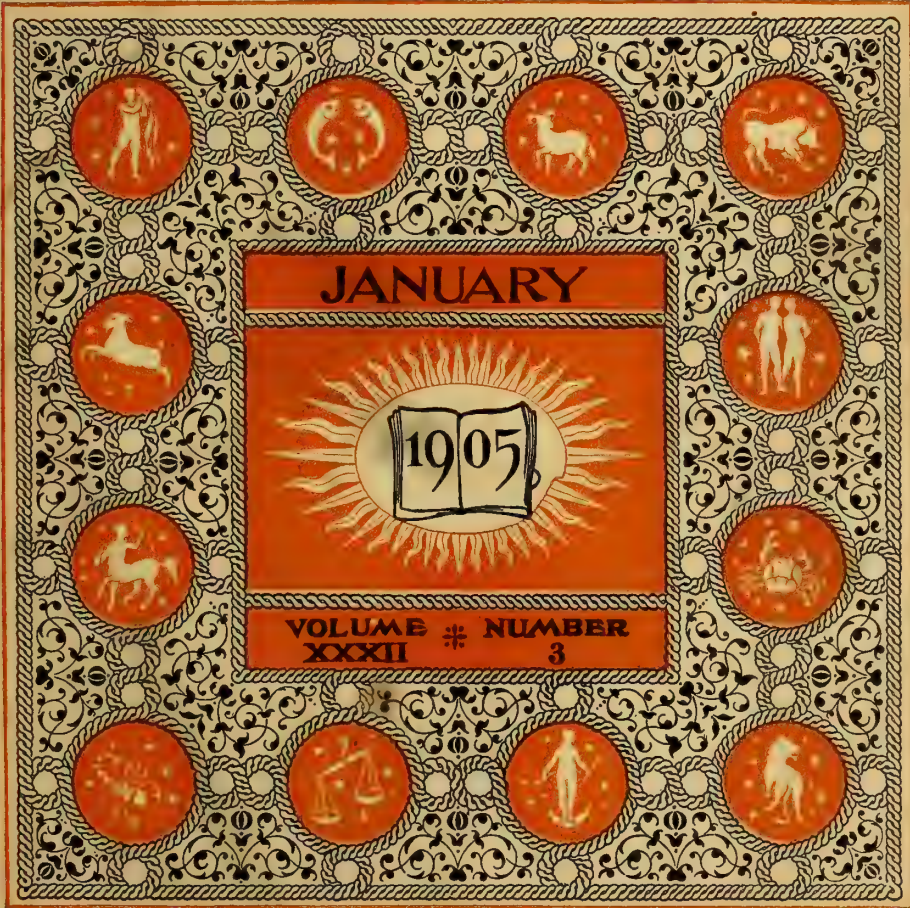
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VOL. XXXII.

JANUARY, 1905.

NO. 3.

QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

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BY L. FRANK BAUM,
Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER V.

PRINCESS FLUFF.

Now when the new king had entered the palace with his sister, the chief counselor stood upon a golden balcony with the great book in his hand, and read aloud, to all the people who were gathered below, the law in regard to choosing a new king, and the severe penalty in case any refused to obey his slightest wish. And the people were glad enough to have a change of rulers, and pleased that so young a king had been given them. So they accepted both the law and the new king cheerfully, and soon dispersed to their homes to talk over the wonderful events of the day.

Bud and Meg were ushered into beautifully furnished rooms on the second floor of the palace, and old Jikki, finding that he had a new master to serve, flew about in his usual nervous manner, and brought the children the most delicious breakfast they had ever eaten in their lives.

Bud had been so surprised at his reception at the gate and the sudden change in his condition that as yet he had not been able to collect his thoughts. His principal idea was that he was in a dream, and he kept waiting until he should wake up. But the breakfast was very real and entirely satisfying, and he began to wonder if he could be dreaming, after all.

The old servant, when he carried away the dishes, bowed low to Bud and said: "Beg pardon, your Majesty! But the lord high counselor desires to know the king's will."

Bud stared at him a moment thoughtfully.

"Tell him I want to be left alone to talk with my sister Fluff," he replied.

Jikki again bowed low and withdrew, closing the door behind him, and then the children looked at each other solemnly, until Meg burst into a merry laugh.

"Oh, Bud!" she cried, "think of it! I'm the royal Princess Fluff, and you're the King of all Noland! Is n't it funny!" And then she danced about the room in great delight.

Bud answered her seriously.

"What does it all mean, Fluff?" he said. "We're only poor children, you know; so I can't really be a king. And I would n't be surprised if Aunt Rivette came in any minute and boxed my ears."

"Nonsense!" laughed Margaret. "Did n't you hear what that fat, periwigged man said about the law? The old king is dead, and some one else had to be king, you know; and the forty-seventh person who entered the east gate was you, Bud, and so by law you are the king of all this great country. Don't you see?"

Bud shook his head and looked at his sister.

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"No, I don't see," he said. "But if you say it's all right, Fluff, why, it must be all right."

"Of course it's all right," declared the girl, throwing off her pretty cloak and placing it on a chair. "You're the rightful king, and can do whatever you please; and I'm the rightful princess, because I'm your sister; so I can do whatever I please. Don't you see, Bud?"

"But, look here, Fluff," returned her brother, "if you're a princess, why do you wear that old gray dress and those patched-up shoes? Father used to tell us that princesses always wore the loveliest dresses."

Meg looked at herself and sighed.

"I really ought to have some new dresses, Bud. And I suppose if you order them they will be ready in no time. And you must have some new clothes, too, for your jacket is ragged and soiled."

"Do you really think it's true, Fluff?" he asked anxiously.

"Of course it's true. Look at your kingly robe, and your golden crown, and that stick with all those jewels in it!"—meaning the scepter. "They're true enough, are n't they?"

Bud nodded.

"Call in that old man," he said. "I'll order something, and see if he obeys me. If he does, then I'll believe I'm really a king."

"But now listen, Bud," said Meg, gravely; "don't you let these folks see you're afraid, or that you're not sure whether you're a king or not. Order them around and make them afraid of *you*. That's what the kings do in all the stories I ever read."

"I will," replied Bud. "I'll order them around. So you call in that old donkey with the silver buttons all over him."

"Here's a bell-rope," said Meg; "I'll pull it."

Instantly Jikki entered and bowed low to each of the children.

"What's your name?" asked Bud.

"Jikki, your gracious Majesty."

"Who are you?"

"Your Majesty's valet, if you please," answered Jikki.

"Oh!" said Bud. He did n't know what a valet was, but he was n't going to tell Jikki so.

"I want some new clothes, and so does my sister," Bud announced, as boldly as possible.

"Certainly, your Majesty. I'll send the lord high steward here at once."

With this he bowed and rushed away, and presently Tallydab, the lord high steward, entered the room and also respectfully bowed before the children.

"I beg your Majesty to command me," said Tallydab, gravely.

Bud was a little awed by his appearance, but he resolved to be brave.

"We want some new clothes," he said.

"They are already ordered, your Majesty, and will be here presently."

"Oh!" said Bud, and stopped short.

"I have ordered twenty suits for your Majesty and forty gowns for the princess," continued Tallydab; "and I hope these will content your Majesty and the princess until you have time to select a larger assortment."

"Oh!" said Bud, greatly amazed.

"I have also selected seven maidens, the most noble in all the land, to wait upon the princess. They are even now awaiting her Highness in her own apartments."

Meg clapped her hands delightedly.

"I'll go to them at once," she cried.

"Has your Majesty any further commands?" asked Tallydab. "If not your five high counselors would like to confer with you in regard to your new duties and responsibilities."

"Send 'em in," said Bud, promptly; and while Margaret went to meet her new maids the king held his first conference with his high counselors.

In answer to Tallydab's summons the other four periwigs, pompous and solemn, filed into the room and stood in a row before Bud, who looked upon them with a sensation of awe.

"Your Majesty," began the venerable Tullydub, in a grave voice, "we are here to instruct you, with your gracious consent, in your new and important duties."

Bud shifted uneasily in his chair. It all seemed so unreal and absurd—this kingly title and polite deference bestowed upon a poor boy by five dignified and periwigged men—that it was hard for Bud to curb his suspicion that all was not right.

"See here, all of you," said he, suddenly, "is this thing a joke? tell me, is it a joke?"

"A joke?" echoed all of the five counselors, in several degrees of shocked and horrified tones; and Tellydeb, the lord high executioner, added reproachfully:

"Could we, by any chance, have the temerity to joke with your mighty and glorious Majesty?"

"That 's just it," answered the boy. "I am

Tullydub, firmly; "for we, the five high counselors of the kingdom, have ourselves interpreted and carried out the laws of the land, and the people, your subjects, have approved our action."

"Then," said Bud, "I suppose I 'll have to be king whether I want to or not."

"Your Majesty speaks but the truth," re-



F. RICHARDSON

"I WANT SOME NEW CLOTHES, AND SO DOES MY SISTER," BUD ANNOUNCED, AS BOLDLY AS POSSIBLE."

not a mighty and glorious Majesty. I 'm just Bud; the ferryman's son, and you know it."

"You are Bud, the ferryman's son, to be sure," agreed the chief counselor, bowing courteously; "but by the decrees of fate and the just and unalterable laws of the land you are now become absolute ruler of the great kingdom of Noland; therefore all that dwell therein are your loyal and obedient servants."

Bud thought this over.

"Are you sure there 's no mistake?" he asked, with hesitation.

"There *can* be no mistake," returned old

turned the chief counselor, with a sigh. "With or without your consent, you are the king. It is the law." And all the others chanted in a chorus:

"It is the law."

Bud felt much relieved. He had no notion whatever of refusing to be a king. If there was no mistake, and he was really the powerful monarch of Noland, then there ought to be no end of fun and freedom for him during the rest of his life. To be his own master; to have plenty of money; to live in a palace and order people around as he pleased—all this seemed

to the poor and friendless boy of yesterday to be quite the most delightful fate that could possibly overtake one.

So lost did he become in thoughts of the marvelous existence opening before him that he paid scant attention to the droning speeches of the five aged counselors, who were endeavoring to acquaint him with the condition of affairs in his new kingdom, and to instruct him in his many and difficult duties as its future ruler.



"I HAVE ORDERED TWENTY SUITS FOR YOUR MAJESTY AND FORTY GOWNS FOR THE PRINCESS."

For a full hour he sat quiet and motionless, and they thought he was listening to these dreary affairs of state; but suddenly he jumped up and astonished the dignitaries by exclaiming:

"See here; you just fix up things to suit yourselves. I'm going to find Fluff." And with no heed to protests, the new king ran from the room and slammed the door behind him.

CHAPTER VI.

BUD DISPENSES JUSTICE.

THE next day the funeral of the old king took place, and the new king rode in the grand procession in a fine chariot, clothed in black velvet embroidered with silver. Not knowing how to act in his new position, Bud sat still and did nothing at all, which was just what was expected of him.

But when they returned from the funeral he was ushered into the great throne-room of the palace and seated on the golden throne; and then the chief counselor informed him that he must listen to the grievances of his people and receive the homage of the noblemen of Noland.

Fluff sat on a stool beside the king, and the five high counselors stood back of him in a circle; and then the doors were thrown open and all the noblemen of the country crowded in. One by one they kissed first the king's hand and then the princess's hand, and vowed they would always serve them faithfully.

Bud did not like this ceremony. He whispered to Fluff that it made him tired.

"I want to go upstairs and play," he said to the lord high steward. "I don't see why I can't."

"Very soon your Majesty may go. Just now it is your duty to hear the grievances of your people," answered Tallydab, gently.

"What 's the matter with 'em?" asked Bud, crossly. "Why don't they keep out of trouble?"

"Because he whips me," was the answer. Bud turned to the man.

"Why do you whip the boy?" he inquired.

"Because he runs away," said the man. For a minute Bud looked puzzled.



"'A JOKE?' ECHOED ALL OF THE FIVE COUNSELORS, IN SEVERAL DEGREES OF SHOCKED AND HORRIFIED TONES."

"I do not know, your Majesty; but there are always disputes among the people."

"But that is n't the king's fault, is it?" said Bud.

"No, your Majesty; but it's the king's place to settle these disputes, for he has the supreme power."

"Well, tell 'em to hurry up and get it over with," said the boy, restlessly.

Then a venerable old man came in leading a boy by the arm and holding a switch in his other hand.

"Your Majesty," began the man, having first humbly bowed to the floor before the king, "my son, whom I have brought here with me, insists upon running away from home, and I wish you would tell me what to do with him."

"Why do you run away?" Bud asked the boy.

"Well, if any one whipped me, I'd run away, too," he said at last. "And if the boy is n't whipped or abused he ought to stay at home and be good. But it's none of my business, anyhow."

"Oh, your Majesty!" cried the chief counselor, "it really must be your business. You're the king, you know; and everybody's business is the king's."

"That is n't fair," said Bud, sulkily. "I've got my own business to attend to, and I want to go upstairs and play."

But now Princess Fluff leaned toward the young king and whispered something in his ear which made his face brighten.

"See here!" exclaimed Bud, "the first time this man whips the boy again, or the first time the boy runs away, I order my lord high execu-

tioner to give them both a good switching. Now let them go home and try to behave themselves."

Every one applauded his decision, and Bud

"Now, your Majesty, please decide which of these two women owns the cow."

"I can't," said Bud, helplessly.

"Oh, your Majesty, but you must!" cried all the five high counselors.

Then Meg whispered to the king again, and the boy nodded. The children had always lived in a little village where there were plenty of cows, and the girl thought she knew a way to decide which of the claimants owned this animal.

"Send one of the women away," said Bud. So they led the lean woman to a little room near by and locked her in.

"Bring a pail and a milking-stool," ordered the king.

When they were brought, Bud turned to the fat woman and ordered the bandage taken from her mouth.

"The cow's mine! It's my cow! I own it!" she screamed, the moment she could speak.

"Hold!" said the king. "If the cow belongs to you, let me see you milk her."

"Certainly, your Majesty, certainly!" she cried; and seizing the pail and the stool, she ran up to the left side of the cow, placed the stool, and sat down upon it. But before she could touch the cow the animal suddenly gave a wild kick that sent the startled woman in a heap upon the floor, with her head stuck fast in the milk-pail. Then the cow moved forward a few steps and looked blandly around.

Two of the guards picked the woman up and pulled the pail from her head.

"What's the matter?" asked Bud.

"She's frightened, of course," whimpered the woman, "and I'll be black

and blue by to-morrow morning, your Majesty. Any cow would kick in such a place as this."

"Put this woman in the room and fetch the other woman here," commanded the king.

So the lean woman was brought out and ordered to milk the cow.

She took the stool in one hand and the pail in the other, and, approaching the cow softly on the *right* side, patted the animal gently and said to it: "So, Boss! So-o-o-o, Bossie, my darlin'! Good Bossie! Nice Bossie!"



"THEN A MAN CAME IN LEADING A BOY BY THE ARM AND HOLDING A SWITCH IN HIS OTHER HAND."

also thought with satisfaction that he had hit upon a good way out of the difficulty.

Next came two old women, one very fat and the other very thin; and between them they led a cow, the fat woman having a rope around one horn and the thin woman a rope around the other horn. Each woman claimed she owned the cow, and they quarreled so loudly and so long that the lord high executioner had to tie a bandage over their mouths. When peace was thus restored the high counselor said:

The cow turned her head to look at the lean woman, and made no objection when she sat down and began milking.

In a moment the king said:

"The cow is yours! Take her and go home!"

Then all the courtiers and people—and even the five high counselors—applauded the king enthusiastically; and the chief counselor lifted up his hands and said:

"Another Solomon has come to rule us!"

And the people applauded again, till Bud looked very proud and quite red in the face with satisfaction.

"Tell me," he said to the woman, who was about to lead the cow away, "tell me, where did you get such a nice-faithful Bossie as that?"

At this a sudden hush fell on the room, and Bud looked redder than ever.

"Then how did it happen that you could milk the cow and she could n't?" demanded the king, angrily.

"Why, she does n't understand cows, and I do," answered the woman. "Good day, your Majesty. Much obliged, I'm sure!"

And she walked away with the cow, leaving the king and Princess Fluff and all the people much embarrassed.

"Have we any cows in the royal stables?" asked Bud, turning to Tullydub.

"Certainly, your Majesty; there are several," answered the chief counselor.

"Then," said Bud, "give one of them to the



"NEXT CAME TWO OLD WOMEN, AND BETWEEN THEM THEY LED A COW."

"Must I tell you the truth?" asked the woman.

"Of course," said Bud.

"Then, your Majesty," she returned, "I stole her from that fat woman you have locked up in that room. But no one can take the cow from me now, for the king has given her to me."

fat woman, and send her home. I've done all the judging I am going to do to-day, and now I'll take my sister upstairs to play."

"Hold on! Hold on!" cried a shrill voice. "I demand justice! Justice of the king! Justice of the law! Justice to the king's aunt."

Bud looked down the room and saw Aunt Rivette struggling with some of the guards. Then she broke away from them and rushed to the throne, crying again:

"Justice, your Majesty!"

"What's the matter with you?" asked Bud.

"Matter? Everything's the matter with me. Are n't you the new king?"

"Yes," said Bud. "That's what I am."

Bud shuddered. Then he turned again to Tullydub.

"The king can do what he likes, can't he?" the boy asked.

"Certainly, your Majesty."

"Then let the lord high executioner step forward!"

"Oh, Bud! What are you going to do?" said Fluff, seizing him tightly by the arm.



"THE ANIMAL SUDDENLY GAVE A WILD KICK THAT SENT THE STARTLED WOMAN IN A HEAP UPON THE FLOOR, WITH HER HEAD STUCK FAST IN THE MILK-PAIL."

"Am I not your aunt? Am I not your aunt?"

"Yes," said Bud, again.

"Well, why am I left to live in a hut and dress in rags? Does n't the law say that every blood relation of the king shall live in a royal palace?"

"Does it?" asked Bud, turning to Tullydub.

"The law says so, your Majesty."

"And must I have that old crosspatch around me all the time?" wailed the new king.

"Crosspatch yourself!" screamed Aunt Rivette, shaking her fist at Bud. "I'll teach you to crosspatch me when I get you alone!"

"You let me alone!" answered Bud. "I'm not going to be a king for nothing. And Aunt Rivette whipped me once — sixteen hard switches! I counted 'em."

The executioner was now bowing before him.

"Get a switch," commanded the king.

The executioner brought a long, slender birch bough.

"Now," said Bud, "you give Aunt Rivette sixteen good switches."

"Oh, don't! Don't, Bud!" pleaded Meg.

Aunt Rivette fell on her knees, pale and trembling. In agony she raised her hands.

"I 'll never do it again! Let me off, your Majesty!" she screamed. "Let me off this once! I 'll never do it again! Never! Never!"

"All right," said Bud, with a cheery smile. "I 'll let you off this time. But if you don't behave, or if you interfere with me or Fluff, I 'll have the lord high executioner take charge of you. Just remember I 'm the king, and then we 'll get along all right. Now you may go upstairs if you wish to and pick out a room on the top story. Fluff and I are going to play."

With this he laid his crown carefully on the seat of the throne and threw off his ermine robe.

"Come on, Fluff! We 've had enough business for to-day," he said, and dragged the laughing princess from the room, while Aunt Rivette meekly followed the lord high steward up the stairs to a comfortable apartment just underneath the roof.

She was very well satisfied at last; and very soon she sent for the lord high purse-bearer and demanded money with which to buy some fine clothes for herself.

This was given her willingly, for the law provided for the comfort of every relative of the king, and knowing this, Aunt Rivette fully intended to be the most comfortable woman in the kingdom of Noland.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIUMPH OF "DUTCHY."

BY J. SHERMAN POTTER.

HIS whole name was Hendrik van Gelder Schmitt, but as the pupils of the Conrad High School found that too much for their unaccustomed tongues, he was called "Dutchy" for short, and this title he bore throughout his whole sojourn in the school. This was his first year at Conrad, but he had had a good training in a Canadian high school before he came to the States, and as a result was put in the senior class. Here he became the chief source of amusement for the pupils, and at times even for the teachers. His faulty English and the frequent fun-poking of the pupils were often the occasions of outbursts of Anglo-Dutch which sent the class into convulsions of uncontrollable laughter. Still, he was an excellent scholar, and showed such good judgment in all questions of weighty importance in school matters that before he had been there two months he was unanimously elected the vice-president of the senior class and was defeated in the competition for presidency by only a few votes.

With the close of the foot-ball season that of hockey began, and it was not long before the

ice-rinks were covered with pupils trying to make the team.

"Vat are de rules for playing dis game?" asked Dutchy one afternoon while watching the players driving the puck across the ice.

"Oh, you can't trip anybody up, nor hold any one, nor get offside. But you can shove with your shoulders all you want in a scrimmage."

Dutchy had spent several winters in Holland before he came to America, and was considered there a good skater. He improved his ability in that direction while in Canada, and now he resolved to try for the Conrad hockey team. Stepping up to Langton, who was captain of the hockey team, he announced his intention of trying to make the five.

Dutchy got his skates, which were ones he had bought in Amsterdam, and joined the group of skaters, who greeted him warmly. Then he entered enthusiastically into the sport, and soon made it evident that he was the fastest skater and most brilliant player in the school. Every one was astonished; from that moment he became a sort of hero in the school and the boys ceased to tease him.

At last the time came for the final trials, before the team was picked. Two sides were formed, with Dutchy and Langton their respective captains. Then for two hours a desperate struggle raged, supported by brilliant playing on both sides. Four of the six goals were made by Dutchy; and he was the first one picked to represent the Conrad High School Hockey Team. This happened two weeks before Christmas, and on that day was to be fought a game for championship with Conrad's old rival, Marston Academy.

"I tell you what, boys," said Langton, just before the game, "this is not going to be a cinch. In Alexander, that Indian over there, Marston has a 'crack-a-jack' of a player. Dutchy, you'll have to look out for him."

Conrad's red and white, and Marston's blue and green.

At nine o'clock the two teams skated into their positions, the referee placed the puck in the center, blew his whistle, and the game began. For a time the rubber was kept about in the center of the rinks; then Alexander suddenly came out of the scrimmage with the puck in front of his stick, and, with head low and skates flashing, started for Conrad's goal. A shout of applause rang out from the Marston supporters. Dutchy sped after him like the wind, but could not overtake him, although the distance between them was but a yard. The Indian was a match for him in speed, and try as hard as he could, Dutchy could not lessen that yard. Nearer and nearer to the goal drew



DUTCHY MAKING A GOAL.

"Vell, I vill dry to, but perhaps he hat petter look owut alsó."

A great crowd of shivering people had gathered along the banks of the Conrad River Christmas morning to watch the great match. Here and there, throughout the surging mass, could be seen the colors of the rival schools—

Alexander, and now he prepared to drive the puck behind it. The Marston people were wild with delight and threw their caps into the air in a frenzy of excitement. But suddenly, with a burst of speed, a mighty lunge forward, and a quick thrust of his hockey-stick, Dutchy caught up with Alexander, and secured the puck. In

the tussle for it, however, both players tripped or stumbled and sprawled along the ice, and the Conrad goal-tender drove the puck out of danger. How the Conrad rooters shouted for joy! Cheer after cheer arose for Dutchy, but he got up, unmindful of the acclamations from a thousand throats, and joined his team.

Again the game raged about the center, and then it was Langton who started forth from the mêlée with a clear field. Alexander overtook him and captured the puck. Again a ringing cheer arose from the supporters of the blue and green. But Dutchy was equal to the emergency, and after a fierce but short struggle between the two, away the Conrad champion sped, with the whole Marston team at his heels. He rapidly increased the distance between them and him, however, every second nearing the goal. Langton took care of Alexander, and so, with no one near him, Dutchy, with a well-directed drive, sent the puck between the goal-tender's legs. Red and white flags filled the air and the Conrad cheer resounded on every side, ending with "Dutchy! Dutchy! Dutchy!"

The elated members of the Conrad school jumped up and down and waved their hats for joy, while Dutchy, with a flushed face, received the enthusiastic congratulations of his fellow-players. So ended the first half.

In the second half, Marston entered the game with a new energy. Slowly the puck, by a series of splendid plays, was driven toward the goal, then, with a brilliant dash, Alexander darted out from among the surging players and succeeded in making a goal. The score was tied, and now only a short time remained to play.

"We've got to beat them, Dutchy," said Langton to his friend; "last year they drubbed us, and now we ought to turn the tables. We have got to, that's all there is to it."

"Vell," replied the Hollander, "dat means much more vork dan before, I t'ink."

Again the game began, and as time went by without either side scoring, it looked as if the game would end in a tie. With grim determination Dutchy played, and seeing his chance for the third time that day, made another of his brilliant plays. Escaping the mêlée, he put his whole strength into his speed and started for the Marston goal. Langton managed to

keep up with him, warding off Alexander, now close behind. Then Dutchy fell down in a heap on the ice, his skate having struck a twig. A groan burst forth from the spectators, but it



"DUTCHY, NOW THE HERO OF TOWN AND SCHOOL, WAS CARRIED HOME ON TRIUMPHANT SHOULDERS." (SEE PAGE 204.)

changed to a cheer when Langton was seen with lightning speed continuing with the puck. A little later he drove it for the goal, but the goal-tender struck it squarely with his hockey and sent it far behind Langton.

By this time Dutchy had got up and was just in time to stop the sliding rubber and again start for the Marston goal. Instantly he was the center of a fierce, short struggle. How he ever came right through that mass of players without once losing the puck is, and probably always will be, one of the mysteries. But he did it, and desperately, too, he skated for that Marston goal. Langton, with the rest of his team, blocked all their opponents except the

dauntless Alexander, who eluded the Conrad players and drew nearer and nearer to Dutchy. The poor fellow was so bruised from his fall and so fatigued that he could not skate so fast as at first. But he was now close to the goal, and slurring around, with a tremendous "whack!" he sent the puck for the second time behind the goal, just before the Indian overtook him. In another minute the game closed.

The scene that followed was simply pandemonium let loose. Dutchy, now the hero of town and school, was carried home on triumphant shoulders and then three times around his own house. Then, after giving all the school yells, plentifully mixed with Dutchy's name, the last one ending with his whole title, Hendrik van Gelder Schmitt, his proud schoolmates left him to himself and departed.

LUCY'S SHOPPING.

BY FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

"PLEASE get a paper and pencil, William, and write it down. You had better go to Saunders's first, and then to Blackett's."

Mr. Gordon bent over the table, and, resting an old envelop next a medicine-glass, he wrote it down with the stump of a pencil.

"I wish Lucy could wait until I can go and get it with her. I know just what I want. But the doctor says it will be two weeks before I can get out, and the child might get her death o' cold if we wait. I want a brown coat, William, just a little below the skirt of her dress—with a cape. You had better write it down, William. Don't get the first thing you see, and—I want a cap for her, a pretty brown tam-o'-shanter to match the coat. Write it down, please. How much money have you?"

Mr. Gordon produced a small roll of bills, and spread out seven dollars.

"Oh, William, is that all! Never mind, dear; I know you had to get some medicine Saturday night, and—other things. But Lucy has n't had a winter coat for three years and she does need one—perhaps you will find a bargain. You can wear your new coat home, Lucy, and you help papa buy it."

Lucy, in happy anticipation of their shopping-trip, sat in the trolley-car which was carrying her downtown, with her father reading his newspaper at her side.

"Your mother said Saunders's first," said Mr. Gordon as they finally alighted from the car and entered the great department-store.

"I wish to look at cloaks," said Lucy's father to a floor-walker.

"Second floor, please; elevator to the right."

As they stepped out of the elevator Lucy was a little breathless at the sudden stop, and her small mittened hand closed tightly around her father's large, cold, red one. He stood looking about a moment, as if a little, a very little, in doubt. Then a queenly creature swept up to them—a young woman with her waist very long in front, and her hair very high and then far down over her left eyebrow; there was a rustle of silk, a waft of perfume, as she approached. Lucy was sure this was a princess; she looked up in admiring awe as the princess, with chin high and lowered eyelids, asked:

"What do you wish to see?"

Lucy's father, too, was awed by the royal bearing of the princess. He knew his errand was a proper one—he had almost felt it was a noble one; but now he stammered: "Ah—er—coats, if you please, for my little girl."

"This way, please," said the princess. "About what price, may I ask?"

"Ah—er—well, I don't know," Lucy's father said weakly. "Have you anything for five dollars?"

"We have something for six and a half, marked down from ten," said the princess.

Lucy's father looked so helpless that Lucy nudged him. "Let's look at it, papa."

"I'll show you what we have," condescended the young woman; and Lucy and her father

at a safe distance trailed sadly and respectfully after their guide.

She went to a table piled high with garments. "Here's one for six and a half." She disentangled from a motley assortment a bright blue coat and held it up before them.

"That's pretty," said Lucy's father, his face lighting with relief. "How much is it?"

"Only six and a half, marked down from ten. Would you like to try it on?"

"Try it on, Lucy."

"It is n't brown, papa," whispered Lucy.

"Oh, that's so. Have n't you any brown ones?" He spoke to the princess in his politest tones.

"Nothing so cheap. We have a few brown ones like that on the form over there, marked down from fifteen to ten. It's a great bargain, if you're willing to pay so much."

It was not a question of willingness, though Lucy's father did not say so. In spite of Lucy's whisper, "It's like what mama wanted—with a cape," he shook his head.

"Six and a half is all I can pay."

"Well, this is the best style in the cheaper coats. These blues are going to be worn a good deal this winter. Shall I try it on her?"

"It's long," objected Lucy, feebly. It hung almost to the floor; her dress-skirt was but a little below her knees.

"You can wear it several seasons if you get it long enough," said the princess.

The face of Lucy's father lighted again. "That's a good idea, Lucy."

"The sleeves are so big and long!" Lucy could not see her fingers below as she looked down on her sleeves.

"But mama said the other sleeves were too short, Lucy. It's a good thing to have sleeves long."

"Yes, it's always a good thing to have coats a little large," said the princess. "All our customers buy children's garments a little large. Children grow so rapidly, you know."

"It is n't brown," said Lucy, vaguely feeling that something was wrong with her dark little face above the bright blue.

"It's a pretty color," said Lucy's father, who could not help thinking that a long coat would last for several winters, and coats were expensive.

"Do you like it, Lucy?" asked her father.

"It's very good style, very," said the princess. She smoothed it down in front and pulled it up behind, and turned Lucy around and around before the glass.

"Perhaps we'd better take it, Lucy," said the father.

"Will you have it sent or take it with you?" said the princess, with a sweet smile that warmed Lucy's doubtful little heart.

"I'll have her wear it, and you can send this one." He handed her Lucy's old coat, and in a few moments a man in a short light coat was seen leading down the aisle a little girl in a very long blue one.

"Oh, papa," said Lucy as they reached the ground floor, "mama said not to buy the first thing we saw."

Her father's face fell. "Don't you think she'll like this?" he asked. "And it will last a long time." Lucy sighed.

"It is n't brown and it has n't got a cape," she said.

"Well, we'll get a brown hat, anyhow," comforted her father.

It did not take long to select a brown tam-o'-shanter, which contrasted oddly with the bright blue coat. As they went downstairs and past the candy counter, Lucy's father stopped; for one wild moment Lucy actually hoped he was going to buy her some candy. But that delightful and unheard-of possibility was soon dispelled, for did not six dollars and a half for the coat and fifty cents for the cap make seven dollars? Then her father said:

"Will you wait here, Lucy, till I go down to the store and get some more money? I have n't even car-fare for your trip home. But I'll be back in a little while. The store's not far away. You don't mind waiting, do you?"

Oh, no, Lucy did not mind waiting; and her father left a strange little blue-coated, brown-capped figure standing near the tempting candy counter. But very soon Lucy's thoughts were taken up by something other than the candy. A young woman went by with rustling skirts, a silver bag at her side, a long white floating feather boa, and two long white feathers in her hat. The glories of the princess upstairs paled beside her. Lucy could not resist the tempta-

tion to follow after her. There was a silk counter not far distant. The wonderful lady stopped while the polite clerk unfolded yard after yard of shimmering silk. At last he measured off a great glowing heap, and the lady paid for it from a fat roll of bills extracted from her silver bag. Then, followed by the admiring gaze of the clerks and the patter of Lucy's shabby little shoes, she swept to the lace counter.

near and a row of smaller doors at the side with ground-glass panels, marked "Manager's Office." As the lady swept through the door to the street, something floated back and away from her to the dusty floor. Lucy darted after and picked it up. It was the long feather boa, so soft and white and sweet-smelling! For a moment Lucy forgot all else, holding it in her little mittened hands. Then, as she stepped forward to go



"'IT'S LONG' OBJECTED LUCY, FEEBLY."

Such a consolation was this after the shabby shopping of Lucy's father! Wherever the lady went — to the gloves and ribbons and scarfs — Lucy was sure to go, a little figure in a bright blue coat that flapped loosely and emptily from knee to ankle and almost tripped up her eager little feet. Once the lady turned and gave the bright face beneath the brown tam-o'-shanter a cold stare. At last the lady started for the door, a side entrance in a quiet corner of the store with only an unattended blanket counter

after the lady, still looking at the lovely thing, somebody swooped down and snatched it away from her.

"What do you mean by taking my feather boa?" cried the lady's voice in her ears — such a shrill voice! Lucy's red lips parted in surprise as she stared up at her. Then from somewhere a man appeared and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"What is it?" he asked.

"This child has followed me about all the

morning, and just now she slipped my feather boa off my neck and was going to make off with it. I 've no doubt she 's a shoplifter. You 'd better search her."

Fortunately, Lucy had no idea what these words meant. She only stared bewildered at the man.

"Were you trying to steal this lady's boa?" the man asked.

Then Lucy burst into tears. "I just picked it up off the floor," she wailed; "the lady dropped it."

"Where did you get that hat and coat?" asked the man, sternly.

But Lucy did not hear him — she was sobbing too loudly. One of the smaller doors clicked behind them.

"What 's this disturbance, Mr. Jones?" asked a crisp, quick voice. "I can't have this here. Step into the office. Now what 's the matter?"

Lucy found herself in a small room, with the lady of the feather boa on one side, and a man behind and before.

"Oh, it 's nothing of any consequence, Mr. Saunders; I should n't carry it any further, only, of course, I thought your people ought to know if there were shoplifters about."

"Oh, Miss Trenton, I beg pardon — I did n't recognize you. Is it this child? Did she take anything of yours?"

"Well, not exactly, because I caught her. But she has been following me ever since I came in the store, and she was making off with my feather boa —"

"I picked it up!" wailed Lucy. "It dropped on the floor. When I was going to give it to her, she just snatched it out of my hands."

"Please be seated," Mr. Saunders sat down himself, and drew Lucy toward him. "Now listen to me, little girl. Nobody is going to hurt you, but you must n't cry, for I want you to tell me everything you have been doing since you came downtown with your father."

As Lucy winked away her tears and looked up at him, she recognized a gentleman she had seen seated opposite to her father in the car that morning. She fixed her round, moist eyes on his face, and something she saw there gave her courage to begin in a weak little voice:

"My father came to buy me a coat, because mama was sick, and she liked a brown one, but we had to buy a blue one that was six and a half because the lady said it 's a stylish color. And when he 'd paid fifty cents for my tam-o'-shanter he had to go down to the store to get some more money, because that makes seven dollars and it was all he had. So I was waiting, and this — lady —" her chin quivered before she went on — "went by, so I thought I 'd go shopping with her, because she bought such pretty things and we — She bought lots. Then, when I was going back to the candy counter to meet papa, her feathers fell off, and — and I was going to give it to her —" but here the little voice failed.

"I am afraid, Miss Trenton, we owe an apology to this little girl," said Mr. Saunders, quietly.

"I 'm sure I hope so." Miss Trenton rose, torn between the desire not to offend Mr. Saunders and the hope of maintaining her own dignity. She smiled in a superior way on Lucy. "I 'm sorry I hurt your feelings, little girl. Good-by." She extended her slim, gloved hand to Lucy. Ten minutes ago it would have been bliss to feel its smoothness; now Lucy would as soon have touched a red-hot stove. She retreated behind Mr. Saunders as Mr. Jones opened the door for the lady.

Mr. Saunders smiled. "Oh, yes, it 's all right, Miss Trenton. I 'm sorry we gave the child such a fright." He did not seem to see the hand which Lucy had rejected, as he bowed the lady out. "You may go, Mr. Jones," he said, nodding to the salesman.

"Now we must go and meet your father," said Mr. Saunders to Lucy, "and he must n't know you 've been crying." Lucy was struggling to wipe her eyes with her handkerchief; but her coat-sleeve was so long that it got into her eyes instead. She looked up at him with a quivering smile. He took off his glasses and began to polish them.

"Do you like that coat?" he asked abruptly, but in so friendly a way that Lucy felt she could trust in him, and was no longer afraid.

"No, sir, not very well; but they all say it will last a long time. Mama wanted a brown one with a cape, but it was ten dollars. Do you think she 'll be disappointed? — and it 's very long." She opened it in front and showed her

short dress-skirt and the round little legs, till then quite covered by the coat. "Mama said to the bottom of my dress; my father says I 'll grow to it, but he is n't much of a shopper."

counter, but her papa was not there. It had not been so very long since he had left, though so much had happened.

"I guess we 'll have time to go upstairs,"



"'I 'M SORRY I HURT YOUR FEELINGS, LITTLE GIRL. GOOD-BY.'"

Mr. Saunders stood with his hands in his pockets, studying the effect of his ready-made goods on this purchaser.

"Well, let 's go meet him," he said.

Lucy led him to the corner of the candy

said Mr. Saunders, and Lucy pushed her little mittened hand into his. The coat-sleeve was so long that it covered both their hands, and he looked down with twinkling eyes.

"I did n't mean to say," explained Lucy,

"that papa was a bad shopper; he'd do better if he had more money."

"Oh, yes, I understand," said Mr. Saunders. "Now show me the girl you bought the coat of."

"Oh, it was n't a girl," said Lucy; "it was — a — a — *lady*! There she is now."

Mr. Saunders walked up to her. Lucy was amazed at the mild gentleness of the princess — indeed, she scarcely seemed a princess now.

"Did you sell this coat?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. It is one of those we have had so long in stock. Mr. Chase is very anxious to work them off."

Mr. Saunders noticed the brown coat on the form. "Is that the one you liked?" he asked.

Lucy nodded. "But it's ten dollars," she whispered, tugging his hand.

"Take it down and put it on her, please," said Mr. Saunders, commanding the now obedient princess. Lucy stood motionless while the brown coat was being tried on.

He watched her as she walked to the mirror.

"What do you think of that?" Mr. Saunders asked the lady.

"Oh, that's very much better, of course; only they said they could n't pay much, and we wanted to get rid of those blues. If I'd known they were friends of yours —"

"Well, how do *you* like it?" he asked, as Lucy backed into him, too delighted to remove her eyes from her mirrored figure.

"I know mama'd like it," she whispered.

"Well, then, if you think your father would n't object, suppose we take it."

"But it's ten dollars, and papa said he could n't pay any more than six and a half."

"This has just been marked down to six and a half," said Mr. Saunders with a smile, and then, with a word or two to the princess, he led Lucy back to the candy counter.

"Oh!" gasped Lucy, "is this for me?" as the girl at the candy counter reached out to her a white-papered box tied up with a silvery string.

"Yes, child, yes," said Mr. Saunders. "Don't look so frightened. And now I'll say good-by, for I think I see your father."

"Oh, yes; there he is — thank you, thank you so much! Why, he's gone! Here, papa; here I am! Oh, papa, that gentleman changed

my coat, but this one costs just the same. It's marked down to six and a half."

Lucy's father was staring at her. "What did you say, Lucy?"

"My coat, papa! This is n't the one you bought. But it's brown with a cape, and I'm sure it's the kind that mama wanted. Look at that paper you wrote it down on, and see."

Lucy's father thrust his hand into all the pockets of his short light overcoat, then into the inner pockets — but he could not find the old envelop.

"It seems as if everything I find is a bill," he said, smiling apologetically. "I must have



"I DO BELIEVE THAT IS THE KIND YOUR MOTHER WANTED."

left that envelop at home. But that coat does seem more becoming to you than the other. I do believe that is the kind your mother wanted."

"Why, of course it is, papa!" cried Lucy. And it was.



A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

THIRD PAPER.

COMPARING TITIAN WITH HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER, AND CORREGGIO WITH MICHELANGELO.

I.

TIZIANO VECELLI, CALLED TITIAN (BORN 1477, DIED 1576); HANS HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER (BORN 1497, DIED 1543).

It is because of the difference between these two wonderful portraits — Titian's "Man with the Glove" and the "Portrait of Georg Gyze" by Hans Holbein the Younger — that it is interesting to compare them.

If we should try to sum up in one word the impression produced by each, might we not say: "How *noble* the Titian is; the Holbein how *intimate*"? Both persons portrayed are young men: Titian's unmistakably an aristocrat, but with no clue given as to who or what he was; Holbein's a German merchant resident in London, whose name is recorded in the address of the letter in his hand, and who is surrounded by the accompaniments of his daily occupation. Presently we shall find out something about the nature of his occupations; meanwhile we have surprised him in the privacy of his office, and are already interested in him as an actual man who lived and worked nearly four hundred years ago. And we are interested, too, in the objects that surround him. We note already that the flowers in the vase are just like the carnations of our own day, and that he evidently is a prosperous man. But compare the fewness of his letters with the packet which one morning's mail would bring to a modern merchant. Each is fastened

with a band of paper held in place by a seal; he has just broken the band of the newly arrived letter; his own seal is among the objects that lie on the table. Do we not feel already that we are growing intimate with the man?

Can we feel the same toward "The Man with the Glove"? I admit that when we have once possessed ourselves of the appearance of this man's face, we shall not forget it. But that is a very different thing from knowing the man as a man. There is something, indeed, in the grave, almost sad, expression of the face which forbids, rather than invites, intimacy. He too seems to have been surprised in his privacy, but he is occupied, not with his affairs, as Georg Gyze is, but with his thoughts. It is not the man in his every-day character that we see; indeed, it is not the man himself that holds our attention, but rather some mood of a man — or, rather, some reflection in him of the artist's mood at the time he painted him.

Titian found in the original of this portrait a suggestion to himself of something stately and aloof from common things; he made his picture interpret this mood of feeling; we may suspect that he was more interested in this than in preserving a likeness of the man; we may even doubt whether the man was actually like this. Certainly, this could not have been his every-day look; it is a very unusual aspect, in which everything is made to contribute to the wonder-

ful calm and dignity of the *mood*. The name of the young man has not come down to us; there is no clue to who or what he was—only this wonderful expression of a mood; and as that itself is so exalted and idealized that it baffles description, posterity has distinguished this picture from others by the vague title, “The Man with the Glove.”

Here, then, is another distinction between these pictures of Titian’s and Holbein’s. The treatment of the former is idealistic, of the other realistic. Both these artists were students of nature, seeking their inspiration from the world of men and things that passed before their eyes. But Holbein painted the thing as it appealed to his eye; Titian as it appealed to his mind.

This, of course, is a difference not confined to these two artists. Indeed, all that we have been saying about these respective points of view can be applied to other artists. So large a subject cannot be exhausted by the comparison of any two pictures; yet from these by Titian and Holbein a considerable insight may be gained.

What is a realist? Naturally, one who represents things as they really are. But can anybody do that? If ten men the equals of Holbein in observation and skill of hand had sat down beside him to paint the portrait of Georg Gyze and his surroundings, would their pictures have been identical? Could any two men, even, working independently, paint the ink-pot alone so that the two representations would be exactly alike? Have any two men exactly similar capacity of eyesight? And, if they have, have they also exactly similar minds? The fact is, a man can draw an ink-stand only as its appearance affects his eye and makes a mental impression on his brain. In one sense, we cannot say, “This is what an apple really looks like,” but only, “This is how it presents itself as real to me.”

So, in the strict sense of representing an object as it really is, no painter can be a realist; while, in the general sense of representing an object as it seems real to his eye and brain, every painter may be called a realist.

How then shall we discover the meaning of the word “realist” as used in painting? Let us look for an explanation in the two pictures.

Both painters represented what seemed real to them. But do we not observe that while Titian was chiefly occupied with the impression produced upon his *mind*, it was the impression made upon the *eye* which gave greater delight to Holbein? No man who did not love the appearances of things would have painted them with so loving a patience. While to Titian the thing which appeared most real about this man—the thing most worth his while to paint—was the impression made upon his mind; so that what he painted is, to a very large extent, a reflection of himself, a mood of Titian’s own thoughts. Holbein, on the contrary, concentrated the whole of himself upon the man and the objects before his eyes. His intention was simply to paint Georg Gyze as he was known to his friends—a merchant at his office table, with all the things about him that other visitors to the room would observe and grow to associate with the personality of Gyze himself.

We may gather, therefore, that realism, as painters use the word, is a state of mind which makes the painter forget himself and his own personal feelings in the study of what is presented to his eye; which makes him rejoice in the appearances of things and discover in each its peculiar quality of beauty; which makes him content to paint life simply as it manifests itself to his eye, to be, indeed, a faithful mirror of the world outside himself.

It is not because Holbein was a realist, however, that he is celebrated, but because of the kind of realist he was. You will find that realism often runs to commonplace; a man may see chiefly with his eye because he has no mind to see with; may take a delight in facts because he has no imagination; the material appeals to him more than the spiritual. But Holbein was a man of mind, who attracted the friendship of Erasmus, the greatest scholar of his age, and Holbein made his strength of mind help the keenness of his eye. The result is that the number and variety of the objects in this portrait do not distract our attention from the man, but rather seem to increase our acquaintance with his character and tastes. We recognize the order and refinement which surround him. On the other hand, when we examine the details, we find each in its way exquisitely

pictured; for Holbein loved things of delicate and skilful workmanship, and left many designs for scabbards, goblets, and goldsmith's work.

Yet, compared with all the finish and detail of Holbein's picture, how large, simple, and grand is the composition of Titian's! Holbein's aim

And, as I have said, while the Holbein is simply and appropriately dignified, the Titian is majestically grand. Turn again to "The Man with the Glove," shut out with your fingers first one of the hands, then the other, and then the sweep of shirt, and notice each



PORTRAIT OF GEORG GYZE. BY HOLBEIN.

was to *put in* everything that was possible *without injury to the total effect*; Titian's aim was to *leave out* everything but what was *essential*. Holbein's picture is a triumph of well-controlled working-out of detail; Titian's of simplicity.

time how the balance and dignity of the composition are thereby destroyed; for its magic consists in the exact placing of the lighter spots against the general darkness of the whole. By this time we realize that the fascination of this

portrait is not only in the expression of the face and in the wonderful eyes, but also in the actual balance of light and dark in the composition. Then, taking the face as the source and starting-point of the impression which the picture makes, we note how the slit of the open doublet and the extended right forefinger echo the piercing

indeed, of Titian himself. At once a genius and a favorite of fortune, he moved through his long life of pomp and splendor serene and self-contained. He was of old and noble family, born at Pieve in the mountain district of Cadore. By the time that he was eleven years old his father, Gregorio di Conte Vecelli, recognized



"THE MAN WITH THE GLOVE." BY TITIAN.

directness of the gaze; while the left hand has an ease and elegance of expression which correspond with the grand and gracious poise of the whole picture.

Grand and gracious poise! Quite suggestive,

that he was destined to be a painter and sent him to Venice, where he became the pupil first of Bellini, and then of the great artist Giorgione; from the first, indeed, he enjoyed every privilege that an artist of his time could need. The Doge

and Council of Venice recognized his ability, as did the Dukes of Ferrara and Mantua. As the years went on, kings, popes, and emperors were his friends and patrons. In his home at Biri, a suburb of Venice, from which in one direction the snow-clad Alps are visible and in the other the soft luxuriance of the Venetian lagoon, he

in his case, and he was laid in the tomb which he had prepared for himself in the great Church of the Frari.

No artist's life was so completely and sustainably superb; and such, too, is the character of his work. He was great in portraiture, in landscape, in the painting of religious and mytho-



"THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE," BY CORREGGIO. (SEE PAGE 216.)

maintained a princely household, associating with the greatest and most accomplished men of Venice, working on, until he had reached the age of ninety-nine years. Even then it was no ordinary ailment, but the visitation of the plague, that carried him off; and such was the honor in which he was held, that the law against the burial of the plague-stricken in a church was overruled

logical subjects. In any *one* of these departments others have rivaled him, but his glory is that he attained to the highest rank in all; he was an artist of universal gifts. His was an all-embracing genius, courtly, serene, majestic. He viewed the splendor of the world in a big, healthful, ample way; and represented it with the glowing brush of a supreme master of color.

The genius of Holbein also blossomed early. In 1515, when he was eighteen years old, he moved from Augsburg, where he was born, to Basel, the center of learning, whose boast was that every house in it contained at least one

Holbein found himself in need of money, and accordingly set out for London with a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas More, the King's Chancellor.

"Master Haunce," as the English called him,



"JEREMIAH." BY MICHELANGELO. (SEE PAGE 217.)

learned man. In 1520 he was admitted to citizenship at Basel and to membership in the painters' guild; good proof, as he was only twenty-three, of his unusual ability.

But the times were lean ones for the painter.

arrived in England toward the close of 1526. During this first visit to England, he painted portraits of many of the leading men of the day. But two years later, in consequence of an outbreak of the plague, he returned to Basel,

only to be driven back to England in 1531 by poverty and the death of his old friends.

By 1537 Holbein had come to the notice of Henry VIII, and was established as court painter, a position which he held until his death. This seems to have occurred during another visitation of the plague in 1543; for at this date knowledge of the great artist ceases. When he died or where he was buried is not known.

What a contrast between his life and Titian's! One the favorite, and the other the sport, of fortune. For though the greatness of both was recognized by the men of their time, Titian lived a life of sumptuous ease in the beautiful surroundings of Venice, while Holbein, often straitened for money, never wealthy, experienced the rigor of poverty; forced by need and circumstances to become an alien in a strange land, dying unnoticed and unhonored.

The world to Titian was a pageant, to Holbein a scene of toil and pilgrimage.

II.

ANTONIO ALLEGRI, CALLED CORREGGIO (BORN 1494, DIED 1534); MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI (BORN 1474, DIED 1564).

It would be hardly possible to find a greater contrast than the one presented by these two pictures—Correggio's "Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine" and the "Jeremiah" by Michelangelo. Correggio has here taken for his subject one of the beautiful legends of the early Christian church. Catherine was a lady of Alexandria who, living about 300 A.D., dared to be a Christian and eventually died a martyr to her faith. It is one of the legends of the church of that time that she is supposed to have had a vision in which it was made known to her that she should consider herself the "bride" of Christ; and the idea of this mystic marriage was a favorite one with painters in the sixteenth century.

But how has Correggio treated this subject? Does he make you feel the sacrifice of Catherine, in being willing to die for her faith, or does he suggest to one looking at the picture anything of the religious joy and devotion with which her vision must have inspired her?

What we get from the painting as a whole is a lovely, dreamy suggestion as of very sweet people engaged in some graceful pleasantries. The Madonna is absorbed in love of the Holy Child, who is eying with an expression almost playful the hand of St. Catherine. The latter plays her part in the ceremony with little more feeling than if she, too, were a child; while St. John, with his bunched locks reminding us of ivy and vine leaves, has the look of a young Greek.

There is not a trace of religious feeling in the picture, or of mystic ecstasy—only the gentle, happy peace of innocence. There may be violence and martyrdom out in the world, but no echo of them disturbs the serenity of this little group, wrapped around in warm, melting, golden atmosphere. These beings are no more troubled with cares or suffering than are lambs and fawns. They are the creatures of a poet's golden dream.

Compare with them the "Jeremiah." Here, instead of delicate gracefulness, are colossal strength, ponderous mass, profound impressiveness; a bent back that has carried the burden, hands that have labored, head bowed in vast depth of thought. And what of the thought? More than two thousand years had passed since Jeremiah uttered a prophetic dirge over Jerusalem, which had become the prey of foreign enemies. And to the mind of Michelangelo as he painted this figure, sometime between 1508 and 1512,—that is to say, between his thirty-fifth and thirty-ninth years,—there was present a similar spectacle of his own beloved Italy speeding to ruin under the weight of its own sins and the rivalries of foreign armies. And as Jeremiah lived to see the fall of Jerusalem, so Michelangelo lived to see the city of Rome sacked in 1527 by the German soldiery under the French renegade Constable Bourbon.

It is the power and depth of Michelangelo's own thoughts that fill this figure of "Jeremiah."

The French philosopher Taine wrote: "There are four men in the world of art and literature so exalted above all others as to seem to belong to another race—namely, Dante, Shakspeare, Beethoven, and Michelangelo." Three, at least, of these modern giants in art, Dante, Beethoven,

and Michelangelo, were at continual war in their souls with conditions that surrounded them in the times in which they lived. Such a man as Michelangelo could not escape from the tempest of the world by wrapping himself up with dreams of a "golden age," as Correggio, for instance, did.

Once more compare the two pictures to observe the difference in the two artists' methods. One reason for the difference is that Correggio's is painted in oil on canvas, Michelangelo's in fresco on the plaster of the ceiling. The meaning of the word "fresco" is "fresh," and fresco pictures were painted on the plaster while it was still damp, so that the colors, which were mixed with water, in the process of drying sank into the surface of the plaster. The wall or ceiling to be so decorated was coated with the rough-cast plaster and allowed to dry thoroughly, after which a thin layer of smooth finish was spread over as large a portion of the surface as the artist could finish in one day. Meanwhile he had prepared his drawing, and, laying this against the surface, went over the lines of it with a blunt instrument, so that, when the drawing or cartoon was removed, the outline of the figures appeared, cut in the damp plaster. Then he applied the color, working rapidly, having no doubt that the effect would be exactly what he aimed to produce, since correction, or working over what had already been painted, was not easy.

On the other hand, with oil paints the artist can work at his leisure, allowing his canvas time to dry, working over it again and again, and finally toning it all together by brushing over it thin layers of transparent colors, called glazes. It was by the use of these glazes that Correggio obtained the golden glow of his pictures. We can realize at once how this method was suited to the dreamy luxuriance of his imagination; while, on the contrary, more in harmony with the genius of Michelangelo was the more forcible method of the fresco. For in the strict sense of the word he was not a painter; that is to say, he was not skilled in, and probably was impatient of, the slower, tenderer way in which a painter reaches his results. He was not a colorist, nor skilled in the rendering of light and atmosphere; but he was a great

draftsman, a great sculptor, and a profound thinker. And in every case it was the result of some grand or fiery thought, straight out from himself in all the heat of kindled imagination, that he set upon the paper, or struck out with forceful action of the hammer and chisel.

In his later life, when sore oppressed, he would retreat to the marble-quarries of Carrara under the pretext of searching for material. To him each block of marble, rugged, hard, and jagged, held a secret, needing only the genius of a sculptor's chisel to liberate it.

It is the feeling of the sculptor that we recognize in this painting of "Jeremiah"; the feeling for solidity and weight, for stability and pose; a preference for simple lines and bold surfaces. To appreciate this distinction, compare Correggio's picture, composed of so many varieties of lighted and shadowed parts, and with no suggestion of the figures being firmly planted. While Correggio has relied upon beautiful drawing, upon exquisite expression of hands and faces, upon color, light and shade, and his golden atmosphere that envelops the whole, Michelangelo relied almost entirely upon form—the form of the figure and of the draperies. He told Pope Julian II, when the latter requested him to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, that he was not a painter, but a sculptor; yet, after he had shut himself up for four years,—from 1508 to 1512,—and the scaffold was removed, a result had been achieved which is without parallel in the world.

Very wonderful is the work which Michelangelo spread over this vast area of ten thousand square feet. The fact that there are three hundred and forty-three principal figures, many of colossal size, besides numerous others introduced for decorative effect, and that the creator of this vast scheme was but thirty-three when he began his work—all this is marvelous, prodigious, and yet not so marvelous as the variety of expression in the figures. The Jeremiah is only one of twelve figures in the vault of the ceiling.

If there is one point more than another in which Michelangelo displayed his genius it is in this, that he was the first to make the human form, and not the face alone, express a variety of mental emotions—pity, terror, anguish, love, yearning, ecstasy, and so forth. Just as it is

within the power of music to call up sensations, which we feel deeply and yet cannot exactly put into words, so Michelangelo's figures carry our imagination far beyond the personal meaning of the name attached to them. We know, from our Bible, for example, who Jeremiah was, and what he did; but this figure, buried in thought, of what is he thinking? To each one of us, thoughtfully considering the picture, it might have a separate meaning. In a general way we are all agreed as to its significance; yet if I were to attempt to explain what I feel, you might say, "Yes; but *I* feel so and so about it."

On the other hand, we could come very near to agreeing upon an understanding of the emotions aroused by Correggio's picture; although he too, as we have seen, was not intent upon representing an actual marriage, but rather an ideal union of peace, happiness, and innocence. But while Correggio's pictures appeal to us as a pastoral theme in music by Haydn might, Michelangelo, in the range of his sculptured and painted works, is to be compared to the inexhaustible grandeur and manifold impressiveness of Beethoven.

Michelangelo, therefore, compels us to widen our ideas of what is beautiful. To Correggio it was physical loveliness joined to loveliness of sentiment; but Michelangelo, with a few exceptions, cared little for physical beauty. The beauty of his sculpture and paintings consists in the elevation of soul which they embody and the power they have to stir and elevate our own souls. They have the far-reaching grandeur of

Beethoven's music. In Michelangelo's figures, lines of grace are for the most part replaced by lines of *power*—the power of vast repose or of tremendous energy, even of torment, but always of some deep thought or emotion.

In a brief study of so great a man it is possible to allude to only one more feature of Michelangelo's greatness—namely, that he was a great architect as well as a great sculptor, painter, and poet. For a time the building of St. Peter's was intrusted to his care, and in the last years of his life he prepared plans and made a model of its wonderful dome.

Michelangelo died in Rome, February 18, 1564, after dictating this brief will: "I commit my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my property to my nearest relations." His remains were conveyed to Florence, and given a public funeral in the Church of Santa Croce.

Compared with this long and arduous life, Correggio's seems simple indeed. Little is known of it, which would argue that he was of a retiring disposition. He was born in the little town of Correggio, twenty-four miles from Parma. In the latter city he was educated, but in his seventeenth year an outbreak of the plague drove his family to Mantua. By 1514 he was back in Parma. For some years he worked here and painted many famous pictures.

It may have been because of grief over the death of his young wife, but at the age of thirty-six, indifferent to fame and fortune, he retired to the little town where he was born. All that is known regarding the death of this really great painter is the date, March 5, 1534.



A THRILLING FACT.

BY JANE ELLIS JOY.

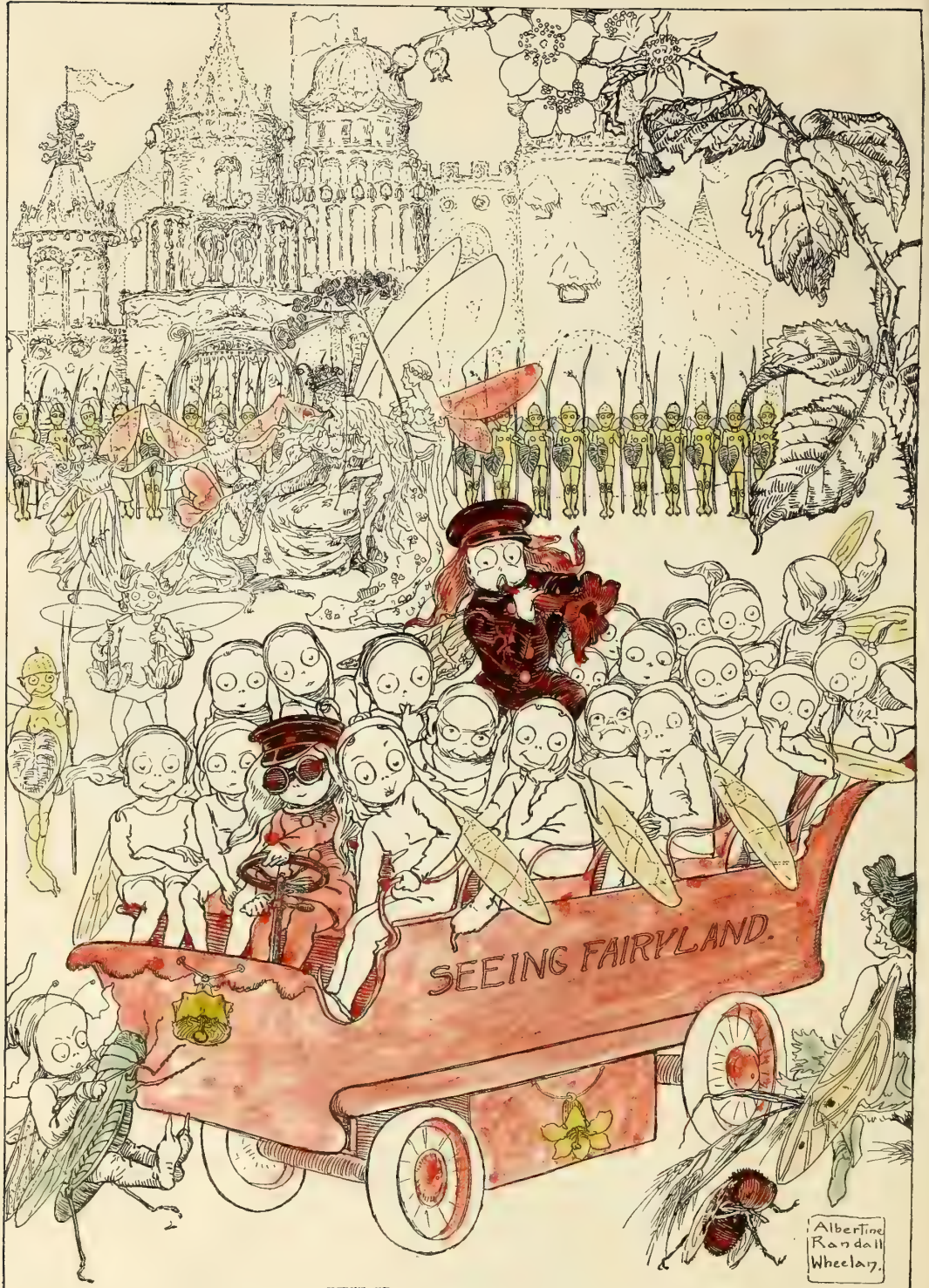


“SUPPOSE,” said the wise orator,—“though ’t is
a thought stupendous,—
Suppose a baby one year old, with arms of the
tremendous

Length of ninety-three odd million miles,
Should, in a freak of fun,
Reach up and touch the sun?
That child would be

253
Years old,
I ’m told,
Before it learned
Its hand was burned!”

SEEING FAIRYLAND



THE GUIDE: "TURNING NOW FROM THE PALACE OF THE FAIRY QUEEN ON THE RIGHT, WE SEE, ON THE LEFT, THE WAREHOUSES OF SANTA CLAUS—ABSOLUTELY THE LARGEST AND BUSIEST PLACE IN FAIRYLAND. GO ON, MR. MOTORMAN. OUR NEXT STOP WILL BE ALADDIN'S CAVE."



Said the cub on the right
to the cub on the left,
"We look 'bout alike,
we two,
But I can't say whether
you look like me,
Or whether I look
like you."

G. A. Newcomb, Jr.



THE LATENESS OF PRUDENCE.

BY CARROLL WATSON RANKIN.

PRUDENCE, in spite of her thoughtful name, her dimples, and her cheerful disposition, was a most exasperating young person to live with, for she never knew the time of day. She was generally late to meals, tardy at school, behind time at the dentist's, and, as her brother Bob put it, could not be depended on to catch even a freight train.

The different members of the family, knowing Prudence's failing, had presented her from time to time with clocks of various shapes and sizes, but seemingly to no purpose. Timeless Prudence wound them faithfully at night, but forgot to look at them in the morning. The little enameled watch that gave her so much pleasure on her sixteenth birthday helped matters until the novelty, but not the enamel, had worn off; but matters did not stay helped. Prudence was soon winding her watch precisely as she wound her collection of clocks, merely from force of habit. She put this little timepiece on in the morning and took it off at night just as she did her frock, and it troubled her as little through-

out the day. Moreover, none of her timepieces was ever right—association with Prudence was enough, seemingly, to demoralize any clock or watch.

When her troubled family remonstrated, as I am sorry to say was frequently the case, Prudence, with all her dimples showing, would say:

"You would n't wish me to be like Cousin Octavia, would you?"

The family, reminded of Cousin Octavia, who was not only distressingly prompt herself, but insisted upon making every one else conform to her hours, always shuddered and involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, no."

There finally came a moment, however, when even Prudence realized that time and punctuality are to be prized. She was entertaining a California cousin, a girl of about her own age, who went into raptures over the snow—the first she had ever seen. Prudence lived in northern Michigan, where snow is anything but a novelty. When Grace arrived, just before the holidays, the ground was well covered, but not with the

kind of snow one ordinarily raves about. One morning early in January, however, the enthusiastic Californian poked her feet into her warm, pink bedroom slippers, went to the window, pulled the curtain aside, and looked out.

"Oh, I 'm so glad," she cried. "It's snowing, Prudence! Just look. Great big flakes coming down as fast as ever they can!"

"Oh, come back to bed," grumbled Prudence. "I guess if you had to see the horrid flakes coming down from October to April you would n't think it so fine. Bob will tell you what *he* thinks of it, too, when he has to shovel a few tons of it off the front walk."

"I wish I could go snow-shoeing once," said Grace, obediently dropping the curtain. "I've always wanted to learn."

"You shall have an opportunity," said Prudence, sitting up in bed. "We have two clubs here. The girls walk Wednesday afternoons and the boys Wednesday evenings. Once a month we all walk together and have a jolly good supper at the men's snow-shoe club-house. We've just been waiting for snow enough—we have n't had as much as usual this winter."

"But," said Grace, "what good would that do me? I don't know how to snow-shoe—I should have to learn."

"Oh, no, you would n't. All you do after you get the shoes on is to walk like this."

Prudence slipped out of bed and walked around the room, taking long, deliberate steps.

"People take naturally to snow-shoeing, just as ducks take to swimming," explained Prudence. "You have only to remember not to step on your own shoes nor on any one's else, that 's all—but you would soon find that out."



"BOB GALLANTLY STRAPPED THE LONG, SLENDER SHOES TO THE GIRLS' MOCCASINED FEET."

Grace, catching sight of a pair of tennis-rackets on her cousin's wall, got up on a chair, pulled them down, and after much labor tied one to each foot with her hair ribbons.

"There!" she cried, as she paddled with considerable difficulty around the room; "is that the idea? It is n't so very difficult, I do believe."

"You'll do," said Prudence, smiling. "I can easily borrow extra shoes and moccasins for you. This snow will make things just right for next Wednesday."

When Wednesday dawned, there was a light crust on the snow; the sky was dull, but the air was warm, with the wind from the south.

"It looks almost like rain," said Bob. "It is n't cold enough for snow. Don't wear too many wraps, girls."

"That's good advice," said Prudence. "No matter how cold it is when we start, I always wish I could hang my jacket up on a bush and leave it there forever. If it was n't for coming home in a trolley-car afterward I should n't wear one."

"Still," said Grace, looking admiringly at her cousin's becoming red-and-white blanket suit, "it would be a pity not to wear a jacket as pretty as that. I'm so glad you borrowed this one for me."

Bob, too, was in red and white, with scarlet toque and sash.

"Come, Prudence, hurry up," said he, tucking the girls' snow-shoes and his own under his arm. "We're four minutes late already."

"Oh, four minutes don't matter," said Prudence, easily; "what are four minutes!"

"Remember Waterloo," replied Bob. "If Grouchy —"

"Pooh! Bob, I'm tired of Grouchy and Waterloo too," said Prudence. "Dear me! Do wait until I get a handkerchief — I'm not half ready. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot my gloves."

In the school-yard where the two clubs met, Bob gallantly strapped the long, slender shoes, of Canadian make, to the girls' moccasined feet. The gay procession, all in red and white, with tassels bobbing on scarlet caps, and long, bright sash ends fluttering, made an interesting, and, to Grace, a novel sight. She was so pleased with it all that she forgot that she was a novice, and walked off as naturally as if she had worn snow-shoes all her life. The captains of the two clubs walked together, leading their torch-bearing followers across the plains, where acres of unbroken snow seemed to stretch endlessly before them.

For an hour and twenty minutes the sturdy snow-shoers tramped steadily ahead over level

plains that presently gave place to a vast black forest, where the flickering torches threw weird shadows among the straight dark pines.

Suddenly the leaders began to shout: "Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi!"

Every voice chimed in; Grace shouted with the others and then asked what it meant.

"It's the club yell," explained Bob. "We're near the club-house, and this will let the folks that are getting supper know that we're coming — and coming hungry."

An answering "Hi! Hi!" came from the open door of a long, low-roofed log cabin, surrounded by tall pine-trees. In the huge fireplace a number of four-foot logs blazed merrily, and a coffee-boiler hanging from an iron crane sent forth a most inviting aroma. A long table laden with all sorts of good things awaited the hungry trampers.

The supper despatched, the tables were cleared, every one lending a hand. One of the chaperones took possession of the piano and started a lively college song.

The evening was a merry one. No one gave a thought to the weather or to going home. The cabin was on the electric-car line, and on snow-shoe nights cars ran, by special arrangement, every half-hour. Usually, however, the entire party liked to crowd into the very last car, which started for town just before midnight.

At half-past ten a spirited game of fox and geese was in progress. Deliberate Prudence had just been captured by the fox, when the outer door was pushed open and a figure, covered from head to heels with snow, entered the room.

"Say," gasped the man, obviously panting for breath, "if you folks want to get to town to-night, you'll have to go right now. It was all we could do to get the car through the drifts, and it'll be worse going back. The way's opened up now, but it won't stay open for very long in this gale."

"Hurry up, girls!" shouted one of the captains, who had taken a hasty glance out of doors. "There's a blizzard, sure enough. Get your wraps on as fast as you can."

The motorman walked to the fireplace, pulled off his heavy gloves and warmed his

fingers. "It's colder than the very blazes," he said. "The wind switched to the north an hour ago. It'll be twenty below zero by morning, and the snow's coming down — say, hurry those folks up a little."

Sounds of laughter came from the girls' dressing-room. Prudence, comfortably sitting in a rocking-chair, was telling a funny story. At Bob's call all the girls but Prudence hurried into the outer room.

"Wait for me," called Prudence; "I've only one moccasin on."

In the excitement, nobody heard her. Every one flocked out to the car, leaving Prudence struggling with her second moccasin. Two minutes later she was making her way through the snow toward the track, which she reached just as the brightly lighted car had reached its best speed and was moving swiftly away in the darkness.

"Oh!" gasped dismayed Prudence. "Surely *somebody* will miss me."

Nobody did, however, except Bob, who, discovering promptly that Prudence was in neither the car nor the trailer, impulsively took a flying leap from the rear platform, without previously mentioning his purpose. Both cars were full, and Grace supposed, naturally, that her cousins were safe in the trailer. Reaching the clubhouse, Bob found a decidedly crestfallen Prudence, crouching with outstretched hands over the dying fire.

"Well! This is a nice how-do-you-do!" exclaimed Bob.

"Did the car come back?" asked Prudence, looking up eagerly.

"No, it did n't," growled Bob, who was rubbing his pale yellow nose with a snowball. "I suppose it would have if I'd waited to ask, but like an idiot, I just jumped off. That fire is n't going to last ten minutes longer, and there is n't another stick left in the shed. It'll be colder than a barn here in another hour. Put on your snow-shoes; we'll have to walk to town — mother'll be worried to death when Grace gets home without us. What color is my nose *now*?"

"Bright crimson."

"Then it's all right," said Bob, in a relieved tone. "Now come on, we must hurry; we *must*!"

Prudence gave a little gasp when she turned from the shelter of the trees to the open track. The wind, straight from the north, came in icy blasts. In many places the trolley wire overhead was all that indicated the car line. Prudence soon found that snow-shoeing in mild weather and plowing along through freshly fallen drifts were two very different matters. The wind striking the girl's left cheek — hand in hand, they were traveling toward the east — was like a knife.

"Oh, Bob," she wailed. "My face —"

"Rub it with snow," shouted Bob, to make himself heard above the blizzard. "Come on — don't stand still. It won't be so bad after we've turned the corner."

It was bad enough, however, while it lasted. The distance to the corner was equal to about three city blocks, but it seemed to Prudence, gasping for breath in the dry, cold air, and laboriously dragging one heavy, snow-burdened foot to its place before the other, more like three miles. Half blinded by the stinging snow, the weary but plucky girl constantly stumbled, in spite of her firm clutch on Bob's hand, into the deepest depressions and over the highest drifts.

"My stockings are frozen stiff, like icicles," wailed Prudence. "I forgot to put on my leggings. My skirts are frozen all around the bottom, too."

"Never mind your stockings — I'm sheltering you all I can, but it's worse than I expected. Brace up, Prue; we'll make it."

The turning-point was reached at last. From this spot the car line ran due south, in the center of a broad highway lighted at long intervals by electric lights. It was within the city limits, but as yet there were no houses. With light ahead of them and the wind at their backs, it was, as Bob had promised, much easier walking. Even with this improvement, however, there was a long two miles ahead of them. The wind was still blowing a gale, the snow was piling itself in ten-foot drifts, and the mercury was an incredible number of degrees below zero. Prudence, with tears frozen on her cheeks, was certain she could not walk another block. But she did. Bob, without complaining of his own discomfort, scolded her, pulled her out of drifts,

pushed her ahead when she lagged, and finally got her to a half-buried greenhouse on the outskirts of the town, where the proprietor was up, attending to his fires. From this place Bob

learned by the paper the next evening that the elderly janitor who had charge of the club-house, and who had locked it after them for the night, had been found frozen nearly to death in the



"OH, BOB!" SHE WAILED. "MY FACE—"

was able to telephone his anxious mother; and the greenhouse man found a bed for him over his shop, while Prue was kindly taken care of in the house by the old man's wife.

Bob's badly frosted left ear and cheek finally recovered, and Prudence suffered no lasting harm from her strenuous walk; but when she

snow only a few feet from his own home, she shuddered and thought again of Grouchy. Although she never became as punctual as Cousin Octavia, it was noticed after that that the girl's clocks were always right, that she actually consulted them, and that, whoever else might be late, it was never Prudence.



A STRANGE POCKET-BOOK.

(A True Story. See page 286.)

BY MARY CALDWELL LAURENS.

SARAH CALDWELL was a little girl thirteen years old, when, toward the close of the Civil War, she had a perilous drive, and yet one which I am sure any of you boys and girls would envy her. One night, after she had prepared her lessons for the next day and had little thought of any adventure it might hold in store for her, her father asked, "Well, little woman, how would you like to drive with me to-morrow to Louisville?"

Now, Louisville was thirty miles from the little Kentucky town in which they lived, and there was at that time no railroad between the two places. The drive was one full of danger, Sarah knew, for the guerrillas, a desperate band of plunderers and highwaymen, who did so much harm during the war, were constantly waylaying travelers, robbing banks, and raiding the little towns. So when her father proposed the drive her feelings were a mixture of surprise, doubt, and delight. Our little heroine was always ready for adventure; and having the greatest confidence in her father's ability to defend her, if necessary, she seized the chance to go to the city with him. She cared not to know his errand, but felt instinctively that it was an important one, for he was a busy lawyer, a judge, and president of the bank of their town.

So, unquestioningly, Sarah prepared that night to start early the next morning. She noticed her mother was unusually busy sewing on the dress she was to wear, although she knew of no stitches necessary to be made on it. Yet she did not wonder, but with childish confidence went to bed, radiant and expectant of the coming day's pleasure. You children who travel so frequently these days, in which trains run everywhere at all times, cannot ap-

preciate the keen delight of a boy or girl forty years ago, whose trips from home were red-letter days.

The next morning found Sarah up for an early start. It was late spring and the day a glorious one. The drive lay over the "State Pike," and led past grassy fields and woods full of great beech and oak trees, whose tender green leaves were peeping forth. The country is so exquisitely rolling that often at the top of a gently sloping but high hill a great panorama of beauty lay before them. Along the roadside ran gray stone fences, and now and then a tiny chipmunk would bob up from a crevice between the stones and, scurrying along, disappear as if by magic. The noisy blue jays were discordantly crying in the trees, and the busy woodpeckers industriously hammering, while from time to time a gorgeous redbird would fly by, and all the birds seemed inspired by the splendor of the morning to sing their sweetest.

Watching eagerly all this, and unheeding any danger that might lie in their way, our travelers reached Boston Tavern, midway between their town and Louisville. It still stands at the foot of Boston Hill, and is a long, low, rambling structure, closely resembling the inns of old England. There excitement reigned. The stage-coach stood at the door, and its passengers were telling of an attack made on them a few miles back by a band of guerrillas who had stolen their money, watches, and the mail carried by the coach. Here Sarah's courage wavered, for she had heard so much of these terrible men. But on her father's reassuring her that they would be too busy escaping after this robbery to molest them, she was eager to start again. He must have felt



"HE BEGAN TO RIP THE SKIRT FROM ITS LINING."

great uneasiness, but his daughter felt that her father was all bravery and that nothing could harm her under his care.

And nothing did harm them, although along the path through a big woods lay mail strewn by the escaping guerrillas.

They reached Louisville in safety. In spite of the fact that they were to be there but for the day, Sarah's father took her to a hotel. On reaching their room, he gravely told her to take off her dress; and not being accustomed to questioning him, she wonderingly obeyed. Reaching out his hand for the dress and opening his knife, he began to rip the skirt from its

lining; and to our little lady's astonished eyes appeared bank-note after bank-note, amounting to thousands of dollars. Her mother had carefully sewed them in her skirt the night before, that the money which her father had to take from his bank for deposit in the city might be carried in safety from the guerrillas.

This was the end of an adventure, but the very beginning of a romance; for that day Sarah met the young man whom in after years she married; and the long drive, which might very easily have proved so disastrous to her, was in the end worth a good husband and many years of happiness.

CHILD LIFE IN CHINA AND JAPAN.

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.



THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

EXCEPT at the Chinese New Year, which comes in February, it is very hard to catch a glimpse of children in China. Little beggars will run beside you for miles to earn one "cash," a copper coin with a square hole in the middle

of it, worth the twentieth of a cent; but children who have parents to care for them seem to be kept indoors all the time, or only allowed to play in walled yards and gardens. We used to say to each other, "Why, where are the

children? Have n't they got any?" But at New Year's we found out that they had. This



JAPAN'S BLOSSOM-TIME.

is the great holiday of all the year in China, when everybody hangs out flags and colored lanterns and sets off fire-crackers. (We borrowed our custom of fire-crackers for the Fourth of July from Chinese New Year's.) All the people put on their very best clothes, and the children the best of all, jackets and trousers of bright blue or green or yellow or purple, the boy's and the girl's so much alike that you can only tell them apart by their hair. The boy's, of course, is braided in a pigtail, and the girl's

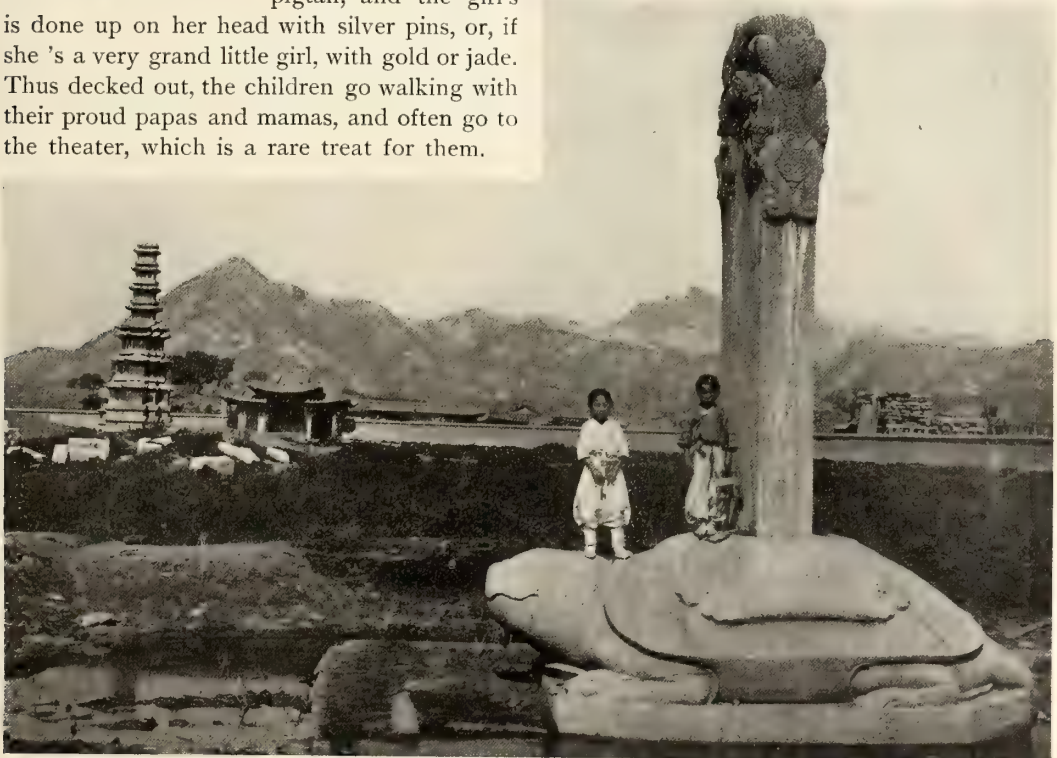
is done up on her head with silver pins, or, if she 's a very grand little girl, with gold or jade. Thus decked out, the children go walking with their proud papas and mamas, and often go to the theater, which is a rare treat for them.

Perhaps Chinese children have romping plays together, but they always look as if they were born grown up.

In Korea the little folks were by no means so prim. In that country everybody wears white clothes, but no one seems to say to the children, "Now, mind, don't play in the dirt." Nearly everybody is poor in Korea, and so the children look poor and out-at-elbows. When we were taking a picture of an old, old monument inscribed with the history of a battle so long ago that the letters cut in the hard marble are almost worn away, two children came racing across the field to get into the photograph. Please don't ask, "Boys or girls?" That 's always such a hard question to answer in the East.

If the children are too much looked after in China, and not enough in Korea, the place where child life seems an all-the-year-round picnic is Japan.

Little children in Japan wear all the fine clothes for the family. The grown-ups never dress in bright colors, because it is n't thought proper, any more than it would be proper for



POSING FOR THEIR PICTURE BY THE OLD MONUMENT.



"THE BABIES ARE PERFECTLY HAPPY, AND HARDLY EVER CRY."

our children to wear their party clothes to school. The only big people you see in gay

colors (and they are n't really big—nobody is, in Japan) are the *maiko* and the *geisha*. These are the pretty girls who dance and play the lute and sing, to entertain you while you're eating your dinner at a tea-house.

If it's your first Japanese dinner you're having a dreadfully hard time. In the first place, you must sit on the floor, for they don't have any chairs in Japan. You kneel down, and then you turn your toes in till one laps over the other, and then you sit back between your heels. At first you are quite proud to find how well you do it, and you don't think it's so *very* uncomfortable. But pretty soon you get cramped, and your legs ache as if you had a toothache in them. You don't say anything, because you think that if the Japanese can sit this way all day long, you ought to be able to stand it a few minutes. Finally both your feet go to sleep, and then you can't bear it a moment longer, and you have to get up and stamp round the room to drive the prickles out of your feet, and all the little dancing-girls giggle at you. This is n't your only trouble, either. All you have to eat with is a pair of chop-sticks, and you're in terror lest you spill something on the dainty white matting floor.



A YOUNG FOLKS' AFTERNOON PARTY.

Now the floor of a Japanese house is n't just people sit and sleep on the floor, it seems even the floor: it's the chairs and sofas and tables worse. So you are unhappy till your little



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A STREET SCENE IN HIGASHI, SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL BRONZE LOTUS FOUNTAIN IN FRONT OF A FAMOUS TEMPLE.

and beds as well. At home it would be mortifying enough to go out to dinner and spill something on the floor; but in Japan, where *nesan* (who is the waitress, and almost as prettily dressed as the dancing-girls, but not quite) comes laughing to your aid, and shows you

how to hold your chop-sticks. After that you manage nicely the rice and the omelet, but the fish and the chicken you can't contrive to shred apart without dropping your chop-sticks all the time. So, between dances, the maiko—little girls about twelve years old—kneel down beside you and help you. They can't keep from giggling at your awkwardness; but you don't mind—you just giggle too; and everybody giggles and has a lovely time. The girl I liked best of all was little Miss Karuta. That was not her real name; it was the play name she chose when she became a maiko, and it means a playing-card. Little Karuta wore a pale gray kimono with big red poppies climbing from the hem to the waist, and her under kimono, that showed through the openings of her great loose sleeves, was bright red silk. Her broad sash was of heavy red satin, and in her shiny black hair she wore a red silk flower with a long red tassel hanging from the stem. She knew about six English words, and I knew about three Japanese, and it was surprising how much conversation we made with them. She taught me to count in Japanese, and I taught her to count in English, and what fun we did have over each other's queer pronunciation! No matter how much she screwed up her mouth (with the little dab of red paint under the lower lip), Miss Karuta could not say *f*. "Hore" and "hive" were the best she could do, while "eleven" she could only call "reven."

Dinner over, we took turns playing a game which you can try when you have a piece of chalk and a piazza about you. On a Japanese floor the matting is n't tacked down in strips, as we lay it, but made into mats, each three

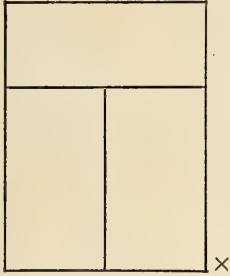


A STREET SCENE DURING THE FISH FESTIVAL.

feet wide by six feet long, bound round with blue-and-white cotton or silk. The mats are laid close together from wall to wall. A Japanese person does n't speak of a small room or

a large one; he says "a six-mat room" or "a twenty-mat room," and everybody knows at once just how big it is. Well, you find three mats in the middle of the room placed like this:

One player stands in each corner where I have put the crosses, one with a cup and the other with a *saki*-bottle. At a signal they both start running, the one with the bottle chasing the one with the cup. The rules are that you



must always keep on the lines, and that you may never turn back. As soon as the two face each other on the same line, the one with the cup is caught, and must take a sip from the catcher's bottle. While we ran, one of the geishas beat a very rapid tune on her little drum.

When we sat down to rest (on the floor, of course) we played a finger game. A clenched fist means a stone, a fist with the forefinger straight out means a knife, and an open hand means a handkerchief. Whatever the first player makes, the second player must make something better. If I make the handkerchief, you must make the knife that cuts the handkerchief; if I make the knife, you must make the stone that blunts the knife; and if I make the stone you must make the handkerchief that covers the stone. This sounds like a baby game, but just try to play it very, very quickly, and see how sure you are to get excited and make the wrong thing. If I make the knife, and you answer with the handkerchief, you pay forfeit, for my knife will cut your handkerchief; if I make a stone, and you make a knife, out of the game you go, for my stone will ruin your knife.

Talking about games reminds me that I started to tell about the children, and then forgot them. One thing that seems queer to us foreigners is that even the tiny babies are dressed just like the grown people, in long kimonos or loose gowns lapped over in the front, and held together by the wide sash called an *obi*. But such pretty gay kimonos, covered with flowers or birds or butterflies, tied with sashes of red or pink or yellow or light green!

A streetful of children looks like a walking flower-bed. The streets are always full of children, too. You see, in Japan there are hardly any horses, and no automobiles and trolleys and delivery-wagons. Even the drays are small enough to be drawn by one bare-legged coolie in a mushroom hat rather bigger than he is, and instead of taking a carriage you take a *jinrikisha*, that funny little buggy on two wheels, with a funny little man bobbing up and down between the shafts to pull it. Your 'rickshaw-boy is a very strong, sturdy person, by the way, and he'll trot you about smilingly from morning till night, if you'll only let him stop at almost every tea-house you pass for a swallow (out of a tiny cup without a handle) of pale-green bitter tea. So there's nothing in the streets to harm a child, and even the tiny tots play alone there all day long.

How do you suppose the babies take an airing? In baby-carriages, you say? Of course not: the Japanese never do anything the way we do it. When the baby's about three days old, it goes out for its first glimpse of the world strapped on somebody's back, and that's the way it goes every day till it can go on its own feet. Sometimes its mother or its nurse takes it, but very often it rides on the back of a brother or sister, who is perhaps not more than four or five years old. These little nurses don't seem to be troubled at all by their charges, as you would suppose; they play ball and tag, and run races and fly kites, in spite of the heavy loads on their backs. What is more remarkable, the babies are perfectly happy, and hardly ever cry, though when their young nurses run with them, the poor babies' faces bang back and forth against their caretakers' shoulders till an American baby would howl with pain and rage.

One day we were climbing a steep flight of fifty or sixty stone steps leading to an old Japanese temple, when a flock of boys and girls, almost all with babies on their backs, began chasing one another down the stairs. They were wearing *geta*, wooden clogs three inches high held on by a cord over the toes. You could n't walk in them two steps on level ground without falling on your precious nose. But these children, babies and all, raced down the steep stairs, and nobody even stumbled. The chil-

dren were always very friendly, and curious about the queer ways of the foreigners, and sometimes would crowd around us so that we could hardly walk along the street. One of the first words we learned was from the children, who, whatever the time of day, would eagerly call to us, "Ohayo!" This is pronounced just like the name of the State of Ohio, and means, "Oh, honorably early!" which is the Japanese way of saying good morning.

Until they are four or five years old the hair of the boys and girls is cut exactly alike, round a bowl, and strangers can't tell them apart, though I suppose their friends don't have any trouble. Presently the little boy's hair is cut off, and the little girl's is done up with long wooden hair-pins on the top of her head just like her mother's. The gay-flowered kimonos are laid aside for sober ones of dark blue, and boy and girl clatter off on their noisy geta to school. I need n't tell you what the schools are like, because they are just as much like our schools as the government can make them, and the children learn not only our language but our games, from kindergarten plays to tennis and football.

The Japanese have a queer way of celebrating birthdays. Instead of a party in June for little Tama, and a party in September for little O'Tatsu, and a party in December for little Ume, there's a party in February in honor of all little girls, and one in May for all little boys. In February every little girl receives from all her grown-up relatives and friends gifts of dolls, and beside these dolls her mother takes out of the closet many of the dolls she had when she was a child, and some even older dolls that the little girl's grandmother had when *she* was a little tot; and I dare say there are dolls that belonged to the little girl's great-grandmother, and even her great-great-grandmother, quaint dolls in faded clothes of a hundred years and more ago, carefully handed down

from mother to daughter ever since. I saw one old doll, about six inches tall, dressed as a *daimio*, or great lord of bygone times, in gorgeous brocade robes, covered with steel armor of little overlapping plates, just as beautifully made as if for a real warrior. He wore a tiny helmet, and carried two tiny swords not as large as matches. You could draw the swords out of their scabbards just like real ones, and they were as sharp as they could be. Well, for about a week all Japan is one grand dolls' tea-party! And then the festival is over, and all the best dolls, even the presents to the little girl, are put carefully away, never to be even looked at for a whole year. I don't see how the little Japanese girls can bear that part of it.

Then at the first of May comes the boys' festival—the Fish Festival, it is called. Every family that's lucky enough to have a boy puts up a flagpole in the dooryard; or perhaps several families combine to use the same pole, and have it a bigger, handsomer one than one family could afford. On the top of the pole is a gilt ball, or else a basket with something bright and tinselly in it. And flying from the pole, in the brisk spring winds, is a whole string of carp, made of oiled paper or cloth, painted in bright colors, and anywhere from five to fifteen feet long. Each fish belongs to some particular boy, and the carp is chosen because it is a big, strong fish, and not only can swim against the most rapid currents, but in its eagerness to get upstream will leap straight up waterfalls. The gold ball means a treasure, which the carp, leaping and struggling, buffeted by the wind, is forever trying to reach. And the whole thing means that the boy, when he's a man, will have to battle his way as the sturdy carp struggles up the river. The fishes look so very pretty and gay, flying over his house, and the boy gets so many treats at Fish Festival time, that I don't think he minds even if the carp is a nice little jolly lecture on ambition.



THREE RHYME-AND-PICTURE PAGES.

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



I. THE ROAD.

SOMEWHERE there 's a long white road
That ends nowhere at all.
It leads from winter into spring,
From summer through the fall.

Somewhere the grass is fresh and green,
And gentle breezes blow.
Somewhere the wind is sharp and keen,
And the fields are white with snow.

II. THE CRITIC.



If only more people would write fewer books
How well pleased I would be!
If all of the authors would change into cooks
'T would suit me perfectly.



III. BORROWED TROUBLE.



In the great State of Rhode Island, on the way to Providence,	Says I to him, "Land sakes alive! The trouble 's with your liver!"
I came upon a weeping man a-sitting on a fence.	Says he to me, "I 'm thinking, ma'am, of jumping in the river."
"Pray tell me, sir," says I to him, "what causes you such sorrow."	Says I to him, "Come home with me and drink some boneset tea."
Says he to me, "The troubles that I fear will come to-morrow."	Says he to me, "No, thank you, ma'am; I 'd ruther stay 's I be."



"PERHAPS IT 'S FOOLISH TO HANG UP MY STOCKING, BUT — WHO KNOWS? — SANTA CLAUS MAY BE ALONG TO FILL IT. IF HE *DOES* GIVE ME ANYTHING, I HOPE IT WILL BE SOMETHING USEFUL — A BALE OF HAY, FOR INSTANCE."

THE MONEY-JUG.

(*A Rhyme of the Doll-House.*)

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



THE earthen money-jug sat on
the shelf,
Fat with pennies, and round
and red;

"You shall marry the lit-
tle china doll
When you are full,"
the old rag-mother
said.

"Only a few more pen-
nies," said he,

"Will fill me as full as I can be."

The poor little china doll below
Sat in the doll-house, very sad,
For she did not want to marry the jug,
In spite of the pennies and dimes he
had;
And she would not look at the nursery shelf,
Where he sat in his pride and puffed himself.

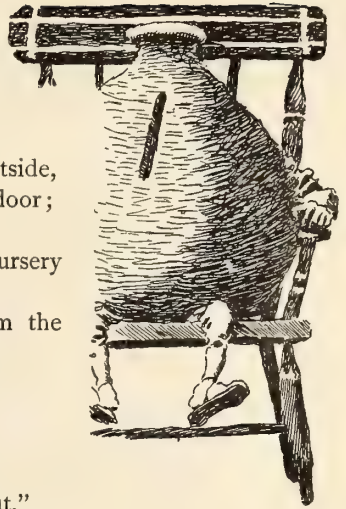
"Two more days and it 's Christmas Day;
I shall be quite full by then, I know,"
Said the money-jug; but sadder still
Was the little doll in the house below.



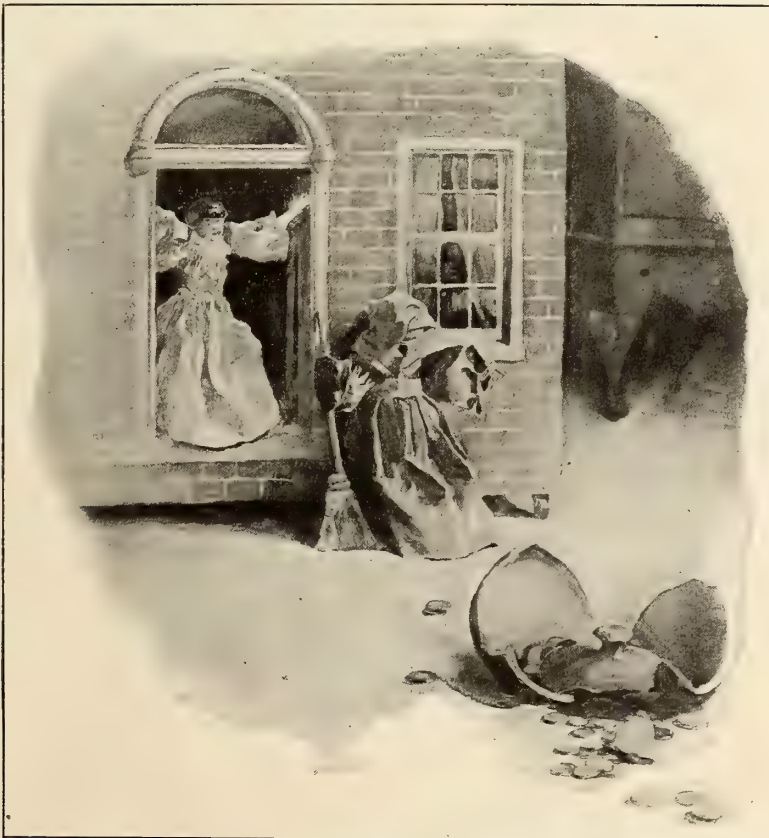
The rag-mother nodded her wicked old head.
 "Then to-morrow the wedding shall be,"
 she said.

And now there 's a noise in the hall outside,
 And two little children come in the door;
 With eager steps they hurry by
 Where the doll-house stands on the nursery
 floor.

They take the money-jug down from the
 shelf;
 "Now I 'll be full," said he to himself.



Said the little boy to the little girl,
 "We will get our Christmas money out."
 Crack, smash! they broke the money-jug,
 And all the pennies rolled about.
 The rag-mother nodded her wicked old head;
 "And that is the end of him," she said.



AN OFFICER OF THE SCHOOL.

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER.

(Jimmie Dandy was introduced to "St. Nicholas" readers, just a year ago, in Mr. Flower's capital story, "An Officer of the Court.")

JIMMIE DANDY did not find the school all that he had anticipated, and the school found Jimmie Dandy decidedly discouraging. The school, as represented by its principal, was doubtful as to the advisability of accepting Jimmie as a scholar; Jimmie, as represented by himself, was doubtful as to the ability of the principal to manage such a diversified aggregation of boyhood unaided. Jimmie had led the strenuous life, and his nickname of "Jimmie Dandy" was ample evidence that he had the necessary qualities for success in life, as he understood it. The principal, while reasonably strict, did not seem to be strenuous, and it was Jimmie's deliberate judgment that he "would n't last a minute wid de gang." The principal, on the other hand, could see where Jimmie was going to be at a great disadvantage with the other boys.

"I am afraid," he said, "that his life here will not be a happy one. He is bright, but he shows his origin too plainly. My boys are as good as the average, but all boys are rough in some ways, and it is hardly possible that he will not be made to feel his failings. In spite of all I can do, he will be the butt of ridicule, when he should have sympathy and encouragement."

"He needs discipline," said Anson Raymond, the man who had brought Jimmie to the school. "There is the making of a fine man in him, but so far he has been allowed to run wild, except for occasional attendance at the public schools. Judge Kendal of the Juvenile Court succeeded in getting a hold on him; that has done a great deal of good. It required diplomacy, but surely it was worth the effort. We study men for our own business advantage; why not boys? Men have their peculiarities as well as boys, and we accommodate ourselves to those peculiarities in practically all the important affairs of life. If we did not, we might as well give up. Every salesman does it, every mer-

chant does it, every professional man does it; every successful man studies individual cases and makes his plans according to the requirements of the particular situation. Now, it is a hobby of mine that there is nothing more important in this life than to make a good man out of an unpromising waif, but it can't be done by following any hard and fast rule. I've tried to make some study of Jimmie as an individual. That's why I've brought him to a military school to give him some idea of the importance of discipline."

Mr. Raymond was a man of influence, and, as he also had the backing of the judge in this matter, the school accepted Jimmie, although with some misgivings. There was no fear that he would exert a bad influence, for an aggressive independence and the language of the streets were his principal failings; but there was a fear that he might not fit into the routine of school life. However, he proved unexpectedly teachable in some ways.

"The name?" said the principal, when it was settled that he was to be received.

"Harry Bagley," replied Mr. Raymond.

"What's de matter wid 'Jimmie Dandy'?" demanded the boy.

"Oh, that's only a nickname," laughed Mr. Raymond. "You must drop that if you're going to be a real man."

The boy looked doubtful.

"Is n't 'Fightin' Joe' Wheeler a real man?" he asked.

"Indeed he is," returned Mr. Raymond, puzzled.

"It was fightin' dat give him de name, was n't it?" persisted the boy.

"Yes."

"Well, it was fightin' dat give me mine," he announced, as if that settled the question.

Mr. Raymond was wondering how he would

make the distinction clear when Professor Sanderson, the principal, came to his relief with the suggestion that nicknames were not used in business, and the boy accepted it. He and Mr. Raymond were to be "pals," as he expressed it, and the school was merely a necessary step toward this. Consequently Mr. Raymond should be his model rather than the

had the key to the situation,—the tactful method of ruling Jimmie,—but he could see that he had undertaken no light task, and he was not sanguine of success. However, he would do his best.

Harry—for the boy became Harry from that moment—was put in a uniform and assigned to a bed in one of the dormitories. His only



"WHAT 'S DE MATTER WID 'JIMMIE DANDY'?" DEMANDED THE BOY."

warrior he had read about, and Mr. Raymond had no nickname.

"All right," he announced. "'Harry Bagley' goes. Me an' him," indicating Mr. Raymond, "understands each other, an' I 'm game to do what 's right. He 's goin' to need me, an' I 'm goin' to need him."

The principal looked distressed. He now

comment on the uniform was that he "felt like a cop," the policeman being the one uniformed individual with whom he had any acquaintance. His only comment on the first of the duties explained to him, which related to neatness in the care of his clothes and other personal belongings, was that "it was girl's work." Nevertheless, there was something in the rigid

neatness of the uniform that led naturally to this new feature of life. The change from the loose-fitting clothes he had previously worn, even after he had put aside the raiment of the slums, was so complete that he felt as if Harry Bagley were a very different person from Jimmie Dandy. The preciseness of attire almost necessitated a preciseness in other matters. He looked liked a picture, he said.

But no change of spirit came with the change of clothes. He was not unhappy, in the way the principal had expected him to be, because he was entirely unconscious of the real difference between himself and the other boys. They did not talk as his did, but he attributed this to the fact that they had had less worldly experience. In a word, the boy's self-confidence savored of egotism, and it was not until he caught one of the other boys mimicking him that he realized that they took an entirely different view of the situation. Instead of being a leader, he was a curiosity that could do no more than furnish a little amusement.

Thereupon the offending boy was promptly knocked down.

"Harry," said the principal, with a sigh, when the matter was brought to his attention, "if you had been here longer I would have to punish you severely for that."

"He was mockin' me," protested Harry.

"That was wrong," admitted the principal; "but the punishment of wrong-doing is the duty of the authorities, and not of each individual. A school is a government on a small scale and must be conducted as such. In the city or the State we have the courts and the police; in the school —"

"De police won't knock a feller down for you," broke in Harry; "you got to do it yourself."

The principal sighed and tried again.

"The fact is, Harry," he explained, "you are so different from the other boys that you prove amusing to them. They have no right to make fun of you, but you can easily stop it yourself by —"

"I got it stopped now," interrupted Harry, pugnaciously.

"Not permanently; not for good," said the principal, patiently. "To do that you must

remove the cause; you must learn to speak correctly."

"No't I do dat now?" demanded the boy.

"Hardly, Harry. Do you think, for instance, that you speak like Mr. Raymond?"

"No-o."

"Well, you want to be in his class, don't you?"

"Sure."

"Then try to be like him — to act like him and speak like him. He sent you here for that purpose, to make you of use to him, and it's only fair to do the best you can."

"Dat's right," admitted Harry, promptly. "He's on de square, an' so am I. We shook hands on it."

"Besides," the principal went on, wishing to make the most of his opportunity, "if you're going to rely on your fists to compel respect, you'll be fighting all the time, and some day you'll be whipped. Then there will be nothing left. You've heard of General Grant?"

"Sure."

"Well, there were probably thousands of men in his army who could have whipped him in a stand-up fight."

"Is dat right?" asked the boy, incredulously.

"Certainly it's right," asserted the principal. "Who's the greatest man you ever saw?"

"De jedge," said Harry, without a moment of hesitation, and then he added thoughtfully: "But Big Murphy could put him out wid one punch, an' Murphy's dodgin' de cops dat takes their hats off to de jedge."

The boy suddenly saw life from a new point of view. The facts had been there always, but never before had they forced themselves upon his attention in just this way. It was a shock to him, however; he saw, but he was slow to believe, for it involved a radical change in ideals. Physical courage and force had been the basis of success to him before — unconsciously, it is true, but still the foundation upon which all greatness stood.

"Can't a kid do any fightin'?" he asked.

"Unfortunately," said the principal, "we are not yet so perfect that we can always get along without it, but we should try. We have a gymnasium here, and we teach boxing. A man or a boy should be able to fight when there is any

real occasion for it, but there was none in this case. That 's why I ought to punish you, Harry; but I 'm not going to do it, because your offense was due to ignorance. You 'll know better next time."

"Sure," said Harry.

Harry had a strong sense of honor, as he understood it, which meant that he must "play fair" with his friends. How he treated others was a matter of minor importance. To play fair with the judge and Mr. Raymond he must carry out the contract he had made with them, and this view of the situation was sufficient to give him a feeling of superiority. The other boys had been sent to school, while he had come of his own volition as the result of a business arrangement that one man might make with another. In consequence, he carried his head high and spoke occasionally of his "partnership" with the two men. Thereupon the other boys turned their shafts upon his friends.

Harry had found it very difficult to accept the ridicule directed at him personally, but his own unconscious egotism, combined with the principal's method of presenting the matter to him, had enabled him to do it for all of two months. He could see that it was not right for a boy or a man to be the judge and the policeman in a case that concerned himself. However, it was quite another matter when a friend was assailed; the man who would n't stick up for a friend was beneath contempt. So one day he struck the most annoying of his tormentors.

"Fair fight!" cried all the others, joyously; for a continuation of fisticuffs had been impossible on the previous occasion, and they longed to see the mettle of this boy tested.

"Sure," returned Harry, that being the one plea that always appealed to him, and he instantly squared off for combat.

"Not here!" urged the delighted youngsters. "You 'll be caught if you fight here."

"Anywhere," said Harry.

"Behind the guard-house!" they shouted.

"That suits me," exclaimed Harry, with plucky cheerfulness; and from that moment the boys had a higher opinion of him. It was quite immaterial whether he won or lost, so long as he displayed the requisite courage, but circumstances made this especially important in his

case. He was so much apart from the others that he never could be accepted on terms of equality until he had demonstrated his ability to force respect.

As a matter of fact he was whipped—at least, the boys said so, although he was still fighting gamely when the interruption came. He did not know what it was to be whipped; he would fight as long as he could stand. But his opponent, in addition to being the larger, was a good boxer, and Harry knew very little of that science. His training had been the rough-and-tumble training of the streets. When the principal interfered, he struggled to get free and renew the attack; but he was held in check by a strong hand.

"I ain't all in yet!" he cried.

"You 're going to be all in the guard-house," returned the principal, with grim humor; and to the guard-house he and Dick Tyner, his opponent, went, this being the form of punishment for the breaking of certain rules.

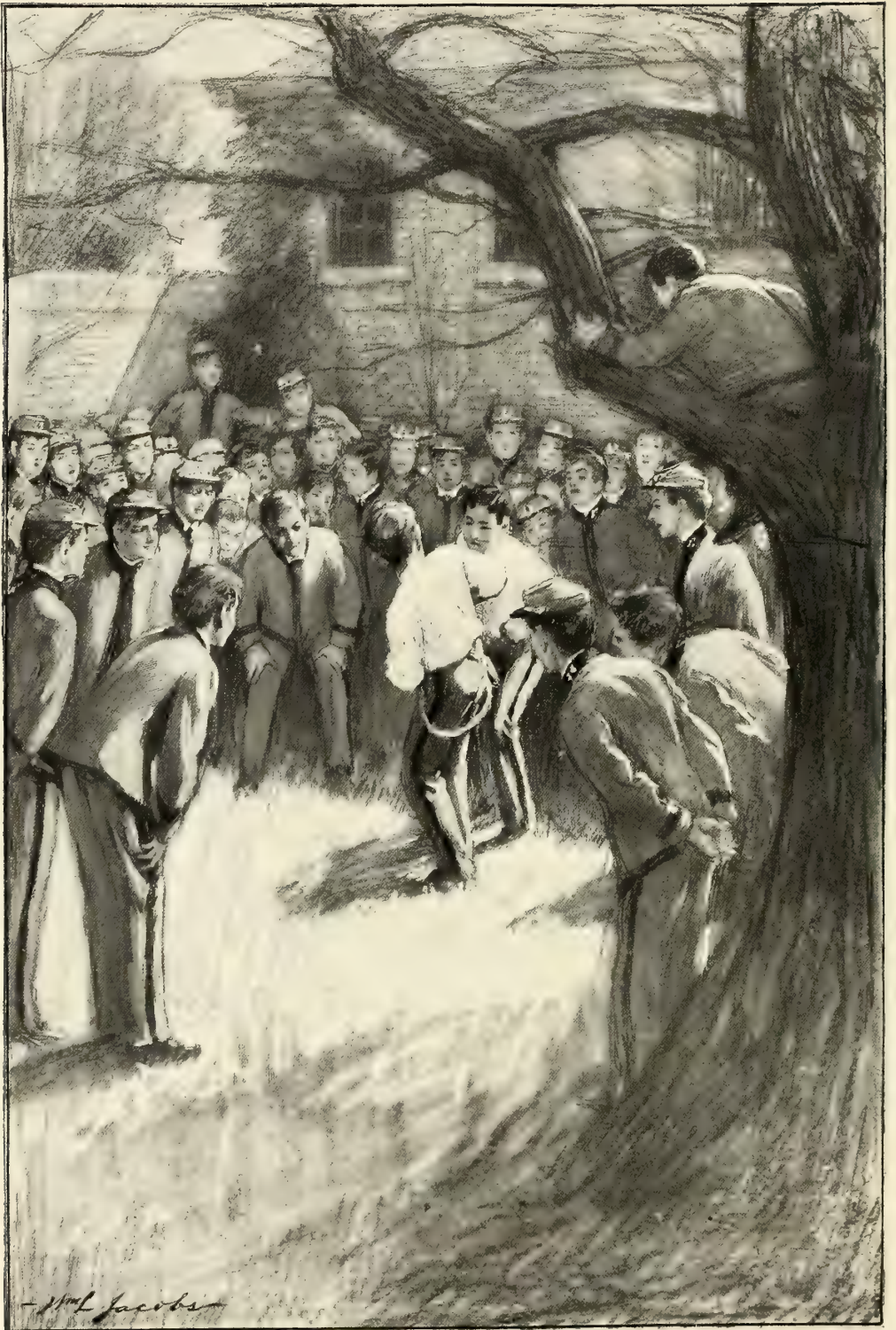
"Want to try it some more?" demanded Harry, the moment they were alone. "You ain't licked me yet, an' you can't do it in a reg'lar scrap without rules."

"You 're all right, Harry," returned Dick, admiringly. "The boys won't have a word to say against you after this. You 've got the right stuff in you, and you 've proved it. That 's enough. You 're all right on pluck, but you have n't got the science. When we get out of this I 'll show you some tricks that are worth knowing. I would n't do that for everybody, either."

"Shake," said Harry, promptly extending his hand. It was the humiliation of defeat rather than anger that he felt, and he had more than the average boy's respect for physical prowess. "You 're all right, too—if you don't think I 'm easy."

"I don't."

After shaking hands and removing some of the signs of combat from faces and clothing,—for even the victor had suffered considerably,—they gave some thought to their situation. Harry was rebellious, but Dick took it quite as a matter of course. There would be extra drill for all spectators, he said, in addition to from twenty-four to forty-eight hours of con-



THE FIGHT BEHIND THE GUARD-HOUSE.

finement for the two fighters. He had deliberately run the risk of this when he consented to fight. Harry, however, felt that there was disgrace and injustice in it. He had done no more than any boy ought to do, in his opinion, and this was the result. To please the judge and Mr. Raymond he had endured much — more than any one but himself could possibly realize; but even they would not ask him to remain passive in the face of an insult to a friend. Then, too, in his mind, confinement of any sort was closely allied to the police station and the reform school. His conscience was clear: he had done no wrong, as he understood it; but he was locked up, and a youth in uniform was pacing back and forth before the door. There was revolt in his heart. Surely he was released from any further obligation so far as this school was concerned.

"I'm goin' to see the judge," he announced, already unconsciously saying "*the* judge" instead of "*de* judge" — an accomplishment that the foundation laid by the public schools had made comparatively easy, and that the associations of the last two months had assisted in perfecting without any serious effort on his part.

"How 'll you do it?" asked Dick.

"Watch me," replied Harry.

Escape from the guard-house was far from impossible. The door was locked and a sentinel was placed in front of it, but this was largely a matter of form. The fear of consequences alone held boys in confinement. One might easily run away, but where to? This problem did not worry Harry a moment. He was not going to face a wrathful father who would send him back; he was going to tell the judge that the contract was broken, and the judge would understand.

"Have you money enough to get to Chicago?" asked Dick.

"Don't you worry about me," retorted Harry. "I'll get there."

"I wonder what they'd say at home if I showed up," mused Dick. "Mother never did like this guard-house idea, anyway."

Harry made no answer, but cautiously tried a small back window and found that he could open it. That settled, he sat down to wait. There was no use trying to leave until darkness

would hide their movements. Incidentally he told Dick a good deal about the judge, and offered to take him up to see him if he would come along. Dick was doubtful as to the advisability of that, but he would like to get to Chicago. He was reasonably sure that his mother would intercede for him. Besides, this escape was going to leave him in a very awkward predicament. He would be blamed for not giving the alarm, and it would be cowardly and mean of him to do that. All in all, he might as well go, if only for the excitement of the experience.

Two boys climbed on the table, and from that squirmed through the little window. Two boys scurried away in the darkness, covered the two miles necessary to reach the railroad, concealed themselves on the platform of a "blind" baggage-car, slipped off when discovery seemed imminent, paid their fare for a short ride in the caboose of a freight-train, deserted that for a trolley-car, and reached Chicago a little after daybreak. One boy went home, and the other walked the streets until he felt reasonably sure of finding the judge.

"Can't stand it, judge," he announced. "Had me in the 'pen' without even a trial, an' that ain't fair. You know that, judge."

The judge looked at the weary, disheveled boy, with the marks of combat on his face, and realized that a crisis in the boy's reformation had been reached.

"Tell me about it, Harry," he said, for there was still a little time to spare before the opening of court. So the story was told, and the judge listened patiently and thoughtfully. "You were in the wrong, Harry," he said at the conclusion.

"Me?" cried the boy.

"Yes," replied the judge. "It is our duty to obey the law, even if it does not seem to us a good law, and the rules of a school are the law to you while you are in school."

"Well," said the boy, "if you would n't stand up for me when people are runnin' me down, I'm a better friend to you than you are to me."

"I would stand up for you in every proper way, Harry," explained the judge, kindly, "but physical force is necessary only when there is physical danger. The violation of law — school

law as well as state law — must be punished or else there will be neither order nor safety. I want you to go back, Harry."

The boy was troubled and he showed it.

"You an' me always got along all right, judge," he urged, "but that ain't fair."

"You have n't been fair to me, or to Mr. Raymond, or to the principal," said the judge.

"There 'd be trouble if anybody else said that to me, judge," the boy asserted aggressively.

"But it's true," insisted the judge. "When you went in to settle things for yourself, you were trying to make your own laws, and that's anarchy. I am constantly sending people to jail because they refuse to accept any law except that which they make for themselves. This leads them to break the laws that are made for the common good, and they ought to go to jail."

"Ought I to go to jail?" asked Harry.

"Well, I am quite sure you ought to go back to school," said the judge. "You have made a mistake, Harry,—a natural one under the circumstances,—and when a good man makes a mistake he accepts the consequences without a whimper."

"Nobody ever heard me whimper!" protested the boy.

"To run away is much the same thing. If a man does wrong and owns up to it, you like him a good deal better than you do the man who does wrong and then hides and lies and makes excuses."

"But, judge," pleaded the boy, "after being an officer of the court with you, it's mighty hard to be bossed round by a lot of fellers that think they know it all. They don't treat me the way you do."

"Why not be an officer of the school, Harry? Don't they have boy officers?"

"Sure. And that's just what I don't like. I never had to knuckle under to any kid before."

"But you've got to learn to do that before you can be an officer," explained the judge. "The man who can't obey can't command successfully. We all have to learn that. The soldier, above all others, has to learn that, and I want you to be a good soldier, Harry—a good soldier in the battle of life. And I want you

to be fair with Mr. Raymond. If you don't think you are treated justly, tell him about it; write to me, too, if you wish. But no one is wise enough to settle everything for himself, without advice. That's why we have legislatures and councils and courts."

"Don't you really think I was fair?" asked the boy, doubtfully.

"No, I don't, Harry."

The boy pondered this with clouded brow.

"You're the squarest man I know, judge," he said finally; "an' if you say so I'll go back all right."

"I do say so, Harry," the judge said earnestly. "I want you to go back and face the music *like a man*. I want you to stick it out, and go with the others into their summer camp at the end of the school year; I want you to make such a record that you will be a cadet officer the next time you come to see me. Then you will be ready for Mr. Raymond and he will be ready for you. Take a fresh start right where you left off."

"In the guard-house?" asked Harry.

"If necessary, yes; but I'll give you a letter—"

"Not for me!" interrupted the boy, quickly. "They'd think I was sent back. I'm goin' by myself—like a man."

Like a man he went, but, with a boy's whimsical idea of taking a fresh start just where he had left off, he returned under cover of darkness through the window by which he had made his escape. And the principal, notified by telegraph of the situation, watched and waited in vain. Dick Tyner came back in charge of his father late that evening, but no Harry had appeared. In the interest of discipline it was necessary that Dick should complete his term in the guard-house, his father taking the same view of this that the principal did. Dick, having escaped, was half a hero in the eyes of the boys, in spite of the ignominious method of his return. Harry, when the guard-house door was opened, was all of a hero in their eyes. For out of the darkness he rose, struck his heels together, and saluted.

"I'm here all right," he said, "but I was n't sent back. I talked it over with the judge, an' I came back—like a man."



“‘JIMMIE DANDY!’ HE EXCLAIMED.”

It was nearly a year after this — a year that combined study, camp life, and strict discipline — that a boy in uniform walked briskly into the judge's court-room. The judge, who had heard of him occasionally through Anson Raymond, motioned the lawyer who was speaking

to stop for a moment, and leaned over his desk.

“Jimmie Dandy!” he exclaimed, recognizing his young friend. “I mean Harry —”

“Cadet Lieutenant Bagley, sir,” corrected the boy, with some pride.



A QUESTION.

BY ELLEN MANLY.

I

LITTLE Lucy Locket
 She has n't any pocket —
 No place to carry anything at all;
 While Lucy's brother Benny
 He has so very many,
 In which to put his marbles, top, or ball,
 That when he 's in a hurry
 'T is sometimes quite a worry
 To find the one he wants among them all.

II

Now *why* should Lucy Locket
 Not have a little pocket —
 A handy little pocket in her dress?
 And *why* should brother Benny,
 Who does n't need so many,
 Be favored with a dozen, more or less?
 The reason, if you know it,
 Be kind enough to show it,
 For really 't is a puzzle, I confess!



A. G. LEARNED

THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

THIRD PAPER.

ICE-BOATS, SNOW-SHOES, SKATE-SAILS, SLEDS, ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

It is possible to purchase almost everything for winter sports; but the boy who is handy with tools and of an inventive and mechanical turn will take more pleasure in constructing his own things than in buying those that were made by others, and not, perhaps, in just the manner he would like to have them.

Very few boys would care to make their own skates, as the modern steel clamp skates are superior to anything they could make, both in lightness and strength; but the various kind of wind-boats, skate-sails, and so forth, which interest them cannot usually be bought ready made. During the leisure hours after school and on Saturdays a great deal of enjoyment may be had in constructing some of these winter "toys."

Skates, sleds, and ice-boats are used the world over where there is cold weather; but in this country there are several things, the invention of the Yankee boy, that are distinctly American, but which can just as well be used by boys in other countries.

A BOB-SLED.

ALMOST any boy can easily make a bob-sled, for it is not at all difficult to construct a substantial one from inexpensive materials, and with the tools that nearly every boy possesses.

sled is 30 inches long and 14 inches wide, with the sides 5 inches high. The rear sled is 40 inches long from prow to end of runners, and is the same width and height as the front one.

The runners are of hard wood $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch in thickness, and braced with cross-pieces of hard wood 2 inches wide and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick. Under each cross-piece and at the sides brackets must be securely fastened with screws, as shown at A in Fig. 2.

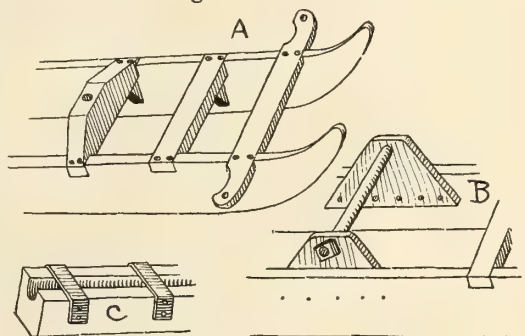


FIG. 2.

Eight inches from the rear end of the front sled a stout block is set in the runners, through which the king-bolt passes that fastens the seat to the sled. The block is of hard wood 14 inches long, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and 4 inches high at the middle, as shown at A in Fig. 2. A similar block 2 inches high is attached to the



FIG. 1. A BOB-SLED.

For the seat obtain a clear spruce plank 10 feet long, 10 inches wide, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, planed on both sides and edges. The front

under side of the plank and bears on the lower block. Between the two blocks, and on the bolt, two large flat iron washers are placed,

so it will be an easy matter to turn the sled when there is a heavy weight on the plank.

The sled is steered by a rope and foot-pieces as shown. The rear sled is attached to the plank by means of a block and bolts. Two triangular hard-wood blocks, one inch in thickness, with the grain running vertically, are screwed fast to the inner sides of the runners, as shown at B in Fig. 2; and through holes in the upper end a long half-inch bolt is passed from side to side. This bolt fits into a groove made in the under side of the block that is attached to the plank; and across the groove, in several places, straps of iron are fastened, as shown in the inverted block at C in Fig. 2.

A hinge-joint is the result, and to prevent the rear sled from dropping too far when jumping over a bump, a rope should be passed under the forward cross-piece and attached to a staple driven in the under side of the plank. The plank can be padded with hair from an old mattress, and covered with a strip of carpet nailed all around the edges of the board.

Cross-pieces screwed fast to the under side of the plank will act as foot-rests for the boys, and with a coat or two of paint this bob-sled will be ready for use.

TOBOGGANS.

FOR hill-coasting some boys prefer bob-sleds and coasters; but in the extreme Northern

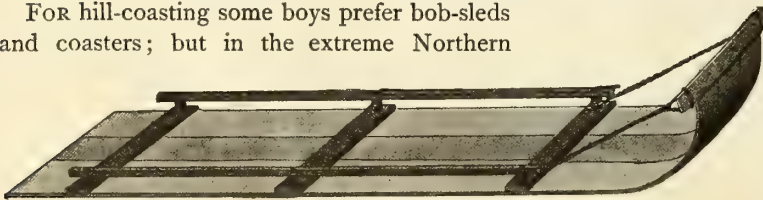


FIG. 3. A TOBOGGAN.

States and throughout Canada the plain toboggan is the favorite.

The toboggan may be 16 feet long, and should be 18 inches wide—although one of 8 to 10 feet long will probably be found more serviceable. The bottom is made of three or four thin hickory boards $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick. The boards are fastened with battens of hard wood 2 inches wide and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick—either brass screws or copper rivets being used, the bottom of the runners being countersunk to admit the head of the screw or rivet.

For the side-rails use strips of hickory $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch square at the end, and raise them from the battens by means of small blocks about 2 inches high. This will enable the boy to insert his fingers under the rails and get a firm hold of them even with thick gloves on. Fasten the strips with a bolt and nut running through the rail, block, batten, and runner—of course being sure to countersink the head.

Cut notches in the projecting ends of the front batten, as shown in Fig. 4, so that ropes can be lashed fast to the stick, as shown in Figs 3 and 4.

Steam the boards between the front end and the first batten, or pour boiling-water over both sides of the boards; then gradually bend the wood up, and, with the ropes as a help to hold the boards in place, continue the wetting and bending until the proper curve has been gained, or about as shown in Figs. 3 and 4. Fasten the ropes to the small blocks on the second batten, and when the wood is dry sandpaper it smooth and give it several good coats of varnish. It will be found that after the toboggan has been used some time the bottom will become very smooth, especially if it has been used on icy hills. Many

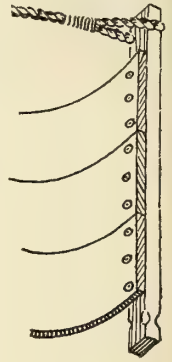


FIG. 4.

boys prefer tobogganing to sledding, for the reason that, the boards being so thin and flexible, slight inequalities in the ground are easily felt and the sensation of speedy flight is emphasized.

Plain, strongly made cushions will be found a welcome addition to a toboggan, though these should be dried at night if wet.

A SLED TOBOGGAN.

THE runners are made of hickory boards 8 to 10 feet long and $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch thick. If the extreme width is to be 22 inches, each runner should be 7 inches wide. The three hard-wood bridges are 22 inches long and 4 inches high, and shaped as in Fig. 5. The seat is 8 inches

wide. Short wooden braces are placed in front of the forward bridge and behind the last bridge



FIG. 5.

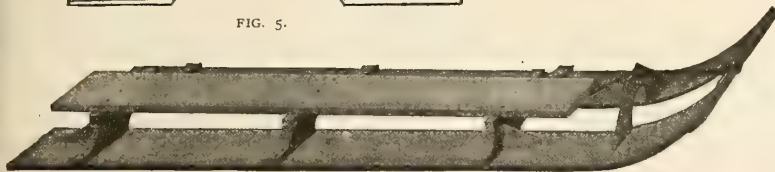


FIG. 6. A SLED TOBOGGAN.

to prevent them from rocking. The front ends of the runners are bent as with the toboggan and held in place by a stout thong or rope attached to the front bridge.

A SINGLE-RUNNER COASTER.

A FEW years ago the boys of New England invented a new kind of sled and called it a "single-runner coaster" or a "jumper-coaster." They sit upon it, keeping their balance with the feet; and it is remarkable how rapidly and easily they go down-hill on this queer-looking affair without toppling over. The coaster is very simple in construction, and any boy can make it from pine or hard wood, the latter being preferable, as it has more body and is heavier.

The runner is 42 inches long, 1½ inches thick,

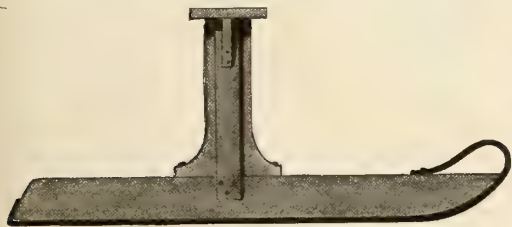


FIG. 7. A SINGLE-RUNNER COASTER.

and 4 inches high, curved at one end and cut at an angle at the other. The upright is of wood the same thickness and width and 11 or 12 inches high, so that with the top board or seat and the height of the runner, the coaster is 16 or 17 inches high, and for taller boys it can be made higher. The seat is 10 inches long and 7 inches wide, and attached to the upright with screws as shown in Fig. 8. The upright is cut from wood about 10 inches wide, and with a compass-saw it is shaped broader at the bottom so that it will

have a better bearing on the top of the runner than a narrow one would.

From wood two inches wide make two side-plates or braces to run from under the seat down half-way over the runner, as shown in Fig. 8; and to steady the seat at the top of the uprights cut two angle-brackets and attach them as shown in the figure. A blacksmith will fashion

a rudder from quarter-round or thin tire-iron and attach it as shown in Fig. 7. In Fig. 8, A and B, other ends are shown that are merely a matter of fancy. One is as serviceable as the other.

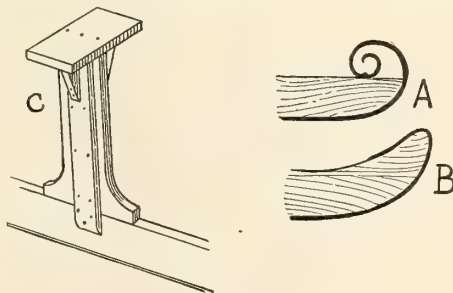


FIG. 8.

In B an extra piece of wood is built up on the end, and the runner is bent up and over it and attached at the top. The runner can be



HOW THE SINGLE RUNNER WORKS.

held on with flat-headed screws countersunk in the iron, and after a few trips the surface of the metal will be bright and smooth.

A ROCKER-COASTER.

A VERY good coasting sled is shown in the illustration of a rocker-coaster, and for short hills a sled of this sort will prove a very fast



FIG. 9. A ROCKER-COASTER.

one and one easy to steer. It is made of hard wood about $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch thick, and is 4 to 5 feet long, 20 inches broad, and 7 inches high at the middle. The lower edge of each runner is curved from end to end, with a long sweeping line, and it is grooved to receive a round runner of steel, which a blacksmith will make and attach. The sled can be varnished or covered with two coats of bright paint.

SNOW-SHOES.

THE long snow-shoe shown in Fig. 11 is the one commonly used by the Iroquois Indians, and it measures from 3 to 4 feet in length and from 12 to 15 inches in width. It is usually made from one long strip of hickory bent while green and dried in the desired shape, then braced and interlaced with thongs of rawhide or deer-gut. The rim is usually $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch square and rounded on the outer edges. The braces or spreaders are let into the inner edges of the rim, as shown at A in Fig. 10, and held in place with a thong passed through a hole in the end of the piece and wrapped around the rim, as shown at B in Fig. 10. The spreaders are of seasoned hickory, 2 inches wide and $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch thick. The edges are beveled slightly, and near the center line two rows of holes are made through which to lace the thongs. Two smaller sticks are arranged at each side of the broad spreaders, and the lattice-weaving is caught around them, as shown in Fig. 11.

Some of the thongs are caught over the rim, while others are passed through holes made in the edge, as in the case of tennis-rackets. Foot-laces are fastened at the front spreader, to which the shoe toes are lashed; for, when trav-

eling, the heels should be allowed to be raised, while the ball of the foot and the whole snow-shoe remain flat on the snow.

The shoe in the form of a tennis-racket is the shape commonly used by the Eskimo, and is about 34 inches long and 15 inches wide. It is made somewhat similar to the Iroquois shoe, but the mesh is more open. The oval shoe is made from two U-shaped rims lashed together at the middle and provided with two spreaders; two stout pieces of rawhide are laced in the ends, and across the middle a stout lacing of

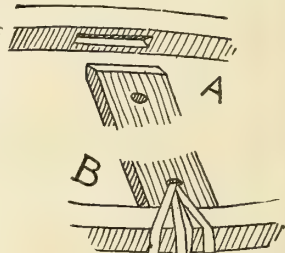


FIG. 10.

These and many other forms of snow-shoes can be made by the boy who is interested in snow-shoe traveling, as the wood can easily be had and the rawhide thongs may be purchased at a hardware-store, where they

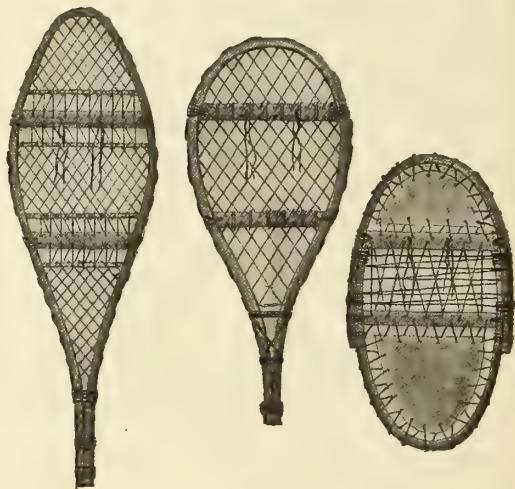


FIG. 11. SNOW-SHOES.

are sold as belt-lacings for machinery, but they can be split and used for the snow-shoes.

It is not true, as one sometimes hears, that snow-shoes enable one to make unusually rapid progress compared with ordinary walking on dry ground. But what is true is that with snow-shoes one may go faster over the snow than he would be able to when using ordinary boots.

SKEES.

SKEE running and jumping is one of the favorite winter sports in Norway and Sweden, and it is steadily growing in favor in Canada and the northern United States. On very steep hills it is a dangerous sport, but it is perfectly safe to use the skees on either short or long hills that are not too steep; for once you start, you must go to the bottom, and a good skee-jumper must be as agile as a cat and always land feet down when jumping. A good skee of the right proportions should be 7 feet long and 4 inches

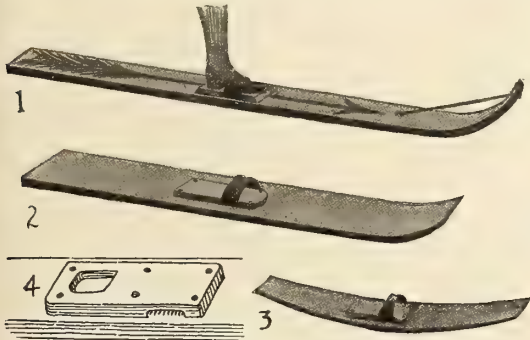


FIG. 12. SKEES.

wide, and made of hickory, oak, or other hard wood, not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick; and along the entire length, at the bottom, two or three grooves cut in a straight line will hold the skee-slider on his course as the keel does a boat.

The skees are tapered and bent up at the front ends, as shown at 1 in Fig. 12. This can be done by steaming and gradually bending until the proper pitch is obtained.

At the middle of the skee a foot-block is attached and provided with a toe-strap, as shown in Fig. 12. This strap fits under the block, and can be removed if necessary, as a lap is cut at the under side of the block.

A shorter and broader skee is shown in illustration 2 of Fig. 12; this is 5 feet long and 6 inches wide, and is safer for smaller boys to use.

Some of the Norwegian skees are beautifully carved and ornamented, and the boy who has some decorative ability can embellish the tops of his skees and varnish them all over to improve their appearance.

A simpler and cheaper skee, but not so good, is made of a barrel stave, as shown at 3 in Fig. 12.

ICE-SAILS.

IN using an ice-sail the boy is the boat, and by his handling of the sails he can go either before the wind or by tacking, as in a boat. The skating-sails shown in the illustrations are improvements over the old style of attaching two diamond-shaped cloths to the ends of yard-arms. To make the frame obtain two clear pine or white-wood sticks 12 feet long, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches square, and taper them slightly toward the ends with a plane; at the same time rounding the corners at the top of one stick and the bottom of the other, as shown at C in Fig. 15, which represents a sawed-off section of both sticks.

With linen line wind the sticks for an inch or two every nine or ten inches of their entire length, to strengthen them; and tint this a dark color, then varnish the sticks or give them two coats of paint. Next get two more sticks, each $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet long and $\frac{7}{8}$ inch square, and plane them smooth, at the same time tapering the ends slightly—these are for the cross-arms; and at the middle of each one lash fast a block, 5 inches long and $\frac{7}{8}$ inch square, having a pin driven in each end, as shown at A in Fig. 15. These pins fit in small holes made at the inside of the yard-arms, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet from either end.

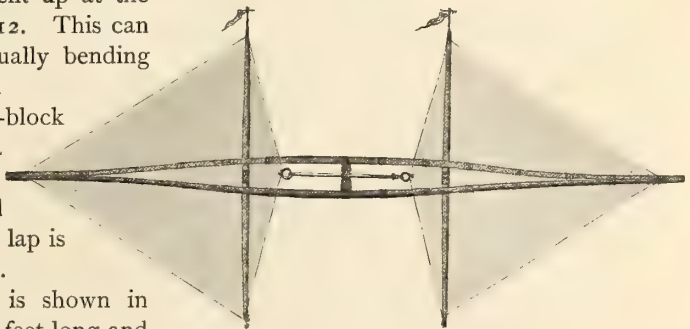


FIG. 13. ICE-SAILS.

The yard-arms are lashed together at the ends, then sprung apart at the middle so that the cross-arm blocks will fit between them. To hold the arms properly in place, a strap should be drawn around the sticks at the middle; and to insure a good prop make a block 6 inches

long, 2 inches wide, and $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick, with two pins at each end, as shown at C in Fig. 15. The pins will fit into small holes in the long sticks, and when the strap is buckled tight the

of the long sticks will receive these pins, as shown at DDDD in Fig. 14, the spring of the stick holding both inner and outer cross-sticks in place at the same time. (See Fig. 14.)

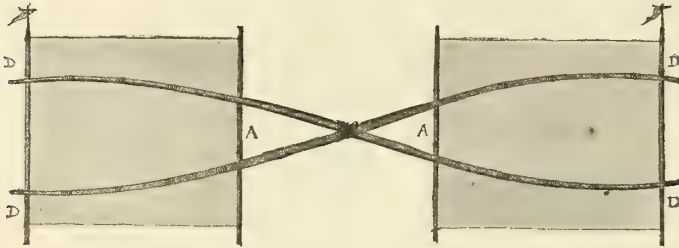


FIG. 14. ICE-SAILS.

block will be held securely in place. A large flat hook can be lashed fast to this block, and when sailing along before the wind it can be caught over a stout leather belt to help support the weight of the sail.

Two twilled cotton sails are made in the shape shown in Fig. 13, and provided with snaps at the three outer ends, so that they may

running near to and parallel with deep cracks; if his skate gets into one he may have a bad throw.

ICE-BOATS.

FOR rapid traveling over the ice there is nothing to beat an ice-boat, and some that have been constructed on the Hudson River have kept up to and even beaten the fast express trains that run along both shores of the river. Boats of this kind with the speed of an express train are dangerous for boys to play with, but the ordinary ice-boat that will go from ten to twenty miles an hour is within the ability of almost any grown boy to make and safely handle.

The triangular body of the boat is 10 feet long and 8 feet wide, and the bowsprit projects 6 feet beyond the timber A in Fig. 16. The frame is made of clear spruce timbers 6 inches wide and 2 inches thick. Timber A is 8 feet, BB are 11 feet, C is 5 feet, and DD are each 3 feet long. At the front corners and at the back the timbers are beveled, as shown, and are joined with long bolts as indicated by the dotted lines. Timbers C and DD are set in place and securely fastened with long steel-wire spikes, then the bowsprit E is mounted against timber C and laid over timber A, to which it is bolted fast. A half-inch iron pin is driven in the butt-end of the bowsprit, and it fits into a hole made in timber C. The bowsprit is cut from a piece of spruce $2\frac{1}{4}$ by 4 and tapered at the outer end, where a "thimble" having three eyes is driven on. The top eye receives the forestay, and the side ones the bobstay cables that run to the corners of the boat, where they are drawn taut with

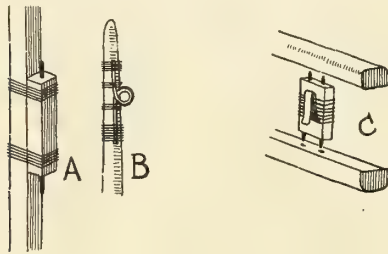


FIG. 15.

catch into eyes lashed fast to the ends of the arms and to the long sticks, as shown at B in Fig. 15. The sails can be drawn taut at the inner ends with rings and a strap or light rope or heavy twine.

In the ice-sail shown in Fig. 14, two square sails are supported at the ends of crossed yard-arms fourteen feet long.

Four vertical cross-sticks of equal length are made, and at the middle a long block is attached to two of them, as shown at AA in Fig. 14. Pins in the ends of the blocks fit into holes in the long arms, and when the ends of the long arms are bent in they tightly grip the pins and blocks.

Short blocks, each provided with a single pin, are lashed to the outer cross-sticks, eight inches from the ends, and holes made in the outer ends

turn-buckles. The shoe-blocks FF are 24 inches long and 3 inches square on the end, and are bolted to the timbers A and B as shown. At the stern a triangular block is mounted between the ends of the timbers BB, through which the rudder-post will pass. The decking-planks marked G are then attached to the frame with screws or steel nails.

The mast-step is made by attaching two 12-inch pieces of plank, 18 inches long and $1\frac{1}{4}$

The iron pin is to be driven in the bottom of the mast so that 6 inches of it projects beyond the bottom of the stick. These will form the mast-step, and when the mast is in place

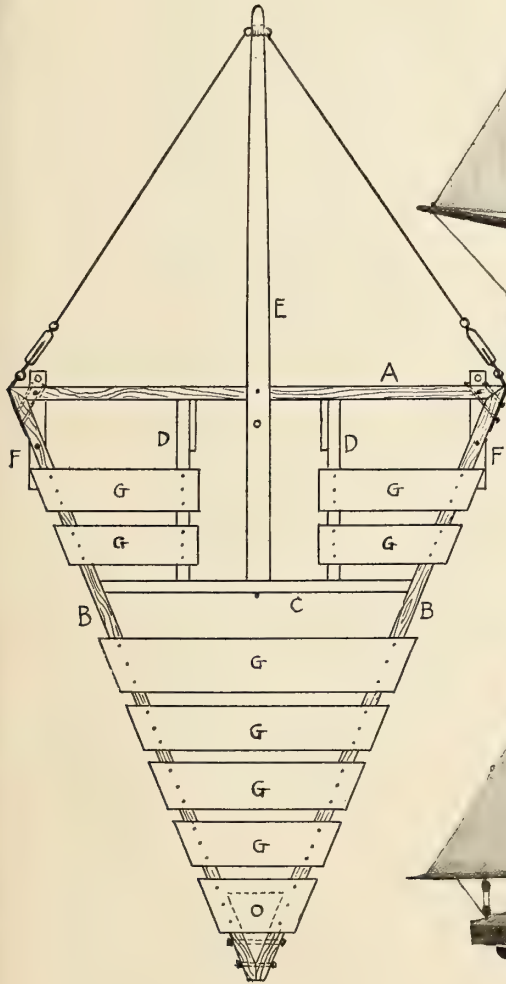


FIG. 16.

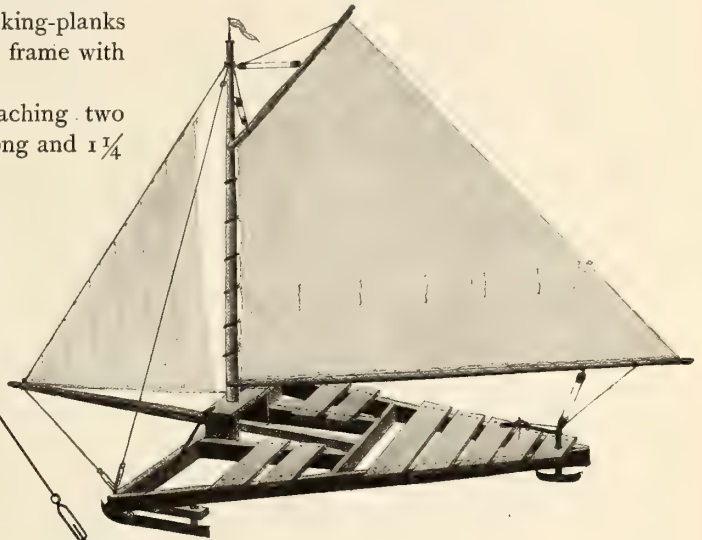


FIG. 17.



FIG. 18.

thick, to the inner sides of timbers DD. Across the top of them attach another plank, and in the middle of it cut a hole $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, or large enough to receive the mast. In the bowsprit, directly under the large hole, make a small one to receive a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch pin.

and held by the forestay and shrouds it cannot jump out.

Iron stanchion rods are attached to the top of the mast-step and to the inside of timber A, as shown in Fig. 17. The shoes are of tire-steel, and will have to be made by a black-

smith. The front ones are 30 inches long, curved up at the front, as shown at A in Fig. 19, and beveled at the bottom so as to form a gripping, or cutting edge, and when mounted the lower edge is at the outside of the boat.

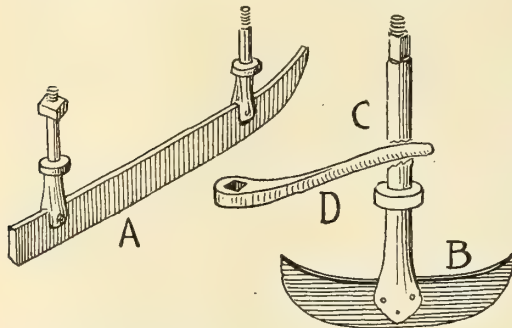


FIG. 19. SHOE, TILLER, AND RUDDER OF AN ICE-BOAT.

Shanks with bolt-tops and collars pass through the holes made in the shoe-blocks FF, and are securely held with nuts screwed down on washers so as not to cut the wood.

The rudder (B in Fig. 19) is a chisel-edged piece of steel, 12 inches long, turned up at both ends and mounted at the foot of a shank (C), which is provided with a collar, a square shoulder for the tiller (D) to fit on, and a threaded top so

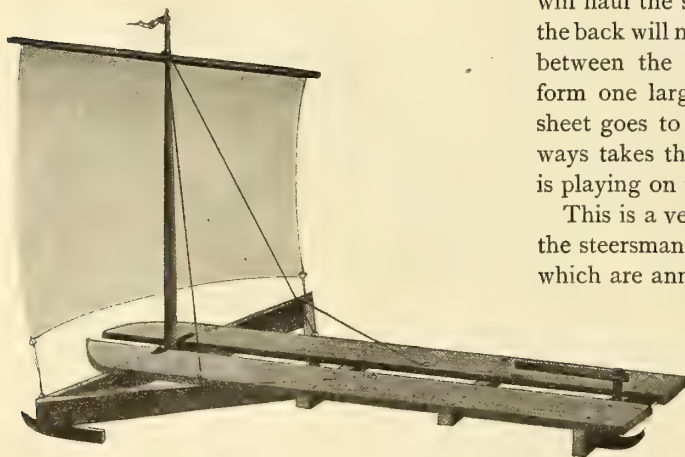


FIG. 20. A WIND-RUNNER.

that a nut will hold the tiller in place. The shoes can be made only of steel or iron, as wooden ones are useless.

The mast is 12 feet high and $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 inches in diameter, slightly tapered near the top. The gaff is 6 feet long, and the boom 12 feet.

The mainsail measures 8 feet on the mast, 5

on the gaff, 11 on the boom, and the leech is 13 feet long (see Fig. 17). The jib is 10 by 6 by 8. This sail area will present a good surface to the wind, and under an ordinary breeze the boat should make from eight to twelve miles an hour with two or three boys on the deck. The rigging is done in the same manner in which boats are fitted up. The spars should be varnished, and the boat may be painted or, if preferred, simply varnished.

The twin-mast ice-boat shown in Fig. 18 is the same size as the other one, and built in the same manner, except that timbers DD in Fig. 16 are omitted and a smaller deck is laid at the stern. One foot back from the corners, 3-inch masts are stepped in holes made in the timbers BB to receive half-inch iron pins driven in the foot of the masts. The sticks are 11 feet long, and lashed together at the top, or bolted with several long, thin bolts, as shown in the illustration. They pitch forward at a slight angle, making the forestay 11 feet long. The gaff is 16 feet long, the boom 18, and the leech of the sail is 14.

The gaff is hauled up into the crotch formed by the masts, and a set of blocks and tackle at the bottom of the sail on the boom and the deck will haul the sail in the proper position, so that the back will not drop down. It then swings free between the masts, and the jib and mainsail form one large sheet, so that when the main-sheet goes to one side or the other, the jib always takes the opposite position, and the wind is playing on the entire sail at all times.

This is a very easy rig to handle, as it relieves the steersman from the bother of the jib-sheets, which are annoying in a stiff breeze.

A WIND-RUNNER.

FROM the detailed description of the ice-boat and a careful study of Fig. 20, the boy will be able easily to make the simpler wind-

runner. Its length is 12 feet and the front board of the triangle is 6 feet long. The mast is 8 feet high and the yard-arm 7 feet. The sail may be made of unbleached muslin. This boat cannot run very close to the wind, being intended for running before the wind, or nearly so. A good safe boat for the younger boys.



ALWAYS HAPPY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I DO not sorrow when there's snow,
Or rain, or fog, or sleet;
There are more toys at home, you know,
Than out there in the street.

So whether we have bright sunshine,
Or clouds all through the day,
I never sorrow nor repine,
But play, and play, and play.



CHRISTMAS AT LONESOME RANCH.

BY ANNA E. S. DROKE.



MARY ELLEN stood in the doorway, shading her face with her hands. Her face wore a far-away look, and she had ceased to watch the figure disappearing in the distance.

Mary Ellen's face frequently wore that look when she had a problem on her mind—and she usually had one. The problem of getting something out of nothing was ever present in some one of its varied phases; but to-day it was more than usually vexing, because Mary Ellen had fully made up her mind that something real had got to happen. She had been content with pretending just as long as she was going to, she told herself; and this time the twins were going to have something real for Christmas—something *bought*. How she was going to buy it was the yet unsolved question.

Just now her spirits were unusually low; for ever since her father had told her, on Saturday evening, that he had work for possibly two weeks repairing some barns at Fairview Ranch, she had been gathering courage to ask him if she might have a little—one dollar if possible, fifty cents at least—to buy something for Charlie and Charlotte, the twins, who did not remember Christmas in their Eastern home and could not understand why Santa Claus, of whom Mary Ellen never tired of telling them, never found his way to their lonesome dugout.

And now she had asked him, and he had said: "I'm so sorry to disappoint you, little

daughter; but we must have flour and fuel, and we all need shoes. It may be a long time before another job comes my way." Then he kissed her and started to his work, with many misgivings at leaving his children alone until Saturday night; but the time consumed in going back and forth each day would mean extra hours with extra pay.

Nothing more dangerous than coyotes would be likely to visit them, and Mary Ellen would take care of them. Yes, Mary Ellen was a very capable child, John Morton told himself as he strode over the plains toward Fairview Ranch, five miles distant.

Poor Mary Ellen! Everybody who saw her said, "Poor Mary Ellen!" She was thirteen, but small for her age. She had never had time to grow—so people said. She was nine, and in the fourth grade at the district school, when she climbed up beside her father on the high seat of the bright new prairie-schooner, four years ago, and set out from her home in Indiana for the great West.

John Morton was a carpenter owning a little cottage and earning a fair living in the little Indiana town; but the desire to own a farm was upon him, so he sold his little home and, buying an outfit, set out for the unknown land.

"We will go on to the irrigated country," he said. So into the great Arkansas valley, in southern Colorado, he took his way, homesteading a quarter-section in what seemed destined to be a promising location. Lumber for even

a rude shanty would eat sadly into his little savings; so they camped in the wagon until the dugout was finished.

It seemed to Mary Ellen, when she took time to think, that she had never had time to straighten herself and take a good breath since she climbed down from the big wagon and took charge of the housekeeping; for the mother, who was delicate, was utterly prostrated by the long journey. During the winter her health improved; but the next summer an attack of mountain fever proved too much for her frail constitution, and Mary Ellen was left as mother and housekeeper to the little pioneer family.

Misfortunes had not come singly. Farming of any kind John Morton knew little of; farming by irrigation, nothing. At the end of this fourth year they were still living in the dugout. The wagon was gone; the horses were gone; only "Muley," the faithful old cow, remained.

Mary Ellen, standing in the doorway that Monday morning in early December, caught sight of old Muley, and had an inspiration. She flew into the house with an enthusiasm that not even the prospect of two weeks' loneliness at Lonesome Ranch could dissipate. Mary Ellen had christened the place, and no one would deny that the name was appropriate. She lifted the lid of the stove and poked the fire; she flew from the lard-bucket to the molasses-jug; and made such a clatter that she woke the twins, whom she set to eat their breakfast, while she continued investigations.

"Yes," sniffing at a little brown-paper parcel, "that 's ginger. I 'll make ginger cookies and a *teentsy* bit of molasses candy; and every day for dinner I 'll make the very nicest gravy they ever ate. Oh, I 'll manage, and I don't believe the twins will ever miss the butter."

"Sister, what are you going to p'tend now? I know you 're going to p'tend something nice, 'cause you always act that way when you 've thought of something nice."

"Yes, Lottie; I 'm going to p'tend now that I 'm the baker-man, and you and Charlie are to run over to Prairie Dog Town and see if there is any news, and when you come back I 'll have something nice to sell you."

Prairie Dog Town was one of their frequent resorts. True, the prairie dogs always scuttled

most inhospitably into their houses when they saw company coming; but the children were not sensitive, and continued their visits.

Many of the mounds had been named by Mary Ellen for people and places "back East." Then there was the school-house and the post-office. This latter place was the center of interest, for here they frequently received pleasing bits of information, and last Valentine's Day there had been some marvelous pasteboard hearts, ornamented with the red and green paper in which parcels had been wrapped, and bearing sweet little sentimental poems copied from the lace-and-roses ones Mary Ellen had received back East.

Since their arrival at Lonesome Ranch no holiday had been allowed to pass without some kind of an attempt, on Mary Ellen's part, to celebrate it. Sometimes the meager little attempts were so pitifully pathetic that the father and mother had thought of hiding the almanac, that Mary Ellen might not know when they arrived. Since the death of his wife, all days were alike to John Morton, and the struggle for bread absorbed his thoughts.

Mary Ellen flew to her work with a light heart. "Two pounds of butter a week. I can safely count on old Muley for that. I know I can save one pound each week while father is gone. Butter is twenty-five cents a pound. I 'll ask Mrs. Metzger to let me go with her when she goes to La Junta to market. Two pounds of butter at twenty-five cents a pound—fifty cents. I must have two oranges, two big red apples, white sugar enough to make some little cakes and frost 'em, and red candy beads to trim 'em with, and a pair of mittens for Charlie, and if I could only get a pair of red stockings for Lottie!" Red stockings, for little girls, were just coming into vogue when Mary Ellen left the East, and one of the dreams of her life had been to possess a pair. She had no doubt they were still fashionable, and, having renounced such frivolities herself, she longed, with the instinct of the little mother, to have a pair for Lottie.

"Dear me! I wonder what all those things would cost? More than fifty cents, I 'm afraid. As soon as I roll out these cookies and get a pencil I will figure it all out."

But she finally surrendered all hope of anything save the mittens and stockings, and determined to ask her father for ten cents with which to buy the sugar. When, at the end of two weeks, Mary Ellen displayed her two plump rolls of butter and told her story, her father stroked her brown hair tenderly as he said: "You are a very resourceful girl, Mary Ellen — very resourceful!"

Mary Ellen did not know exactly what this meant, but she was sure her father was not displeased with her, for he had said the same to her once before — once when she felt sure he had been pleased with her efforts.

It was Saturday, six days before Christmas, when Mary Ellen, proudly carrying her two

of the pounds of butter, and learned of the articles Mary Ellen had fondly hoped to buy with the proceeds, she felt a strange pulling at her heartstrings, and she said:

"And with two pounds of butter and ten cents you would make one bright Christmas for the little ones! Still, I know of one better way. Santa Claus has himself sent me word, asking me to help him this year, already. I will myself hook Charlie one pair of mittens with the woolly wrists. I have at home beautiful red yarn, and I will knit stockings for the little *Mädchen* — I and the girl Nora. She is most wonderful to knit. You shall buy, with the money, the other things."

A queen with untold wealth could have felt



"JUST BEFORE LEAVING, KIND OLD FRAU METZGER WENT INTO THE ROOM WHERE MARY ELLEN WAS SLEEPING." (SEE PAGE 262.)

pounds of butter, set out with Mrs. Metzger for La Junta. Frau Metzger was a kindly, big German woman, childless, and not given to sentimentality; but when she heard the story

no richer than did Mary Ellen as she made her purchases. Luscious oranges, great red apples, — four of each instead of two, — candy and peanuts, and plenty of sugar for the cakes.

When they drove into La Junta the air was balmy as springtime, and the sun was shining in an unclouded sky; but the storm-signal was waving. Before they started homeward the storm was upon them.

The storekeeper wrapped the child as well as he could in the heavy robe. They were facing the storm: every moment it grew colder. They had gone scarcely five miles when Mary Ellen, striving with her unmitten hands to hold the fur robe around her, felt herself growing numb. Through her chattering teeth she uttered the fear that the apples and oranges would freeze.

"Give them here, once; I'll keep 'em safe." Frau Metzger opened the great ulster and tucked them safely inside it.

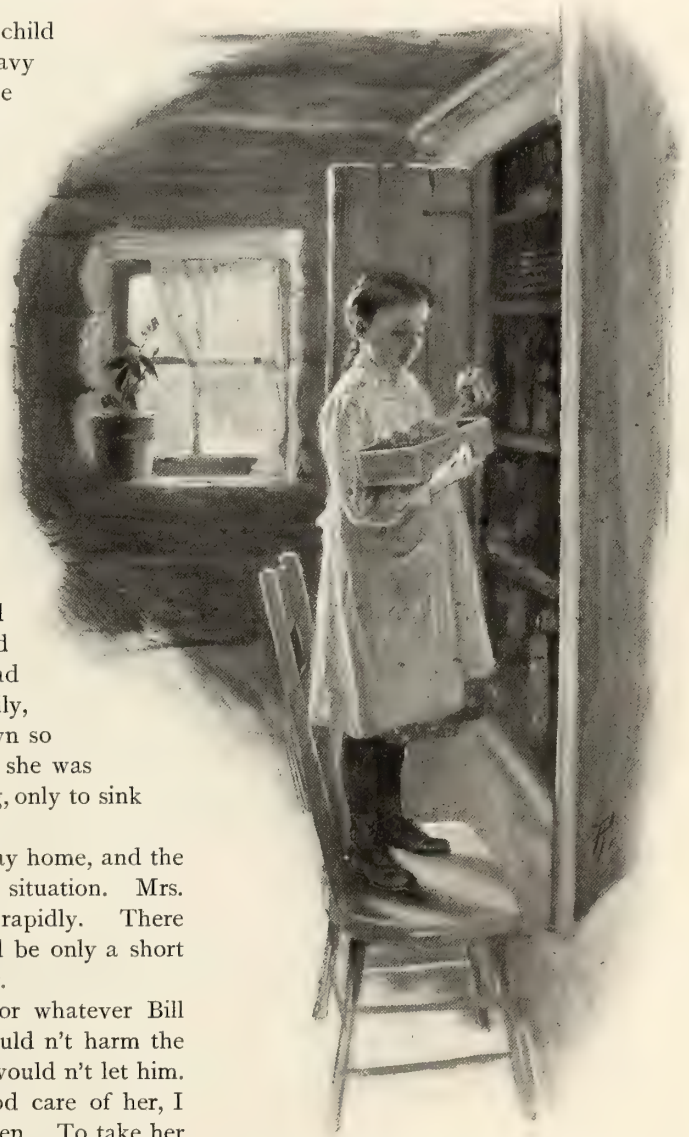
Responsibility gone, the child began to relax. She dreamed that the great brown ulster had opened and swallowed her bodily, and she was just nestling down so warm and comfortable, when she was aroused by a vigorous shaking, only to sink again into blissful repose.

Dark, not more than half-way home, and the child freezing—this was the situation. Mrs. Metzger's thoughts traveled rapidly. There was but one refuge. It could be only a short distance to Crazy Bill's shanty.

"Crazy Bill, or Wild Bill, or whatever Bill they call 'im, I'm sure he would n't harm the child; and, anyhow, his wife would n't let him. Mrs. Crazy Bill will take good care of her, I know, for she is fond of children. To take her on in this storm is sure death; to leave her could be no more." She halted and called, but no voice could be heard against the howl of the storm. She laid the child in the bottom of the wagon and made her way toward the light.

When the man learned that a child was freezing at his door, he went out without a word and carried her in. His wife took charge of her at

once, with many a kindly "Poor dear!" as she took off her cloak and drew her near the fire, patting her cold hands the while. Restoratives



"WHEN THE CHILDREN WERE SAFELY OUT OF THE WAY, MARY ELLEN SOMETIMES CLIMBED UP IN A CHAIR AND LIFTED IT DOWN." (SEE PAGE 263.)

were applied, and in a short time Mary Ellen returned to consciousness. Riding the remaining five miles, however, was not to be thought of for her; so Mrs. Metzger explained to her, concluding with: "You stay here the night

with Mrs. William, and in the morning, if I don't freeze myself gettin' home, I 'll fetch you, still."

"I 'll take her myself," said the man, cordially.

"Then I 'll be leavin' the Christmas tricks for herself to carry along," said Frau Metzger, depositing the fruit on the kitchen table.

"Was it Christmas buyin' as took the child out?"

"Ay, and such riches, you 'd never count 'em." Then, as she warmed her feet in the oven and drank the hot tea prepared for her, Mrs. Metzger told Crazy Bill and his wife of the Christmas that was in prospect for the children at Lonesome Ranch. "And never a thought for herself, mind ye. She 's forty, if she 's a day, the little old mother."

Just before leaving, kind old Frau Metzger, with her basket on her arm and wrapped in a great blanket cloak, went into the room where Mary Ellen was by this time sleeping and bent over the cot. She thought of another little girl of long ago, away back in Germany, and her kind old heart went out to this lonesome American child. Impulsively she drew from her basket

a doll that had been intended for little Charlie, and was about to lay it on the coarse straw pillow. "But no," she said to herself; "it 's only one day; it would only spoil Charlie's Christmas surprise, and I have something better for her at

home"; so she returned it to her basket and tiptoed out of the room.

The next morning Mary Ellen was set down, safe and sound, at her father's door, and loiter-



"WHEN HE OPENED THE DOOR A SMALL MOUNTAIN SPRUCE FELL FORWARD INTO THE ROOM."

ers about the depot in La Junta noticed Crazy Bill as he boarded the evening train.

"A little trip to Denver for my health," was the answer he gave his cow-boy friends.

Fortune favored Mary Ellen with sunny days,

so that the children were rarely in the house, and her preparations went on finely. The little cakes were baked and trimmed, and truly they were little beauties. They were hidden, with all the other surprises, in the big, green pasteboard box on the top shelf of the cupboard. When the children were safely out of the way, Mary Ellen sometimes climbed up in a chair and lifted it down. She patted the cakes and sniffed at the luscious oranges and great, rosy apples, and laughed to think what fun it would be to be putting one in her own stocking.

"It would be like Christmas back East, if only there was a little cedary smell mixed with the other smells; but I don't suppose there ever was any cedar out here." Then, hearing the children coming, she would hastily put the cover on and return the box to its place.

The day before Christmas, Mrs. Metzger drove over with the promised mittens and stockings. She brought also a fat hen and a can of peaches, which she laughingly told Mary Ellen she could put into her own stocking.

On Christmas Eve the children went early to bed, for they had been to the post-office at Prairie Dog Town that morning, and brought back a letter saying that Santa Claus would surely visit them this year.

Mary Ellen and her father sat, one on each side of the stove, waiting in silence for the children to go to sleep; and long after their regular breathing reported the children in Slumberland, they continued to sit, neither speaking, each busy with thoughts of other days.

Then there came a knock at the door. The man called, "Who 's there?" and hastily struck a light. There was no answer; and when he opened the door a small tree of mountain spruce, which completely blocked the doorway, fell forward into the room.

When he lifted it up, the sweet, pungent odor so overcame Mary Ellen that she threw herself

face foremost on the bed and cried, which was a very unusual thing for her to do.

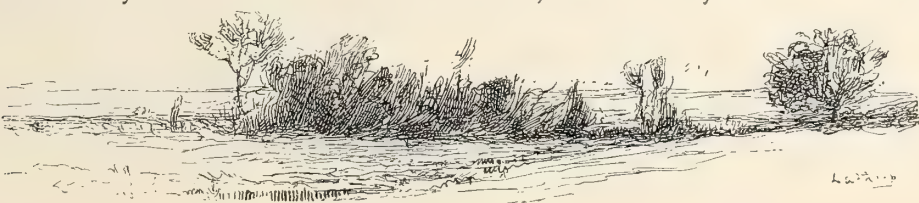
When her father called to her, she quickly jumped up to assist him. There was also on the door-step a great box of presents, and dozens of tapers with which to light the tree. When the box was opened, Mary Ellen could scarcely stifle screams of delight as she viewed the wonderful tops, drums, guns, boats, and balls—the dolls and dishes such as Mary Ellen had sometimes seen in the shop windows, but had never possessed.

There were many useful presents, too; but when one imposing-looking bundle, bearing the address, "To the little mother, with love, from Mrs. William," was opened, and proved to be a doll more than two feet long, having real hair and opening and shutting its eyes and talking,—“really and truly talking,”—it was then that Mary Ellen was too overcome for words. It seemed to be a “doll day” at Lonesome Ranch, for good old Mrs. Metzger had included with her gifts a cunning little brown-eyed, brown-haired doll for Charlotte, and a funny-looking boy doll who struck together little brass cymbals fastened to his hands whenever you pressed his stomach.

The tree was dressed and lighted. The children were wakened, and it was hard for them to realize that they were not still dreaming of Santa Claus and fairyland.

Long after Mary Ellen had crept tired to bed, with “Cinderella Josephine” clasped close in her arms, she bethought her of the presents in the pasteboard box.

“I’ll keep them for the morning; and, most likely, if we had n’t been going to have them, we should never have had this lovely Christmas Eve: I’ll always think it was good Mr. and Mrs. William—I can’t call him Crazy Bill any more—who brought the tree and the beautiful presents—was n’t it, Cinderella Josephine?” And Cinderella Josephine, when her little mother touched the right button, said, “Yes, mama,” and then they both went sound asleep.





NATURE AND SCIENCE

For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

FISH SUFFERING FOR LACK OF AIR.

I ONCE observed a singular incident on a marsh near Lake Ontario. Some French Canadians had cut a hole through the ice, which was quite a foot thick, and bull-heads were swarming to the surface of the water in such quantities that they were being shoveled out on the ice. I believe this was against the law, for as soon as the men had secured all that they could carry they hurried away. But still the fish swarmed to the surface, struggling with one another to get to the air.

On recounting this observation to a man who has made a study of fish, he told me that the fish were suffering for want of pure air to breathe.

WALTER K. STONE.

Dr. H. M. Smith, who has studied the habits of fish, writes regarding this observation :

This same freezing over must occur every winter, but it is only in severe winters that the fish are really suffocated. This lack of air under the ice is to some extent compensated for by the hibernation of some fishes, but in shallow water the ice is likely to form on the bottom ("anchor-ice"), and the fish are then readily killed.

Dr. Smith has also sent us the following quotation explaining that a fish, though living in the water, requires the same kind of air that we do.

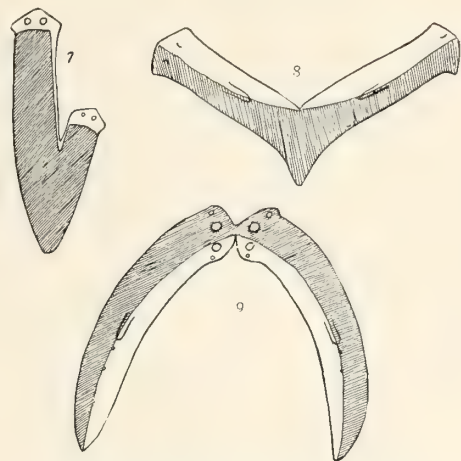
By means of their gills fish breathe the air dissolved in water. The oxygen consumed by them is not that which forms the chemical constituent of the water, but that contained in the air which is dissolved in the water. Fishes transferred to water from which the air has been driven out by a high temperature, or in which the air absorbed by them is not replaced, are soon suffocated. They require aerated water to maintain life, and they take it in constantly through their mouths and expel it through their gills, retaining the air. It follows that if the water in a lake should be completely cut off from contact with the air long enough to exhaust the supply of air, the fish in the lake would die. It would take a severe and pretty long-continued freeze to accomplish this, but it might happen, and doubtless has frequently happened, with a small body of water.

SOME CURIOUS METHODS BY WHICH NATURE MENDS INJURIES.

How many weak and timid creatures there are in the world, with neither teeth and claws for their protection, armor for their defense, nor speed with which to escape their enemies! One can hardly understand why they have not all been killed and eaten up long ago. Nature is, however, kinder to these poor animals than she seems; for if she has left them defenseless against attack, she has given them a marvelous power of recovery from injuries.

When a tiny lizard has to scamper for his life in search of a crack in the rock, he often has "so close a call" that his pursuer snaps off his tail just as he whisks into safety. A loss like this would kill most larger animals, but not the little lizard. He simply waits round quietly until a new tail grows, and then is as well off as before, except that the new tail has a flexible rod of cartilage where the old one had a backbone.

If an earthworm happens to be retiring to his hole when a robin is out looking for breakfast, there is apt to be a lively tug of war between the eater and the breakfast. Not infrequently the bird gets the tail end of the worm, while the other half crawls away into safety. Not even a lizard could survive such treatment as this, but the earthworm is, in ability to recover from injuries, almost as much superior to the lizard as the lizard is to us. He grows a new half-body to replace the one which has



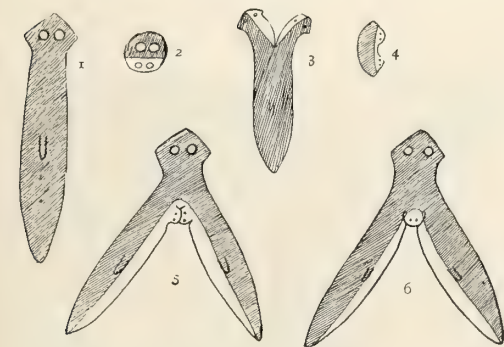
7. Novel form of two heads on one body.
8. Two worms, half new, held together by the tail end.
9. A worm nearly cut apart grew two half-heads at the union.

been devoured, and seems to mind his loss no more than a boy minds having his hair cut.

There are, besides, some snail-like water-worms which quite outdo the earthworms in bearing up against misfortune. If one of these chances to lose his entire head, in a week or so—sometimes in only four or five days—he grows a new one, brain, eyes, and all, and is as well off as ever. Even if a hungry fish gets two bites at him, so that he loses both head and tail, the worm can patch himself out with new members and go about his business as before. They have even been known to get divided into two pieces about equal in size, and each piece grow a new half-body, so that there were two entire worms in place of one.

After this it will easily be guessed that if the head end of the worm happens to be split half-way down he will grow two new sides and become Y-shaped with two heads. Or if the tail end is split new sides grow and a two-tailed worm is made. Sometimes one or two new heads develop close behind the old one in the angle of the Y. Indeed, the little creature seems to have a sort of mania for making new heads and tails wherever he finds a chance. If, therefore, the worm, after receiving several wounds, manages to escape with his life from the cuts which happen to open forward, little heads grow out, and from those opening backward little tails—no doubt greatly to his embarrassment.

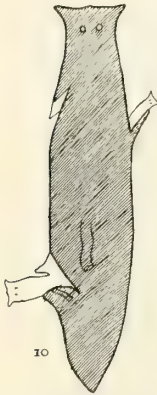
But what of the cut-off heads and tails? Do



1. A worm that had grown a rear half anew.
2. When the worm lost its head, nature put a new head on the rear of the severed head instead of a tail.
3. Two heads on one Y-like body when the head end was split.
4. A side piece that made two new heads at the side.
5 and 6. Two branches of one body (split apart) growing new heads at the upper portion of each branch.

they make new bodies and become whole animals again? Not usually. The severed head seems to become confused, so that it does not know what to do. If it lives it is most apt to produce another head like itself, and change into two heads placed neck to neck so that they look in opposite directions. So, too, the severed tail, equally foolish, doubles itself and becomes two useless tails growing end to end.

But is n't this really quite impossible? A head or a tail or even a half-body cannot get food. If it cannot eat it cannot grow: and that is all there is about it. Well, it is true that a fragment cannot eat. But still it can make the



10. An injury upward near the head developed a new tail, downward a new head. Again another injury (at the lower left) developed head and tail.

new part out of its own tissue. So the animal keeps getting smaller as it becomes more nearly complete, until, when the new part is finished, the whole body may be no more than the tenth part of its proper size. The reconstructed animals are therefore forced to begin life over again like young worms. In time, however, they grow up to full size. When a head end makes a new head instead of a tail, or a tail makes a new tail instead of a head the little creatures must necessarily waste away and die.

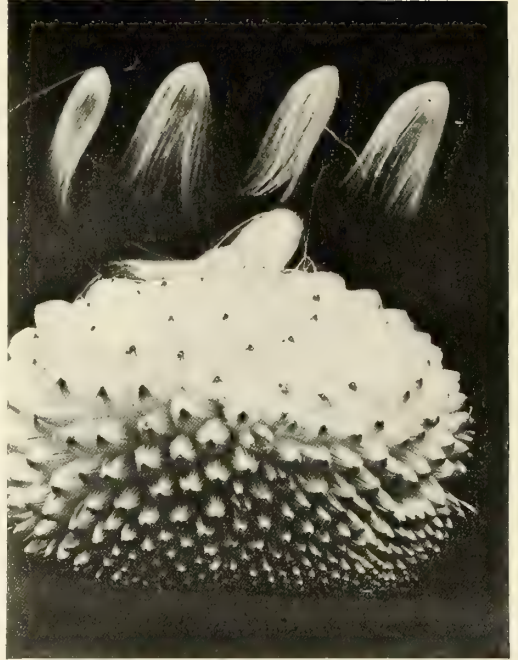
E. T. BREWSTER.

NOTE TO SCIENCE AND NATURE-STUDY TEACHERS.—The statements in this article are based on "Regeneration," by Thomas Hunt Morgan, Professor of Biology in Bryn Mawr College. The editor gratefully acknowledges the permission of his publishers, the Macmillan Company, to make the accompanying illustrations from the sketches in this book.

A THISTLE-SEED POMPON.

THIS snowy flower-like cluster resembling a large Japanese chrysanthemum was picked up in a frosty pasture and treasured for a winter bouquet. The late autumn winds had blown the fairy-like pompon among the brown grass-stems, where it startled its discoverer like a fresh flower after the first snow.

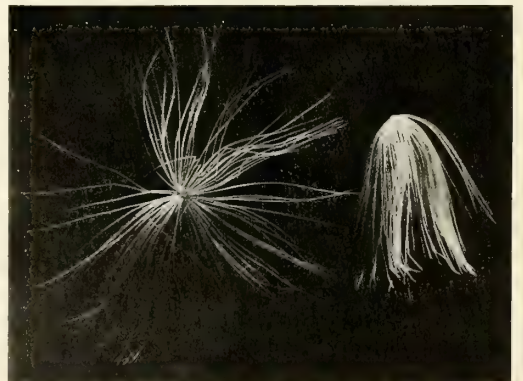
Tufts of pappus breaking loose like cotton balls from the dry thistle involucres scattered over the hillside suggested the source of this wind-blown traveler. Closer examination showed that the withered flower-mass firmly adhered to



THE SNOWY FLOWER-LIKE CLUSTER WITH FOUR TUFTS OF PAPPUS PULLED FROM IT.

the tips of the pappus. The entire bunch was fastened as tightly as if it had been tied with a thread, so that, instead of the seeds floating singly or in star-like clusters over woods and fields, the entire mass of pappus had been freed from its prison at the one time. Sun and wind had evenly expanded each tiny balloon, making a thistle pompon of exquisite beauty.

Undoubtedly Mother Nature first suggested those fluffy globes which the young people fashion from the ripening heads of the thistle and milk-weed pods. These are made, as most of



TWO TUFTS OF THE PAPPUS.



THE THISTLES IN LATE AUTUMN.

you know, by tying the unfolding pappus with thread and hanging the mass to dry in the sun. With wires for stems, these glistening white puffs make an exquisite winter bouquet. W. C. KNOWLES.

WHEN THE BRANCH BREAKS, THE BABY BEETLE WILL FALL.

IF, at almost any time of the year, we walk through the woods where the red, scarlet, black, or pin oaks are growing,—that is, where we find those that ripen their acorns in two seasons, and therefore belong in the pin-oak group,—we shall probably find on the ground fallen branches that vary in size from that of a lead-pencil to that of one's thumb, or even larger. These, at the broken end, appear as if cut away within the wood, so that only a thin portion is left under the bark. Within the rather uneven cut, generally near the center of the growth, is a small hole tightly plugged by the "powder post" of a beetle larva. Split open the branch or twig, when a burrow will be seen, and the little white, soft, hard-jawed

larva that made it will be found, or perhaps the inactive pupa, shown in Fig. 1, the illustration below. The beetle, emerging in the spring or early summer, lays its eggs on the soft twigs of the oak, cutting a slit for the purpose, and depositing a single egg on each selected twig. The tiny larva cuts its way into the soft pith until it reaches the larger branch, where it increases its burrow as it increases its size. After the branch is cut, during the autumn the larva withdraws into its burrow, and plugs up the hole at *p1* (Fig. 2, see next page), so that no enemy can enter when the limb falls. It then continues to eat its way along the branch, and makes another plug (*p2*), and is now nearly full grown. The plugs are a mixture of saliva and of the dust which the larva makes in its burrowing. They are nearly as hard as the wood itself. The larva is thus well protected from the tree-loving woodpeckers, which seldom hunt on the ground, and never scratch among the fallen leaves for food. It becomes a pupa in the cell in front of the



FIG. 1. A branch split open to show the enlarged pupa of the oak-pruner beetle (*Elaphidion vilosum*). The beetle is about five eighths of an inch long.

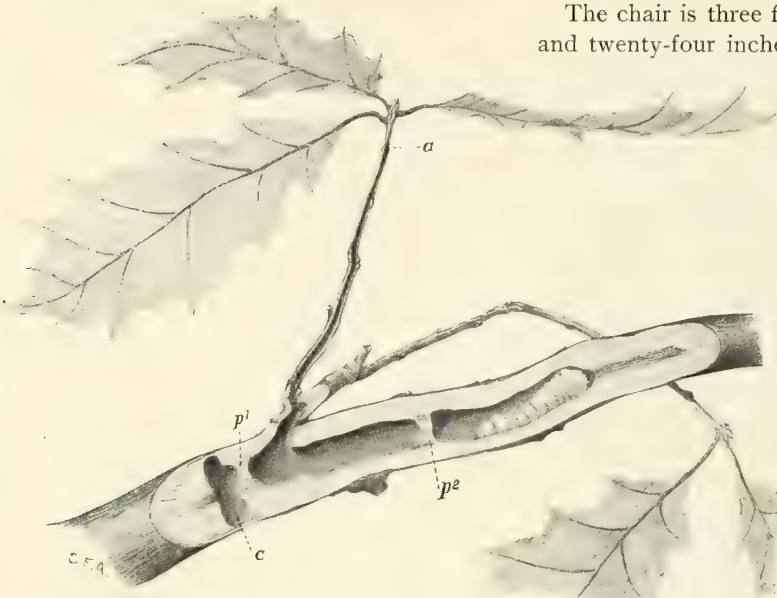


FIG. 2. Red-oak branch and twig, cut open to show the burrow of the oak-pruner larva. *a*, where the egg was deposited; *c*, where the branch was cut nearly off; *p1*, first powder-post plug; *p2*, second plug.

second powder-post plug, and when the beetle is ready to come out it cuts its way through both plugs and enters the great world, where it visits other oaks of the right kind, lays its eggs on the selected twigs, and the round of development again begins. S. FRANK AARON.

AN ARM-CHAIR THAT GREW FROM A SEED.

THE accompanying photograph illustrates a chair that grew from a seed. This curious piece of furniture was discovered in a Korean garden by the captain of a trading-vessel, who purchased it and brought it to America. It is now in the private collection of Mr. T. P. Lukens in Pasadena, California.

The Korean who owned the garden planted the seed of a ginkgo-tree. When the seed sprouted and grew, the clever Korean trained each twig and branch. He bound them into the desired shape with strong ropes, and the huge knots shown in the photograph are the result of this discipline. He worked with great patience, attending to his task as a mother watches and cares for her child. At the end of twenty years the chair was well formed. Then he chopped it from the main branches on which it had grown in curious gnarled forms during its years of training.

The chair is three feet four inches in height and twenty-four inches in width. The wood, which is as hard as oak, is golden brown in color, and since the bark has been removed has taken on a fine polish. Some of the knots that formed between the binding ropes are twenty-one inches in diameter. Though the chair has a lumpy appearance, it is fairly comfortable.

HELEN L. JONES.

Curiosities in canes and various forms of rustic woodwork are often made by wood-choppers, basketmakers, and others by bending, tying, and girdling small trees or shrubs.



THE ARM-CHAIR THAT GREW FROM A SEED.

"BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW"

????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York.

OFTEN MISTAKEN FOR A HUMMING-BIRD.

ABINGTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me the name of this insect? I have caught them in the garden, in the



MOST COMMON HUMMING-BIRD MOTH.

daytime, on the phlox and verbenas. They never light on the flowers, but keep their wings going like a humming-bird.

Yours truly,

MORRIS H. MERRITT.

Several sphinx-moths, from their habit of hovering over flowers with wings in rapid motion, are frequently mistaken for humming-birds. Perhaps the variety most entitled to the name humming-bird moth is the *Hemaris thysbe*, or "clear-wing" sphinx. The accompanying illustration shows the specimen sent with this letter.

DO FISH SLEEP?

OSSINING, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have an aquarium which I keep in my room. Several times when I have gone to bed, upon lighting my gas I have noticed that for a few moments the fish lie perfectly still almost on the bottom, with the fins under their gills and their tails rigid on the bottom. What I wish to know is, if they are asleep or only dazed by the sudden light.

Your faithful reader,

JOHN T. GOURY (age 14).

This question has been asked a great many times, but has never been exactly settled by any scientific investigation. What is probably true is that while fishes do not have a distinct period of unconsciousness, sharply defined, as

in the higher animals, their resting on the bottom serves the same purpose as sleep. Perhaps we may say that fishes are sleepy at some times and at other times they are wide awake. I suggest that your correspondent investigate this matter more fully for himself. He may be able to tell something which the naturalists do not know.

DAVID STARR JORDAN, *President.*

Leland Stanford Junior University.

QUEER GROWTH FROM A HICKORY-NUT.

ALBANY, Mo.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This peculiar specimen we chanced to come across in a secluded and not used cellar. The rats had carried the hickory-nuts in the cellar, and had, I believe, eaten the greater part of the nut. I don't know what made the hair, and I became real interested to find out. We found almost a quart of nuts with this apparent hair growing from them. Can you tell me what this is and the cause for it?

Your interested friend,

OPAL CRANOR.

This very interesting growth is a fungus known scientifically as *Phycomyces nitens*. It belongs to the fungi which are known as the mucors or bread molds. You can easily obtain mucor by putting a piece of bread or other starchy substance in a moist place. This *Phy-*



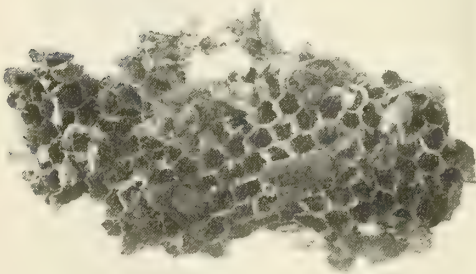
THE FUNGUS GROWTHS FROM THE HICKORY NUTS.

comyces which you send prefers an oily material, such as the edible portion of the walnut within the shell, but it can also, like other mucors, be cultivated on bread and potatoes. Sometimes the growth reaches a foot in length, resembling glossy black hair.

EXPERIMENTING WITH HORNETS.

MONROE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While making a recent visit with my uncle and aunt, I was walking around and I noticed a lot of hornets flying in and out of a hollow tree, but I did not think much about it for the rest of



PIECE OF NEST AND HORNETS

(Photographed from specimen sent by Master Millington.)

the day. A few days later we smoked them out and got the tree on fire inside. While putting it out I got some nests, pupæ, larvæ, and live hornets, which I put in a box. The hornets fed the larvæ, and I watched them, and in a short time several hatched out and a good many are ready to come out.

When I got the hornets, I put on gloves, and to tame them I put them under a glass with some nest, and in a short time they were quite tame. When I want to handle them, I take them by the wings; but this I very seldom do. I inclose two hornets, also a piece of nest.

Please tell me something about hornets.

Your interested reader,
N. CALDWELL MILLINGTON (age 9).

These *Vespas*, for such we name the hornets, as well as the "yellow-jacket" wasps, are dangerous, and the ease with which you handled them is remarkable. You were aided somewhat by the season of the year. In the autumn they are not so fierce as in the summer, but become quite sluggish. Usually, however, they regain activity when brought into a warm room.



"HE WALKED INSTEAD OF HOPPING."

A TOAD THAT WALKED.

CANTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the warm summer evenings I used to go down on the sidewalk and catch toads and bring them up on to the front porch. One of them we named "Uncle Jerry." He walked instead of hopping. He did not like to jump off the front porch. He walked up and down the front porch, hunting for a low place to jump off. All the other toads jumped off without hesitation. After a while he went down one of the porch steps and looked off to see whether it was low enough to jump off. He thought it was not low enough, so he jumped down to the next step, and there waited. He was very large. I found him every evening in the same place for a long time. Why did he walk instead of hop? Was it because he was old?

MARY MERRILL FOSTER (age 10).

I have also observed that a large bullfrog kept for several weeks in my vivarium seemed to dislike to jump, perhaps because it required less effort to walk than to jump. The smaller



"HE WENT DOWN ONE OF THE PORCH STEPS
AND LOOKED OFF."

species of frogs always jumped when touched. Walking is easier than jumping, and the big old fellows take the easiest way when they can. My big frog could also climb.

Your letter points out a marked characteristic of the toad (and I may add that the same was true of my big frog)—its caution. Young frogs and smaller species of frogs seem to have but little, if any, caution. They jump recklessly, often alighting many feet below their starting-point. Common turtles also lack caution. They will crawl off anything, even if it be an upper veranda-floor, without taking forethought as to their probable landing-place. They seem to trust to luck in this respect.



(*Purpura lapillus*.)

SOME CAPE ANN SHELLS.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Just after a storm at low tide is the best time to collect shells on the beach. Then, if at any time, the rare shells are found. On the beaches of Cape Ann one may collect between twenty-five and thirty different specimens in an afternoon.

Among the most common sea-shells are the *Mya arenaria*, called the common clam, which is found in great abundance on the mud flats, and the *Purpura lapillus* and *Littorina litorea*, found in large quantities clinging to the rocks at low water.

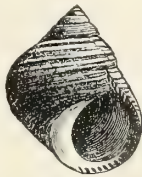
Those that are rarely found are the *Pandora trilineata*, which is a small, pearly shell, and the *Thracia conradi*, having a very beautiful shell, both bivalves.



REMARKABLE FLAT SHELL.
(*Pandora trilineata*.)

at the slightest disturbance it will instantly disappear, leaving behind nothing but the smooth sand.

All shell animals are very sensitive to noise, quickly closing their shells if they hear any sound. It is almost impossible to remove a shell from the rock to which it is clinging without injuring it. Not only do shells live on the rocks, but they are found beneath stones, among seaweed, and burying in sand and mud. By using a dredge one may get live specimens of shells found in frag-



SHELL OF A PERIWINKLE.
(*Littorina litorea*.)



LITTLE BOAT-SHELL.
(*Crepidula*.)

ments only upon the beach. Very few large shells are found about Cape Ann, while a great many are so small that they can hardly be seen.

One hundred and eight different specimens, including only about ten known fresh-water and land shells, have been collected on Cape Ann.

When an animal outgrows his shell he enlarges the same by building it out with a fluid with which nature has provided him. Shells are divided into two classes: those which consist of one part, often assuming a spiral shape, called the *Gasteropoda*, and those consisting of two parts, called the *Acephala*.

The shells belonging to the *Gasteropoda* are much more abundant than those belonging to the *Acephala*, but as a rule they are usually smaller. The *Crepidula plana* has a very queer habit of living within the shell of a natica, and is rarely found clinging to a rock, while the *Crepidula fornicata* is never found within a shell, but always on a rock.

MARJORIE C. NEWELL.

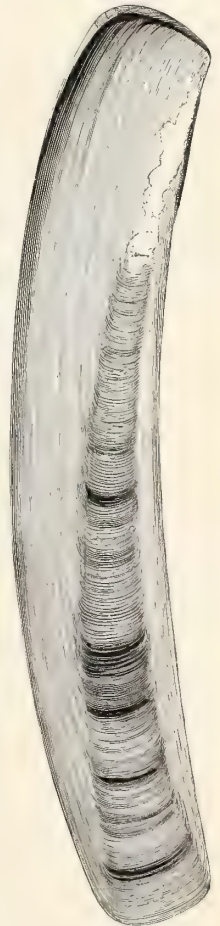
A liberal supply of the specimens collected on the beach was sent to the editor of the Nature and Science department. The accompanying illustrations show a few of the many kinds.

This letter shows that the writer is a true nature-lover. She evidently has the ability to see things, a desire to collect and to know more about them, and an appreciation of the beautiful.

Will some of our young folks please write to us about fresh-water and land shells they have seen?



SHELL OF COMMON MARINE SNAIL.
(*Polynices heros*.)



THE RAZOR-SHELL.
(*Solen ensis*.)

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY JOHN ANDREW ROSS, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

THE contributions for January have been somewhat unusual in the proportions of the different sorts received. Usually we have far more prose offerings than verse, sometimes more than of all the other kinds. This month we have fewer prose contributions than verse and more of drawings than of any other sort. This is probably due to the nature of the subjects recently given. Young people find it rather hard to write of historical things, especially of such countries as Russia and Japan, whose histories have not been generally taught in our schools. Yet these two countries and all matters relating to them have been of great interest during the past year, and such contributions as we have received from League members have been most attractive to League readers, and of course we must consider these as well as the competitors. This time, however, we will depart from the historical for the fireside, and our young writers may tell us the adventures and deeds of their favorite cats, or cats of their acquaintance, or that have belonged to friends and families. The editor is sure that there are not many

League members who do not know at least one interesting cat story, and of course it is only the very interesting ones that should be sent in. Don't think it worth while to send any little incident of every-day cat life, the first that pops into your mind, but some striking episode, something that you will remember, yourself, as long as you live. It may be of any sort, grave, gay, pathetic, even tragic, but it should be unusual, and told in a clear, simple manner. Such stories are the ones which command attention and win the prizes.

The League editor is a confiding and trustful person, and there are a great many things which he does not know. This has been proved more than once by his acceptance of work which was not original (even when so indorsed), but was copied from something which almost every one in the world but he seemed to know about. Yet there are a few stray bits of knowledge which he has picked up along the path of years, and one of these is the ability to tell a photograph that has been taken from a print instead of from an object. He does not boast of this knowledge. Almost any child has it, and the wonder is that any League member, even a very



"MY PLAYMATE." BY ELLA E. PRESTON, AGE 16.
(GOLD BADGE.)

young one, should send in a photograph that has been copied from a print, offering it as original work. One D. R., whose age is sixteen, sends a picture of a moose which he is supposed to have met somewhere in the woods, and the picture is carefully indorsed as "original" in D. R.'s own handwriting. Of course he may have met this animal in the woods and photographed him there, but if so, he had a copy of a favorite magazine with him, for the photograph is from a magazine page—even the League editor can tell that; and while this is not the first time that such a contribution has been offered, the editor hopes it will be the last time he will be obliged to refer to it in the League pages, because, being a modest-minded man, and remembering the times he has been fooled in the past, he hates even to seem to appear proud of his knowledge now. He also hates very much indeed to think that any member of the League should try to win a prize in a manner so wholly unfair, not to say dishonest, which is a word that should have no place in this department.

PRIZE WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 61.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Beulah H. Ridgeway** (age 15), 574 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gold badges, **Ruth Peirce Getchell** (age 16), 8 Linden St., Worcester, Mass., and **Edith J. Minaker** (age 13), Gladstone, Manitoba, Canada.

Silver badges, **Lewis S. Combes** (age 8), 47 Highland St., Amesbury, Mass., and **Katharine Marble Sherwood** (age 13), 2123 Ashland Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Prose. Gold badges, **Hazel V. Hange** (age 13), 35 Tompkins St., Cleveland, Ohio, and **Dorothy Cooke** (age 14), Briggs Ave., Richmond Hill, Long Island, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Mary Budd Pepper** (age 11), Madison, Me., and **Dorothy Bedell** (age 11), 1 W. 94th St., New York City.

Drawing. Gold badge, **Ella E. Preston** (age 16), 1322 Fulton Ave., Davenport, Ia.

Silver badges, **S. F. McNeill** (age 14), 605 Jessie St., San Francisco, Cal., and **Jacky Hayne** (age 8), San Mateo, Cal.

Photography. Gold badges, **Roland P. Carr** (age 16), 338 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass., and **Arthur J. White** (age 14), 3329 Powelton Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Kathryn Bingham** (age 10), 440 West End Ave., New York City, and **Fred Klein** (age 16), 610 E. 9th St., New York City.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Deer," by **Edward J. Dimock** (age 14), 907 N. Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J. Second prize, "Robin's Nest," by **James Donald McCutcheon** (age 10), Bemus

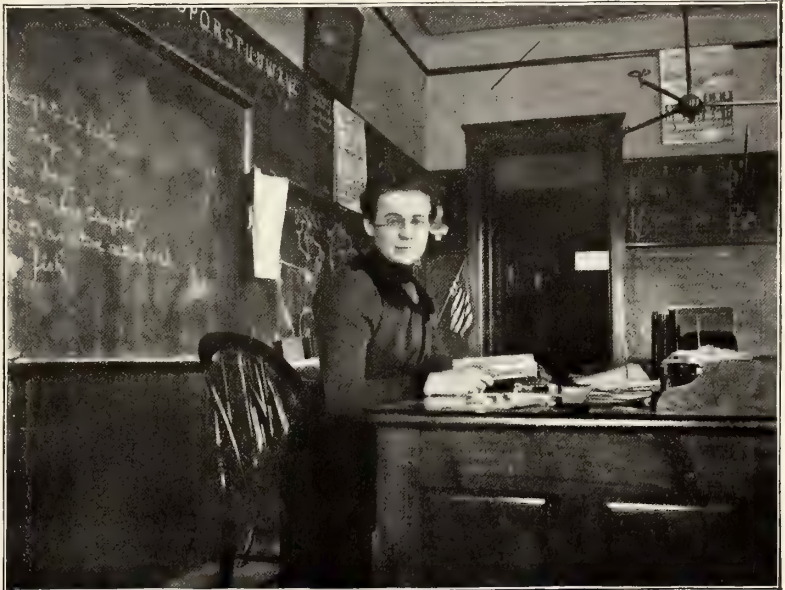
Point, N. Y. Third prize, "Shark," by **Heyliger de Windt** (age 14), Milton, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Katharine King** (age 13), 624 S. 9th St., Minneapolis, Minn., and **Elinor Colby** (age 13), Holly Oak, Delaware.

Silver badges, **Estelle Ellison** (age 15), 60 Prospect Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Harry W. Hazard, Jr.** (age 13), 16 W. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Elizabeth D. Lord** (age 14), 1214 Elk St., Franklin, Pa.

Silver badge, **Marguerite Hyde** (age 11), 68 Dagmar St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.



"SCHOOL-DAYS." BY ROLAND P. CARR, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

A LEGEND OF JAPAN.*

BY DOROTHY COOKE (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

PRINCE FIRE-SUBSIDE and Prince Fire-Shine were brothers. The former was a hunter of great repute, and the latter a fisherman. Once Fire-Subside proposed changing employments, to which his brother readily agreed. Success did not follow the younger brother, and one day he lost his hook. Fire-Shine immediately desired the return of trades, and, on being told his hook had been lost, became very angry. The unlucky brother broke his sword into thousands of pieces and offered them to Fire-Shine, but he would not accept them.

While the unfortunate boy was crying by the water-side the deity Salt-Possessor appeared, and, on being told the cause of his grief, instructed him as follows: First building him a boat, she told him to sail until he came to a castle made of fishes' scales. By the well would be a cassia-tree, up into which he was to climb.

Following her directions with a thankful heart, he reached the castle and mounted the tree. Soon some young girls appeared that drew water from the well. He requested a drink, and on receiving it, dropped one of his jewels into it. The girls carried it to the castle

* Several versions of this legend were received. Two have been selected for use and prize awards.

and presented it to the Sea-Deity, who came out and recognized Prince Fire-Subside.

The Sea-Deity invited him to the castle, where he remained and married the king's daughter. Three years he lived without regret, but one morning his wife told her father that, on the night before, he had heaved a deep sigh. Her father inquired into it, and the prince told his trouble.

The royal father-in-law gathered all the fishes of the sea together, and asked if any had swallowed the hook. They declared that the *tai* had complained of an unpleasant feeling in his throat. He was summoned, and on being examined the desired object was found.

Then the Sea-Deity gave the prince two jewels, which commanded the ebb and flow of the tide, and set him on the head of a crocodile, instructing that animal to take him safely home.

Fire-Subside returned the hook to his brother, but the ungrateful Fire-Shine still had hatred in his heart, and attempted to kill Fire-Subside. The prince immediately threw out the flow-tide jewel. The waters closed in and would have drowned the malignant prince had not his supplications been heard and the ebb-tide jewel been replaced in the waters. Fire-Shine fell at the feet of Fire-Subside and pledged his allegiance and protection, by night and day, forever.



"SCHOOL-DAYS." BY ARTHUR J. WHITE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

A WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY BEULAH H. RIDGEWAY (AGE 15).

(Cash Prize.)

SUCH a happy little fellow, with a merry roguish way,
Came the New Year o'er our pathway, just a year ago
to-day!

While, through all the nations ringing, pealed the bells
out o'er and o'er:

"Welcome, happy, happy New Year! Welcome, Year
of Nineteen Four!"

No one heard the springtime coming, for she walked
with noiseless tread

Over field and through the woodland where her dainty
footsteps led.

It was only from the robin, and his chirp so shrill and
clear,

That we heard the gladsome tidings, "Spring is here!
Oh, spring is here!"

Summer followed, crowned with flowers: roses pink
and white and red

Blossomed all along her pathway; garlands wreathed
her pretty head.

Ah! the days were long and sunny, and the year was
in his prime,

And the world was full of beauty in the lovely sum-
mer-time.

Then came autumn, with his reapers, and his sheaves
of yellow grain,

While the goldenrod abounded in the wood and field
and lane.

All the leaves, their garments changing, dressed in
crimson and in gold;

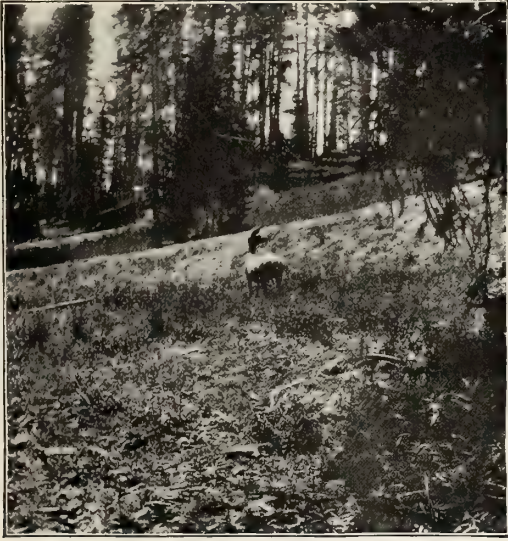
Shorter were the days and chilly, for the year was
growing old.

Soon the brooklets ceased their babbling, and the
branches all were bare;

Ice and snow were all around us, keen and biting was
the air.



"SCHOOL-DAYS." BY FRED KLEIN, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



"DEER." BY EDWARD J. DIMOCK, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

Crowned with mistletoe and holly, winter stood before us then,
And we heard the Christmas anthem, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Now the Old Year's life is ended, and the New Year takes his place,
With his courage high within him, and a smile upon his face;
And let every man and woman, every girl and boy alive,
Give a merry, hearty welcome to the Year of Nineteen Five!

AN EPISODE IN JAPANESE HISTORY.

BY HAZEL V. HANGE (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

ONE day, in 1854, an American fleet sailed into the harbor of Tokio, the capital of the fair island-empire of Japan. This greatly alarmed the Japanese, for as much as they dreaded all Europeans, they considered Americans as the worst of barbarians.

But Commodore Perry, captain of the fleet, soon calmed their fears by making a treaty with the Emperor which opened the ports of Japan to all the civilized world. He brought with him a miniature steam-engine and a train of cars as a present to the Japanese Emperor. It was a great novelty to our yellow-skinned neighbors, for they had never seen a locomotive before.

And when Commodore Perry laid the track and put the train on it in the palace courtyard, all the high officials of the empire turned out to see it run. Many of the most dignified men of the empire threw themselves sprawling upon the tops of the cars,

and in that most ridiculous position went whirling around the courtyard of the palace! They were pleased with their ride, and others took one in the same way.

Perry also presented the Emperor with a telegraph system, and thus steam power and electricity were introduced into fair Japan, the land of chrysanthemums. This little episode of the steam-engine made Japan and the United States firm friends, and thus they have remained.

May that peace never be broken!

A WELCOME TO THE SUN.

BY RUTH PEIRCE GETCHELL (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

THE sun behind a cloud has disappeared,
A sullen gray lies over earth and sky;
The flowers that were so bright have darker grown;
The brook, now cold and drear, runs murmuring by.

Before it was a laughing brook that ran
Sparkling and dancing as it glided past;
But now the water that was glittering gold
Reflects the darkened sky and holds it fast.



"ROBIN'S NEST." BY JAMES DONALD MCCUTCHEON, AGE 10. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

The birds that sang have stopped, the woods are still;
No shadows stretch their forms among the trees.

The woodchuck and the squirrel seek their homes;
The grasses bend and quiver in the breeze.

The cloud has passed, again the sun shines forth;
All earth is turned from darkened gray to gold.

The brook now glistening runs its merry way
And sings the song that never will be old.

A cheerful heart among this world of men

May, like the sun, send forth a shining ray,
To change to light where darkening clouds have been,
To cheer, to warm, to strengthen through the day.



"SHARK." BY HEYLIGER DE WINDT, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

A WELCOME.

BY EDITH J. MINAKER (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

THE rugged mountains, grand, sublime,
 With rocky sides none e'er could climb,
 And snowy peaks above the sky,
 Where some old eagle, soaring high,
 May nearly reach the lofty
 height,
 And then descend with strong,
 swift flight;

The boundless stretch of prairie
 grass
 Which waves and rustles as you
 pass,
 And whispers to the roving
 breeze,
 Or to the birds and flowers and
 trees,
 Or to the river deep and blue,
 That winds the fertile prairie
 through;

These call across the land and
 sea:
 "A welcome waits, mankind, for
 thee;
 Though you will rob our prai-
 ries wide,
 The rocky mountain's rugged
 side,
 And hew away the forests
 grand,
 And shear the beauty from the
 land,

Yet we will yield you golden grain,
 Helped by the sunshine and the rain;
 And we are rich in mineral store,
 Our bounties on you we will pour.
 We'll help you better lives to live,
 For what were living but to give?



"SCHOOL-DAYS." BY GERTRUDE M. HOWLAND, AGE 12.
 (HONOR MEMBER.)

WELCOME.

BY LEWIS S. COMBES (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge.)

WELCOME to the New Year,
 Good-by to the old;
 Bring us some more good times
 Coasting in the cold.

Welcome to the springtime,
 With the birdies fair;
 You will hear them singing,
 Flying in the air.

Welcome to the summer,
 With vacation play;
 Running, jumping, swimming,
 All the sunny day.

Welcome to the autumn;
 Jack Frost comes at night
 Shaking down the chestnuts,
 Painting leaves so bright.

Welcome, welcome, welcome!
 All the pleasant year;
 Thank you for the good things
 That have brought us cheer.

THE HEROISM OF
YOSHIDA SHOIN.BY MARY BUDD PEPPER
(AGE 11).*(Silver Badge.)*

DURING the administration of
 President Fillmore the United
 States wished to open commerce
 with Japan. So war-ships were

sent under command of Captain Perry, carrying a gold
 box with a letter in it, asking for the ports to be open
 to the United States.

On April 8, 1854, the American squadron, the *Susque-
 hanna* leading, entered Yedo Bay. The people were
 panic-stricken, but they soon found that the errand of
 the ships was a peaceful one.

It was while the squadron lay in Yedo Bay that, one
 morning, about two o'clock, the officer of the mid-watch
 on the *Mississippi* heard voices beside the boat, and,
 looking down, he saw two young boys climbing up the
 ladder.

Without understanding a word they said, he knew
 they wanted to remain on board the ship, so he took
 them to the commander of the flag-ship.

The boys told him that they wished to be taken to
 America and to learn more about the world. He was
 friendly with the government of Japan, and although
 he would have liked to take the boys with him, he
 knew the Japanese were not allowed to leave their
 country, and it would be considered an unfriendly act.
 So, in spite of the protests of the boys, who said they
 would be beheaded, they were sent back.

The boys were put in prison and sentenced to be be-
 headed in five years. One of the boys, whose name
 was Yoshida Shoin, was turned over to the lord of his
 clan to be cared for.

He was friendly to the boy, and gave him a cottage
 under the pines, where he gathered together all the
 boys of his clan, and taught them, or, as one of the
 boys afterward said: "He did not exactly teach us,
 but he gave himself out to us."

"SCHOOL-DAYS - THE RUNAWAY." BY KATHRYN
 BINGHAM, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)



"NATURE'S SCHOOL." BY MARIANNA LIPPINCOTT, AGE 14.

Marquis Ito, the greatest statesman of Japan, was the caretaker of that school, and Kido Koin, the greatest mechanical genius of Japan, was the elder of the boys.

Five years from that time Yoshida Shoin was taken outside the gates of Yedo and beheaded, and where he fell there is a shrine, visited by many people.

WELCOME TO WINTER.

BY KATHARINE MARBLE SHERWOOD (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WELCOME to the winter days,
With the piercing cold and snow;
Welcome to the keen, bright air,
And the winds that round us blow.

Welcome to the tinkling bells,
And the skaters' merry cry;
Welcome to the joyous shouts
Of the coasters speeding by.

Welcome to the winter days,
Bringing glad some Christmas cheer;
Welcome to the glorious time
When is born the blithe New Year.

A JAPANESE LEGEND.

BY DOROTHY BEDELL (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE Japanese believe that one of the ancestors of their race is a god. Here is a legend telling the story of his children.

When this god was sent to Japan by his mother, he married a beautiful woman. Two children were born to them.

Both of these children were boys: the eldest was Prince Light-the-Fire, and the youngest, Prince Put-the-Fire-Out.

Light-the-Fire was a great fisherman and Put-the-Fire-Out was a great hunter.

One day, however, they thought they would like a change. So Light-the-Fire took his brother's gun, and Put-the-Fire-Out took the rod. He went to the river,

baited his hook, and threw the line in. In a little time he got a bite, but the fish was strong and got away with the hook in his mouth. So Put-the-Fire-Out went home and told his brother he would give him five hooks for the one he had lost. When his brother found out that he had lost the hook he was very angry, and said he would not take a thousand fish-hooks for that one; and then he said never to let him see him again until he brought the hook back.

This made Put-the-Fire-Out very sad, so he wandered to the sea-shore and plunged in, thinking to go to Father Neptune and get the hook back. However, when he got to Neptune's palace, he had such a good time he forgot all about the hook for two or three years; then he remembered it, and asked Neptune to help him.

So Neptune called all the fishes together, and found the hook in the mouth of one. The prince put it in his pocket and started for home. Before he went he received two crystal balls from Neptune's wife. One, if dropped in the water, would make the water rise until he dropped in the other ball, which would make it recede.

When he got home he took his brother to the river,



"INDIAN SCHOOL-DAYS." BY GEORGE GRADY, AGE 12.

and there gave him the fish-hook. Instead of being pleased, his brother was going to kill him, when Put-the-Fire-Out dropped one ball in the water, and the water rose and rose until it was up to Light-the-Fire's neck; then he was frightened, and begged so, the prince dropped the other ball, and both lived happy ever after.

WELCOME.

BY ALICE KNOWLES (AGE 9).

HERE we are at the dear old farm,
Out of the city, out of harm;
All our friends we now shall meet,
Awaiting our glad return to greet.

"Welcome, welcome!" ticks the clock;

"Welcome, welcome!" crows the cock.

Here we are at the dear old farm.
We're out of the city, out of harm.



"SCHOOL-DAYS." BY LOUISE TATE, AGE 13.



ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY W. CLINTON BROWN, AGE 15. (HONOR MEMBER.)

Gathering their small navy of only forty vessels, they directed them into the very midst of the Tartars, and as the reaper mows down the waving grain, so the little force spread death and destruction on all sides. The confused Tartars sank their own ships, believing the enemy to be messengers from the gods who wished their fleet to be destroyed. And their weird death-song intermingled with the shouts of victory from the triumphant Japanese, for the Mikado's empire was delivered from the greatest catastrophe that ever threatened it up to that time.

AN INCIDENT IN JAPANESE HISTORY.

BY ROBERT PAUL WALSH (AGE 14).

TOWARD the close of a fine autumnal day, in the early part of the fifteenth century, the sun, as it sank behind the horizon, was shedding its last golden rays on the lovely sea of Japan. Not a ripple murmured over its emerald surface, not a soul stirred in the little fishing-town, now the port of Nagasaki, except a wiry Japanese guard who was climbing up a bamboo watch-tower to take in the surrounding country.

As he shifted his eyes toward the sea, they met a spectacle the like of which he had never seen before: the water, about five miles outward, was literally covered with sails. Instead of strutting down the streets, and crying in a careless, unconcerned way, "All 's well!" he hoisted the danger-lantern up the high mast, till it hung directly under the banner of the virtuous Mikado.

The little town was now all excitement—the men-at-arms hurrying to their quarters, and the sailors to their ships; the commander's horn blowing, and the patriotic inhabitants preparing provisions for their countrymen. And what was it all about? The fact that the sons of Tamerlane, who had lately conquered China, were casting jealous eyes toward their little island-empire had been previously rumored to the Japanese. The truth of this was now flashed upon them by a veritable Armada of well-nigh two thousand white-winged vessels, contrasted with a force of fast-gathering black clouds.

The ever-dauntless Japanese, far from despairing, massed their small army, and their navy of about sixty-five junks and fishing-smacks, determined to defend their homes until death.

By night a fearful typhoon sprang up, creating havoc everywhere. The enemy's fleet was scattered right and left.

Now the plucky men of Japan made a bold strike.

A WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR.

BY MARY TRAVIS HEWARD (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

THE year is dead! so let him die—

All tales must have their ending!

Full cold he lies! so let him lie—

His life has had its spending.

The stars are gone; the sky's a cloud;

Come, weave the snowflakes for his shroud.

The mournful winds have rung his knell,

And all the woods are sighing,

And all the small earth-voices tell

How the Old Year lies dying.

The white moon wanders, sorrowing,

And weeps above her fallen king.

But hark! a whisper in the air,

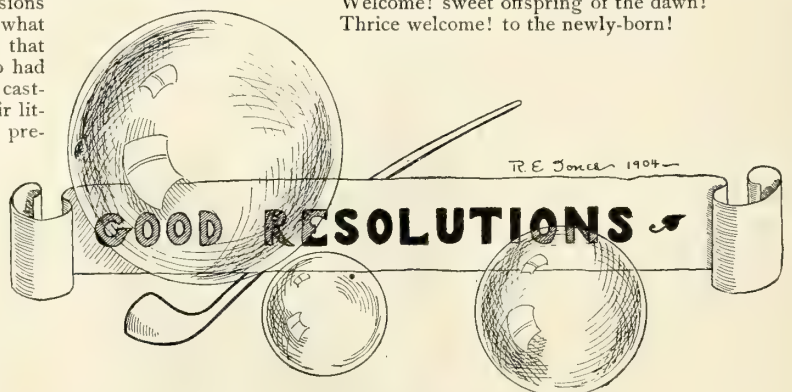
A stir, and then a flutter,

As if the wonder wakening there

Were more than worlds could utter.

Welcome! sweet offspring of the dawn!

Thrice welcome! to the newly-born!



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY R. E. JONES, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

See! rosy with the rose of youth,

And heralded with laughter,

The New Year! girded with the truth

Of joy that shall come after.

Awake! ye chimes, and o'er the blue

"Ring out the old, ring in the new!"

WELCOME.

BY RUTH GREENOAK LYON (AGE 13).

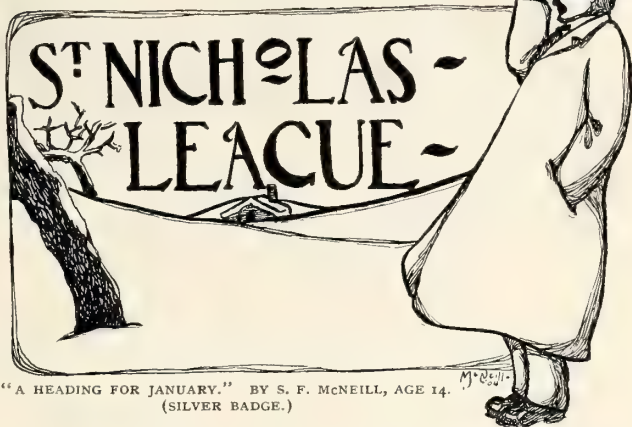
(Honor Member.)

WELCOME to the fall's returning,
When the bonfires bright are burning,
And our lessons we are learning
Once again.

We are tired of summer's leisure;
In our books we now take pleasure,
And enjoyment, in some measure,
In our pen.

And we plan for winter's coasting,
As our apples we are roasting,
And marshmallows we are toasting
Round the fire.

Welcome, then, to autumn cheery!
Who can ever think it dreary?
Who of it can ever weary,
Ever tire?



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY S. F. McNEILL, AGE 14.
(SILVER BADGE.)

A JAPANESE EPISODE.

BY PAULINE HAMILTON FREEMAN (AGE 13).

In the present population of Japan there are two distinct races, the Ainos and the Japanese. Of the former there is only a small number, now remaining in Yezo and Ishikari. The Ainos are probably the original race. The origin of the term Aino is unknown, but the Japanese believe it is derived from *inu*, meaning a dog, and was bestowed on them in contempt. The name is not used by the Ainos themselves, but Yezo is used by them instead. They are very odd, and many stories are told about them.



"A CALIFORNIA JANUARY TAILPIECE." BY JACKY HAYNE,
AGE 8. (SILVER BADGE.)

In their rude superstitions, the bear seems to have a singular part. Whether their traditions concerning this animal had their origin in some earlier fear of the bear as a ferocious neighbor, it is impossible to determine. In every community the men capture, each spring, a young cub, which they bring home. It is guarded with great care and is fed upon milk. When it is too old to be further fed in this way, it is confined in a bear-cage provided for the purpose. Then, in the autumn of the following year, the grand bear festival is held. At an appointed signal the door of the cage is opened, and the bear, which has been infuriated by hunger and teasing attacks, rushes out. The assembled hunters rush upon him with bows and arrows, clubs and knives, and after an exciting struggle despatch him. The carcass is cut in pieces and distributed among the families of the community, who feast upon it with great delight.

Mingled with this rough and exciting scene is much saké-drinking. This is one accomplishment which they have learned from the Japanese. The men are all confirmed saké-drinkers, and both men and women persistent smokers. Of the meaning and object of this bear feast the Ainos themselves are ignorant. It goes back to a period beyond their present traditions. Whether it has in it an element of bear worship it is impossible to learn.

A WELCOME TO THE SEASONS.

BY FRANCES HODGES (AGE 11).

SWEET voices fill the air,
'T is a welcoming song they sing;
We hear them everywhere —
They are welcoming in the spring.

Another welcome now we hear,
But of the same glad tune;
Something is coming, 't is very near —
Summer will be here soon.

Summer is past and gone;
The voices, we hear them all,
Singing the same glad song —
They are ushering in the fall.

Hear the north wind blow!
The voices again are singing;
Something is coming along the snow —
'T is winter that they are bringing.

A JAPANESE EPISODE.

BY MARGARET DOW (AGE 12).

ONCE on a time there were twin brothers. Now, that sounds like a fairy story, does n't it? But this is going to be a true story that I am going to tell you.

Well, the father of these two brothers was the Emperor of Japan, and so these men were princes.

After a while their father died, and then there was a great commotion. Of course, there always is when a great man dies; but this was unusually interesting. Which brother would be emperor?

If they had been men common to that time,



"MY PLAYMATE." BY KATHERINE WALSH, AGE 13.



"A HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY ARCHIE MACKINNON, AGE 13.

they would have plunged all Japan into a great civil war, and this was what Japan was afraid of.

But these two wise men decided on a strange way of settling the question.

The Japanese, as you probably know, are great wrestlers. Their muscles are like steel, so strong and springy. The twin princes hired the champion wrestlers of the country, and had them wrestle it out! And, still more strange, they stuck to their bargain.

I can't tell you which one won, because I don't know myself.

WELCOME TO WINTER.

BY CATHARINE H. STRAKER (AGE 12).

(Honor Member.)

HURRAH, for the winter, the snow, and the ice,
The sledging, the skating, and all that is nice!
We've passed our lessons, exams and their fears;
So now for vacation and Christmas — three cheers!

Summer is lovely, with sun and with heat;
Spring is inviting, with flowers so sweet;
Autumn is beauteous, the leaves are so gay;
But winter is coming — so hip, hip, hurray!

All seasons have beauties, whether sunny or drear,
But they pass very quickly, and others are here.
Let's enjoy the cold winter and snow while they
last,
And then welcome the sunshine and spring when
they're past.

Hurrah, for the winter, the snow, and the ice,
The sledging, the skating, and all that is nice!

AN EPISODE IN JAPAN.

BY D. WALKER (AGE 14).

In the twelfth century a bitter civil war was raging in Japan between the two great clans or families of Minamoto and Taira. When peace had been proclaimed and the family of Taira had been victorious, Kiyomori, the head of the Taira family, raised himself to a pinnacle of nepotism and patronage. All the Minamoto, therefore, at the head of whom was Yoshimoto, conspired to overthrow the arrogant Kiyomori. They were, however, detected. Yoshimoto was at once put to death. His young wife, Tokiwa, and his three children were able to escape, and fled across the country in the hope of saving themselves from Kiyomori.

One day Tokiwa, with her three boys, one of whom

she carried in her arms, was seeking some refuge. It was bitterly cold, the snow was falling fast, and the children were crying with hunger and fatigue. In this forlorn condition they were met by one of the Taira officers. He was so moved by the sight of Tokiwa's great beauty that he took them to a place of shelter, where they might live in comfort. One day, however, the sad news was brought that the mother of Tokiwa had been taken captive by Kiyomori. Now, from their earliest childhood the Japanese are taught to hold their parents in the greatest respect, so that Tokiwa thought that she ought at once to give herself up to Kiyomori and obtain her mother's release. But when she considered that this step would probably result in the death of her innocent children, her heart failed within her. At last, however, she decided to surrender herself to Kiyomori and trust that her beauty would move him to pity. Fortunately, what she had anticipated came to pass. The tyrant Kiyomori was softened by her beauty, and promised to spare her and her children if she would become his wife. She consented and was spared, while the boys were placed in different monasteries. The youngest of them, Yositsuné, afterward escaped from the monastery, became a great general, and is now one of their national heroes. One of the many legends concerning him tells how a noted robber-chief tried to kill him as he was crossing a bridge. They fought, and Yositsuné conquered, while the robber was ever after his devoted servant.

WELCOME THE NEW YEAR.

BY DOROTHY KERR FLOYD (AGE 12).

THE snow lies deep in the garden,
The trees stand naked and drear,
And the world is whitened and frozen
As we welcome the glad New Year.

On the lake the skaters are darting
So gracefully to and fro;
On the hill the children are coasting,
And making boulders of snow.

And from out the cold and the silence
A shout and a laugh sound clear,
And we know that the skaters and coasters
All welcome the glad New Year.

THE PLUCK OF MICHIRI.

BY KATHARINE J. BAILEY (AGE 14).

THE early Chinese and the Japanese were on very friendly terms, and peaceful communications were kept up for several centuries. But about 1200 the Mongol Tartars overcame the Sung dynasty and conquered many surrounding nations.

Instead of keeping up a friendly intercourse with Japan, as their predecessors had done, they immediately sent envoys to the island-empire demanding tribute and homage. These the plucky little nation refused to give, and war almost directly ensued.

A Japanese captain named Michiri was overjoyed at the prospect of war, as he had long hoped, wished, and even prayed for a chance to fight against the Mongols.

The Japanese quickly collected an army and made fortifications on shore, so as to be ready for an attack.

One day, coming out from behind the breastworks, Michiari defied the Tartars to fight. As none of them accepted his challenge, he filled two boats with his companions and started forth toward the gigantic fleet of the enemy.

The spectators on shore, who were eagerly watching each action, thought that Michiari must certainly have become insane. The Mongol leaders, seeing the two little boats coming steadily toward them, could imagine no other purpose than that of intended surrender, so they refrained from firing at the gallant little company.

When Michiari's little band had nearly reached the fleet, the men suddenly threw out ropes with grappling-irons attached, and sprang on board the Tartar junk or ship.

Instantly all was confusion, for the Mongols were not prepared for the onslaught; and had they been, their bows and spears would have been no match for the two-edged swords of the Japanese.

The native soldiers, quick in all their motions, set fire to the junk, and were off before the slow-moving Tartars could close in around them.

Many captives were taken that day, among them one of the highest officers of the Mongol army.

WELCOME.

BY HELEN W. WYMAN
(AGE 11).

WELCOME, dear old winter,
welcome!

We're glad to see you
back again,
Covering up the trees and
bushes

With the snow so white
and clean.

Bring your sleds and skates
and snow-shoes,

For the ponds are frozen
hard;

Get your hats and coats and
leggings,

Come and play out in the
yard.



"MY PLAYMATE." BY MARGARET DOBSON, AGE 15.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

Welcome, dear old winter, welcome!

With your icicles and snow.

We will ne'er, oh, ne'er forget you
When the winds of summer blow.

THE NEW YEAR'S WELCOME.

BY LOUISA F. SPEAR (AGE 15).

THE sun above yon snow-clad hill
Brought darkness to a close,
When off against the cold, gray sky
A tiny speck arose.

It nearer came, and nearer still.

I heard the children say:

"Here comes the little Nineteen Five.

Oh, this is New Year's Day!"

Within a chariot of snow

The New Year rode in state.

Four fairies rushed to do his will:

They loved on him to wait.

A dainty crown was on his head,

'T was made of autumn leaves;

And underneath his tiny feet

Were nuts and golden sheaves.

The canopy was made of flowers

And fruits and yellow corn;

And as I passed the little prince,

He blew his silver horn.

Oh, welcome to the glad New Year!

Bright New-Year thoughts revive,

And with clear voices send abroad

Three cheers for Nineteen Five!

THE WELCOME SNOW.

BY MABEL FLETCHER
(AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

SNOWFLAKES are falling

Out of the sky;

Children are laughing

As they float by;

Some on the tree-tops,

Some on the grass,

Some on the cheeks of

Each lad and lass.

Busily whirling,

Feathery white,

Each has its work to

Finish ere night.

Now comes the moon up,

Shining and round;

Stars in the heavens,

Stars on the ground;

Where the great tree-limbs

Rose by the gate,

Clothed in white samite

Shining nymphs wait.

Oh, merry springtime,

Summer or fall,

Winter with snow is

Best of you all!

WELCOME TO THE YEAR.

BY MARGUERITE WEED (AGE 13).

HEAREST thou that silver music?

'T is the bell's chime, soft and low,

Ringing, in the quaint old steeple,

O'er the white and glistening snow.

Every face is bright and happy,

And the bells grow loud and gay.

All the world seems bright and better,

On this happy New Year Day.

So, with sweet and joyous music,

Ring the bells of far and near;

Let us join, with happy voices,

In their welcome of the Year.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and to encouragement.

VERSE 1.
Maud Dudley Shackelford
Margaret Norton
Carmelita Clark
Gladys Nelson
Freda M. Harrison
Doris Franchlyn
Madge Smith
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Natalie D. Wurts
Florence L. Adams
Arthur Albert Myers
Helen Janet Smith
Blanche Leeming
Joseph R. Gousha
Nannie Clark Barr
Harold R. Norris
Alma C. Jones
Grace Leslie Johnston
Margaret Drew
Georgiana Myers Sturdee

VERSE 2.
Emmeline Bradshaw
Gleeson McCarty
Marguerite Stuart
Helen Potter
Georgia Justeen Spears
Jessie Freeman Foster
Marjorie Macy
Joseph P. D. Hull
Elizabeth A. Steer
Henry Sonneborn, Jr.
Katherine G. Kurtz
Emily Rose Burt
Eleanor E. Moody
Annie Johnson
Melicent Eno Humason
Marguerite Eugenie Stephens
Elsa Solano Lopez
Cora L. Merrill
Aline de Maret
Mary L. Douglas
Elizabeth Templeton Cunninghamham
J. Horton Daniels, Jr.
Louise Clemens
Bessie M. Blanchard
Marjorie Wellington
Enid Pendleton
Mary A. Woods
Lucia Beebe
Dorothy Smith
Phyllis Brooks
Lucile Woodling
Gladys Frisch
Nellie Clements
Alma Liechty
Ione Casey
Lucile Bocage
Ruth H. Matz
Helen R. Brown
Margaret Brooke
Dorothy Cathell
Delphina L. Hammer
Virginia Coyne
Ruth Sterry

PROSE 1.
Francis Marion Miller
Margaret Minaker
Gerald Jackson Pyle
Stella F. Boyden
Mildred Newmann
Helen J. Simpson
Elizabeth Wilcox Pardee
Elizabeth Toof
Mildred L. Smith

PROSE 2.
M. R. Busse
Elizabeth L. Jackson

Mary E. Hatch
Marguerite McCord
Ray Murray
Marguerite Jervis
Margaret M. Albert
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Kemper Simpson
Vincent Imbrie
Sylvana Blumer

DRAWINGS 1.
Phoebe Hunter
Herman Louis Schaeffer
Ernest J. Clare
Robert H. Gibson
Shirley Willis
Ruth Evelyn Hutchins
Hester Gordon Gibson
Kathleen Buchanan
Richard M. Hunt
Melville Coleman Levey
Susan Elizabeth Brady
Gladys L. E. Moore
Martha F. Fleck
Helen Gardner Waterman

Emily W. Browne
James Waters
Josephine Arnold Bonney
Elmira Keene
Fannie Tutwiler
Annie Constance Nourse
Constance Whitten
Sara A. Parker
William Whitford
Raymond Rohn
Olga E. Dieckhoff
Aurelia Michener
Henry Neuman
Stanley C. Low
Anne H. Gleaves
Albert Hart
William W. Westring, Jr.
Mildred Willard
Olive Mudie-Cooke
Evelyn Auger
Frank Leslie Crouch
Frances Kathleen Crisp
Max Bernhardt
Elizabeth M. Robinson
Ethel Irwin
Florence Baker
Mervyn Joy
Anna A. Flichtner
Mary Taussig
Anne Atwood
Elizabeth E. Thomas
Frances T. Carr
Clara P. Pond

Irene Ross Loughborough
Grace Wardwell
Nannie Louise Gail
Charlotte St. G. Nourse
Louise Converse

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.
Jeanette E. Perkins
Joseph S. Webb
Richard S. Bull
Luna Ada Thatcher
Natalie Mason
Margaret M. Sammond
Lawrence H. Riggs
Ellen C. Du Pont
Marion R. Pitt
Marjorie Miller
Arthur Drummond
Mary W. Woodman

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.
Fulvia Varvaro
Annie MacMahon
Julius Potter
Louise Holmes
George Mastick
Celestine Waldron
Howard L. Seamans
Alice G. Peirce
W. Caldwell Webb
Willie E. Crocker

May L. Smith
William Norwood
Martha E. Garrett
Mary Dean Pierce
Ralph Crozier
Dorothy May Newell
Donald Armour

PUZZLES 1.
Mary E. Dunbar
Enid Hatley
Madge Oakley
Priscilla Lee
Edith Macallum
Marion G. Russell
E. Adelaide Hahn

PUZZLES 2.
Louisa Henderson
George Duncan Mathews
Ruth M. Haggood
Edna Krouse
Edith M. Andrews
Helen Dean Fish
Olga Maria Kolff
Tyler Barrett
Florence I. Miller
Agnes R. Lane
Bertha Struck
A. William Goetz
Leonard Limmer
Caroline C. Johnson



"MY PLAYMATE." BY EVELYN BUCHANAN, AGE 12.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

A NUMBER of the letters which follow will show how unwise it is for any one with the inclination to write or draw, or to do any other sort of League work, to be discouraged. There are very few prizes won on the first or second or even the third attempt. It more often happens that many trials are made even before Roll of Honor No. 2 is reached. Slow and sure progress may be a little discouraging at times, but it is all the more gratifying in the end.

Every month there are contributions received without the age of the sender. These members perhaps wonder why their names do not appear on the Roll of Honor. We have decided to make another roll therefore, by which they may see for what reason they have been omitted even when their work was deserving of mention. Here is the list. We will call it

THE ROLL OF THE FORGETFUL.

Mary Ellen Willard, John Martin, Will Byrnes, Dorothy G. Stewart, Carolyn Sherman, Fred L. Purdy, Helen K. Brown, Elizabeth Rattle, Ruth Allen, H. Ernest Bell, Edward K. Hale, and Milford Brooker.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received my badge and want to express my thanks for it. It was a pleasant surprise as I had no idea of winning a prize, having tried several times without success.

But I am encouraged now and shall try again.

Thanking you very much, I remain, sincerely yours,

PAULINE MUELLER.

EALING, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy. I was born in New York. I was very small when I left America so I do not remember anything about it. I have lived in Brussels, Ostend, and Ireland, but I would much rather live in America. I like the "Comedy in Wax" very much, because I have been to Madame Tussaud's and seen all the figures in the tale. I also like the "Story of King Arthur and his Knights."

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for three years, and like it very much. I am looking forward to the new serial.

From your interested reader,

LEWIS WILMOT JOHNSON (age 8½).

WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to thank you most sincerely for awarding me the first prize for "Wild-Animal Photography." I do not think I deserved such an honor. It was quite unexpected, and my surprise was exceeded only by my delight.

I have always taken a great deal of interest in League work, and

Victor A. Sears
Robert E. Andrews
Daisy Burroughs
Katie Nina Miller
Lucy E. B. Mackenzie
Bessie K. Wright
Guinevere Hamilton
Norwood
John Butler
Margaret Lanz Daniell
Mary Powell
Esther Brown
Augusta Wight
Jean Wolverton
Marion Osgood Chapin
Dorothy Ochtman
F. Marion Halkett

DRAWINGS 2.
Ethel Messeroy
Winifred G. Smith
Margaret V. Emerson
Anna Zucker
John Blair
Anna B. Carolan
M. H. Fewsmith
Eleanor I. Town
Marion K. Cobb
Rhoda E. Gunnison

Harold Castle
Ruth L. Rowell
Leona Triebel
Vora M. Demens
Dorothea Thompson
Dorothy Dodd
Ruth Thorne
L. Fred Clawson, Jr.
Raymond Foley
Katharine Carrington
Margaret D. Carpenter
Bessie B. Styron
Ruth Cass
Carl Wetzel
Samuel S. Buckman
Winifred Hutchings
Sadie Dorothy Stabem
Alma Seymour
Clara Brabant
Theresa R. Robbins
Dorothy Thompson
Bessie Bocage
Sarah J. Appleton
Ellen P. Andrews
Gilbert Palmer Pond
Julia K. Reyer
Ivan Osborn
Laura G. Gibson
Charley F. Fuller
Clara B. Fuller



JANUARY. THAW.

BY MARGARET REEVE, AGE 8.

shall always continue to do so, although, to my sorrow, I have only a little less than a year before I am too old to be a member.

Thanking you again, I am,
sincerely yours,
OLIVE C. McCABE.

KEARNEY, N. J.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I ought to have acknowledged before the beautiful badge which you sent me, but illness prevented my writing until now. I don't think I was ever so surprised in my life as when I saw my name, with the words "Gold Badge" opposite it, in the September magazine; or so delighted as when the precious badge itself arrived. I shall prize it all my life, not only for its own worth, but for the encouragement it has given me; and I shall always think gratefully of ST. NICHOLAS as having been the first to help me.

Hoping I shall always deserve your approval, I remain, sincerely yours,
MARY T. HEWARD

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.
MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I hope you will acknowledge that thanks are better late than never, especially when they come from down deep in the heart. I presume you receive so many letters of gratitude that they mean little to you, but nevertheless no one so delighted as I to win a gold badge could neglect thanking you without a very troubled conscience. It is so beautiful that really I am afraid I have become a little vain, for I am not the least modest when people admire it. However, that is not my fault, but yours!

My school work is very absorbing or I would have time to compete oftener. These are my studies and I enjoy them very much: Cicero, plane geometry, and advanced German.

Wishing you the best of success until magazines are no more.

I am always, your friend, admirer, and lover,

MIRIAM C. GOULD (age 15).

GLADSTONE, MANITOBA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been so good to me, and I feel toward you as to an old friend, so I am sitting down to have a nice little talk with you, and to thank you.

At first you encouraged me in my work, and placed my name on the Honor Roll. I was, that first time, very pleased and jubilant. But imagine my feelings later when, not without some persistent endeavor, I was awarded the Silver Badge. And last, and best, you have placed in my hands that bit of gold and blue that means so much to the St. Nicholas Leaguer.

So, you see, although I live so far from that great metropolis, New York, in a town on the wide prairies, in this great wheat country, the Golden West, still, because I have touched hands with you, when you placed my prizes in my eager palms, and because you have been of so much pleasure and benefit to me, I feel that really in my heart I am as near you as any of your readers.

And although I am a loyal and patriotic Canadian, still I am sure you will find a place for me in your big heart, that embraces so many boys and girls the world over, and that you will regard me as one of your ardent admirers, who will ever be,

Your most sincere friend,

MARGARET MINAKER.

KEOKUK, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: My beautiful badge came the other day, and I spent so much of my time looking at it that I did not have time to prepare my lessons. When the ST. NICHOLAS came with my name, and "Gold Badge" in italics under it, I proceeded to become what my less fortunate friends called "lunny," and may I often have such good cause for lunacy.

I celebrated the winning of my silver badge by coasting on my sled all day—and this time, when I won still greater honor, I played several games of croquet with a friend and was so excited that I lost every one of them. I am sure all the croquet-lovers of the League will realize my extreme joy.

Hoping for many, many years of prosperity for the League, when my name and work can no longer appear on its pages, I remain,

Your prize-winner,

N. CLARK BARR (age 13).

Other welcome letters have been received from Margaret Sargent, Mary H. Dunton, Maud Dudley Shackelford, Clinton H. Smith, Consuelo Müller, Virginia Hoyt, Virginia Mayfield, H. Ernest Bell, Edmund R. Brown, Benjamin L. Miller, Helen L. Scobey, Jack Johnstone, Erwin Janowitz, Ruth Greenock Lyon, Morris Gilbert Bishop, Florence

Alvarez, J. L. Tiemann, Winifred H. Littell, Dorothy Grace Gibson, Alice Garland, and Helen F. Bell.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 64.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. The last provision does not apply to "Wild Animal Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 64 will close **January 20** (for foreign members **January 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **April**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Rest."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title: "The Story of a Cat." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Trees in Winter."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Study from Animal Life" and a Heading or Tailpiece for April.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.



"FROM NATURE." BY RAPHAEL HAMILTON, AGE 11.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, *on the margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address all communications:



JANUARY.

"TAILPIECE FOR JANUARY."
BY KATHERINE GIBSON, AGE 8.

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.

BOOKS AND READING.

SERIOUS READING. YOUNG readers often suppose things very difficult to understand which really are quite easy, and consequently they continue to read only stories long after they would find as much pleasure in acquiring knowledge that would be both useful and entertaining. There are simple books on nearly all great subjects, about which young people ought to know something.

Architecture, for example, will furnish material for a lifetime of hard study, but there is no reason why you should not learn something of that marvelous art that has created so many beautiful structures throughout the world. One can easily learn a little about the different styles, how they began, and how they rose from the rude huts of peasants to palaces and cathedrals. A little reading on the subject now and then will soon give you more interest in every building you see. Once begun, you will find your pleasure will lead you to go on. Other subjects may be taken up in the same way, for all knowledge, nowadays, lies in books and is open to every reader. Many boys love ships, but very few think of taking up the study of ships from the beginning. Here, again, you will find it useful, as often recommended in this department, to apply to your elders for advice. Nearly all older readers wish they were younger so that they might read on many subjects they neglected when they had more time for reading. You, who are still young, might begin in time.

The New Year is an excellent time for making good resolutions.

NEWS FROM AFRICA. WHEN Livingstone was in Africa the greater part of the central region was entirely unknown and uncivilized. Even later than Livingstone's day, there was no such thing as a native who could read in all that vast domain. But to-day the newspapers tell of receiving photographs from Uganda, on the north shore of Victoria Nyanza, one showing school-boys sitting on the earth floor of their school-room, busied over their

readers and other text-books, another in which natives are learning to write, another showing a book-shop besieged by forty or fifty eager buyers of the books on sale. About fifty thousand natives can now read and write in the very kingdom where less than twenty years ago it was punished as a crime to attempt to learn to read.

All this, it is said, came from an appeal made in 1875, by the late Sir Henry M. Stanley, the "White Pasha," for missionaries and teachers. The facts here given are from a recent article in the New York "Sun," and are interesting as showing how reading can civilize a whole nation. It is to be hoped that these natives will be taught what to read as well as how to read, for there is as much need of one art as of the other.

PARKMAN'S DEED OF JUSTICE. A STORY is told about Francis Parkman, the historian, which shows that in spite of impaired eyesight he was not blind to injustice. A friend met him walking along the street, holding two street boys by their coat collars. In reply to his friend's request for an explanation Parkman said: "I found this boy had eaten an apple without dividing with his little brother. Now I'm going to buy one for the little boy, and make the big one look on while he eats it."

After reading this incident, we should expect fairness of treatment in Parkman's histories.

TWO KINDS OF READING. IF we make the pages of our books merely a sort of pleasant maze in which to set our minds to wandering during idle hours, we in reading shall have acquired a pastime that is usually harmless. But there is a vast difference between such a way of spending our time, and the reading that teaches us to think as the greatest and wisest men and women have thought. Words stand in our minds for certain ideas or images. From what we read we learn to make these plain or hazy, clearly drawn pictures or carelessly executed sketches, and thus our powers of thinking are directly trained by our method of reading.

If you see the word "camel," for instance, what arises in your mind? There is a difference in different minds. One sees a vague, half-finished blot with one—no, two—or is it one hump?—and a crooked neck, and any-old-kind of feet, and—what kind of a tail has a camel, anyway?—I don't know—let it go! Another paints for itself a ship of the desert, shaggy, cross-patient, pad-footed, tassel-tailed, droop-mouthed,—the whole creature comes into view in the "mind's eye" as if in reality. It has color, motion, character—everything.

In reading the great poets, you will find they make you see images clearly, quickly, sharply. In reading poor writing, all is in a fog. The reader learns to be satisfied with partial images, and thus is apt to think confusedly or incompletely. Good writers do not leave one in doubt about questions of right or wrong, but make the reader know one from the other. Remember, then, that as we read we learn how to think.

WHILE YOU ARE YOUNG. A WISE writer has said: "It is the books read before we reach maturity that most influence the mind." If he is right, "books for the young" should be those most carefully chosen. As one grows older the mind is less flexible; it is less easily moved, and more readily returns to its own attitude.

Being advised and preached to, and told to do this, that, and the other, is not pleasant, and reading—which should be among our greatest pleasures—ought not to be approached as if one were about to take medicine. But it will do no harm for young readers to be very strict with themselves; that helps sensible pride instead of offending self-esteem. So won't boys and girls be careful how they give their best reading-years to books that will not give something in return?

If you will read weak and foolish books, at least remember to regard them as jesters in cap and bells, keeping your own poise and value despite all their gibes and caperings.

A HAND TO THE LITTLE ONES. It is amazing how well a little child will make his way over a very rugged path if there is at his side one to assist him over the really impossible steps. In reading or in lessons, it is the privi-

lege of the big brother or sister to act as guide, philosopher, and friend when the path is too steep for a younger climber. There is another reward besides the feeling of satisfaction; for in helping another we often learn more than in walking independently along the road.

Quick traveling is pleasant, but it is the slow traveler who sees the country.

WASHINGTON IRVING. IT is to be hoped that none of you need any introduction to delightful old Rip Van Winkle—not only as Joseph Jefferson has created him in the play by Dion Boucicault, but in the pages of Irving; and hardly less familiar should be the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Yet it is to be feared that too many stop here, and miss the delights that are amid the pages of "The Alhambra," "Wolfert's Roost," "Bracebridge Hall"—in almost any of Irving's sweetly flowing, clean, and bright stories. You will be glad also to know the life of the author, and cannot but become more fond of him as you know him better. Irving's friendship with Sir Walter Scott, his unselfish devotion to his brothers and sisters, the touching romance of his early life—all may be read to our improvement.

Americans should cherish the writers of their own land, at least next to those grand geniuses who made all the world their country and all mankind their friends.

LOWELL ON READING. WHAT literary man of our time was a more discriminating book-lover than Lowell?

But have you ever rightly considered what the mere ability to read means? That it is the key which admits us to the whole world of thought and fancy and imagination, to the company of saint and sage, of the wisest and the wittiest at their wisest and wittiest moments? That it enables us to see with the keenest eyes, hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time? More than that, it annihilates time and space for us; it revives for us, without a miracle, the Age of Wonder, endowing us with the shoes of swiftness and the cap of darkness, so that we walk invisible like fern-seed, and witness unharmed the plague at Athens or Florence or London; accompany Cæsar on his marches, or look in on Catiline in council with his fellow-conspirators, or Guy Fawkes in the cellar of St. Stephen's.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

But why should we be eager for closer acquaintance with Catiline and Guy Fawkes?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

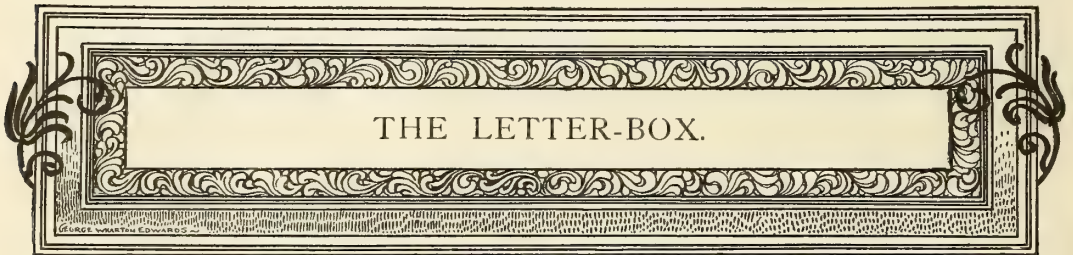
THE little story, "A Strange Pocket-Book," on page 226 of this number, is a true account of an actual incident which took place during the Civil War. It will add to the interest of all readers of this contribution to know that the small heroine of the story was the mother of Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, the well-known author of those two popular books, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary."

The author of "A Thrilling Fact," on page 219, asks us to say that she is indebted for the inspiration of her rhyme to a lecture delivered at the Wagner Institute, Philadelphia, by Mr. Reid, who made the remarkable assertion which Mrs. Joy has put into amusing verse.

The entertaining paper in this number by Miss Bertha Runkle, author of "The Helmet of Navarre," will not

fail to please all young folk who are interested in the life of the Island Empire of Japan. Miss Runkle's article gives many fresh glimpses of the every-day experiences and pleasures of the boys and girls of that far-away land, as well as of the child life of China and Korea. Several of the photographs accompanying the article are also novel and unusually interesting.

Perhaps no recent character in ST. NICHOLAS stories has been more popular than little "Jimmie Dandy," the boy hero of Mr. Elliott Flower's capital story published just a year ago, entitled "An Officer of the Court." We are sure, therefore, that all of our readers will welcome Mr. Flower's account, in this number, of further developments in the life of Jimmie Dandy, and will be glad to read the story of how he came to be also "An Officer of the School."



MUNICH, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Though it is now nearly nineteen years since I first began to look forward to the first of each month as being the earliest date at which you might arrive, yet I have never once written to tell you how much enjoyment you have often brought me. Five of the nineteen years have been spent in Germany and Italy, and the bit of fresh American life and thought which you carried between your pages was very welcome to an American girl, who, in spite of admiring and greatly enjoying the art and music which one finds in these Old World countries, yet misses the energetic, wide-awake life of her own country, and has been often very homesick.

Wishing you a very long life, and great success in the future, believe me, your grateful reader and well-wisher,
GERTRUDE MCCrackAN.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was about eight years old when I first took you, and am now a League member.

I would like to tell you about the delightful summer I had. Next to our house is a large field which was full of weeds and rubbish. Our school is opposite the field and we decided to rent this and clean it out and have a school vegetable-garden. So in about three weeks the field was converted into sixty gardens with sixty happy owners. Then we planted the seeds, which soon sprouted, and we took care of our gardens in the most interesting way. We had four division superintendents and over these was a head gardener.

I was the head gardener. At the end of the summer,

when school started again, our principal awarded two prizes: four dollars, first prize, and two for the second.

I got the first prize and our neighbor's boy got the second prize.

Now they are all cleaned out and the field is in perfect order, ready to give it back to its owner.

Your sincere reader,
DOROTHY HAAKE.

WEST KIRBY, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you now for a year, and we want to tell you how we love you. We think you are the best children's magazine in the world. We have the first year of ST. NICHOLAS that was ever published. Our uncle had you, and then you came to mother for years when she was Christine Halsey. Our aunt, Dycie Warden, had you when she was a little girl, and used to send a great many puzzles to your Riddle-Box. Our cousins, the Gabains, sent me two volumes, and they have you. So a great many people in our family have loved you for years. We lived in South America eight years before we came to England. Here we have been nearly four years. Buenos Aires was much sunnier than here. John, our three-year-old baby, is the only Englishman. Mother and grannie are American. We hope to go to America some day soon and see all our relations.

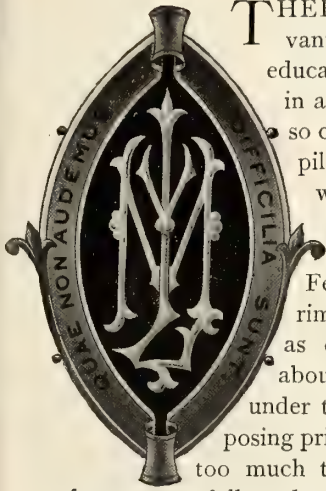
We all wish you a very happy New Year.

Your loving readers,

ELEANOR WARDEN (age 11).
BERTHA WARDEN (age 9).
EDWIN WARDEN (age 7).

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

THE MERRILL - VAN LAER SCHOOL ITS JUNIOR DEPARTMENT



THERE is a distinct advantage in beginning the education of a young child in an institution which is so complete that the pupil may carry on the work of her preparation for life under the same auspices. Few things are so detrimental in education as changing the child about, so as to bring her under the operation of opposing principles. It is hardly

too much to say, Better a less perfect system followed out than a number of good systems working at cross-purposes.

The Merrill-van Laer School of New York City provides in its departments a complete course of education, extending from the little one's earliest days in the kindergarten to the end of school life. Beginning with the most elementary work of the kindergarten system, the child proceeds regularly, by easy stages, to a graduate course, and her progress throughout is directed by the application of the same well-founded principles.

An article in the advertising section of "The Century"

for January, 1905, expresses fully, though necessarily in brief form, the principles upon

which this School is conducted. Here it is designed to call attention more especially to its Junior Department for young children, the first advantage of which, as already stated, is that it prepares for the Senior Department, since both are inspired by the same methods and spirit.

With most thoughtful parents, the principals of the School believe that young children must be thoroughly drilled in the fundamentals of an English education, and that this is the primary requisite. While nature study and manual training receive their share of attention, they are kept subordinate to the more essential branches that must underlie every school course.

The Junior Department is under the immediate direction of Miss Pryde, a graduate of the Edinburgh Ladies College and the Uni-

versity of Edinburgh, the holder of a degree, also, from St. Andrews University, and formerly head mistress of the Bedford Park High School, London. To her English training have been added several years of successful teaching in America. Believing that laying the foundation for the child's education in the earliest years is of supreme importance, the principals feel that no one could be better equipped for this work than the head of their Junior Department.



A KINDERGARTEN CLASS.

A visit to the School gives one certain well-defined impressions. The location, on a broad



DRAWING FROM LIVING MODEL.

street near Central Park, is one well known for beauty and healthfulness. It is the choice residential section of New York. The buildings are in perfect condition—extensive, commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated.

There is discipline, but the spirit of the School is one of courteous thoughtfulness and harmony, securing the necessary good order without repression of natural childhood. Each branch of study is taught by the newest and most approved methods. Arithmetic, especially, so often a bugbear to the young, is from the first so taught as to give a complete grasp of the subject. The tiniest tots soon lose all fear of the intricacies of the multipli-

cation-table, and in a very short time are able to play with it in a way delightful to themselves and their instructors. They learn it like little human beings, not like parrots, and can use it with readiness and accuracy. In fact, in this School the multiplication-table is a foe overcome and harnessed for daily service.

And what is asserted of the elements remains true as the pupil goes forward in the science of numbers. The digits become friendly little helpers, instead of perplexing imps. In the study of



MAIN SCHOOL-ROOM, JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.



IN THE SUB-PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

English, also, every child receives that best of training, daily usage of correct language, and is taught to make the written words as ready to her hand as words are to her tongue. Correct English is required in all school exercises, and soon becomes a habit. English spelling is admitted to be something that, in spite of Dogberry, does not come by nature. Miss Pryde, who teaches spelling throughout the Junior Department, uses an original method peculiar to the School, securing admirable results. This is not the place to set forth the method, but a visit to the School will enable it to be understood by actual

demonstration. So far as there is reason in English spelling, the child is taught to spell logically; so far as spelling is conventional, the child learns to remember it because of its departure from the usual rules.

In order to give the children, from their earliest years, such acquaintance with English literature as will lead to lifelong friendship with our great writers, all reading-lessons are chosen, not from "readers," but from the standard books that are adapted to their ages. As the children grow the range of their reading widens, and thus, without especial effort, they acquire in connection with the school work a thorough and varied knowledge of the best that has been written in English.



IN THE SPELLING CLASS.



"GILBERT DANCING" IN THE GYMNASIUM.

There is another means of expressing thought that in importance stands second only to language. The Merrill-van Laer School looks upon drawing as a necessary equipment for the work of life, and children are taught to draw correctly from the beginning, and may develop the power as far as each pupil's taste for the art permits. The work is under the direction of a professional painter, in a well-equipped studio where the young pupils have the advantage of the use of models and of all adjuncts to the art of drawing and painting. The importance of this side of a child's education is fully recognized in the School, since drawing

is a regular part of the work, instead of a mere "extra," being taught to the Junior pupils without additional charge.

Music can, of course, be especially studied, but it is not obligatory, except that the elements of music, in the form of sight-singing, are taught to the younger classes.

Although it has been said that nature study of late years has acquired perhaps undue prominence in the education of the very young, it is undeniable that it has its rightful place; and there is in the School such elementary work as will prepare the way for the special knowledge



A RECITATION IN ARITHMETIC.

to be acquired later in the course, and will give the child a general understanding of the world about her. Familiar talks about plants, animals, and the outdoor world, and such laboratory work as lies within the comprehension of the youngest, are now the methods mainly used.



BEGINNING OF "NUMBER-WORK."

The most characteristic feature of the classrooms in the Junior Department is the eager interest shown by each of the little pupils—an interest evidently inspired by the feeling that the pupil has a part to play in every happening of the school-room. One may see that each child accompanies mentally the recitation or work of every other in a spirit of sympathy and emulation. The sessions are, in a word, alive; and while there is no appearance of that driving pressure which results in a nervous strain on the part of both pupil and teacher, there is a continual progress and a steady achievement.

The little ones evidently enjoy their lessons; but it must be confessed that in order to appreciate to the full how welcome these school exercises are to the eager little minds and bodies, a visit to the gymnasium is necessary. Here, to the accompaniment of inspiring music, classes carry on gymnastic training in concert with a lively good humor that is infectious, and give ocular proof that there is plenty of strength

and vigor at command for the performance of their set tasks. Correct standing and breathing and an easy, erect carriage show there is no overdraft upon nervous force in the school work.

A most excellent preparation for any education, the Junior Department has

been, as before noted, especially planned to lead to the wider and fuller training which, carried on by the Senior Department, presents in a graduate "Merrill-van Laer girl" a type which is the best proof of the efficiency of the School.

The Junior Department is a proof that the youngest pupils most readily respond to newer methods of education, that a thorough revision and remaking of the system for teaching the young has resulted in unprecedented advance. Perhaps for this reason the principals and the head mistress of the Junior Department find in this branch of the School the most impressive exhibit to prove superiority of modern methods in education.

Parents are cordially invited to call, and become acquainted with the School's work; for the best proof of its value is obtained by witnessing its daily operation.

THE MERRILL-VAN LAER SCHOOL,
Fifty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue,
New York City.



FOR THE TOILET

Pears' Soap



Telling Her Fortune

"Your chances in life would be very much bettered if you would use Pears' Soap and secure a fairer complexion. Like so many other young women, you have missed your opportunity by not using the best soap."

"Pears' Otto of Rose Tablet is the perfection of Toilet Soap."

"All rights secured."

Jan. 1905.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THE feelings of collectors, in relation to the stamps which it seems to them desirable to collect, change from time to time. The surcharged stamp was an exceedingly popular variety in the early days of collecting, that is, after surcharged stamps began to be issued. The variation was made in those days from the ordinary type with a distinct and worthy purpose. The fourpenny green stamp of Mauritius has the words "four pence" imprinted upon it, because it seemed desirable to make it plain that the stamp of this color was the fourpenny value. The stamps of Straits Settlements were provided in 1867 by surcharging the issues for India, where the values were expressed in annas, with the various denominations of cents required for use in Straits Settlements. It was not until a stream of surcharges of different kinds was produced, such, for instance, as the overprints made for Turks Islands in 1881, that surcharged varieties fell into disrepute. The unnecessary character of varieties of any sort is the one thing that turns the feelings of collectors against them. These feelings, however, are sometimes changed by the passage of time. The dislike for the unnecessary stamp, interfering as it does with its collection, prevents the issuing of very large numbers of them. The consequence is that the stamps become rare, and this in itself will make the most undesirable variety change to one which is eagerly collected.

OLD GERMAN STAMPS.

THE stamps of old German states seem to be among the most desirable of low-priced varieties. Good specimens of them are becoming scarcer all the time. As an example of this, the stamp first issued for Saxony may be mentioned. This stamp could be obtained between 1870 and 1880 for a very small sum. Unused copies were sold in those days as low as fifty cents. The catalogue price for the unused copy is now sixty-five dollars, and the used is worth thirty. It is not likely that history will repeat itself in the next thirty years in relation to many of the early issues of Germany; but there is no doubt that very many varieties in fine condition will be valued much higher in a few years than they are now. The early issues of Thurn and Taxis are especially worthy of attention.



THE EFFECT OF NEW ISSUES.

THERE has been considerable discussion lately in relation to new issues. Some hold that the constant stream of them which is flowing from many countries will destroy all interest in collecting. Others think that it is the very variety which the frequent changes produce that will attract attention to stamps, and make collecting more popular even than it has been. It certainly would

not be a good thing if new issues should cease altogether. Collecting would soon become distasteful, particularly to the young, because of its monotony. The interest that is excited in the mind of any collector by a new issue produces an impression which increases his desire to collect. There are some countries, however, in which the changes are so frequent and so unnecessary that a certain disgust arises in the minds of most collectors, causing them to dislike the particular country and to cease gathering its stamps. The fact seems to be that collecting is helped by new issues, but that the only countries that will permanently interest collectors are those in which they are made for a good and sufficient reason.

LACK OF INTEREST IN REVENUE STAMPS.

A KIND of stamp which was well liked many years ago was the revenue stamp used postally. There are many attractive varieties of these, as will be seen by consulting a catalogue under the head of Victoria. The number of foreign revenue stamps, however, which has been issued is very great; and since in many countries they are all good for postage, they have come to be a burden so far as the listing them in the catalogue is concerned. The interest in them also has declined to a considerable extent, and therefore they have been dropped from the standard catalogue.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

STAMPS are printed in two or more colors mainly with the idea of making them more attractive and, therefore, salable. There are few of the great countries of the world that now issue stamps in various colors. The United States government has definitely decided not to make an issue of stamps in connection with the Lewis and Clark Exposition. Local stamps are not now issued in the United States, because the government does not allow to companies the privileges which they formerly enjoyed. The United States has now turned over these powers to the General Post-Office.

There are very fine counterfeits of the early Swiss stamps, and it is no guaranty of genuineness that stamps come direct from Geneva or other cities of Switzerland, for it is in those places that many of the finest counterfeits have been produced.

It is a difficult thing to decide as to the genuineness of the stamps of Spain surcharged H P N. The counterfeit overprints are numerous, and the genuine are so coarsely printed that no one can select the good from the bad. These stamps, however, are not interesting varieties and are seldom collected.

The stamps of Prussia for the year 1866 should never be soaked in water to remove paper from them, for they were printed on a material which is easily destroyed, the intention being to prevent cleaning and reuse.

STAMPS, ETC.

A Fine Xmas Present. Just Published

"Modern Album," 256 pages, holds
10,000 stamps, cloth bound. Price, \$1 00;
by mail \$1.15.

Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 18 East 23d Street,
New York, N. Y.

FREE 100 all diff. Stamps for the names of two Collectors
and 2c. postage. 15 Mexican Revenues, 5c.; 25
Foreign Revenues, 10c.; 40 diff. U. S. Env. Cut Square, 20c.; 10
Animal Stamps, Giraffe, Lion, etc., 10c.; 100 all diff. unused stamps,
no reprints, 50c.

TOLEDO STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio.

About Packets. Every stamp collector should send for
our free illustrated price list of our
"Queen City Series of Non-duplicate Packets." Finest and
cheapest packets ever offered. No Trash.

QUEEN CITY STAMP CO., 2 Sinton Building, Cincinnati, O.



STAMPS 100 varieties, Peru, Cuba, Bolivia,
Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, Costa Rica,
Turkey, etc., and Album only 10c.; 1000 mixed, 20c.;
1000 hinges, 8c.; 65 diff. U. S., 25c.; 100 diff. U. S.,
50c.; Agents wanted, 50%. New List Free.

C. A. Stegman, Dept. D, 5941 Cote Brillante av., St. Louis, Mo.

100 different Foreign, Argentina, Australia, India, Victoria,
Japan, etc., only 4c. Blank Album with 600 spaces, 5c.
Send for the above and start collecting. Approval sheets also sent.
50% com. Big list free. 1000 gummed hinges, die cut, 5c.

NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO. 90 Bromfield St., BOSTON

206 different stamps worth \$3.00 for 19c.; 306 different for 32c.;
1000 different, a grand collection, catalogued at \$24.50, for
\$3.25. International albums, \$1.50; Challenge, spaces for 4000
stamps, 30c. 1905 large list free.

JOSEPH F. NEGREEN, 128 E. 23d Street, New York City.

FREE! One Foreign stamp catalogued at 5 cts. and our 60-page
list to all collectors trying our 50% approval sheets: none better.

PERRIN & CO., 106 East 23rd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

100 all different foreign stamps, 1000 hinges, and large 40-page
album, 10c.; 3 Corea, 5c.; 10 U. S. Long Rev., 10c.; 40 var.
U. S., 8c.; 20 Russia, 10c. Geo. M. Fisk, 20 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.

STAMPS: 100 Cuba, Java, etc., stamp dictionary and big il-
lustrated list, 2c. Agts., 50%. A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A, Boston.

STAMPS: 100 Honduras, etc., album and catalog, 2c. Agts.,
50%. HILL STAMP CO., So. End, Boston, Mass.

FREE A set of 10 all diff. Canada postage and a set of large
U. S. Rev. for names of 2 collectors and return postage.
Lists free. KOLONA STAMP CO., Dept. N, Dayton, Ohio.

STAMPS Fine stamps on approval at 50% discount.
Reference required if unknown to us.
HOLTON STAMP CO., Dept. D, Boston, Mass.



500 mixed 10c.; 50 all diff. 5c.; 100 diff. Corea, Mexico,
etc., 10c.; 1000 hinges 8c.; 40 diff. U. S. and Canada,
10c. Agts. wanted, 50 per cent. List Free. Stamps bought.
UNION STAMP CO., D., St. Louis, Mo.

5 VARIETIES URUGUAY FREE with trial approval sheets.
1000 Hinges, 6c. F. E. THORP, Norwich, N. Y.

Spanish War Revenues

\$1, \$2, \$3, \$5, \$10 gray, the set, 20c. \$3 brown, 3c. \$5 red, 4c.
\$5 green, 10c. All slightly cut. List 500 other U.S. bargains free.

CHAMBERS STAMP CO., - 111 G. Nassau St., New York.

20 diff. U. S. large cents, 1 half cent, 1 eagle cent, 1 Con-
fed. bill—all for \$1.00. Stamp and Coin lists free.
R. M. LANGZETTEL, 92 Crown St., New Haven, Conn.

FREE 107 FINE FOREIGN STAMPS, including Tur-
key, Mexico, Cape Colony, etc., etc., and our
large price list, for names and addresses of two stamp collectors
and two cents postage. 100 different countries, 50c.; 100 U. S.,
20c.; 8 Corea, 16c.; Stamp button, 10c.; 6 China, 10c.

TIFFIN STAMP CO., - 160 N St., Tiffin, Ohio

NEW-YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson.



THE CASTLE. An ideal school. Advantages of New-York
City. All departments. College preparatory, graduating and
special courses. For illustrated circular O, address

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Miss
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Mason's
Suburban
School
for
Girls.

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Formerly

The Peebles and Thompson School.

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Centrally located, near Fifth
Avenue and Central Park. School opens October fifth.

No change in Principals.

MASSACHUSETTS, Wellesley Hills.

Rock Ridge Hall A SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Location
high and dry. Laboratories.
Shop for Mechanic Arts. A new gymnasium. Strong teachers.
Earnest boys. Scholarships. A vigorous school life. American
ideals. Illustrated pamphlet sent free. Dr. G. R. WHITE, Prin.

STAMPS. 120 var. rare Zanzibar, Fiji, China, etc., 10c.; 8
Samoa, 10c. Est. 1881. Importing Co., Salem, Mass.



A paper devoted to
STAMPS sent on trial 10
weeks, and the following
large illustrated stamp
albums, with 100 foreign stamps, sent free
to those ordering:

Popular Stamp Albums

- No. 1. Flexible covers, cloth back, 25c.
- No. 2. Full green cloth, stiff cover, 50c.
- No. 3. Cloth and gold, to hold 6000
stamps 75c.

Best Approvals, 50 per cent. 1000 Best Hinges, 10c

C. H. MEKEEL STAMP CO. (Wellston Sta.), St. Louis, Mo.

A GERMAN SILVER

"Monkey Wrench"

The cut is about one-half actual size,
and illustrates the smallest perfect work-
ing Monkey Wrench in the world. Made
of German silver, an ideal watch-charm,
or just the thing for a class pin.

These wrenches make most attractive
and inexpensive souvenirs, whist prizes,
or favors for the german. You will
be delighted with them.



ONLY

25 Cents Each by Mail

ADDRESS

MINIATURE NOVELTY CO., 132 East 20th Street,
NEW YORK CITY.



Don't Want to Hear What Medical Science Says About Coffee.

Many intelligent people don't care to listen to the truth about coffee causing their aches, ails and disturbances.

They keep on using the drug coffee and suffer from heart derangement, liver or kidney disorders or some kind of stomach and nervous troubles. They "don't believe coffee is to blame," and don't want to listen to medical science.

They should keep on with the coffee until Nature forces her facts home in the form of sickness or organic disease if they want absolute proof. Suppose on the other hand one should quit coffee in time and get well. It is easy if you shift to properly made Postum. In a few days you will feel a great change for the better.

Coffee sets up disease. POSTUM dissipates it and sets up health again. Medical science has found this out by experience, the Great Teacher. A prominent physician of Des Moines, Iowa, tells how he learned it:

"I am a physician of 18 years' practice. I felt the need of a stimulant, and for the first five or six years of my practice drank strong coffee. Eight or ten years ago I began to notice symptoms of heart disease. This seemed to be a regular organic type, and year by year became aggravated by dizziness, faintness and later, inability to walk at times. Finally I became such a confirmed invalid that I had to give up practice.

"Several years elapsed with the symptoms growing worse. I was considered marked for an early grave. I honestly believed that coffee was the trouble, and it finally became impressed upon me to give it up. This I found easier to do when POSTUM FOOD COFFEE was used in its place. I made the change more to satisfy my friends than with any hope of benefit from such a simple change, especially in such an incurable case as mine. I was debilitated and very weak, and about 30 pounds short of my old weight.

"From the first week I noticed a marked change and within three months I was almost fully restored to my old strength and health, with the heart trouble and dizziness all gone.

"These facts are known to hundreds of my friends and acquaintances throughout this city."

Name and address given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.



Use the



when
you

Return from California

The Shasta-Northern Pacific Route scenery is unsurpassed by anything at home or abroad.

Look for and ride on the six-horse Yellowstone Park Stage Coach in Southern California this winter.

Make the **Yellowstone Park Tour** in 1905. The Park is something for every American to be proud of. Go see it. New Hotels and Very Low Rates.

Go to the Lewis & Clark Exposition

At Portland, Oregon, June 1 to October 15, 1905. An excellent opportunity for a magnificent scenic circuit trip.

Call upon any Northern Pacific Agent for Information, Rates, and Folders or write to

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Send Four cents for **Lewis & Clark Exposition Pamphlet.**



Every day in the year, the famous Overland Limited leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast. It is the most luxurious train in the world and traverses the most direct route across the continent. Electric-lighted throughout, it makes the journey solid through without change, less than three days en route, over the only double-track railway between Chicago and the Missouri River.

All appliances for safety, comfort and speed that a liberal expenditure of money and skill can secure.

Two fast daily trains via the **Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line** provide for the traveler

The Best of Everything.

Choice of routes, liberal return limits, fast time and all the comforts of travel make the trip to the Wonderland of the Pacific one of the greatest charm.

Round-trip tourist tickets on sale from all points at greatly reduced rates.

Full particulars on application to

W. B. KNISKERN,
Passenger Traffic Manager C. & N.-W. Ry.,
CHICAGO.

OLITH

SEE HOW EASY
it is to make fancy desserts when Jell-O, America's most Popular Dessert, is used. Received Highest Award, Gold Medal, St. Louis Exposition, 1904. 6 choice flavors: Lemon, Orange, Strawberry, Raspberry, Chocolate and Cherry. 10c. per package; at all grocers. Have you tried Jell-O Ice Cream Powder for making ice cream? All ingredients in the package. Four kinds: Chocolate, Vanilla, Strawberry and Unflavored. At grocers, 2 packages 25c. Send for new illustrated book of recipes. The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

An Index to The Volumes of **ST. NICHOLAS**

A complete, comprehensive index to the first twenty-seven volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, containing 20,000 references arranged analytically, alphabetically, and classified—now ready. Invaluable to every owner of the bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS. Cloth bound, price \$4.00. Address

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Grand Prize

St. Louis
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Cash
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Amounting to Over

FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

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More Than its Obligations. The Best Guarantee
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St. Nicholas League Advertising Competitions.

REPORT ON COMPETITION 41.

WITHOUT attempting to make a complete summary of the various competitions, perhaps the members of the St. Nicholas League who have been working in the advertising department will like to be reminded of the variety of competitions in which they have engaged for the last two years.

Among the most popular have been the puzzles based upon advertising firms and advertised articles. These have included a set of monograms, another of anagrams, a letter-block puzzle, a wheel puzzle, and two varieties of king's move puzzles. There have been several lists of prize questions, designed to teach close and minute observation of the advertising pages. The making of practical advertisements has been the task set for several months, the criticism and condensation of advertisements being work of the same general character.

Competitions have been based upon Mother Goose rhymes, "Alice in Wonderland," the World's Fair, characters in fiction and history, and fairy stories. Pictures have been called for requiring the introduction of a given line or "wriggle," the illustration of a proverb, and the special drawing of a rag-doll, besides the creation of an imaginary family or character, such as those that have proved so popular in advertising.

This brief summary serves to give an idea of the wide scope of these competitions.

In order to give plenty of time to answer "A Century of Questions," which were proposed last month, there will be no new competition proposed in this number. We feel that it is time to broaden the field, so that we may not be repeating our efforts always in the same line. Modern advertising has ceased to be a matter of mere guesswork. It is enlisting constantly a better class of workers; it is becoming a recognized and legitimate profession, not only of importance for its own sake, but also as an indispensable aid to every kind of business. There is in advertising work a

field for every talent, and it is necessary to educate in the appreciation of good advertising not only those who will make a business of publicity, but the whole public to whom their efforts are addressed.

It is for this reason that we shall attempt to present in this department a series of more important competitions, designed to attract the attention and coöperation of all members of every household into which St. NICHOLAS goes. "A Century of Questions" is the first of these new competitions, and attention is directed to it accordingly.

The "Step-and-Jump Puzzle," Competition No. 41, evidently caused our youngsages much trouble. They seem to have included as "advertised articles" every word they found, or supposed they found, in the advertising pages of St. NICHOLAS or elsewhere. In such a puzzle it must of course happen that there should be many words found that have something to do with articles advertised; but it was necessary to exclude from consideration all mere general words that could apply to any articles of the class—such as "food products." The absence of the name "Libby" makes the words "food products" meaningless as an advertisement. "Minerva" occurs in the puzzle-square, but it is the "Minerva doll-head" that is advertised, and part of the phrase is not an advertised article. "Pope" alone does not mean "Columbia bicycles," nor does "pencils" mean "Dixon pencils." These single words are to be spelled from the square, but they were accidents.

Practically the lists all, or nearly all, contained these "guesses," but the prizes were awarded without giving credit for them.

The prizes had to be awarded by using the best judgment available in deciding what should and should not be included, since our puzzlers found much more in the puzzle than the maker of it put there.

Here follows the list of

PRIZE-WINNERS.

Five Prizes of Five Dollars Each:

Robert S. DuBois (13), Wichita, Kansas.
M. Lalite Willcox (12), Philadelphia, Penn.
Dorothy Thayer (11), Portsmouth, N. H.
Charles Larkins (11), New York City.
William Wren Hay (14), Fort Robinson, Nebraska.

Five Prizes of Three Dollars Each:

Mary P. Damon (13), Newton, Mass.
Hilda L. Boegehold (15), Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Margaret F. Bunyan (10), Colchester, Conn.
Dorothy Tenney (10), San Francisco, Cal.
Marion Humble (15), Buffalo, N. Y.

Five Prizes of Two Dollars Each:

Alice L. Cousens (14), Cohasset, Mass.
Harold B. Sweetser (16), Woburn, Mass.
Lester J. Reynolds (16), New York City.
Robert L. Rankin (13), Ocean Grove, N. J.
Ella Rankin (12), Ocean Grove, N. J.

Five Prizes of One Dollar Each:

Roger K. Lane (13), Bristol, Conn.
Alice E. Kingman (15), South Framingham, Mass.
Helen J. Kingsbury (14), New York City.
Sarah L. Craven (15), Mattituck, N. Y.
Ruth Silver (12), Woburn, Mass.

A Nutritious Food-Drink for all Ages

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Should be in every home. It makes a delightful restorative beverage at a moment's notice. A very invigorating and healthful table drink for all, more wholesome than tea, coffee, or cocoa. An ideal nutrient for the infant, growing child, and the aged. Delicious, refreshing, and nutritious as a light luncheon for every member of the family.

Pure, rich milk from our own inspected dairies, with the extract of the cereals carefully selected and malted by our special process. Elaborate precautions insure purity, excellence, and uniformity of the product.

Also in Lunch Tablet form, with chocolate flavor. A delightful confection for children, far superior to candy. It upbuilds the body and satisfies the natural craving. A palatable, quick lunch for busy professional and business men.

At all druggists.

Sample mailed free upon request. Our Booklet gives many valuable recipes, and is also sent free, if mentioned.

Ask for HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

Horlick's Food Company
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

London, England.

Montreal, Canada.

*Shakespeare's
Seven
Ages*

*5th: "And then
the Justice,
full of
wise saws"*





SHOES



The **SOROSIS SHOE** Manufacturers are the only shoemakers in the world that actually make and exclusively use their own lasts and patterns.



SOROSIS SHOES ARE PRACTICALLY PERFECT.

The Sorosis Shoes here represented are styles that are always presentable.

More than two million pairs of these particular styles have been sold during the past seven years.

These styles also made with extra ankle-measurements.

SOROSIS SHOES for School Boys and for School Girls are

scientifically made to benefit growing feet.



SOROSIS SHOES for very young children are of such excellent shape and materials that those who wear them are actually helped to walk with increased confidence.

A.E. Little & Co.
Lynn, Mass.
Manufacturers


 Santa Fe

I am arranging a series of
Personally Conducted Excursions to

California

for the winter season, three times a week, in tourist Pullmans, over the Santa Fe.

The cost will be much less than for highest-class service, yet every necessary travel comfort is yours.

Why not take that long-deferred California trip now? You will be surprised to learn for how little money it may be made.

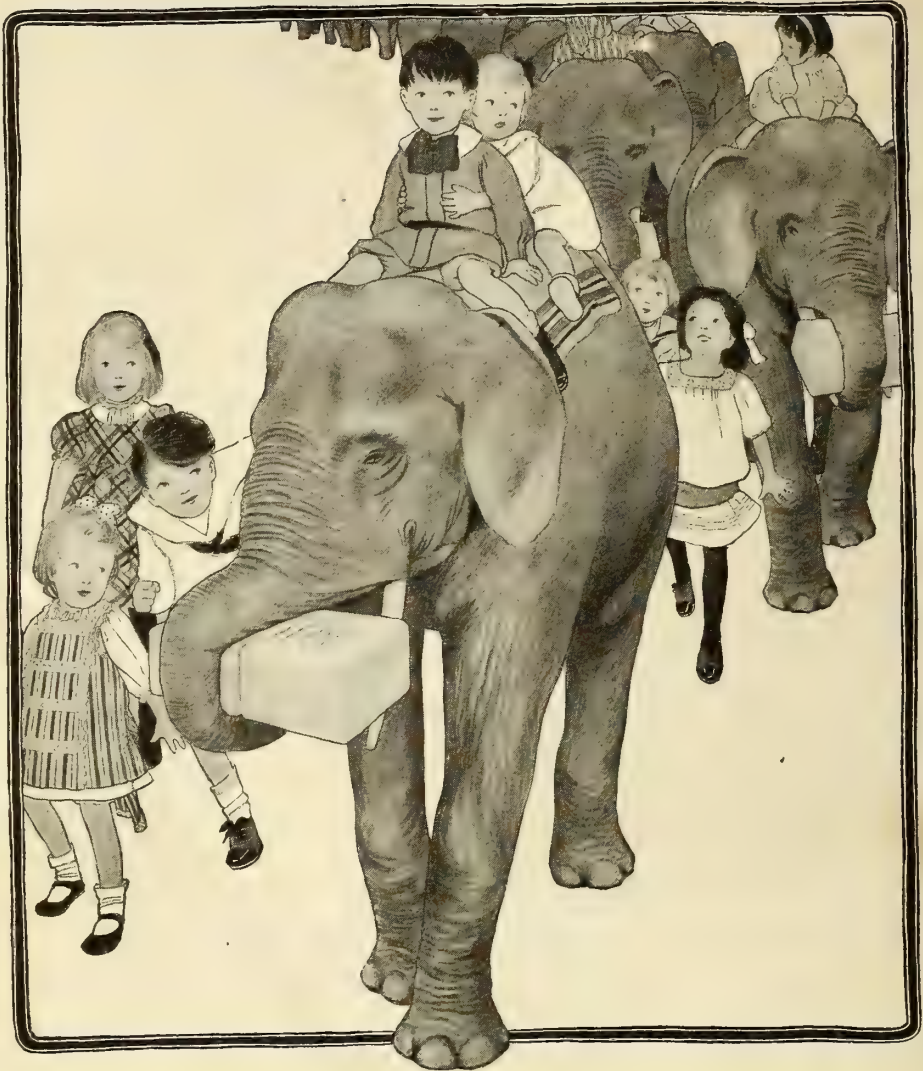
Tourist Pullmans are carried on first-class fast trains, and are nearly as nice as the standard sleepers.

A special tourist manager in charge.

Santa Fe All the Way from Chicago and Kansas City to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco, through Southwest Land of Enchantment.

I will furnish full details on request. Address
W. J. Black, Gen. Pass. Agt., Atchison, Topeka &
Santa Fe Railway, 1117 Railway Exchange, Chicago





What makes this beast so reconciled
To be the friend of every child?
Why, 'tis because his trunk is packed
With IVORY SOAP, and he'll not act
As once he did in Timbuctoo

When ivory tusks (not soap) he grew;
For now he's clean, he's tame and kind.
The moral is not hard to find —
He holds it in his trunk up-curved:
'Tis IVORY SOAP, for all the world.

IT FLOATS.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory"; they are not, but like all imitations, they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.

Libby's



(Natural Flavor)
Food Products

Winter or Summer—when the snow falls or the sun scorches, you will find no difference in the delicious flavor, wholesome quality, ease of preparation and the general goodness of

Libby's ^{Natural} _{Flavor} Food Products

Libby's Ox Tongues, Pork and Beans, Veal Loaf, Melrose Pate, Cottage Loaf, Concentrated Soups, etc., are all that highest skilled cooking can make them. Sold by grocers everywhere.

Our booklet, "Good Things to Eat," sent free upon request.
Send five 2 cent stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL



**BAKING
POWDER**

Absolutely Pure

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

Indispensable in Every
Household

GORHAM

**SILVER
POLISH**

IN CAKE FORM

The result of the experiments and experience of three generations. Cleans as well as polishes. Requires no effort to produce a satisfactory and lasting result. Does not cake or fill up the interstices and is guaranteed to be free from all injurious ingredients.

Price 25 cents a package
If unobtainable at your jewelers', send 25 cents
in stamps for a sample package to

The Gorham Co.

Broadway & 19th Street, New York



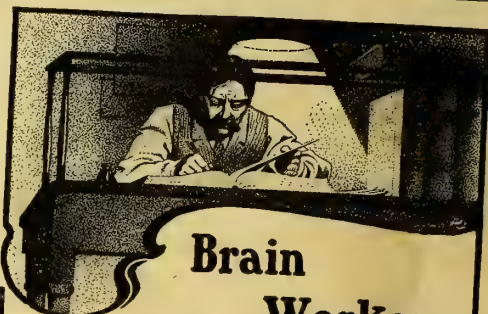
**I am
John Mackintosh
the Toffee King**

Copyright, 1904, John Mackintosh, New York.

Mackintosh's Toffee
the Pure and Delicious
OLD ENGLISH CANDY

The enormous sales of my Toffee in this country and in England (the home of Mackintosh's Toffee) have made it the great international candy. It is absolutely pure and wholesome, and the best candy ever made for children. I want to caution you against inferior imitation of my Toffee. Be sure that you get the original "Mackintosh's Toffee." Ask your dealer, and if he cannot supply you send me Ten Cents in stamps for a sample package; or \$1.60 for a 4-lb. Family Tin. Try your dealer first.

JOHN MACKINTOSH, Dept. 120, 78 Hudson St., N. Y.



**Brain
Workers**

must be fed right or nervous prostration and its train of distress sets in, for brain and nerves **WILL NOT** last always unless **FED**.

That's the mission of

Grape-Nuts

There's a reason.

New Serial: "PINKEY PERKINS—JUST A BOY"
BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER

ST. NICHOLAS

FOR-YOUNG-FOLKS

CONDUCTED BY
MARY-MAPES-DODGE



MACMILLAN AND CO · L'T'D, ST. MARTIN'S ST · LONDON
THE-CENTURY-CO-UNION-SQUARE-NEW-YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE CENTURY CO. ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

Filling Pails with
**Swift's
Silver Leaf
Lard**



**Premium
Hams and Bacon**

**Swift & Company
U.S.A.**

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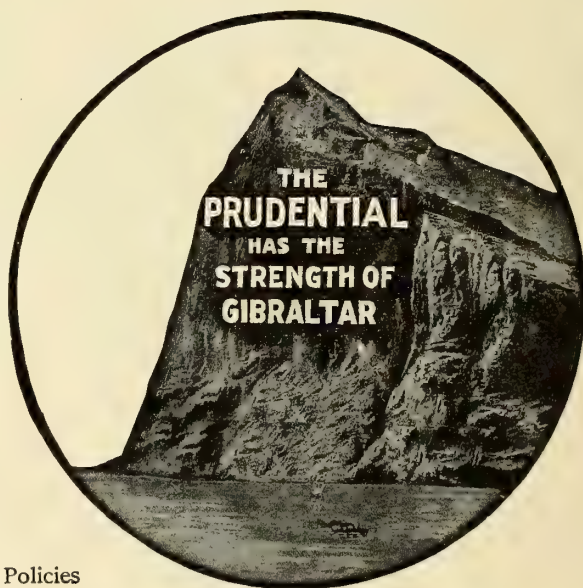
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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXII.

FEBRUARY, 1905.

NO. 4.

BARRY.

BY MARY ROWLES JARVIS.

AWAY on the mountain's shoulder,
Where the storm-wind's icy breath
Blows keen over drift and boulder,
A blast from the hills of death,

The lights of the Hospice glistened
Far over the wastes of snow,
And the monks, at their vespers, listened
To the moan of the storm below.

For the snow-cloud's awful curtain
Had shrouded the Pass all day,
And the pathway, at best uncertain,
Deep buried in snow-drifts lay.

But safe in the courtyard herded,
The dogs with their master stood,
Till each broad neck should be girded
With cordial and light and food.

Then away! every foe defying,
Their noble work to perform,
To search for the lost ones lying
Asleep in the pitiless storm.

Not one had been known to tarry,
Or falter at duty's call,

But the king of the dogs was Barry,
The bravest dog of them all.

For out of the drifts ensnaring,
Where their tottering victim strives,
By his deeds of noble daring
He had rescued a score of lives.

That day, through the tempest climbing,
Two travelers urged their way,
The plan of their journey timing
By night with the monks to stay.

But the snowflakes traveled faster,
And soon in the whirl of the gale
Each step threatened new disaster,
And courage began to fail.

And one of them fumed in anger
And said, as he paused at length,
"A curse on this terrible languor!
Let us drink to revive our strength:

"'T is well I 've a flagon handy."
But his comrade, in sore affright,
Cried, "Man, if you taste of brandy,
You 're dead ere the morning light!"

In vain was his wrathful pleading,
Entreaty, or threatening strong,
For, warning and protest unheeding,
The other drank deep and long.

It silenced his noisy grumbling;
But soon, where the drifts lay deep,
In drowsy confusion stumbling,
He fell in a heavy sleep.

Where the pall of the storm was rifted
By the flickering lantern-shine,
His beautiful eyes were lifted
To watch for his masters' sign —

Then away! through the cold and danger,
By no false trail beguiled,
To search for the outcast stranger
Alone in the tempest wild.



"SAFE IN THE COURTYARD HERDED."

And over the mountain's shoulder,
The storm-wind's icy breath
In the murky gloom blew colder,
A blast from the hills of death!

A ring at the Hospice gateway,
And a voice that was like a groan,
And the brethren opened straightway
To a traveler there alone.

He told them, in tones unsteady,
Of his comrade lost below,
And Barry, alert and ready,
Was summoned at once to go.

And swiftly he tracked and found him,
With a cry of brave delight,
And pawed at the drifts around him,
Still barking with all his might.

Then he licked the hand and harkened
Till the traveler moved again,
Awake, but with thought still darkened
By the drink that had dulled his brain.

For he fancied, in drunken error,
A wild beast faced him there;
And with cries of abject terror,
In a frenzy of despair,

He groped, in his stupid madness,
 For the clasp-knife in his coat,
 And while the dog whined for gladness,
 He plunged it in Barry's throat!

But with pity and love unswerving,
 His noble task to fulfil,
 In spite of his ill-deserving
 The brave dog licked him still,

And mastered his dulled resistance
 And led him steadily on,
 Where, far through the frozen distance,
 The lights of the Hospice shone.

Still upward his footsteps urging,
 His slow, sad steps of pain,
 Though the heights around were surging
 And his life-blood fell like rain,

Right well had he won his guerdon
 Of love and eternal fame;
 But who may describe the burden
 Of pity, remorse, and shame

That filled one heart on the morrow,
 Or his sufferings who may say —
 For in pangs of a life-long sorrow
 It could not be purged away!

And still, as the nights grow colder,
 And the storm-wind's icy breath
 Blows keen o'er the mountain's shoulder,
 A blast from the hills of death,

The dogs go forth through the blindness
 And whirl of the driving snow,
 And carry their help and kindness
 To travelers lost below;



"TO SEARCH FOR THE OUTCAST STRANGER ALONE IN THE TEMPEST WILD."

Safe home to the lighted gateway,
 Where the monks in wonder cried,
 He guided his slayer, and straightway
 Fell down at their feet and died!

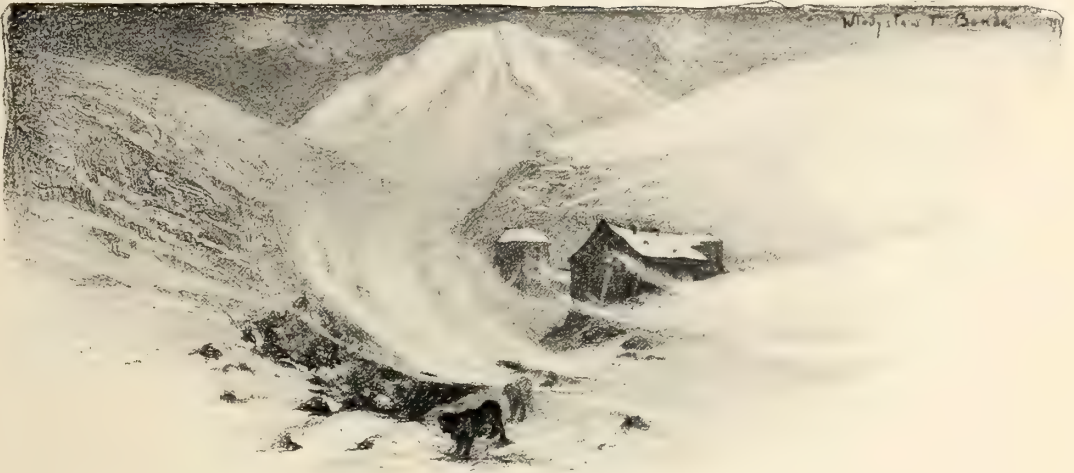
And still in the Hospice' story
 Of courage and love sublime,
 One name hath a crown of glory
 That never shall fade with time;



"THEN HE LICKED THE HAND AND HARKENED TILL THE TRAVELER MOVED AGAIN."

For as long as the annals declaring
 His deed shall be handed down,
 As long as unselfish daring
 Inherits its sure renown,

The heart of the world shall carry,
 Where love keepeth watch and guard,
 The beautiful tale of Barry,
 The hero of St. Bernard!



CHILDHOOD REASONING.

I. THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

IN their efforts to teach children, parents are often surprised by the original views which the youngsters take, and by their presentation of views which, while they may be but partial, are at least correct and discriminating so far as they go.

It occurred to a father, who noticed a carpenter hammering upon the roof of a distant house, that he would give his little son (eight years old) a lesson in physics, by calling attention to the fact that the blows of the hammer

could be seen before the sound made by them could be heard, and explaining that the difference in time between the seeing of the blows and the hearing of the noise was due to the fact that light travels much faster than sound. He sought to introduce the subject by asking the boy if he understood why it was that he could see the hammer fall before he could hear the noise of the stroke. He was astonished to receive the reply: "Yes; it's because my eyes are nearer to the hammer than my ears."

Edwin J. Prindle.

II. MISFIT SPECTACLES.

I 'VE wondered why the spectacles that help grandpa to read
 Should make things, when I put them on, look very queer indeed.
 Good reason why his spectacles for me will never do,
 For, don't you see, my eyes are brown, while grandpapa's are blue!

Alwin West.

A MIRACLE.

By J. H. M.

In a great sunny studio
A sculptor welcomed friends one day,
And as the guests moved to and fro,
They heard a gentle lady say :

“ Wonders will never cease. We must
Admit there 's magic in this room.
For see : that statuette is just
A little obelisk in bloom ! ”



QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

Copyright, 1904, by L. FRANK BAUM.

BY L. FRANK BAUM.

Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WINGS OF AUNT RIVETTE.

BUD and Meg had plenty to occupy them in looking over and admiring their new possessions. First they went to the princess's rooms, where Fluff ordered her seven maids to spread out all the beautiful gowns she had received. And forty of them made quite an imposing show, I assure you. They were all dainty and sweet and of rich material, suitable for all occasions, and of all colors and shades. Of course there were none with trains, for Margaret, although a princess, was only a little girl; but the gowns were gay with bright ribbons and jeweled buttons and clasps; and each one had its hat and hosiery and slippers to match.

After admiring the dresses for a time, they looked at Bud's new clothes—twenty suits of velvets, brocades, and finely woven cloths. Some had diamonds and precious gems sewn on them for ornaments, while others were plain; but the poorest suit there was finer than the boy had ever dreamed of possessing.

There were also many articles of apparel to go with these suits, such as shoes with diamond buckles, silken stockings, neck laces, and fine linen; and there was a beautiful little sword, with a gold scabbard and a jeweled hilt, that the little king could wear on state occasions.

However, when the children had examined the gowns and suits to their satisfaction, they began looking for other amusement.

"Do you know, Fluff," said the boy, "there is n't a single toy or plaything in this whole palace?"

"I suppose the old king did n't care for playthings," replied Fluff, thoughtfully.

Just then there was a knock at the door, and Aunt Rivette came hobbling into the room. Her wrinkled old face was full of eagerness, and

in her hands she clasped the purse of golden coins the lord high purse-bearer had given her.

"See what I've got!" she cried, holding out the purse. "And I'm going to buy the finest clothes in all the kingdom! And ride in the king's carriage! And have a man to wait upon me! And make Mammy Skib and Mistress Kappleson and all the other neighbors wild with jealousy!"

"I don't care," said Bud.

"Why, you owe everything to me!" cried Aunt Rivette. "If I had n't brought you to Nole on the donkey's back, you would n't have been the forty-seventh person to enter the gate."

"That's true," said Meg.

But Bud was angry.

"I know it's true," he said; "but look here, you must n't bother us. Just keep out of our way, please, and let me alone, and then I won't care how many new dresses you buy."

"I'm going to spend every piece of this gold!" she exclaimed, clasping the purse with her wrinkled hands. "But I don't like to go through the streets in this poor dress. Won't you lend me your cloak, Meg, until I get back?"

"Of course I will," returned the girl; and going to the closet, she brought out the magic cloak the fairy had given her and threw it over Aunt Rivette's shoulders. For she was sorry for the old woman, and this was the prettiest cloak she had.

So old Rivette, feeling very proud and anxious to spend her money, left the palace and walked as fast as her tottering legs would carry her down the street in the direction of the shops. "I'll buy a yellow silk," she mumbled to herself, half aloud, "and a white velvet, and a purple brocade, and a sky-blue bonnet with crimson plumes! And won't the neighbors stare then?"

Oh, dear! If I could only walk faster! And the shops are so far! I wish I could fly!"

Now she was wearing the magic cloak when she expressed this wish, and no sooner had she spoken than two great feathery wings appeared, fastened to her shoulders.

The old woman stopped short, turned her

same time flopping nervously her new wings. "Save me, some one! Save me!"

"Why don't you save yourself?" asked a man below. "Stop flying, if you want to reach the earth again!"

This struck old Rivette as a sensible suggestion. She was quite a distance in the air by



"AFTER ADMIRING THE DRESSES FOR A TIME, THEY LOOKED AT BUD'S NEW CLOTHES."

head, and saw the wings; and then she gave a scream and a jump and began waving her arms frantically.

The wings flopped at the same time, raising her slowly from the ground, and she began to soar gracefully above the heads of the astonished people, who thronged the streets below.

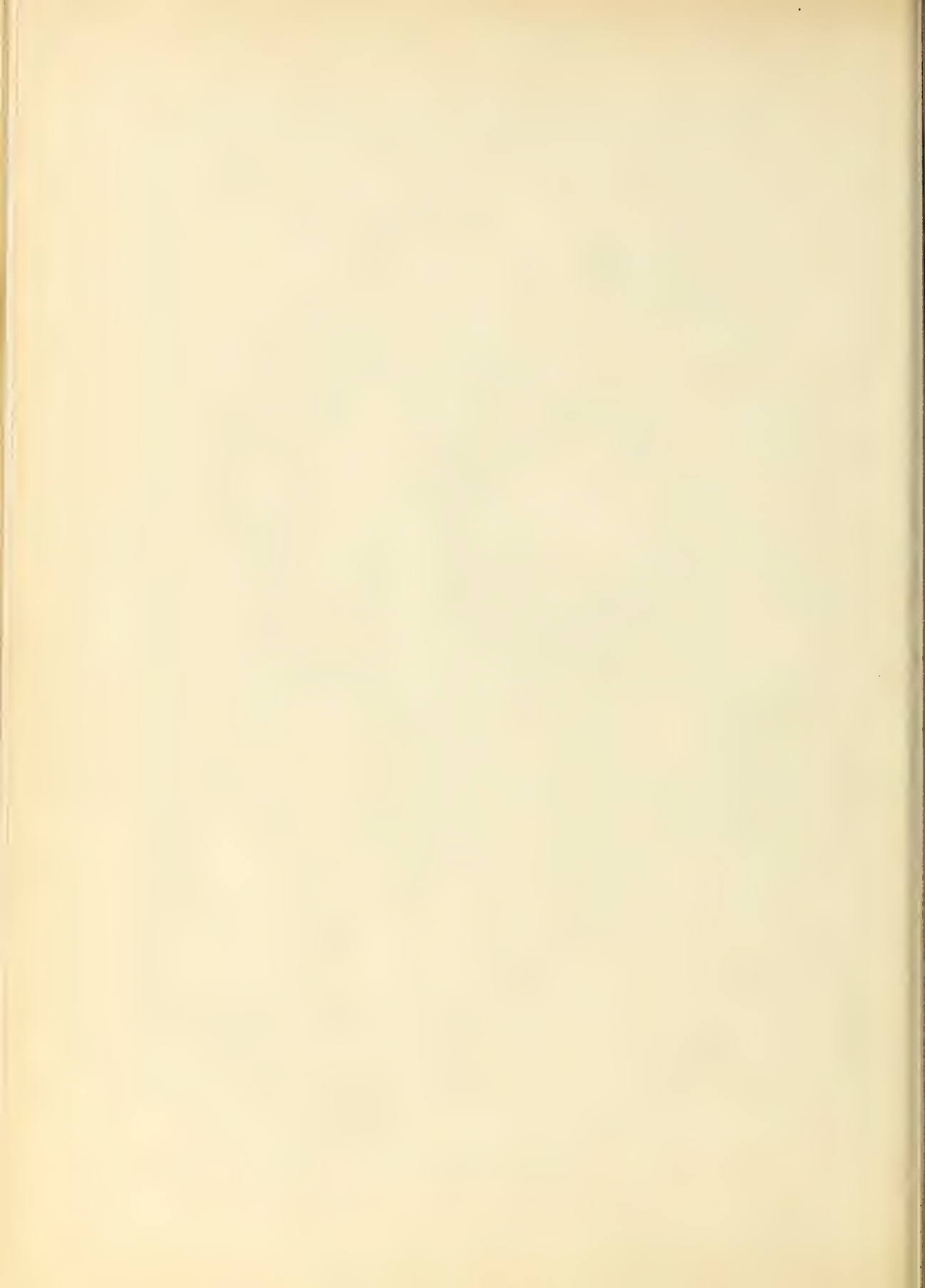
"Stop! Help! Murder!" shrieked Rivette, kicking her feet in great agitation, and at the

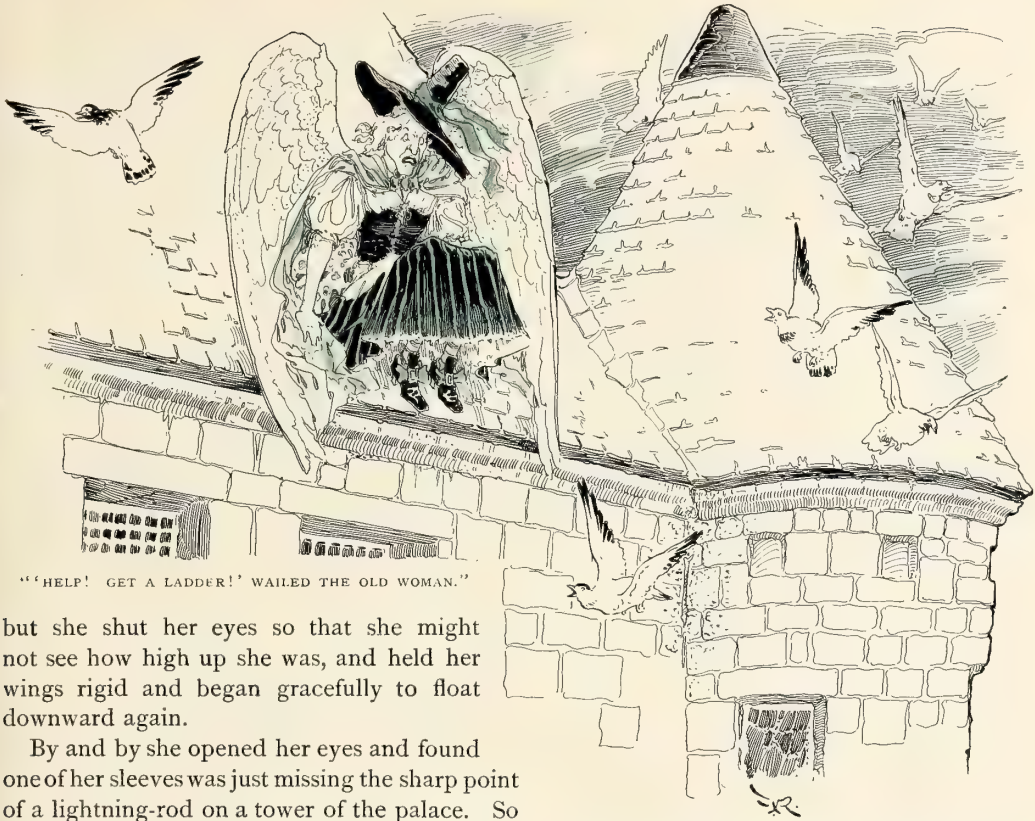
this time; but she tried to hold her wings steady and not flop them, and the result was that she began to float slowly downward. Then, with horror, she saw she was sinking directly upon the branches of a prickly-pear tree; so she screamed and began flying again, and the swift movement of her wings sent her high into the air.

So great was her terror that she nearly fainted;



"ALMOST BEFORE SHE KNEW IT, AUNT RIVETTE HAD DESCENDED
TO THE ROOF OF THE ROYAL STABLES."





"'HELP! GET A LADDER!' wailed the old woman."

but she shut her eyes so that she might not see how high up she was, and held her wings rigid and began gracefully to float downward again.

By and by she opened her eyes and found one of her sleeves was just missing the sharp point of a lightning-rod on a tower of the palace. So she began struggling and flopping anew, and, almost before she knew it, Aunt Rivette had descended to the roof of the royal stables. Here she sat down and began to weep and wail, while a great crowd gathered below and watched her.

"Get a ladder! *Please* get a ladder!" begged old Rivette. "If you don't, I shall fall and break my neck."

By this time Bud and Fluff had come out to see what caused the excitement; and, to their amazement, they found their old aunt perched on the stable roof, with two great wings growing from her back.

For a moment they could not understand what had happened. Then Margaret cried:

"Oh, Bud, I let her wear the magic cloak! She must have made a wish!"

"Help! Help! Get a ladder!" wailed the old woman, catching sight of her nephew and niece.

"Well, you *are* a bird, Aunt Rivette!" shouted Bud, gleefully, for he was in a teasing mood. "You don't need a ladder! I don't see why

you can't fly down the same way you flew up." And all the people shouted: "Yes, yes! The king is right! Fly down!"

Just then Rivette's feet began to slip on the sloping roof; so she made a wild struggle to save herself, and the result was that she fluttered her wings in just the right way to sink gradually to the ground.

"You 'll be all right as soon as you know how to use your wings," said Bud, with a laugh. "But where did you get 'em, anyhow?"

"I don't know," said Aunt Rivette, much relieved to be on earth again, and rather pleased to have attracted so much attention. "Are the wings pretty?"

"They are perfectly lovely!" cried Fluff, clapping her hands in glee. "Why, Aunt Rivette, I do believe you must be the only person in all the world who can fly!"

"But I think you look like an overgrown buzzard," said Bud.

Now it happened that all this praise, and the wondering looks of the people, did a great deal



"WHY, AUNT RIVETTE, I DO BELIEVE YOU MUST BE THE ONLY PERSON IN ALL THE WORLD WHO CAN FLY!"

to reconcile Rivette to her new wings. Indeed, she began to feel a certain pride and distinction in them; and, finding she had through all the excitement retained her grasp on the purse of gold, she now wrapped the magic cloak around her and walked away to the shops, followed by a crowd of men, women, and children.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROYAL RECEPTION.

As for the king and Princess Fluff, they returned to the palace and dressed themselves in some of their prettiest garments, telling Jikki to have two ponies saddled and ready for them to ride upon.

"We really *must* have some toys," said Meg, with decision; "and now that we are rich, there is no reason why we can't buy what we want."

"That's true," answered Bud. "The old king had n't anything to play with. Poor old man! I wonder what he did to amuse himself."

They mounted their ponies, and, followed by the chief counselor and the lord high purse-bearer in one of the state carriages, and a guard of soldiers for escort, they rode down the

streets of the city on a pleasure-jaut, amid the shouts of the loyal populace.

By and by Bud saw a toy-shop in one of the streets, and he and Fluff slipped down from their ponies and went inside to examine the toys. It was a well-stocked shop, and there were rows upon rows of beautiful dolls on the shelves, which attracted Margaret's attention at once.

"Oh, Bud," she exclaimed, "I must have one of these dollies!"

"Take your choice," said her brother, calmly, although his own heart was beating with delight at the sight of all the toys arranged before him.

"I don't know which to choose," sighed the little princess, looking from one doll to another with longing and indecision.

"We'll take 'em all," declared Bud.

"All! What — all these rows of dollies?" she gasped.

"Why not?" asked the king. Then he turned to the men who kept the shop and said:

"Call in that old fellow who carries the money."

When the lord high purse-bearer appeared, Bud said to him:

"Pay the man for all these dolls; and for this — and this — and this — and this!" and he began picking out the prettiest toys in all the shop, in the most reckless way you can imagine.

The soldiers loaded the carriage down with Meg's dolls, and a big cart was filled with Bud's toys. Then the purse-bearer paid the bill, although he sighed deeply several times while counting out the money. But the new king paid no attention to old Tillydib; and when the treasures were all secured the children mounted their ponies and rode joyfully back to the palace, followed in a procession by the carriage filled with dolls, and the cart loaded with toys, while Tullydub and Tillydib, being unable to ride in the carriage, trotted along at the rear on foot.

Bud had the toys and dolls all carried up-

"After all," he said to his sister, "it's a good thing to be a king!"

"Or even a princess," added Meg, busily dressing and arranging her dolls.

They made Jikki bring their dinner to them in the "play-room," as Bud called it; but neither of the children could spare much time to eat, their treasures being all so new and delightful.

Soon after dusk, while Jikki was lighting the candles, the chief counselor came to the door to say that the king must be ready to attend the royal reception in five minutes.

"I won't," said Bud. "I just won't."



F. RICHARDSON

"WE'LL TAKE 'EM ALL," DECLARED BUD."

stairs into a big room, and then he ordered everybody to keep out while he and Fluff arranged their playthings around the room and upon the tables and chairs, besides littering the floor so that they could hardly find a clear place large enough for some of their romping games.

"But you *must*, your Majesty!" declared old Tullydub.

"Am I not the king?" demanded Bud, looking up from where he was arranging an army of wooden soldiers.

"Certainly, your Majesty," was the reply.

"And is n't the king's will the law?" continued Bud.

"Certainly, your Majesty!"

"Well, if that is so, just understand that I won't come. Go away and let me alone!"

"that people in this world always have to pay for any good thing they get."

"What do you mean?" inquired Bud, with surprise.

"I mean if you're going to be the king, and



F. RICHARDSON

"THE KING THREW A TOY CANNON AT HIS CHIEF COUNSELOR."

"But the people expect your Majesty to attend the royal reception," protested old Tullydub, greatly astonished. "It is the usual custom, you know; and they would be greatly disappointed if your Majesty did not appear."

"I don't care," said Bud. "You get out of here and let me alone!"

"But, your Majesty—"

The king threw a toy cannon at his chief counselor, and the old man ducked to escape it, and then quickly closed the door.

"Bud," said the princess, softly, "you were just saying it's great fun to be a king."

"So it is," he answered promptly.

"But father used to tell us," continued the girl, trying a red hat on a brown-haired doll,

wear fine clothes, and eat lovely dinners, and live in a palace, and have countless servants, and all the playthings you want, and your own way in everything and with everybody—then you ought to be willing to pay for all these pleasures."

"How? But how *can* I pay for them?" demanded Bud, staring at her.

"By attending the royal receptions, and doing all the disagreeable things the king is expected to do," she answered.

Bud thought about it for a minute. Then he got up, walked over to his sister, and kissed her.

"I b'lieve you're right, Fluff," he said, with a sigh. "I'll go to that reception to-night, and take it as I would take a dose of medicine."

"Of course you will!" returned Fluff, looking up at him brightly; "and I'll go with you! The

Old Tullydub was wondering how he might best explain the king's absence to the throng of courtiers gathered to attend the royal reception, when, to his surprise and relief, his Majesty entered the room, accompanied by the Princess Fluff. The king wore a velvet suit trimmed with gold lace, and at his side hung the beautiful jeweled sword. Meg was dressed in a soft white silken gown, and looked as sweet and fair as a lily.

The courtiers and their ladies, who were all wearing their most handsome and becoming apparel, received their little king with great respect, and several of the wealthiest and most noble among them came up to Bud to converse with him.

But the king did not know what to say to these great personages, and so the royal reception began to be a very stupid affair.

Fluff saw that all the people were standing in stiff rows and looking at one another uneasily, so she went to Bud and whispered to him.

"Is there a band of musicians in the palace?" the king inquired of Tellydeb, who stood near.

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Send for them, then," commanded Bud.

Presently the musicians appeared, and the king ordered them to play a waltz. But the chief counselor rushed up and exclaimed:

"Oh, your Majesty! This is against all rule and custom!"

"Silence!" said Bud, angrily. "I'll make the rules and customs in this kingdom hereafter. We're going to have a dance."

"But it's so dreadful — so unconventional, your Majesty! It's so — what shall I call it?"

dolls can wait till to-morrow. Have Jikki brush your hair, and I'll get my maids to dress me!"



"ONE SCREAMED
'MURDER!' AND THE
OTHER 'HELP!'"
(SEE PAGE 304.)

"Here! I've had enough of this," declared Bud. "You go and stand in that corner, with your face to the wall, till I tell you to sit down," he added, remembering a time when his father, the ferryman, had inflicted a like punishment upon him.

Somewhat to his surprise, Tullydub at once obeyed the command, and then Bud made his first speech to the people.

"We 're goin' to have a dance," he said; "so pitch in and have a good time. If there 's anything you want, ask for it. You 're all welcome to stay as long as you please and go home when you get ready."

This seemed to please the company, for every one applauded the king's speech. Then the musicians began to play, and the people were soon dancing and enjoying themselves greatly.

Princess Fluff had a good many partners that evening, but Bud did not care to dance—he preferred to look on; and, after a time, he brought old Tullydub out of his corner, and made the chief counselor promise to be good and not annoy him again.

"But it is my duty to counsel the king," protested the old man, solemnly.

"When I want your advice I 'll ask for it," said Bud.

While Tullydub stood beside the throne, looking somewhat sulky and disagreeable, the door opened and Aunt Rivette entered the reception-room. She was clothed in a handsome gown of bright-green velvet, trimmed with red and yellow flowers, and the wings stuck out from the folds at her back in a way that was truly wonderful.

Aunt Rivette seemed in an amiable mood. She smiled and curtsied to all the people, who had stopped dancing to stare at her, and she even

fluttered her wings once or twice to show that she was proud of being unlike all the others present.

Bud had to laugh at her, she looked so funny; and then a mischievous thought came to him, and he commanded old Tullydub to dance with her.

"But I don't dance, your Majesty!" exclaimed the horrified chief counselor.

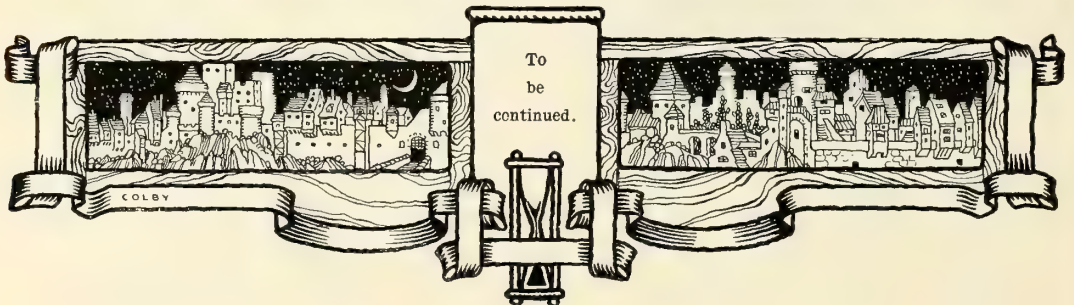
"Try it; I'm sure you can dance," returned Bud. "If you don't know how, it's time you learned."

So the poor man was forced to place his arm about Aunt Rivette's waist and to whirl her around in a waltz. The old woman knew as little about dancing as did Tullydub, and they were exceedingly awkward, bumping into every one they came near. Presently Aunt Rivette's feet slipped, and she would have tumbled upon the floor with the chief counselor had she not begun to flutter her wings wildly.

So, instead of falling, she rose gradually into the air, carrying Tullydub with her; for they clung to each other in terror, and one screamed "Murder!" and the other "Help!" in their loudest voices.

Bud laughed until the tears stood in his eyes; but Aunt Rivette, after bumping both her own head and that of the chief counselor against the ceiling several times, finally managed to control the action of her wings and to descend to the floor again.

As soon as he was released, old Tullydub fled from the room; and Aunt Rivette, vowing she would dance no more, seated herself beside Bud and watched the revel until nearly midnight, when the courtiers and their ladies dispersed to their own homes, declaring that they had never enjoyed a more delightful evening.



THE WOODCHUCK.

BY SILAS A. LOTTRIDGE.

THE woodchuck is well known among the farmer boys and girls throughout the Middle and Eastern States, for he is as much a part of the farm as the brook or the orchard.

In form he is far from graceful, especially in the latter part of the summer, when the body becomes very fat and pouchy. The color of the fur varies from a reddish brown to a griz-

are trapped, many are shot, and not a few are destroyed by the farm dogs.

The trap is set at the entrance of the burrow, being made fast to a stake which is driven into the ground. The woodchucks are more easily trapped in May or June than later in the season. Old ones frequently become very shy, especially those living in meadows remote from the house

and having their burrows in the edge of the woods or bushes near by. Sometimes one of these woodchucks will spring a trap day after day without being caught; or even dig around the trap, much to the disgust of the farmer-boy, who is usually paid a bounty of ten cents for each "chuck" caught. Occasionally the farm dog develops considerable ability in capturing them.

There is no animal that exerts less energy in the course of a year than the woodchuck. He feeds upon the best in the meadow and occasionally in the garden, being very fond of the juicy peas and beans and tender



ON THE LOOKOUT.

zled gray, or, occasionally, black. The teeth, like those of the squirrel and prairie-dog, are strong and well adapted for cutting.

His summer home is sometimes in a burrow, and sometimes in a wall or stone-heap. The woodchuck of the present day is rather inclined to desert the old home in the woods, where he fed upon tender bark and roots of various kinds, and become a dweller near the clover-patch in the field. For this reason he has become a special object of persecution by the farmers, and a continual warfare is waged against him from early spring until fall; some

lettuce. Then as winter comes on he forgets all care and worry, crawls into his burrow, and, like the bear, falls asleep, not to awaken till spring.

The cubs usually number four or five, and the date of their birth is not far from the tenth of May. The snug little chamber in which they are born is located two or three feet under the ground and contains a small bed of dry grass gathered the fall before.

The woodchuck family best known to me was the one that lived by the old rail fence just back of the orchard on my father's farm. The mother

introduced herself one morning in the latter part of May, just as old Rover and I had started out for a day's fishing. As she fled at our approach, Rover followed and disclosed to me the burrow into which she had fled.

More than one day's sport I got out of that burrow. I took care that Rover did n't go with me when I made my visits, and, instead of dig-

rewarded, for, one fine morning, five little cubs came tumbling along the narrow passage after their mother to the entrance of the burrow and looked with their great, beautiful brown eyes upon the outside world. What a marvelous surprise it must have been to them to view the green grass and the beautiful flowers!

When satisfied that there was no danger lurking

in the immediate vicinity, the mother led the way into the grass, followed by the cubs, which tumbled along in haste to keep close to her. They tried to imitate her in everything; and when she nibbled a clover-leaf they followed her example, and soon the sharp little teeth had learned to cut the juicy leaves.

The real object of their first outing was soon accomplished — that of filling their stomachs; and then they began playing about in the grass, very much like puppies, but the mother was careful not to let them wander far from the entrance of their home, for if her trained ear caught the sound of something approaching, she would hustle the little ones into the burrow. Once the cubs had traveled only a part of the passage before they heard the deep breathing of the dog at the mouth of the tunnel. The exertion and excitement must have made their little hearts beat fast, and for the first time in their lives they learned what it was to be frightened.

This was only the beginning of their education; for day after day they came out of the burrow, and when they scrambled back something had been added to their little stock of woodchuck

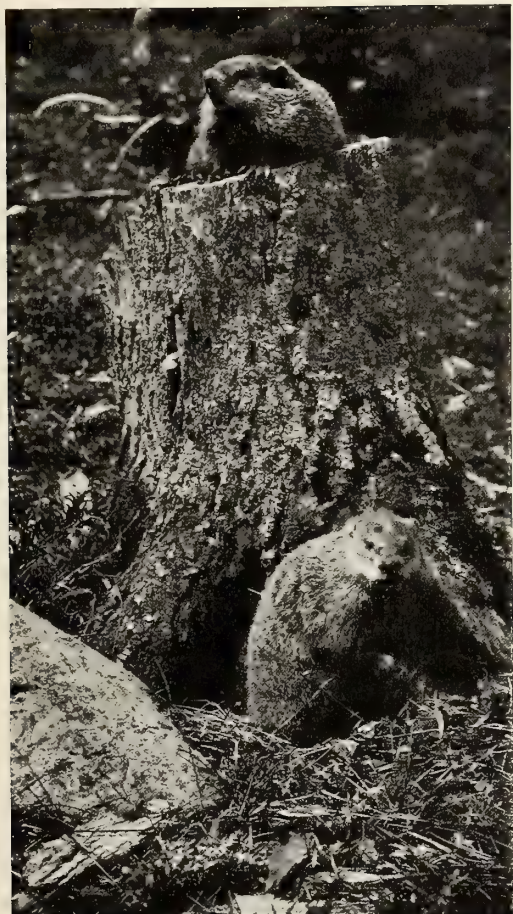


A FAVORITE "ROOST."

ging out the inmates boy-fashion, I waited for them to come out of their own accord. Several times the old woodchuck appeared; but, feeling sure that there were "more to follow," I patiently watched and waited. Finally my patience was

knowledge. A part of this knowledge was obtained by copying their mother, but by far the greater part came through instinct and experiences of their own.

Some attention was given to the art of climb-



INTERESTED, BUT NOT AFRAID.

ing trees and fences, for from elevated positions they could command a much more extended view of meadow and woodland. Yes, woodchucks really climb fences and small trees, though their first attempts are very clumsy. Never a day passed that the little woodchucks did not receive a lesson in danger-signals. They soon learned to distinguish among the many sounds that came to their ears those that threatened harm from those that meant no harm at all. They learned that a dog is not a dangerous foe, as his presence is usually made known while he is some distance off; but they learned to be very wary when a fox was in the vicinity.

I once knew a dog, however, that was a famous woodchuck-hunter. After locating a woodchuck, Shep would watch his movements for a little time; then, while the woodchuck was feeding, he would move directly toward it,

keeping his body close to the ground, but would stop instantly and lie very still whenever the woodchuck raised itself on its haunches to look about for danger. When Shep believed himself to be near enough to the entrance of the burrow, he would make a dash for it, and if he reached it first, there was sure to be one less woodchuck to feed upon the clover.

When the early autumn came, the little cubs were pretty nearly grown up; and soon they settled down to the serious business of life, either finding a deserted burrow or digging one for themselves. Within a space of three days the old burrow had but one occupant, the mother.

Usually each woodchuck has a burrow by itself, but occasionally a pair will live together through the winter. I came upon such a pair, not far from the summer home which had so interested me, and I pleased myself by imagining they were two of my old friends. The spot they had selected for their burrow was on a gentle sunny slope in one corner of the meadow.



DANGER IN THE DISTANCE.



HIS WINTER NAP.

Showing a woodchuck hibernating. The ground has been cut away, disclosing the interior of the burrow without disturbing the animal.

They had evidently been working little by little on the new burrow before they left the old one, but now they made a regular business of it, and worked with a will. They made rapid progress, for the feet are armed with powerful claws and there is a web between the toes, a combination which makes an excellent pick and shovel. The fore feet are used principally for digging, and the hind ones for throwing backward the loosened earth and stones.

For some distance from the entrance their burrow inclined downward quite sharply, and then turned slightly upward and continued along beneath the surface for a distance of fifteen

feet. There was a small side tunnel, four feet long, which ended in an exit; the main burrow ended in a chamber of considerable size, in which there was a quantity of fine grass for bedding.

When the woodchucks had completed their home they had nothing to do but to eat and doze about in the sun. With a few weeks of this sort of life there came a wonderful change in their appearance; their cheeks were distended, their fur was glossy, and their skins were stretched with fatness.

When September was well advanced they could eat no more, and had only to wait and doze away the time until about the first week in October, when Mother Nature would send them to sleep for the winter. The blood began to flow more slowly through their veins, a drowsiness which they could not resist gradually crept over them, and finally they curled themselves into balls of fur, side by side in their snug retreat, and fell asleep.

Warm autumn days followed with their mellow light; Indian summer came and went, but the slumber of the woodchucks

was unbroken; and thus the cold, bleak winter passed in one long dream of summer.

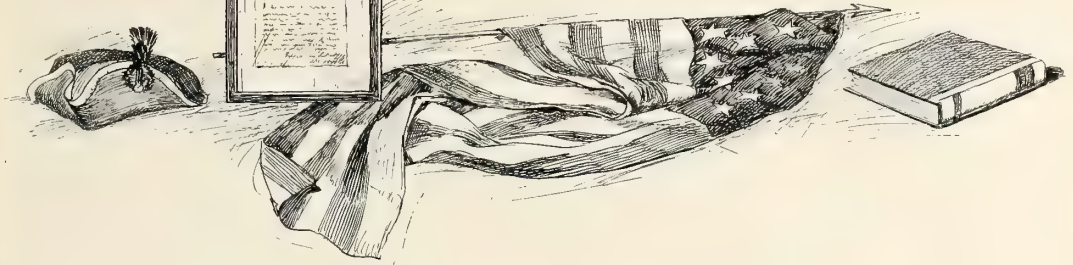


A PAIR OF HIBERNATING WOODCHUCKS.

Showing another burrow, opened as was that shown in the upper picture.

The Founding of the B.A.

By Anna Parmly Paret.



(Including a facsimile of a letter from General George Washington to Brigadier-General Forman, never before printed.)

THAT the Wellsburgh Military Academy lacked something in not having any secret societies was becoming more and more clear to the junior class of that popular school. Perhaps the idea would never have occurred to the boys if Rob Pierson had not gone to spend his Christmas holidays with his Philadelphia cousins; but that visit brought the first cloud of dissatisfaction to Rob — and then, of course, to the whole junior class, who always followed Rob's lead in everything, without question, from geometry to neckties.

"Got any societies at your old school?" his cousin asked him, one day.

"Societies! No; what for?" exclaimed Rob, in open-mouthed wonderment. "Sounds like girls." This last with such withering contempt that little Lucy, who had taken a decided liking to him, picked up her book and left the fire-light circle in protest.

"Girls nothing! All the colleges have 'em. We have them at our school; but I suppose you're too busy playing soldiers to find out what college men do."

"We're too busy with classes and drills to bother with such foolishness," was Rob's crushingly delivered answer.

But during the rest of his week in Philadelphia he quietly picked up considerable information about secret societies and how they were run.

A certain subdued air belonging to the return to school and study kept down Rob's growing discontent with existing things for a few days. The reaction from two weeks of loafing and fun

brought him new energy in the study of geometry, Greek, and Latin, and until Friday night the boys had scarcely a chance to compare notes about their holidays.

A belated Christmas box, coming to a boy from the far West who had spent his two weeks with a friend, gave an occasion for a "pajama party." Twelve days of rest in the baggage-room of the wrong town not having done serious damage to the comforts in the box, the ten "selectmen," as those bidden to a feast were called at the Wellsburgh Academy, spent the first ten minutes or so in "sampling" the various good things, regardless of the fine points of manners or table etiquette. Indeed, there was no table — the cookies, figs, nuts, and apples were spread on the counterpane of Willis's bed, in a medley that would have driven his doting mother mad by its contrast with the daintily wrapped packages which she had so neatly and carefully put up.

"Say, boys," Rob began when the first edge of his healthy appetite had been dulled, "my cousin goes to Saybrook to school, and they have secret societies, as the men have at college — and at West Point, too, I s'pose. I never thought of it before, but if they have these societies at Saybrook, it stands to reason we've got to have 'em. We can't let Saybrook get ahead of us in any way."

"Right you are, colonel," murmured the host, rather brokenly by reason of his mouth being stuffed with home-made mince-pie. "I don't want to get to Yale and find there's

a lot of things I ought to know but don't know. If secret societies are the thing, let 's have one of them at once, I say."

"I heard some chaps from St. John's talking about their Alpha Phi doings the other day," piped in Jim Martin. "At first I thought they were discussing apple-pie; but when I found it was n't that, I felt squarely out of it. I did my level best to look knowing; but I could n't help a sneaking fear that they suspected I was n't "on." I think we've got to add 'em to the list. Hope they're more fun than the faculty's latest additions."

The next evening a meeting of the junior class was called, at which Jim Martin moved that the junior class of Wellsburgh Academy should have a secret society.

"Second the motion," came a subdued voice, and in breathless expectancy they waited while the president carefully thought out the correct form for such an important motion.

"Gentlemen, it is moved and seconded that the junior class of Wellsburgh Academy shall have a secret society. All in favor say, 'Ay'—and mind ye don't make a noise about it, either!" wound up the dignified presiding officer.

There was a subdued rumble of "ays," and as there was no answer when the "noes" were called for, a count seemed hardly necessary.

A minute's awkward silence followed the vote. No one seemed to know just what to do next.

And then Rob managed to recall the parliamentary procedure at a meeting to which he had gone with his father. He was a bit rusty, but was at least equal to this occasion.

"The motion having been carried that the academy shall have a secret society, it is the next duty of this meeting to decide on what form that society shall take. The chair is ready for suggestions."

"What's the matter with a historical or patriotic society, or something of that kind?" suggested Simmons, who had just come in. A pang of envy shot through Rob's mind at that idea, for he knew why it had occurred to Simmons. Though Simmons was too much of a gentleman ever to boast, the boys knew from Willis, who had visited at his house, that the proudest possessions of Simmons's father were the portraits of some Revolutionary ancestors

and the sword of his great-grandfather, who had commanded a company at Bunker Hill. To a boy with military aspirations such a record and such ancestral possessions seemed priceless.

"Good idea, seems to me," Jones said. "Make it in a motion, and that will show the sense of the meeting."

Great enthusiasm, sternly subdued, greeted Simmons's suggestion, and in short order it was decided. A historical society it should be. They would collect historical articles, and would have a reference library of their own. It would take time; but future classes would get the benefit, and the class of 1903 would always have the credit of having begun it all.

"Where shall we meet? This pajama business is n't all it's cracked up to be on cold nights," lamented Smithers through chattering teeth.

"There's the old store-room upstairs. Let's ask Richardson if we may use it," was Rob's suggestion.

Just then the opening of a door and an apologetic cough froze the blood of the conspirators. Keasby always coughed warningly before descending "like a wolf on the fold"—he had been a boy once himself. This gave time for a sharp "Shut up, you kids!" from some one, and the light went out suddenly as the tutor's step was heard at the door. Under the farthest corner of the bed three miscreants were hidden, in the closet were two, and past Keasby at the door shot several. The hand which reached for them did so in a groping way that did not give evidence of any stern determination to catch the offenders; and by the time Keasby had struck a light, and was gazing blinkingly around, only three of the culprits were visible—Potts, whose room it was; Pierson, who, as class president and chairman of the meeting, scorned to leave his fellow to face the music alone; and Fatty Wilson, who was rolling on the floor in convulsions of laughter, too weak to get up and run.

"What does this mean, boys?" inquired a stern voice. "This is a wilful disobedience of rules."

"Well, you see, sir, we were just talking over a secret plan that could n't be discussed downstairs. This was the only way to do it."



"HE WAS AT THE LITTLE ROUND WINDOW, HOLDING THE LETTER CLOSE TO THE COBWEBBED PANE." (SEE PAGE 313.)

"Well, the only way now to remedy it is to go and explain to Professor Richardson in the morning. I shall report the breach of rules, and you three may then give whatever explanation you can. Go at once to your rooms, boys."

That interview with the principal, to which the three culprits went with thumping hearts that seemed to have a provoking tendency to climb up into their throats, turned out to be the making of the new society. Mr. Richardson was wise enough to see where the good of his school lay.

"Well," he said, "while I must seriously protest against any more night meetings, I think your plan is a good one, boys, and I'll do what I can to help you. You can use the lumber-room if the class will spend Saturday afternoon moving the boxes and other things out to the barn-loft. What's worth having is worth working for."

An awed trio escaped at the earliest possible moment from the dread precincts of the office,

and groups of laughing and cheering juniors were the feature of the noon recess.

Keen curiosity was rampant, of course, especially among the small boys, as to why the whole junior class was left at home when the rest of the school went skating Saturday afternoon. The seniors were, naturally, too proud to ask questions.

It took all the spring to get the room in order and to plan out the society's future; and in the meantime it was decided that a temporary president should be elected to serve until commencement day, and that in future the president should be a member of the senior class, as at the autumn opening of the school the society's organizers would all be seniors. Rob Pierson was elected temporary president because of his having practically suggested the plan and taken so active a part in the organization; and the name of the society was decided on,—the "B. A. Society,"—the meaning of the letters being the chief secret of the secret society, known only to the initiated.

"It will be fairly launched by next fall," Rob said at one of the meetings; "and we fellows must decide now, or then, what we'll make the entrance qualifications, and for what qualities we'll choose our president. We don't want to pick a fellow out for such an important position just because he's popular, you know. I suggest that we make the question of a member's standing in history the thing to consider. The president ought to be pretty well up in that."

Pierson left school, when commencement day came, with a keenness for vacation and all its fun, but with an underlying determination to do something during the summer that would entitle him to that presidency.

The old farm-house down at Shrewsbury, in its grove of trees, that Uncle Bob had bought and rebuilt, was a delightful place to visit, and the country round was all attractive. There were historical memories to be raked up by a visit to Freehold, with its old church and graveyard, and the quaint, quiet street of old Shrewsbury town. And then when it suddenly dawned on Rob's mind that a battle of the Revolution had been fought almost on the ground where he was living, even the soil took on a new interest.

"Where was the battle fought, Uncle Bob?" he asked one day.

"Over toward the southwest of us," his uncle said. "If you'll go up to the garret some day, and climb over the boxes and trunks there and look out of that funny little round cobwebby window, I think you can see two big trees that, according to the farmers round here, saw considerable fighting one hot June Sunday—if they were there a hundred and twenty-five years ago."

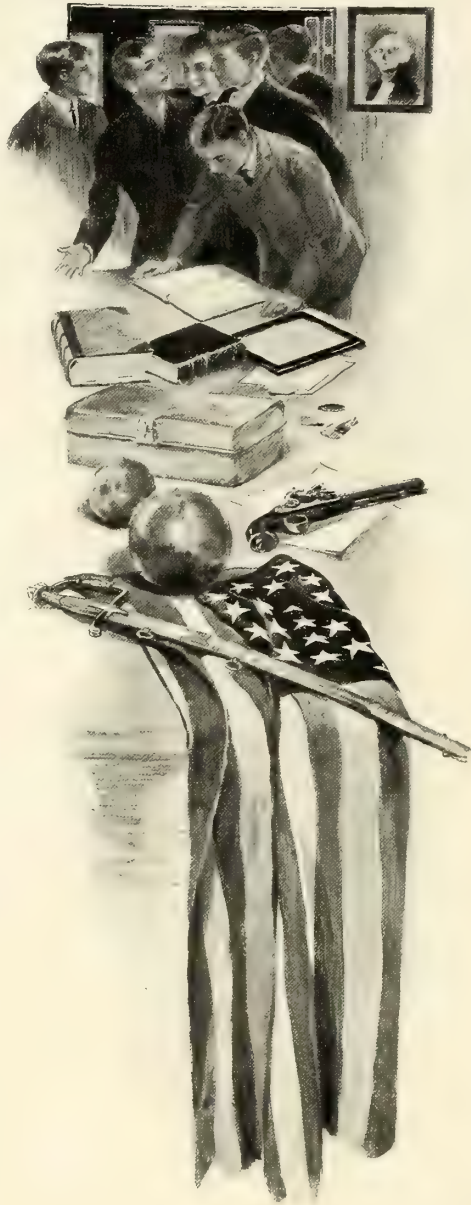
Upstairs and over boxes and trunks to the little round window was a short trip for an

eager boy. The window certainly was cobwebby on the inside and streaming wet on the outside; but when he had corralled an old cloth and scrubbed it up a bit, he managed to see two big trees in the distance on a slight rise of ground.

"Oh, glory! I'm done for now, that's sure!" he muttered as he caught his foot in the rope around a roll of old matting and stumbled head first into the boxes and bundles. One hand landed in a basket of last year's—or last century's—pine-cones, and the other went crashing against the wall and, woe indeed, right through it! The boards were old and dry and thin, and a good big hole showed where Rob's muscular fist had struck.

Three boards were broken loose at the floor end and cracked and splintered about three feet up, so they hung loose. Light showed beyond, and Rob could easily grasp the evident fact that a small room was behind the wall. Peering through the hole, he saw that there was a dusty old window like the one through which he had been looking, but so cobwebbed

and dusty that one could hardly see the wet gray sky through it. Curiosity led him on, and with considerable scraping he got himself through the hole. Old broken chairs, boxes, and some barrels stood about—most of them empty. In



THE RELICS LAID ON THE TABLE.

one corner were some rude old hand-wrought andirons, and a queer pair of old glass lamps stood on a shelf. A few odds and ends were flung into boxes, and one barrel seemed to contain old newspapers and letters so covered with dust that he could hardly see what they were. It must have taken a generation or two for all that dust to collect, he thought, as he plunged in to find the date on the newspapers.

"Gee whizz!" came with a long, low whistle as he found 1823 at the top of the sheet. "That's old enough! Uncle 'll like to see those, I bet!" he thought; and he dove in again and brought out a handful of letters. Such queer old yellow letters with no envelopes, — he remembered hearing his father tell about how they used to fold the letters and seal them before envelopes were invented, — and some of them were cracking at the folds. Many had names written across the corners instead of having stamps. He stopped to look, and with a jump he was at the little round window, holding the letter close to the cobwebbed pane. It *was*, surely — the name *was* George Washington! He was familiar enough with reproductions of the famous George's signature to feel sure that this was written by the general himself. On it was the address:

Near the top, in the right-hand corner, was written, "Public Service."

Most carefully Rob's trembling, eager fingers opened the worn, cracking folds of the sheet. On the old yellow paper was this letter:

HEAD QUARTERS DOBBS FERRY 31 July 1781

SIR

I have requested Capt. Dobbs to assemble at Capt. Dennis's in Baskenridge as soon as possible a Number of Pilots, who are to receive their further Instructions from you. — Immediately upon the Appearance of a Fleet near Sandy Hook, if you are satisfied it is the One we are expecting, you will please to give Orders to the Pilots to repair down where they may be at Hand to be improved as Occasion and Circumstances shall require. —

I am very fearfull that you have met with more Trouble in establish^g the Chain of Expresses than you expected — as I have not had the Pleasure of hearing from you since your first Favor of 23d inst. — and I am informed from N York that a Fleet with part of the Army of Lord Cornwallis from Virginia arrived at that Place last Friday: — my Anxiety to be early & well informed of the Enemy's Movements by Water, induces me to wish to hear from you as often & as speedily as any material Circumstance renders it necessary. I am

Sir

Your most Obedient Servant

G^o WASHINGTON

When Uncle Bob reached home that afternoon, an anxious trio of boys awaited him, and

Public Service.

To Brig: General Forman

G Washington

Monmouth

THE SUPERSCRPTION OF THE WASHINGTON LETTER.

"To Brigr. General Forman,
"Monmouth."

And in the lower left-hand corner was the historic and familiar signature, "G^o Washington."

he was not even allowed to take off his hat before the important question of ownership was put to him.

"Say, dad, if we found any old things in this

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Your most Obedient Servant
G. Washington

CONCLUSION OF THE WASHINGTON LETTER.

house that you had n't known were here when you bought it, would they be yours or would they belong to the people who used to own the place?" asked Russell, without any preliminary explanation.

"Why, I think they'd be mine. I bought the place, with all it contained," was the answer; which was greeted, to Mr. Pierson's amazement, with dancing and howlings of glee from the three boys and from Helen in the background.

And then Rob's wonderful "find" was displayed, and five heads pored over the letter as eagerly as had the first one.

"It surely is — a letter written by George Washington himself! You've made a real discovery, Rob, and I'll have to forgive you for trying to smash down my house."

Rob's joy, too, was soon tempered by a sad thought — the letter was n't his: it was Uncle Bob's. He *did* want to be unselfish, and rejoice simply in the pleasure of the find and in his uncle's fine new possession; but the thought of the value of that letter to the new-fledged B. A. Society was almost too heavy on his spirit to leave any buoyancy.

How could he make his discovery tell for his pet child, the B. A.? In the excitement over

his good luck, the thought of the presidency and his ambition to do something to make him eligible for election had entirely slipped from his mind, and the better and less selfish thought of the good of the society was all that remained.

Again he took to lying awake nights and spending long, solitary hours cogitating in the hammock. And finally the plan came to him. He would study up the history of the battle of Monmouth and of the later events of the Revolution involving Monmouth County, and he would write an essay on the subject of that county's part in the struggle. In this essay he would embody the precious Washington letter, and he would print the whole thing on his own printing-press at home.

School opened on September 30, and the crowd of returning boys had a fine time comparing notes of the summer's experiences. Wednesday evening was to see the first gathering in the headquarters. Then the seniors would have a talk over the question of what juniors should be admitted to membership, and those who had any gifts for the society saved them to bring out for the first time that night.

It was a jolly meeting, and the harvest of new

treasures for the B. A. was a big one. Shorty Jones had brought a cannon-ball — “warranted to be from the battle of Bunker Hill”; Fatty Wilson donated a fine tin box, which, he explained, “would be a good place to keep some grub, so a fellow need n’t go hungry in the society rooms”; and Simmons produced a fine old sword that his father had presented — not one of the family heirlooms, but still a sword of Revolutionary times.

New flags and old, bullets, some Indian arrow-heads, several books on history, and a few portraits were laid on the big table, and among them “New Jersey’s Share in the War for Independence” did not feel obliged to hide its head. It looked most impressive in its cover of colonial blue linen with buff-leather back and cross-bands, and Pierson was proud to receive the congratulations of the other boys.

“You must have spent your whole summer on that, I should think,” Simmons said, with frank envy and admiration. “There’s a heap of work on it.”

Shorty Jones hung admiringly to the side of his hero, and gazed open-mouthed at the wonderful book. In his heart was the happy conviction that this fine gift *ought* to settle the question of Rob’s election as president.

Two weeks from that first evening the great election was to come off; and in the meantime the new members were chosen and invited to come in.

Electioneering of a vigorous kind was going on, but the two boys who were considered the main candidates knew little about it. Simmons and Rob were such good friends that the other boys hesitated to let them know they were definite rivals.

The great night came at last.

Just as the members were filing upstairs, followed by the envious eyes of the outsiders, the door-bell rang, and a huge pile of packages of various shapes and sizes appeared, with an expressman behind them.

“Something for you, Pierson,” called Mr. Keasby, holding up a big box, and with two bounds Rob and Shorty were on the hall floor untying the heavy cords.

“It’s a picture,” Shorty said, lifting the contents out and tearing off the tissue-papers.

But Rob only gasped. There, framed in ebony and set between two sheets of glass, was the Washington letter! He knelt on the floor, with the letter in his hands and such a look of overwhelming joy that Shorty gulped down a queer lump in his throat as he watched his chum’s face.

When the precious letter was laid on the table in the headquarters, and the eager members gathered around to examine it, Rob’s joy and pride were tremendous. He was in the midst of explaining all about the letter when he remembered the envelop that had dropped out as he opened the box. In it, he found, was only a card on which was written, in his uncle’s hand, “Presented to the B. A. Society by the Discoverer.” This he held clasped in his hand as the meeting was called to order by Shorty, the chairman *pro tem*.

When the time for the actual election came there were but the two nominations,—Simmons and Pierson,—and Rob, who *had* hoped he might at least receive a nomination, was surprised by the way the boys clapped and stamped and tooted when his name was put up.

After a bit of a pause, while they got their breath, Simmons stood up and, with a flushed, eager face, exclaimed: “Say, boys, I’m proud to be even nominated, but I’m just going to ask that you let me back out and give Pierson a unanimous election. Any fellow who could start this club, nose out a real Washington autograph letter, and write and print and bind that history of his, ought to be the first president of the society, and no mistake!”

The catcalls and howlings of applause that followed were so vigorous that Mr. Keasby came to restore peace.

“No harm done, sir,” they assured him. “But you can come in and help count Pierson’s unanimous vote, if you like,” some one added; and Keasby went away laughing.

The happiest day that Rob Pierson has yet experienced was that one when he stood beside his famous letter and explained to all the boys the circumstances under which it was written—to all the boys of the school, invited, at Professor Richardson’s suggestion, to a reception in the headquarters on Washington’s Birthday.



How the King . . . chose his Wife

BY ADELE BARNEY WILSON.

SOME ages ago,—a dozen, perhaps,—
In a far-away land that is not on our maps,
There lived a young king whose riches and
greatness
Were only surpassed by his youthful sedate-
ness:
He read and he studied when his work was
all done;
His wisdom and justice amazed every one;
And money he spent with such careful intent
That the national debt was reduced to a
cent.

But in the whole kingdom complaining was rife,
Because the young king had ne'er taken a wife.

"It's all very well while he lives," the folk said,
"But who will rule o'er us when once he is
dead?"

Perhaps his proud cousin from over the ocean
Will make us his subjects—we don't like the
notion.

We want him to give us a son for his heir,
To whom our allegiance forever we 'll swear."
And one day they vowed they would go in a
crowd

To make known their grievance that hung like
a cloud.

And so they drew up a petition to carry
To the popular king, to persuade him to marry.

The petition was penned by a learned com-
mittee,
And signed by his subjects in country and
city;
And when to receive it the king had consented,
The ponderous scroll was duly presented.
He read it all once, then read it once more:
The force of its logic he could not ignore.
"Good people," he said, "to please you I 'll
wed,
And soon to the altar the bride shall be
led;

A wife and a queen I 've no cause for refusing,
But I 'll have my own way in the method of
choosing."

With satisfied smiles the people withdrew,
But how he 'd select her they *did* wish they
knew.

Like fair Cinderella, because of her beauty?
Or the poor Sleeping Maid, whom to wake
was a duty?

'T was thus that they chattered as homeward
they clattered,

Until the whole crowd different ways had
been scattered;

While the king took his journal and found a
blank page,

To fill it with comment instructive and sage.

"I ask not for beauty," the words that he penned;

"For when youth has departed, that comes to an end.

I care not a straw for manners majestic;

Far better to be just plain and domestic.

And since I know well that my own faults are many,

How can I expect *her* not to have any?

But (let who will say that my standard is comical)

On this I insist: THAT SHE BE ECONOMICAL.

"No wasteful, extravagant hand will I choose,
My good people's taxes to squander and lose;

My queen must be willing to guard the state coffer;

To such a one only the crown will I offer."

He snapped the pearl clasp of his own private book,

So that no prying eyes in its pages could look.

Next morning the king took his usual ride,

His favorite courtiers close at his side;

Each high-stepping steed with proud arching neck

A-quiver with life and impatient of check;

The laughter and singing, the bugle-calls ringing,

The flowers that before them the children were flinging,

United in making so gay a procession,

Of its beauty words give but a feeble impression.

The cavalcade passed from the old city gates

To the beautiful roads of the country estates,

Then on to the farms, where the vines and the flowers

Transformed humble dwellings to fair floral bowers,

And stopped at a door where a plump, blooming lass

Peered through the small panes of diamond-shaped glass.

With heart wildly beating, she curtsied her greeting.

"He 's seeking a wife!" her brain kept repeating.

And the king, who had never looked grander or graver,

Said kindly: "Dear maiden, pray grant me a favor.

"Of course," he continued, "you know how to bake,

And often make biscuits and cookies and cake?"

She answered with pride which she could not disguise.

"And patties," he queried, "and tartlets and pies?"

"Your Majesty, yes; even now I am making Some pies that are very near ready for baking."

So then he explained that his call appertained To a wish for the bits of the dough that remained,

As his horse, he averred, had a curious passion For eating these scraps in a ravenous fashion.

"I'll give him a treat, then," she cried, running toward

The table, where lay the great white molding-board,

And scraping a cupful, she carried it out.

"The quantity pleases," she thought, "without doubt.

Though, alas!" and her face grew suddenly doleful,

"Had I known it in time I'd have saved a whole bowlful."

But as the gay throng swept laughing along, She returned to her work with a jubilant song,

And spent the whole day dreaming dreams most romantic,

And building air-castles whose size was gigantic.

From that morning on, the king stopped every day

At some humble cottage along the highway, And begged for his horse the scraps of rich dough

Which all the fair cooks seemed so glad to bestow;

But, spite of his courtiers' nudges and winks, Preserved his own counsel, close-mouthed as a sphinx;



"AND BEGGED FOR HIS HORSE THE BITS OF RICH DOUGH."

While each damsel tried, as a matter of pride,
To see who the largest amount could provide.
And his horse, which seemed to approve the
whole matter,
Kept on every day growing fatter and fatter.

Some weeks had thus passed when the caval-
cade stood
In front of a house at the edge of a wood,

From whose shadows came tripping a shy
little maid,
Abashed by the splendor before her displayed.
She heard with surprise the king's usual ques-
tion,
And gasped with dismay at the very sugges-
tion.

"The scrapings of dough? I'm sorry it's so,
But I never have even a crumb left, you know:

My mother has taught me it's wicked to waste
The least little fragment of pie-crust or paste.

"I measure with care the smallest ingredient,
To make the amount which she thinks is expedient.

And into the dough she says that I must
Most carefully work every scrap of the crust;
And if all has been planned exactly and true,
My molding-board's clean when I am quite through.
Yes; there in the oven are my pies in a row,
And here is my board without one scrap of dough."

"Economical maid!" the king cried in rapture,
"You're exactly the one I've been trying to capture.

Where others are reckless, you take pains to measure;
The bits they would squander you frugally treasure;
Their prodigal habits have filled me with scorn,
But such thrift as *yours* a throne should adorn.

So, unless you object, I command and direct
The people to hail you the king's bride elect.
You shall rule by my side over all this broad land";

And he bent low to kiss her tiny brown hand.

She trembled and blushed, quite unable to speak,

And her long lashes lay in a fringe on her cheek;

While proudly he led her out of the door,
Rejoiced that his search was happily o'er;
And cheer after cheer rent the soft morning air

From the loyal young courtiers who stood waiting there.

To the palace they wended, with triumph attended,

And a great gala-week with a wedding was ended.

And the king ne'er regretted throughout their long life

The method he followed for choosing a wife.



HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

FOURTH PAPER.

COMPARING RUBENS WITH VELASQUEZ.

PETER PAUL RUBENS (BORN 1577, DIED 1640);
DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA VELASQUEZ
(BORN 1599, DIED 1660).

THE student of art, when he reaches the period of the seventeenth century, turns a sharp corner. Italy is left behind, Spain attracts his attention to the west, while far to the north Holland and Belgium beckon. Immediately three of the greatest names in art rise to our notice — Rembrandt, Rubens, and Velasquez. It is with the last two that we are concerned this month.

The pictures selected as a basis for the study of these two giants in art are "The Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, and "The Maids of Honor" ("Las Meninas" in the Spanish), by Velasquez. "The Descent from the Cross" was painted when Rubens was thirty-five. He had completed his education by a sojourn of eight years in Italy. He was now returned to Antwerp, and one of the first works in which he revealed himself to be a master was "The Descent from the Cross." "The Maids of Honor," on the contrary, was painted by Velasquez only four years before he died, and represents the finest flower of his maturity.

Possibly our first impression of the Rubens picture will be "How beautiful!" of the Velasquez, "How curious!" In the former the figures almost fill the canvas, and are grouped so as to decorate it with an imposing mass of light and shade and a beautiful arrangement of lines; whereas in the other the figures are all at the bottom of the canvas and do not present a similarly beautiful pattern of lines and masses. The one looks like a magnificent picture, the other seems to be rather a real scene — as, indeed, it was. The story of "Las Meninas" is that Velasquez was

painting a portrait of the Spanish king and queen (who sat where the spectator is when he looks at the picture). Their little daughter, the Infanta Margarita, came in with her maids of honor, her dog, and her dwarfs, and accompanied by her duenna and a courtier. The little princess asks for a drink of water; a maid of honor hands it to her with the elaborate etiquette prescribed by the formalities of the most rigidly ceremonious court in Europe. The scene presented so charming a picture that the king desired Velasquez to paint it. The artist has included himself in the group, at work upon a large canvas on which it is supposed he was painting a portrait of the king and queen when the interruption occurred. The reflection of the king and queen appears in the mirror at the end of the room, and the chamberlain, Don José Nieto, stands outside the door, drawing the curtain. The scene is, indeed, represented with such wonderful realism that a famous French critic said of it: "So complete is the illusion that, standing in front of 'Las Meninas,' one is tempted to ask, 'Where is the picture?'"

It is the mature work of a painter whose motto was "*Verdad no pintura*" ("Truth, not painting"). By comparison, the principle which Rubens followed is "Painting and truth." Let us see how the two ideas are illustrated in the two pictures.

"The Descent from the Cross" arouses one's feelings of awe and pity to an extraordinary degree. This is partly due to the actual moment in the great tragedy of the Redemption which the artist has seized. The terrible anguish of the Crucifixion is past; the poor, limp body is being tenderly cared for by the faithful few who have come, under the cover of night, to render the last office to the Dead. Joseph of

Arimathæa is superintending the lowering of the precious burden; young John, the beloved disciple, supports its weight; Peter has mounted the ladder, with characteristic eagerness, but the

attendant figure, though so different in its individual expression of feeling, joins with the others to make an impression of deepest, reverential tenderness. Then, in contrast to these strong forms,



"THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS." BY RUBENS.

memory of his denial is with him, and, fixed in contemplation of the divine face, he lends no hand; and the three Marys are there — the one stretching out her arms with a mother's yearning love and grief, the Magdalene grasping the foot that she had once bathed with her tears. Each

so full of life and feeling, is the relaxed, nerveless body of the Dead. I wonder if ever the pitiful helplessness of death, or the reverent awe that the living feel in the presence of their beloved dead, has been more beautifully expressed than in this tender and majestic painting.

Let us try to discover by what means Rubens has achieved this result. We have mentioned the contrast between the bodies of the Dead and the living figures. It is an illustration of the painter's power to suggest the physical sense of touch and the feelings in the mind aroused by

people is the more easily roused; for people more readily appreciate hard and soft, rough and smooth, stiff and limp, hot and cold, than the colors and shapes and grouping of objects. It is this sense of touch which Rubens had so wonderful a skill in suggesting. Look, for ex-



"THE MAIDS OF HONOR." BY VELASQUEZ.

it. A lesser artist might have conceived this way of presenting the scene, and drawn all the figures in the same positions, making, in fact, the same appeal to the eye, and yet not have affected us in the same way, because he would make no appeal to that other sense of touch, which really in most

ample, at the modeling of the shoulders and head of Peter. What strength and bulk and sudden tightening of the muscles, as he turns and holds himself still! The line of the shoulders and the direction of the eyes point us to the Saviour's head. This has dropped of its own

weight as the hand of the man above let go of it. The left arm is still grasped by the other man — at the elbow, observe, so that his hand not only helps to sustain the weight of the body, but keeps the forearm stiff. We feel that when he lets go, it too will fall lifeless. Compare, also, the huddled, actionless position of the Saviour's form with the strong body of John, braced so firmly by the legs. So, one by one, we might examine the figures, feeling in our imagination the physical firmness and muscular movement that each would present to the touch, contrasting with the limpness of the dead body.

Rubens has made sure that we shall have only a feeling of pity as we look upon it — partly by depicting in the living figures reverence and tenderness in which we instantly share, and partly by the beauty of the composition.

Let us study the picture's composition: first, in its arrangement of line; secondly, in its arrangement of light and shade, though the two are really blended. Every figure in the composition has either the beauty of grace or that of character; and the most beautiful is the Saviour's, which has the elongated, pliant grace of the stem and tendrils of a vine. And the drooping flower upon it is the head, to which all the principal lines of the composition lead. Start where you will, and follow along the direction of the figures, and your eye finally rests upon the head. It is the focus-point. And note that on the edges of the group the lines begin by being firm and strong in character, gradually increasing in suppleness and grace as they draw near the sacred figure, until finally all the dignity and sweetness of the picture come to an intensity in the head. Lest the central figure should be lacking in impressiveness as a mass, its effect has been broadened by the winding-sheet, against the opaque white of which its own whiteness of flesh is limpid and ashy in tone. Apart from the flesh-tints, the other hues in the picture are black, very dark green, and very dull red. Thus by its color as well as by the lines the figure of the Saviour is made the most prominent spot in the composition. Moreover, placed as it is upon the most brilliantly lighted part of the picture, its own tender lighting is made more emphatic. We might say that a beautiful and solemn melody is represented by

the lighter portions of the composition, while the dark supply a weighty and magnificent accompaniment.

In this distribution of light, as well as in the arrangement of the lines, there has been a careful building up of effect; everything is calculated to arouse the emotion and make at once a noble spectacle and a profound impression. Painted as an altarpiece to be viewed from a distance, it is an example of the "grand style," represented most often in Italian art.

Compared with it, "The Maids of Honor" may appear to have little grandeur. This Rubens picture presents a beautiful pattern of decoration, while in the Velasquez picture more than half the canvas is given up to empty space; the figures in the Rubens have a grand flow of line, those in the Velasquez seem stiff and awkwardly grouped; the first excites our emotion, the second our curiosity.

Before studying closely this painting of "The Maids of Honor," we must recall the fact that in 1628 Rubens visited the court of Spain for nine months; that Velasquez watched him paint and came under the fascination of his personality; that he saw Rubens's admiration for the great Italian pictures which hung in the king's gallery; that by the advice of Rubens he shortly afterward visited Italy and studied in Venice, Milan, and Rome. In fact, Velasquez was well acquainted with the grandeur of Italian painting; and in the middle period of his life, between 1645 and 1648, he executed a grand example of decorative painting—his famous "Surrender of Breda." It is a noble decoration, and at the same time one of the finest historical paintings in the world.

So it was not because he did not know what other great painters had done, or of what he himself could do to rival them on their own ground,—for the "Surrender of Breda" could hang, without loss of dignity, beside a Titian,—that he turned his back upon the Italian grand style, and in the years of his maturity produced "The Maids of Honor," a new kind of picture. It was new because it was the product of a new kind of artist's eyesight, of a new conception of realism.

We have seen in Hans Holbein's "Portrait of Georg Gyze," in the January number, an

example of that kind of realism which is solely occupied in giving a faithful representation of the figure and its surrounding objects. But if you compare the portrait with Velasquez's picture, you will feel, I think, that the attention is scattered over Holbein's picture, while in the case of Velasquez's the eye immediately takes it in as a whole. The little princess is the center of the scene, the light being concentrated on her as it is around the principal figure in Rubens's picture; but though our attention is centered on the child, it revolves all round her, and immediately embraces the scene as a whole. The picture gives us a single vivid impression of the scene.

If we turn back again to "The Descent from the Cross" and "The Maids of Honor," do we not realize a much more instantaneous and vivid impression in the Velasquez? The Rubens, also, is a noble example of unity; but it is a unity of effect produced chiefly by the balance of the dark and light parts. Rubens has put the light where he needed it for his composition; Velasquez has taken it as he found it. Streaming through the window, it permeates the whole room, not striking the figures simply on one side and leaving the other dark, but enveloping them and penetrating to the remotest corners of the ceiling. Even in the reproductions, you can see how much more real the light is in the Velasquez; how it is bright on the parts of the figures that lie in its direct path; less bright in the half-lights, where it strikes the figures less directly; reflected back, as, for example, from the dress of the little princess to that of the maid on her left; how it steals round everything and penetrates everywhere. For Velasquez recognized that light is elastic and illuminates the air. Hence he was the first to discover a new kind of perspective. Men long ago had learned to make lines vanish from the eye; to make the figures diminish in size and shape as they recede from the front; and to explain the distance by contrasts of light and shade. But he discovered the perspective of light. By the most delicate rendering of the quantity of light reflected from each and every part of the room and the figures and objects in it, he has given to the latter the reality of form and to the room its hollowness and distance.

Painters distinguish between the color of an object and its color as acted upon by light. Thus, in the case of a white dress, they would say that white was not white like a sheet of paper; it varies in degrees of whiteness, according to the quantity of light reflected from its various parts and from surrounding objects. And these varying quantities of light they call "values." Velasquez excelled in the rendering of values.

His wonderful management of light introduced an appearance of real atmosphere into his pictures. You have only to compare this Velasquez with this Rubens to be sure that this is so.

Having thus briefly (and therefore imperfectly, I am afraid, for it is a large and difficult subject) glanced at the things that Velasquez tried for, we are in a better position to understand how his realism was a realism of impression. First, he saw his subject at a single glance, eye and hand instantaneously working together; and he confined his impression to what a less keen eye, assisted by him, could also take in as a single impression. Secondly, by his marvelous penetration into the action of light and his skill in rendering it, he set upon the canvas the scene, as he had received the impression of it, with such subtle fidelity that our own observation is stimulated, and we receive the impression vividly.

By this time the picture should no longer appear to be empty, nor the figures crowded at the bottom. We should feel that the background and ceiling are connected by that vertical strip of light up the edge of the canvas with the figures in the foreground, so as to make a unified composition of balanced masses of light and less light. In the wonderful truth to life of the figures,—the exquisite daintiness of the little princess, the affectionate reverence of the maids, the grotesqueness of the dwarfs, and the courtly sensitiveness of the artist's figure,—we should have entered into the intimate human feeling of the whole group and ceased to be troubled by the curious style of the costumes.

These costumes, more than likely, and the fact that Velasquez lived in the palace, painting courtly scenes and portraits, had much to do with his striking out a new style. How could he introduce those hooped skirts into a picture in the grand manner of Italian painting? His

great genius was therefore compelled to find another way, and did find it in directions which were new and lasting additions to the art of painting.

Rubens, on the other hand, not less original, took from the Italian style what could be of use to him, and then built upon it a style of his own. He was as intellectual a man as Velasquez, and, like the latter, was accustomed to court life; but while Velasquez, bound to the most punctilious, and superstitious court in Europe, was driven in upon himself, Rubens traveled from court to court with pomp as a trusted envoy at liberty to do as he pleased. As an artist, Rubens had the wonderful faculty of being constantly in a white heat of imagination, while perfectly cool and calculating in the control of his hand. Hence the enormous output of his brush.

Velasquez for nearly two centuries was forgotten outside of Spain. Italian art continued to be the model to imitate; and, even when a return to the truth of nature was made at the beginning of the nineteenth century, sixty years passed before this great example of "truth, not painting" was "discovered." Then a few painters visited the Prado Museum at Madrid, which contains most of his pictures; others followed, and the world became gradually conscious that in these pictures of Velasquez, especially in the wonderful series of portraits of the king and members of the court which he made during forty years of royal intimacy, there was revealed a great and solitary genius. Since then he has exercised such an influence upon modern painting that he has been called "the first of the moderns."



A BIT OF GOSSIP AT THE RECEPTION.

"Do you think they are natural?"

"Of course not! Anybody can see she uses a curling-iron!"



MR. PERKINS.



HATTIE WARREN.



PINKEY PERKINS



"BUNNY" MORRIS.



MRS. PERKINS.



EDDIE LEWIS.



"RED FEATHER"

PINKEY PERKINS

"JUST A BOY"

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

I. HOW "PINKEY" ACHIEVED HIS HEART'S DESIRE.

VALENTINE DAY" was fast approaching, and "Pinkey" Perkins was daily growing more and more despondent. He was deeply in love, and how to secure a suitable offering to lay on the altar of his devotion was what puzzled him. His own finances aggregated exactly sixteen cents, and he shrank from enlisting his mother's aid, because of his hesitation in admitting to any one the infatuation he had fostered for weeks.

Pinkey could not bear to think of some other boy sending Hattie Warren a bigger and a costlier valentine than he did—or, in fact, sending her any valentine at all. If another suitor did send her one, she would very likely learn his name by finding his initials discreetly concealed in some obvious place on the valentine, or by some broad hint spoken in her presence. Pinkey was very formal in his ideas of propriety, and heartily disapproved of such methods as being contrary to the rules of valentine etiquette.

Pinkey's school-teacher, Miss Vance,—or "Red Feather," as she was universally known among her pupils,—had consented, after days of persuasion by the girls, to allow a "valentine-box" in school on that important day. The pupils could deposit their anonymous love-tokens in the box at any time during recreation hours, and there would be a distribution of the same just before dismissal time, both at noon and at four o'clock.

It was on this occasion that Pinkey hoped to

show the affection he cherished for his Affinity, by sending her a valentine which should be, beyond question, the most elegant of all.

The prettiest valentines in town were to be found at the "Post Office Book Store," owned and conducted by Mrs. Betts, a widow to whom an economical postmaster rented a part of the large room used as post-office.

The valentine upon which Pinkey had set his heart was a large, fancy, lace-paper creation, over a foot square and nearly two inches thick. It was composed of several layers, held apart by narrow accordion-like paper strips. In the center were two large embossed hearts, one overlapping the other and both pierced by arrows fired from the bows of half a dozen cupids distributed around the border. At each corner and at the top and bottom were profusely decorated scrolls, on which were printed, "I adore thee," "Wilt thou be mine?" and other touching phrases. The light upper part was hinged to the heavier back, on which, in fancy type, were these lines:

If you but knew the pleasure
And the joy 't would bring to me
If my own and onliest treasure
Forever you would be,
All your doubt and vain misgiving
Would be changed to love like mine,
And our lives would be worth living,
For you 'd be my VALENTINE.

This valentine was easily the handsomest one in town, and, besides, it expressed Pinkey's sen-

timents so perfectly that it drove him to the depths of despair to think that he could not buy it for his Affinity. It cost a whole dollar, and having, as he did, but sixteen cents, and lacking the assurance to ask credit for the remainder, he felt doomed to disappointment.

If Pinkey had been in the book-store once to see that valentine, he had been there twenty times. He came ostensibly to inquire for the mail, but invariably remained to gaze long and fondly into the show-case at the coveted prize, and to picture to himself the joy it would bring to the heart of his Affinity to receive it. Not even to "Bunny" Morris, his bosom friend, did he confide his burning desire to buy it. He felt it would not be doing right to *her* if he should trespass on the sacred ground of his infatuation by talking about it.

Do not think that Pinkey was the only one who saw and admired the valentine. Others of his age, and perhaps older, had longed to buy it; but the price was beyond the reach of all.

Whenever any one of Pinkey's school-fellows came into the store while he was there, he would edge aimlessly away from the show-case toward the counter where the comic valentines were displayed. Three times, to his knowledge, within the week preceding Valentine Day, his Affinity had stopped before the show-case where reposed the large lace offering and had openly admired it. Pinkey was, of course, apparently oblivious to all this, but who can say that his Affinity's

hopes were not realized as her comments fell on alert ears? Once Pinkey had heard her actually price it, and his heart gave one great bound, then stood still. If she *should* purchase it, would she send it to him? Oh, what joy! But



"PINKEY REMAINED TO GAZE LONG AT THE COVETED PRIZE."

suppose Eddie Lewis, his hated rival for her affections, should be the favored one! That thought almost suffocated him.

Going home from school on the afternoon before Valentine Day, Pinkey, as usual, stopped at the post-office to inquire for the mail and to take one last look at the unattainable. He had given up all hopes of purchasing the large valentine, and had decided to invest his slender

means in one of the smaller and, for him, very unsatisfactory substitutes.

There were several people in the store, most of them children bent on the same errand as Pinkey. He looked at all the valentines whose prices were within the limits of his funds, and at last selected one that seemed to him the best he could do for the money.

As he stood there, waiting to make his purchase, he saw a boy, older and larger than himself, pick up from the floor a fountain-pen which had fallen from a card on which several were displayed, glance furtively about him, and then drop it into his overcoat pocket and deliberately walk out of the door. Mrs. Betts had her back turned at the time, and so knew nothing of the occurrence.

Pinkey was much disturbed by what he had seen. His first impulse was to tell Mrs. Betts; but, before he had a chance to do so, he dropped that suggestion of his conscience as being decidedly unwise. Pinkey had no desire to become a party to the deed by keeping mum; but he was only a boy, and he did have a wholesome regard for his own bodily welfare. He knew that if he told on the culprit the latter would "lay for" him, as Pinkey said to himself, and he also knew only too well how he should fare in the result.

While he was studying over the matter another idea struck him, which, while it involved a deal of uncertainty, would, if it succeeded, accomplish the same result and at the same time be of benefit to himself. Pinkey pondered long and hard over the matter. He counted his pennies over and over, and at length decided to try his scheme, though it meant the postponement of his purchase until noon the next day and might prevent it altogether.

So, without even spending the one penny he had set aside for a "comic" to send to Red Feather, he left the book-store and went home.

Next morning he felt rather guilty as he went with the crowd to school, being one of a very few who were not carrying one or more jealously guarded envelopes to be deposited in the box.

When Pinkey reached the school-house he immediately instituted a search for the boy with

the fountain-pen. It was Pinkey's intention to procure the pen, if possible, and return it to Mrs. Betts, having in view its restoration to the rightful owner as well as the possibility of



"PINKEY SAW A BOY PICK UP A FOUNTAIN-PEN."

reward — which reward, Pinkey hoped, might take the form of the long-wished-for valentine. If it did not, he would endeavor, by neat diplomacy, to secure the return of his purchase-money, at any rate.

Pinkey soon located a group of boys in the basement, and rightfully surmised they were "trading." He approached the group, and there, sure enough, among the participants in the arguments attending exchange, was the boy he was seeking. He was engaged in a discussion of the relative values of the fountain-pen, in its present empty state, and a four-bladed, bone-handled, "I X L" knife. The owner of the knife argued that "I X L" was a solemn guaranty of "razor-steel," while the boy with the pen declared that "X L N T" were the mystic letters that denoted that quality.

Not desiring to betray special interest in the pen, Pinkey devoted a few moments of his attention to other bargains that were being driven with all the arts known to the juvenile trades-

man. Some boys were "dropping knives." "Whole blade or no trade," and "Red leather, trade forever," were the usual iron-clad agreements that made the exchange binding.

Presently Pinkey turned his attention to the unsettled argument concerning the knife and pen. It was plain that harmony of opinion was out of the question, and Pinkey felt this a good opportunity to make the effort to procure the pen.

"What 'll you take for her, Jimmy?" he inquired, assuming an indifferent air.

Jimmy did n't know just exactly what he de-



PINKEY GETS THE PEN.

sired most, and asked Pinkey what he had to trade.

"Ain't got nothin' much here to trade, but I 'll give you ten cents for her if you want to sell 'er."

This put new life into the transaction — cash, owing to its chronic scarcity, being invariably above par. But Jimmy must not appear anxious and ruin his chances for a rise.

"Aw," he argued, "she's worth more 'n that. She's worth a quarter, anyhow."

"Ain't got a quarter; give you twelve cents," said Pinkey, knowing he must bargain closely, and not daring to name his limit too rapidly.

"Naw; gimme twenty cents—that's cheap," pleaded Jimmy.

Pinkey protested that the pen would not write as it was, and that it might be no good even if it *was* filled.

This was a damaging possibility; so, after the necessary final arguments, Pinkey finally secured the coveted pen for the munificent sum of fifteen cents and a jews'-harp "to boot." After he had concluded his bargain he retired from the market, and no amount of temptation could induce him to part with it.

The morning seemed interminable as Pinkey restlessly awaited the dismissal time, when he could return the pen to Mrs. Betts. When noon at last came, and Red Feather was distributing the valentines, Pinkey, without even waiting to see if there were any for him, hurried off to the post-office, tightly clutching in his hand the fountain-pen. He was filled with a mixture of satisfaction at the success that had so far attended his efforts, and concern as to the ultimate outcome.

Rushing in the door, he fairly thrust the pen into the hands of the astonished Mrs. Betts, saying: "I saw a boy pick this pen up off the floor yesterday and carry it away with him, and to-day I traded him out of it and brought it back." It was some moments before Mrs. Betts could definitely grasp the meaning of Pinkey's burst of speech. When she did recover from her surprise, she began to question him as to the boy's identity, but Pinkey stoutly declined to divulge it. He gave as his reason that the boy was bigger than he and would "lick him" the first time he caught him out.

In spite of Pinkey's reticence, Mrs. Betts knew him too well to attach any suspicion whatever to him. She pressed him with reasons why he should tell her for her own protection, and he was finally persuaded to whisper in her ear the boy's name.

(It may be stated here that this information caused her to be on the lookout whenever Jimmy was in the store, and resulted in eventually bringing him to the bar of parental justice.)

Not desiring to allow such apparently artless honesty to go unencouraged, Mrs. Betts began to look about for some tangible reward. While doing so, she remembered how, during the holi-

days nearly two months previous, Pinkey's sole desire in life had been to receive an air-gun outfit for Christmas. Day after day he had come in and fondled the precious rifle and hoped it might fall to his lot; but his hopes had not been realized, and he had been heartbroken for weeks afterward. So she decided that would be about the most acceptable gift she could bestow.

Taking from the shelf the bright-colored box containing the entire outfit,—gun, target, arrows, and all,—she turned to Pinkey, saying: "Pinkey, here is the air-gun you wanted so badly last Christmas. I want you to accept it from me as a remembrance for returning the pen."

When Pinkey heard this he was between two fires. His former desire for the air-gun, which could now be his, returned with all its old-time fervor, and yet his more recent longing for the valentine was unabated. A dozen times, during the five minutes he had been in the store, his eyes had wandered irresistibly to the showcase where it still lay unpurchased.

Twice, while Mrs. Betts was wrapping the box in heavy paper for him to carry home, he attempted to ask that the valentine be substituted for the air-gun, and twice the words refused to come. As she placed the box in Pinkey's arms, he gave one hopeless look at the valentine, muttered some unintelligible thanks, and started for the door.

But love for his Affinity finally prevailed, and, turning resolutely about, he marched back to the counter and laid the box down, saying: "Mrs. Betts, if you'll let me, I'd like to trade this air-gun for that big valentine over there. It don't cost near as much as this, but I'd lots rather have it."

To say that Mrs. Betts was surprised would be putting it mildly; but since Pinkey was the one to be satisfied, she was perfectly willing that he should choose what suited him best, especially as the valentine, from her point of view, was much the less valuable article.

When the exchange was effected, Pinkey was surprised to find how happy he felt, and he ran all the way home to show the valentine to his mother. He was bursting with exuberance and must unburden himself to some one, so he naturally chose her. He told her how he had

longed for the valentine, but hated to ask her for the money to buy it, fearing she would think him foolish to want to send such an expensive one. He told her all about the fountain-pen



PINKEY GETS THE VALENTINE.

and the air-gun, and how he had induced Mrs. Betts to exchange the latter for the valentine.

He was too happy to detect a misty look in his mother's eyes as he concluded his story by asking her to address the valentine for him—"because," he bashfully admitted, "she'd know my writin'."

Pinkey could scarcely eat his dinner, so anxious was he to get back to school and deposit his valentine in the box before anybody saw him. It was such a large affair that, if it were once seen, it would attract immediate attention and be recognized later.

As his Affinity entered the room, just before the study-hours began, Pinkey thought he noted a serious expression on her face. He had not remained to see whether she received a valentine at noon, and down deep in his heart he hoped she had not, and that this might be the cause of her despondency.

Throughout the long afternoon she seemed

very much depressed, and not once, to Pinkey's knowledge, did she even glance in his direction. But her solemnity could not temper his elation as he thought of the great, beautiful valentine peacefully reposing at the bottom of the box.

When school was dismissed and Red Feather, with unbending dignity, began distributing the valentines, Pinkey felt his heart beating away like a steam-hammer. At last his name was called, and he marched boldly up to the platform. He opened the envelop, and found, to his disgust, that he had received a "comic," a terrible caricature of an artist, no doubt suggested to the donor by Pinkey's habit of drawing pictures on his slate.

This raised his ire to the boiling-point. He was thinking deep threats of revenge, if he ever found out who sent it, when his name was called a second time.

This time he received a real valentine. It was a very small edition of the kind he had mailed to his Affinity! He studied the address critically. It had been printed by an unpractised hand, and at first he could obtain no clue whatever to the sender. Then he recognized the "J." Nobody on earth but his Affinity could make a "J" like that. Instantly he forgot his "comic" and the thoughts it had aroused in him, and a feeling of peace and general good will pervaded his entire being.

When Red Feather announced that the last valentine had been distributed, Pinkey's heart

sank in him like a stone. What had become of the offering for his Affinity? He turned and whispered savagely to Bunny Morris, who was standing beside him and the only person there whom he would dare take into his confidence:



"MISS HARRIET WARREN," SHE READ."

"Go up 'n' tell her to look in the box again. Tell her you know there's another 'n' in there."

Bunny did as he was bid. Red Feather searched the box carefully, and there, snugly filling the whole bottom, was the large, flat package which, in the shadows, she had overlooked.

"Miss Harriet Warren," she read; and as

Pinkey saw his Affinity's face brighten as she looked squarely at him and blushingly approached the platform, he felt repaid one hundred times over for the sacrifice of the air-gun.

Hattie Warren was at once surrounded by all the girls in the room, whose curiosity, getting the better of their envy, stimulated the desire to inspect at close range the valentine they all had admired in the show-case.

"Who sent it?" "Who sent it?" was the cry that came from all sides.

"Look at the wrapper," suggested one. "Whose writing is it?" They looked, but it was familiar to no one.

"Look on the inside of the box," "Look on the back of it," were some of the further suggestions from the curious ones.

After inspecting it all over, one of the girls detected some letters and figures on the back of the valentine, written diagonally across one corner. These were at once investigated, as possibly furnishing a clue to the giver's identity.

"E. L.," shouted one of the girls. "Eddie Lewis sent it, and it cost a dollar!"

This announcement staggered Pinkey. He thought it must be a joke, until one after another verified the telltale letters. He could in no way account for the initials of his rival being on the back of the valentine, for it had not been out of his possession after he received it until he placed it in the box. He was beside himself with indignation and perplexity. He hoped Eddie Lewis would speak up and deny sending it; but, instead of so doing, Eddie assumed a knowing, mysterious look, and said nothing.

All this was too much for Bunny Morris's sense of justice; and, without waiting to see what Pinkey was going to do, he blurted out: "Pinkey Perkins sent that valentine. Eddie Lewis did n't have anything to do with it."

Every one looked at Eddie, to see what he would do. Instead of defending himself against Bunny's accusation, as they expected, he shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, and said evasively, "I never *said* I sent it." A minute later, when attention became centered on

Pinkey, Eddie silently opened the door and left the room.

Pinkey tried to look unconcerned, but he made a dismal failure. He tried to assume a vexed air, but he only grinned and blushed to the roots of his hair.

But what could the letters "E. L." signify, if not Eddie Lewis? No one else in school had the same initials. As a last resort, Red Feather, who was by this time ready to depart from the noisy throng, was consulted. She saw through the mystery at once.

"'E. L.,'" said she, "is the cost-mark. It is n't anybody's initials."

If there were any possible remaining doubts as to who sent the valentine, Pinkey forever dispelled them by chasing Bunny Morris madly around the room, and out of the door into the yard, shouting as he ran, "Bunny Morris, if you ever tell on me again, I 'll —"

The threat was lost in the distance.



THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

FOURTH PAPER.

HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCES.

A MIRROR AND SHELVES.

AN ordinary oblong mirror can be converted into a shaving-mirror and shelves with a few additional pieces of woodwork, as shown in Fig. 1. A mirror of almost any size can be con-

A smaller shelf, rounded at the ends, is supported below this by a bracket, and the wall-plate against which they are attached is cut with a compass-saw in a sweeping curve.

The top board is cut out in the same manner, and attached with long, slim screws.

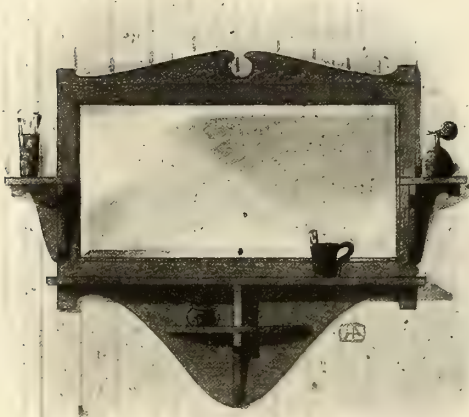


FIG. 1. A MIRROR AND SHELVES.

verted into this new design, so that it will be unnecessary to lay down any sizes to be followed. The upper side ledges are cut as shown at A in

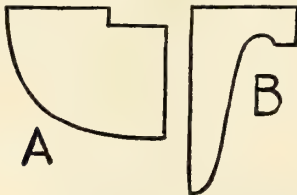


FIG. 2. DETAILS OF BRACKETS.

Fig. 2, and the two brackets that support them are cut as shown at B. The ledge under the glass is three inches wide and extends an inch beyond the length of the mirror-frame at each end.

A TRIPLE SHAVING-GLASS.

In the illustration an idea for a triple shaving-glass is shown that is made from three mirrors of equal length and width, unless it is preferable to have the middle one wider. They are

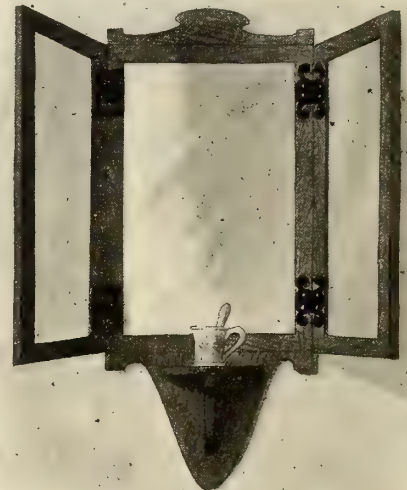


FIG. 3. A TRIPLE SHAVING-GLASS.

mounted in plain wooden frames, and united with wrought-iron hinges, over which ornamental straps are laid, cut from thin sheet-lead and blackened to imitate wrought-iron.

A crown-piece is cut from wood for the cen-

tral mirror. Under this middle mirror a V-shaped wall-board is arranged with a half-circular ledge and bracket to support a shaving-cup. The two side mirrors are mounted in moldings having a rabbet cut about half an inch deep. The frames should be not less than seven eighths of an inch in thickness, so as to accommodate backing-boards behind the glass. The thin backing-board can be purchased from a picture-frame maker for a few cents a square foot.

Over these backing-boards and the frame a suitable material, such as denim or cretonne, can be stretched and tacked fast all around the edge to give the outside of the glasses a good appearance when the doors are partly or wholly closed.

The woodwork can be stained or painted any desirable shade to match other furniture in the room. As the mirrors are heavy, they must be securely fastened to the wall, particularly at the top, as there is a great deal of strain on the top anchorages when both mirrors are standing out at right angles to the wall.

A WALL-POCKET AND HOOK-BAR.

FOR the side wall in a bedroom, dressing-room, or bath-room, a wall-pocket and hook-bar will often be a welcome convenience.



FIG. 4. A WALL-POCKET AND HOOK-BAR.

The wood need not be more than half an inch thick, and plain joints can be made with glue and screws, and the screw-heads hidden

with imitation lead heads. This pocket can be made any size to fit a wall-space, but from 18 to 24 inches in length will be a good size. The space between shelves can be 6 inches, and from the bottom shelf to the hook-bar the distance is 4 inches. Soft wood can be stained and varnished any desirable color, or the wall-pocket can be painted to match the woodwork in the room.

A CUP AND PLATE PYRAMID.



FIG. 5. A CUP AND PLATE PYRAMID.

THIS is another attractive dining-room feature, and is very simple to construct. Three of the shelves are cut with a serpentine front, as shown, and measure 26, 22, and 18 inches respectively, as at A in Fig. 6, while the top one is 12 inches long and cut as shown at B in

Fig. 6. The shelves are 6 inches wide at the middle, and three of them are $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide at the ends, while the top one is rounded off as shown.

Short brackets, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, support the shelves at 2 or 3 inches from the ends, and under the middle of the bottom shelf a larger bracket, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and 8 inches long, is cut.

A notch is cut in the front of each shelf and a corresponding one in the staff that binds the shelves together at the front, so that they are spaced, from the bottom up, 11, 10, and 9 inches apart respectively.

Slim steel-wire nails two inches long will secure the brackets to the wall, or long, slim screws may be used in preference, as they will hold better if they strike a lath, without re-

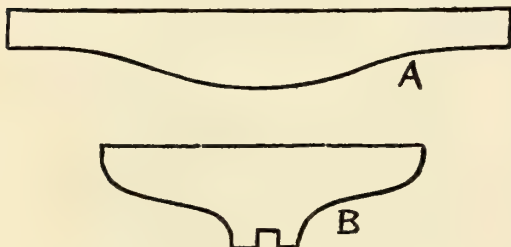


FIG. 6. DETAILS OF BRACKETS.

bounding and breaking the plaster away. The woodwork may be finished in any of the weathered-oak stains and given a coat of thin shellac, or painted; it is purely a matter of choice.

A BOOK-SHELF AND PIPE-RACK.

FOR the library or den a convenient piece of wall furniture is shown in the illustration of the book-shelf and pipe-rack.

If it is possible to get a piece of wood 24 inches wide and 26 inches long, it will answer for the back; but if not, then two pine or white-wood boards, 12 inches wide and $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch thick, can be glued together. The shelves are 6 inches wide and 24 inches long, and are spaced $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart. This space can be made smaller if it will be used only for small books.

With a compass-saw the top and bottom lines of the back board are cut, and under the lower shelf three supporting brackets are screwed fast to both the shelf and the wall-plate.

A plan for the brackets and wall-plate may be drawn on brown paper and transferred to

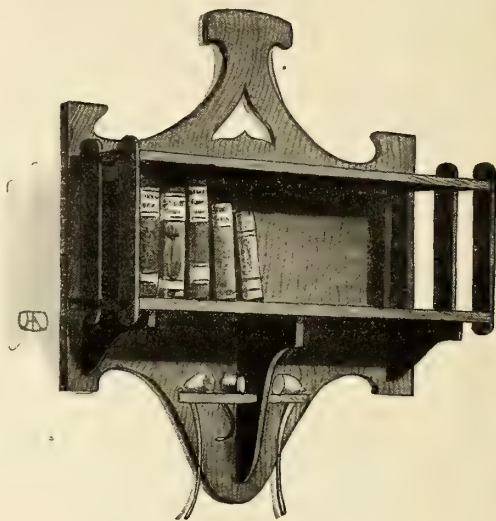


FIG. 7. A BOOK-SHELF AND PIPE-RACK.

the wood, on the lines of which it will be an easy matter to follow with a saw.

Two small quarter-circular shelves are attached to the middle bracket, and a few holes made in them will accommodate pipes.

The upper shelf is supported by two slats at each end, that are attached to the ends of the lower shelf with screws and glue; and over the screw-heads some imitation lead heads are attached with slim wire nails and afterward painted black, or the natural wood can be stained.

A SHOE-BOX AND WINDOW-SEAT.

A USEFUL shoe-box and window-seat is made from an ordinary box, 16 inches wide, 12 inches deep, and about 30 inches long. Four legs are

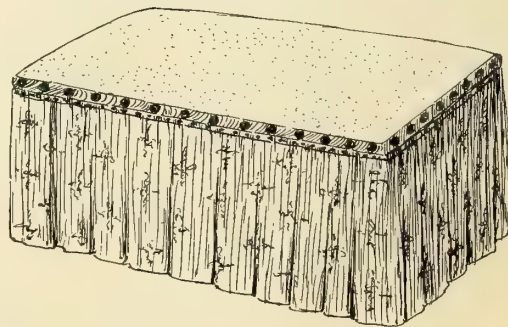


FIG. 8. A SHOE-BOX AND WINDOW-SEAT.

nailed to the corners, as shown in Fig. 9, and a lid is made from three boards and attached to the rear edge of the box with iron hinges, as shown also in the figure below.

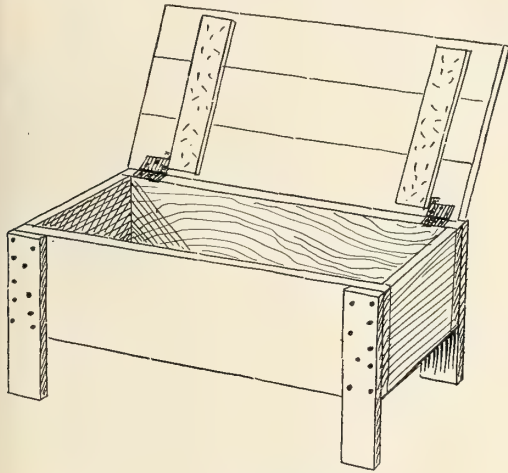


FIG. 9. DETAIL OF THE SHOE-BOX.

On the top of the lid spread a few thicknesses of cotton batting, and over this lay a piece of denim or cretonne, either plain or with a figure, and tack it down around the edge of the lid with large, oval-headed upholsterers' tacks, as shown in Fig. 8 on the preceding page. The boy's sister or mother can help him with this.

A BUTLER'S TRAY.

FOR the house that is not built with a butler's pantry, or for the mother who does her own housework, a very convenient accessory

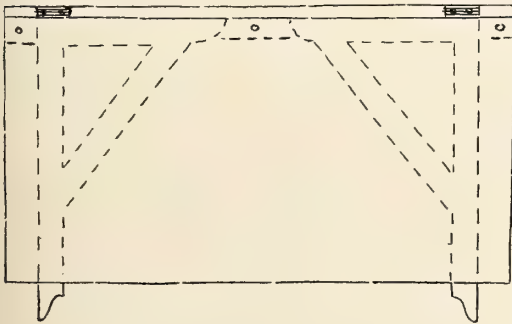


FIG. 10. DETAIL OF BUTLER'S TRAY.

in the dining-room, and one that a boy can make, will be a drop-ledge and butler's tray.

Dishes can be removed from the table and

laid temporarily on the tray, which can be located conveniently in the dining-room and partly hidden by a screen.

Two brackets on hinges will support the shelf when it is up, but when it is dropped the brackets fold in against the wall, as shown in Fig. 10.

The ledge and brackets are of pine or other suitable wood, $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick, and planed on all sides and edges. The tray is of white-wood, $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch thick, and put together securely with glue and screws.

The ends and handle-grips are cut with a compass-saw and finished with sandpaper; then the tray is stained and varnished to match the shelf and brackets.

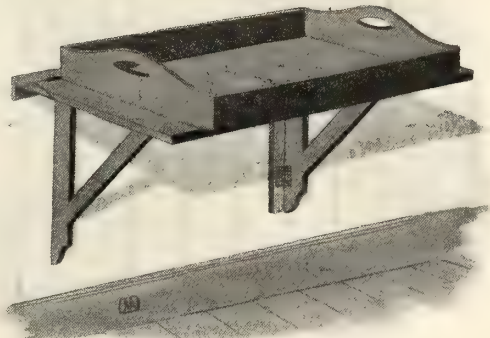


FIG. 11. A BUTLER'S TRAY.

Back of the drop-shelf a horizontal strip two inches wide is fastened to the wall by means of a wall-plate securely screwed fast to the wall; and down from it, the length of the brackets, two more strips an inch thick are attached to the wall.

The shelf is hung to the two-inch strip with hinges, and to the vertical strips the brackets are attached with hinges also. These strips are securely fastened to the wall with long screws, for on them depends the support of the shelf and the tray with its load of dishes. In cases of this kind, drive the nails or screws into the studding and not into the lath.

LOCK SHELVES.

IN a cellar store-room it is often convenient to have a portion of the shelves locked, for the better protection of preserves, provisions, and unbroken packages of various grocery supplies.

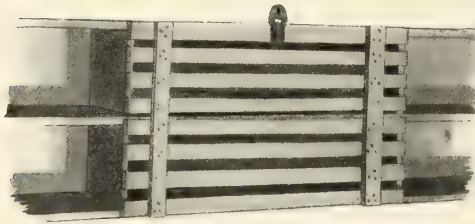


FIG. 12. LOCK SHELVES.

For this purpose slat doors, as shown in Fig. 12, can be used. The slats are from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick and 2 inches wide, and are fastened to the battens with clinch-nails or screws driven from the inside. If much locked store-room is needed, it will be better to have several slat doors instead of one large one. From 4 to 5 feet is a convenient length. Fasten with a padlock and hasp, as shown.

A VEGETABLE-BIN.

FOR the corner of the cellar, and where it is convenient to the staircase, a very useful vegetable-bin can be made from a few boards and slats, so that the finished result will appear as shown in Fig. 13. The bin can be made any length and width, but for the home of average size it need not be more than 6 feet long and 18 inches wide, with each compartment from 16 to 20 inches wide.

The front, back, and ends are 10 inches high, and two of the partitions are the same height; but the partitions for the potato and turnip compartments extend up 18 inches above the top of the bin, to enable each one to hold more vegetables than the low compartments will contain.

The bin rests on two battens nailed to the brick or stone foundation walls of the cellar two feet above the floor, and at the exposed corner a foot or leg 24 inches long supports it.

The bottom of the bin is made of long slats nailed an inch apart, so that the dirt from the vegetables will fall through to the floor, from which it can be swept up more easily than it can be removed from the boxes or compartments.

The ventilation, due to the slat bottom, prevents the vegetables from decaying as quickly as they would in a box with a tight bottom. If you will notice potato, onion, or apple barrels in transit, you will always find cuts made in the barrels, so the air can circulate freely around the vegetables, thereby insuring their keeping qualities; and if a farmer or shipper neglects to slit his barrels, you may be sure the commission merchant or consignee will do it directly the barrels reach him.

Across the tops of the high partitions, and propped up at the exposed end of the bin, a shelf or ledge, 10 inches wide, will accommo-

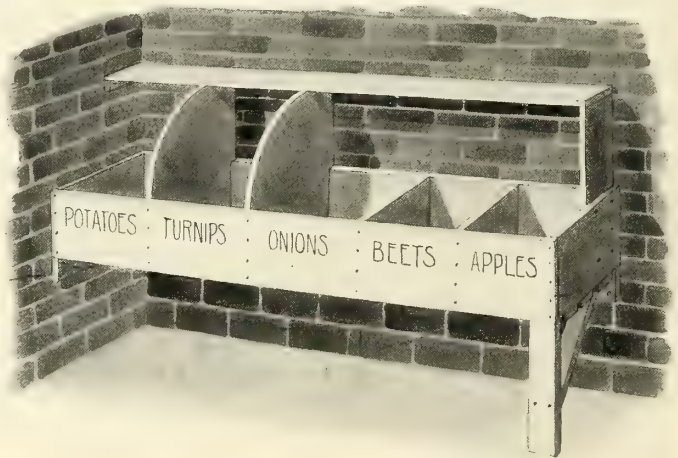


FIG. 13. A VEGETABLE-BIN.

date cabbage, lettuce, bunches of carrots, parsnips, or various other vegetables that may be purchased as stores for a few days.

In the above illustration only five compartments are shown in the main part of the bin, but a bin of almost any length can be constructed, depending upon the space at hand and the requirements of the family.

We take occasion to repeat what we have said in a previous number—namely, that the various dimensions here given may usually be modified at will, so long as the general plan, as shown by the illustrations and descriptions, is followed.

HETTY MACDONALD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

BY ELIZABETH ELLIOT.

If any one had ever called Hetty Macdonald's attention to the matter, she would have agreed that it was n't much fun to be the middle one. She adored her grown-up sister, tall, pretty, blonde Christine; and was scarcely less devoted to her second sister, Virginia, who was just about to leave school. And as to the twins, whose classic names, Romulus and Remus, were always abbreviated to Omy and Emy, which was more convenient if not as imposing, it would have been hard to persuade Hetty that there ever had been or ever would be again two such darling, mischievous, lovable boys as they were.

Much as she loved the twins, there were times when Hetty found them rather a trial. They were only five, and of such unwearying activity that they still really needed the undivided attention of an athletic nurse with muscles of steel and no nervous system. But Mrs. Macdonald could not afford this luxury; and, as she was a very busy woman herself, the sisters had to divide the care of the boys between them. When Hetty came home from school she was always warmly welcomed by Christine, who had been more or less on duty all day; and by the twins, too, for Hetty was much more fun than the older sister, who had theories about prompt obedience, consideration for others, etc., which were far too much of a handicap for their free spirits.

Somehow it came to be known in the school that Saturday was Hetty's birthday. She did n't remember having mentioned it; there was n't much time or money spent on birthdays in the Macdonald family. She would much rather nothing had been known about it. All the girls in her class, as their birthdays came round, had had a party. These had been the occasion of great excitement and anticipation. Hetty had been asked with the others, and had eagerly accepted the invitation. She knew she would be expected to reciprocate and, in her

turn, to entertain the class. She had said as much as she dared on the subject at home, but had received no encouragement whatever.

"Please, Hetty dear, don't ask to have a party this year," said her mother. "I have all I can do now attending to Christine's company. Just rip this ruffle off, and then run down and see what the twins are about."

So Hetty dropped the subject, except for a scattering fire of broad hints, which were not even recognized as hints by the family. But, though dropped at home, the theme persistently bobbed up at school.

"Is n't next Saturday your birthday, Hetty?" asked Marion Dodge at recess.

The miserable Hetty confessed that it was.

"You 'll be thirteen, won't you?" went on the inexorable Marion. "Going to have a party?"

"Don't bother me, Marion," said Hetty, with unaccustomed incivility. "I've just *got* to finish this map before school begins."

But the subject was only postponed, not abandoned. After school, as the girls were getting on their hats, another girl opened it. This time it was Katherine Carter.

"You 'll be thirteen Saturday, won't you, Hetty?" she said. "Is n't it fun to have your birthday come on Saturday? You're going to have a party, of course?"

"Yes, Hetty," chimed in the eager chorus; "do tell us. *Are* you going to have a party?"

Driven to the wall, Hetty realized that there was no possibility of evading the question. She never knew what spirit of desperation took sudden possession of her.

"Yes," she said calmly; "I am. All of you come Saturday afternoon at three o'clock."

There was a joyous chorus of acceptances, and Hetty found herself a very popular personage, walking home in the midst of a lively group gaily planning what they should wear and what they should do at her party. She found

it somewhat difficult to enter into the spirit of the occasion, as her mind would wander to the question of how she should break the news to her mother, and how it would be received.

As she parted with Marion, the last of the group, and made the rest of her way alone, Hetty's heart sank lower. How was she ever going to face her mother and tell her what she had done? She resolved that she would do it right away, and at least have that part of the problem off her mind. But when she reached home she saw at once that this was no time to act on her resolution.

Her mother met her at the door.

"Oh, Hetty, child, I thought you were never coming," she said. "Please run right down and get some more sewing-silk to match these samples. Miss Gilbert will be all out of it in fifteen minutes. And you'd better take Emy and Omy with you. It is perfectly impossible for us to attend to them and the sewing at the same time."

Hetty thought to herself rather grimly: "I'll just say right out: 'Mother, I'm going to have a party Saturday.'"

But she thought better of it and started off on her errand, with the twins gaily trotting at her heels or ahead of her, frolicking like young colts in their joy at being released from the bondage of indoors, and traveling four or five times each block of the way as they pranced back and forth. Hetty plodded along with unusual unresponsiveness, going over and over in her mind the various ways she could plan of telling her mother what she had done. When she came home again there were lessons and the twins, the table to set and the twins, and a general hurry and scramble till those little time-consumers had been put to bed. After they were asleep they looked so angelic, with their white nightgowns and their clean faces, that Hetty stayed for several extra kisses and felt mean that she had ever got tired of them. She determined to stay awake till her mother came up, in order to get the load off her mind; but the quiet and darkness were too much for her healthy and tired little body, and she never knew when her mother stooped to tuck her in and kiss her good night, nor anything more till she was wakened in the bright morning sunshine

by a heavy pillow thumping her on the face as it missed Omy.

There was never time in the morning, when there was always a frantic rush to get through everything that had to be done before time to go to school; so Hetty started off with her lunch and her books and the much heavier burden of black care riding on her shoulder.

At school it was no better. As her class assembled and at recess, in the lively twitter of girls' voices there was an ever-recurring refrain of "Hetty Macdonald's party," "Hetty Macdonald's party," which poor Hetty thought would drive her mad.

On returning home, a strange serenity reigned in the house. There was no one visible till Hetty went upstairs and found Virginia hard at work on her Latin, the high-school girls being released an hour earlier than those of the lower grades.

"Where's mother?" demanded Hetty.

"She's gone," said Virginia, absently. "Aunt Ruth's ill and mother is to stay with her all night."

Hetty's heart fell like lead. All night! In the morning it would be too late. Oh, why had n't she told her mother at first? How much worse it was to have it all come upon her at the last minute! She was so worried that even her sisters noticed her depression and said:

"Are you ill, Hetty? For goodness' sake, don't get ill while mother is away."

"I've got a sort of headache," stammered Hetty; "I think I'll go to bed soon."

After she had gone, Christine said rather anxiously: "The child looks pale, and she never talks about headache. I do hope she is n't going to be ill."

"Oh, she's just tired romping," said Virginia, easily. "Do see if you can help me make any sense of this Latin gibberish."

For once Hetty lay awake, heavy-hearted. When she did finally get to sleep, her last waking thought was a fervent wish:

She "just hoped there would be an *awful* thunder-storm, so that the girls could n't come."

But the gay morning sunshine blighted poor Hetty's hopes of a storm. Her mother came home about noon, to be greeted with as warm

a welcome as if she had been gone a week. But Hetty watched the clock feverishly as the hours slipped by.

"Nothing will happen," she thought desperately. "Nothing will happen. They are all getting ready to come now."

The early afternoon sped quickly. It was

But at this moment Emy and Omy dashed into the room, both talking at once and fairly bursting with importance.

"Hetty," panted Emy, "'s a lot of girls downstairs, all dressed up —"

"And they say," screeched Omy, drowning him out, "they 've come to Hetty's party!"

"What in the world are you children talking about?" inquired their mother, in a vexed tone. Then, with sudden realization of Hetty's words and her dress, "Hetty," she said sternly, "did you know they were coming?"

"Y-yes, mother, I did," sobbed Hetty.

To Mrs. Macdonald, with her Southern instincts and traditions of hospitality, that "yes" transformed the girls from simple school-girl comrades into the sacredness of "invited company," with all its recognized rights.

"Boys," she said, turning to the twins with swift decision, "go right down and tell the girls that Hetty will be there in a minute; I am just fixing her hair. And then you come back and get on your clean suits."

The twins thumped down the stairs, proclaiming in piercing

tones on each step: "Hetty's got a party! Hetty's got a party!"

"Now, Hetty," said her mother, quietly, "tell me all about it, quickly, while I braid your hair. And, whatever you do, don't cry."

Hetty swallowed her tears, and, while her mother with quick, deft fingers braided her hair and tied on her best bows, stammered out her story of how all the girls had parties on their



"SHE STARTED OFF ON HER ERRAND WITH THE TWINS."

nearly three o'clock when her mother came upstairs, where Hetty was studying her lessons.

"Hetty," she said, "I wish you would — why, child, what have you put on your best frock for?"

Hetty turned red, and the tears, so long kept back, sprang to her eyes.

"Oh, mother," she began, half sobbing. "Somehow I never could tell you —"

birthdays, how she had never had a party, and when they asked her she could n't bear to say no; and how she had tried to tell her mother.

"Well," said her mother, decidedly, "I'll do what I can for you; but it is a particularly inconvenient day, and I never heard of anything so inconsiderate. Now go downstairs and entertain them, and keep the parlor door shut, and send Emy and Omy to me, and tell Virginia she may leave her practising and come to me here."

Hetty turned to start, about as cheerfully as if she had been going straight to the annual school examination. Her mother saw the downcast air and the pathetic appeal in the little girl's eyes, and her whole mother-nature sprang to meet it. Busy and hurried as she was, her duty to the guests had been uppermost, but at that look came the thought of her duty to her own little girl. She gathered the child into a quick, close hug.

"Darling," she said, "never mind. Don't look so mournful. Go and have a good time. Mother'll fix things for you."

"Oh, mother," gasped Hetty, "you are so good!"

And then she ran downstairs with a feeling of warm comfort around her heart which she had not known for days; and it was not many minutes before the chatter and laughter of the gay girls' voices convinced Mrs. Macdonald that the party was well under way.

To Hetty, in the parlor, the afternoon sped away like a happy dream. She caught a glimpse of Virginia flashing past the window on her wheel, riding like mad down-town. Then all anxiety rolled off her mind and the glad buoyancy of childhood asserted itself. Everything was all right. Mother knew about it; mother would see to things. Then it seemed no time before Virginia was in the parlor, in a fresh white dress and with her hair tied at the back of her neck with a perfectly enormous white bow, pounding out two-steps with athletic precision on the piano, while the girls gaily bobbed about the room, under the impression that they were dancing. Then from some mysterious corner Virginia produced a large black-and-white map of Cinderella,—it could hardly be called a picture,—with her foot poised ready for

the calico slippers which the blindfolded girls did their best to pin on it. Such joyous shrieks as they stuck them wildly on the walls and the curtains and one another, and everywhere but on the patiently poised foot! And *where* did Virginia get the pretty Japanese fan which Katherine Elliot waved proudly as the prize, and the red tin horn on which Gertrude Lansing loudly tooted her despair at being the booby? At the sound of the horn the twins could no longer be held in leash, but burst tumultuously into the room, in their clean duck suits, and were rapturously welcomed by the girls, who thought them "too cunning for anything."

From time to time Hetty caught sounds of rustling and the clinking of china in the dining-room behind the folding-doors. The effect was distinctly "partyish" and delightfully promising. But when the doors at last rolled back, it seemed to the little girl as if her heart would burst with its mixture of pride, gratitude, remorse, and affection, as she saw the dining-room. It was carefully darkened to give effect to the festive light of wax candles. There was her mother, dressed in her best black-lace dress, passing round the prettiest painted plates. Christine, in her pretty new pale-green mouseline, with a knot of black velvet high up in her yellow hair, was pouring chocolate into the best cups, and dropping generous "dabs" of whipped cream on top of each one. There were the most enchanting little rolled sandwiches and brown and pink and green ice-cream. There were even crackers to pull. But the crowning glory was a massive white cake in the center of the table. Hetty instantly recognized its fluted cornice and turret as adornments she had seen in the confectioner's window only the day before. But, wreathed with vivid nasturtiums and with thirteen red candles burning in a dazzling circle upon it, it was indeed a glittering vision.

After it was all over, and Virginia had got out her camera and "taken" the pretty group of girls in their white frocks out on the piazza, and happy Hetty had received the last assurance of "the loveliest time," "the nicest party we ever had," etc., and the last white frock had fluttered away, the little girl flew back to the dining-room, where her mother was busy "clearing up."

"Dearest, darling mother," she cried, "how good you were! I did n't deserve it! I had been *such* a sinner! But it was the beautifullest *real* party! How did you ever manage it?"

cheerfully; "but we are so glad it was such a success, for your sake, dear."

"I'll never ask for any more parties again as long as I live," said Hetty, contritely.



"VIRGINIA WAS IN THE PARLOR, POUNDING OUT TWO-STEPS, WHILE THE GIRLS BOBBED ABOUT THE ROOM, UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THEY WERE DANCING."

Not a word did Mrs. Macdonald say about the plans she had given up for that Saturday afternoon, or the economies she must practise to make up for the unusual expense.

"Well, we did have to fly round," she said

"Oh, yes, you will, for a good many, I hope. Never neglect, though, to consult your mother first, for you may be sure that if it is possible and she thinks it wise, you can always depend upon her permission and help."



A FROLIC ON THE ICE — "SNAPPING THE WHIP."

MRS. TUBBS'S TELEGRAM.

(A Comedy in One Act.)*

BY KATHARINE McDOWELL RICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MRS. TUBBS.
ROWENA,
AMELIA,
TOMMY,
TEDDY, and
OTHER LITTLE TUBBS,

} Children of
Mrs. Tubbs.

MRS. RAVEN,
MRS. DONNELL,
MISS SIMPKINS, and others,
TELEGRAPH BOY.

} Neighbors of
Mrs. Tubbs.

PLACE: Kitchen of Mrs. Tubbs at Cinder Corner.

Curtain rises showing MRS. TUBBS at work in her kitchen, washing. TOMMY TUBBS looking out of window.

TOMMY TUBBS. Ma, oh, ma! There 's one o' them telegrapher boys a-comin' in here!

MRS. TUBBS. [*Excitedly wiping her hands on her apron*] In here! Oh, Tommy, what on earth 's happened? It must be from your

Aunt Sarah. Nobody ever telegraphs here 'less it 's sister Sarah. I hope she ain't dead! She ain't seen the parlor sence the rug went down!

Enter TELEGRAPH BOY.

BOY. Telegram for Mrs. Tubbs.

MRS. T. Oh, you make my heart go 'way down in my throat! Is there any answer to it?

* See page 382.

BOY. Nothin' said 'bout any answer to me. if it was good news, people has been known to

MRS. T. Then it's death. That's the only faint and go into fits and have apperplexity and
thing there 's no answer to. I 'm all of a rush o' blood to the head, and strokes even,
tremble. Tommy, you call Mrs. Raven to read over gettin' good news, and I don't intend
it. [*Exit TOMMY, calling, "Mis' Raven!"*] none of these things shall happen to you.
You better wait, boy. P'r'aps there's an answer. Tommy, let your mother drink some o' that

BOY. I can read it for you, if you like. water. [*MRS. T. obeys meekly. Then to TELE-*

MRS. T. No; I've sent for Mrs. Raven GRAPH BOY] You 'd ought to run right back
now, and she might be offended if she come in to the telegraph place. You know people say
and found you readin' it. Mrs. Raven does you boys waste a deal of time on your er-

all the readin' for the house. You know Mrs. rands.
Raven? [*BOY shakes his head negatively*] Well, BOY. [*Points to MRS. TUBBS*] She asked
you will when you see her, 'cause she allus me to wait and see if there was an answer.

dresses in black. No matter if she 's buyin' MRS. R. [*Relenting*] Oh, did she? Well,
jest a calico, she never gets anything but black. there ain't none. An', if there is, Tommy can
I guess I 'll open the telegraph and see if it take it.

looks long or short. It's these short telegraphs BOY. Somebody 's got to sign my book.
that 's so dreadful. [*Opens sheet and looks at* [*MRS. R. takes book and BOY shows her where*
it] It's a long telegraph; ain't it, boy? *to sign*]

BOY. [*Glancing at telegram*] It's a ten- MRS. R. I can't never sign in a little place
worder, ma'am. like that. Ain't there a blank page somewhere?
Enter MRS. RAVEN and TOMMY. Right in here, you say? Why, look a-here,
that 's Mrs. Donnell's name! Mary Donnell.

MRS. T. [*Hands telegram to MRS. RAVEN*] But she never wrote that, I know. Why, that's
I am prepered for the worst. I think it must be real pretty writing.
from sister Sarah — that she has telegraphed she

has passed away. BOY. There was a young lady there a-callin'
MRS. RAVEN. [*Takes telegram and reads, her that wrote it for her.*
eyes and mouth opening as she does so] Why, MRS. R. What 'd they get a telegraph about
Mrs. Tubbs! Who 'd 'a' thought it! over there, do you know?

MRS. T. [*Faintly*] Is sister Sarah alive? BOY. No, ma'am; I don't.

MRS. R. I guess so. I don't know. [*MRS. MRS. R. [*Signs in slow, clumsy, labored*
TUBBS gasps and closes her eyes*] This ain't from way] Well, they ain't got any news equal to
her at all, but it 's a piece of news as must be Mrs. Tubbs's news, I can tell 'em that.

broke gentle. It ain't your sister Sarah that's MRS. T. I think I 'm strong enough to
dead. This is from your daughter Roweny. hear it now, Mrs. Raven.

MRS. T. Roweny dead! [*Steadies herself MRS. R. No, you ain't. You 're trembly*
on table, then falls back into chair] as can be.

MRS. R. Bring a dipper of water, Tommy. MRS. T. Well, let the boy have the pleasure
There! [*Throws some in MRS. TUBBS's face,* o' knowin'. He 's been very kind to wait.
then in loud and measured tones] Roweny ain't Tommy, bring him a doughnut. [*TOMMY brings*
dead. Nobody 's dead. *doughnut. MRS. R. whispers to BOY, who opens*
his eyes and draws prolonged whistle]

MRS. T. [*Faintly*] Why did n't you say so MRS. R. [*Delighted at the impression made*]
in the beginning? You said it was bad news. I guess you better stay an' hear it. You better

MRS. R. I said it was news as must be broke set down, too, an' rest — you little boys has to
gentle; that 's what I said. It takes just as run so hard over the whole city with all these
good management to break good news as to telegraphs. [*BOY seats himself. MRS. R., with*
break bad news; not that I say this is good telegram in hand, keeps her eyes on MRS. T.
news. I don't think it 's wisdom yet for you Reads] "T. P. Form I. Pacific Railway Com-
to know just what kind o' news it is. But even pany's Telegraph. Terms and Conditions."

BOY. You don't want to read that printin'. It 's the writin' below that 's to read.

MRS. R. [*With cold stare*] I don't want to? Who 's to know as well as I what I want?

MRS. T. [*Motions to BOY not to interfere. Aside to BOY*] Don't aggrivate her or she might n't read it, and there 's nobody else in the house can read telegraphs till some o' the children gets home.

MRS. R. [*Drawing herself up in offended manner*] Do you wish to hear all the telegraph, Mrs. Tubbs, or only part of it?

MRS. T. Let me hear it all. I am perpared for the worst. You tell me it 's from Roweny, and she ain't dead. I only hope she ain't crippled. [*With sudden fear*] Oh, Mrs. Raven, it ain't that; is it?

MRS. R. No, no, no. In fact, this telegraph as much as says she never will be crippled.

MRS. T. [*Moans*] But that shows there 's been an accident or they would n't be sayin' anything about her bein' or not bein' crippled.

MRS. R. Now I 'll wait until you are calm again. [*MRS. T. motions to MRS. R. to proceed*]

MRS. R. [*Reads*] "All messages are received by this company for transmission subject to the terms and conditions printed on their blank form No. 2, which terms and conditions have been agreed to by the sender of the following message." [*To MRS. TUBBS*] You see, Roweny had to agree to all this [*Points to top of telegram*], and it is only proper [*Looks severely at BOY*] we should know what she 's agreed to. You understand, Mrs. Tubbs, they told Roweny all this, and she was willin' to agree to it all?

MRS. T. [*Wiping her eyes*] Roweny was allus a good girl. She 'd be willin' to agree to it if they told her it was all for the best.

MRS. R. [*Reads*] "This is an unrepeatd message, and is delivered by request of the sender under these conditions." That 's Roweny, you know. She 's the "sender." You understand all that, don't you, Mrs. Tubbs?

MRS. T. I don't think I quite understand about its bein' an "unrepeatd message," or somethin' like that.

MRS. R. You could n't be expected to understand that with your nerves all unstrung as they be. It means this: [*Significantly*] Roweny

did n't want this telegraph repeated all over New York; she just wanted it to you from her.

MRS. T. Roweny was allus so considerate.

MRS. R. So even this boy did n't know what it was till I told him. Did you, boy?

BOY. No, ma'am; I did n't.

MRS. R. It 's a great deal nicer to have 'em come unrepeatd. Prob'ly they cost a good deal more, but Roweny would n't mind that.

MRS. T. I allus told Roweny she was far too ready to spend her money in little ways on me. She 'd really ought to sent it cheaper.

MRS. R. Well, evidently Roweny ain't stoppin' for money these days. [*Looks closely at telegram*] And she 's got the name of the superintendent of the telegraph works on here, and about six other names—all of 'em great persons from the way their names read.

MRS. T. Roweny was allus a great hand for gettin' people's names. She got the Sunday-school superintendent and a lot of other names on her recommend papers when she went away.

MRS. R. I don't know as there 's any need o' readin' all these names. They're sort o' foreign-lookin' and hard to pronounce, not but what I could pronounce 'em if I took time to it, but we've seen enough to know the telegraph is all right.

MRS. T. I think I 'm strong enough now to hear what Roweny has wrote, Mrs. Raven.

MRS. R. Well, you do look better. [*Regards her critically*] Your countenance is better.

MRS. T. If there ain't any answer the boy ought n' ter wait. You 've told him the news, and Tommy, you give him another doughnut. [*TOMMY runs for doughnut and presents as before. Exit BOY*]

MRS. R. I 'll tell you one thing at a time, Mrs. Tubbs, and see how you take it. Roweny 's got three children.

MRS. T. [*Gasps and clutches MRS. R.*] Roweny—three children!

MRS. R. She don't say whether they 're girls or boys. She just says: [*Consults telegram*] "Three children."

MRS. T. I don't see why Roweny should be adoptin' children. She ain't got no home for 'em and they can't come here. Can you understand it, Mrs. Raven? I 'm sure I can't.

MRS. R. Yes, I can understand it perfectly, and so can you when it 's all broke to you.

MRS. T. I wish I could hear it just as Roweny sent it.

MRS. R. Well, it's well you did n't, 'cause if your nerves is so overwrought now, what would they be if you 'd 'a' known it all to oncet? [*Noise outside. MRS. DONNELL'S voice heard calling out in excited tones to some neighbor*]

Enter MRS. DONNELL.

MRS. DONNELL. [*Rushes in with arms up-raised*] Ach, what has happened? Poor Mis' Toobs! I see the boy had a telegraph for Mis' Toobs. We had a telegraph, too, 'bout one o' Mamie's b'ys; he 's died from overstudy of the brain. And soon 's I could, I run over to see what bad news Mis' Toobs had. The telegraph b'y was here so long I thought she might 'a' gone into a dead faint or somethin', but I could n't come sooner. Did yere telegraph come paid?

MRS. R. [*Grandly*] Yes, Mrs. Tubbs's come all paid, and it was an unrepeatd message and cost nobody knows what. The boy even said he did n't know what was in it. It was very private—just from Roweny to her mother.

MRS. T. I 'd be glad to have Mrs. Donnell stay and hear it, Mrs. Raven.

MRS. D. [*Takes seat*] Thanks. How fortunate ye was here to break the news, Mis' Raven.

MRS. R. [*Majestically*] I was n't here. They sent for me. And I got here in time to save her—yes, before she 'd heard a word of it. • If I had n't 'a' been home the telegraph boy would have read the whole thing right out to her. [*MRS. DONNELL breathes a deep sigh of relief*]

MRS. T. [*To MRS. DONNELL*] Roweny 's adopted three children. [*MRS. DONNELL holds up hands in surprise and dismay*]

MRS. R. You ain't heard it all, Mrs. Tubbs. The children belongs to her husband. He 's a widower.

MRS. T. Roweny married! [*MRS. RAVEN motions to TOMMY for more water. Both women bend over MRS. TUBBS*]

MRS. R. This is just what I knew would happen if we broke it sudden. But she may as well know all the rest now. Yes, Mrs. Tubbs, Roweny is married to a gentleman with three children; and can you bear it all right if I go

on, Mrs. Tubbs, and tell you the rest? [*MRS. TUBBS nods her head energetically*] Her husband is a millionaire!

MRS. D. [*Throws up both arms, dipper flying across the room*] Ye don't say! Ye don't say! Well, well, this *is* cause for congratulations. I 'm awful glad for ye, Mis' Toobs, and all yere family. I only hope it won't take ye away from Cinder Corner, but I s'pose the next thing ye 'll be livin' with Roweny on Fifth Avenue. Well, well. They say stranger things happens in rale life than in books, and I begin to belave it.

MRS. T. [*Gazes about in dazed way*] There's no mistake about it?

MRS. R. [*Reads in self-vindication*] "Have married a millionaire. Three children. Return home Thursday next."

MRS. T. [*Takes telegram and gazes vacantly at it*] Nothing sister Sarah did ever surprised me so much as this. To be sure, she married a rich man, but she allus said she was goin' to, and so nobody was much surprised. But Roweny has allus said she was n't goin' to marry anybody. She allus said she wanted to go as a missionary to the heathens, and I don't see how she come to change her mind.

MRS. R. Well, I guess it would change anybody's mind to get a millionaire as easy as Roweny 's got hers.

MRS. D. There goes Miss Simpkins. I must tell her the news. [*Motions frantically from window*]

Enter MISS SIMPKINS, in great concern.

MISS SIMPKINS. What is the matter? Has Mrs. Tubbs had one o' her spells?

MRS. R. I broke some news to Mrs. Tubbs too hasty, I 'm afraid. We had a telegraph here this morning.

MISS S. [*Snaps off her words*] You did! Why, I 've been settin' right in the window trimmin' a new hat, and I never once saw the telegraph boy, nor did n't even see Mrs. Donnell come over.

MRS. R. [*Impressively*] It was an unrepeatd message.

MISS S. Oh, that explains it. I thought the telegraph boy ould n't been on the street and I not know it.

MRS. R. [*Patronizingly*] The telegraph boy

brought it just as he would a common repeated message; but this was a special message, it said, from one person to another, and nobody is allowed to know of it but the two persons and the superintendent of the works. They cost something fearful, these unrepeatd messages. The boy did n't say how much.

MISS S. I never even heard of them. [*Stiffly*] Perhaps I 'd better not stay if it 's so dreadful private. [*Rises to go*]

MRS. T. I want Miss Simpkins should know the news. She 's allus been a good friend to Roweny. Set down, Miss Simpkins.

MISS S. [*Seats herself*] Oh, 't was from Rowena, was it? I s'posed, Mrs. Tubbs, it was from your sister. I 'm awful sorry if anything 's happened to Rowena.

MRS. R. Well, it has happened, and you need n't be sorry, neither.

MRS. D. It ain't bad news: it 's about the bist ye can guess. Roweny Toobs is married to a man with three million dollars.

MISS S. Goodness! Where 'd she find him?

MRS. D. We don't know.

MRS. R. [*Reads telegram*] "Have married a millionaire. Three children. Return home Thursday next."

MISS S. Well, I don't envy her with three children to bring up. But I will say Rowena Tubbs will make a good step-mother.

MRS. R. I 've always said as how something good would come to Roweny Tubbs from her bein' so faithful to Sunday meetin'.

MRS. T. [*On verge of tears*] She allus went twice a day.

MRS. R. She always went, whatever the weather and [*Looks significantly at MISS SIMPKINS*] whether she had a new hat or not. But here comes the children. They must hear the news. But it can be broke different to children. They never take anything hard.

Enter children, noisily, with school books and bags. They run to the box of doughnuts and each takes one, then remove their things, which they hang up or not, just as they please.

MRS. R. [*Catches hold of children*] Children; something has happened, and I want you to hear it. [*Arranges them in line*] Now, in the first place, do you know what a millionaire is?

TEDDY. [*Raises hand*] It 's a kind of naughty mobile.

MRS. D. [*Proudly*] Well, now, that *is* an idee; ain't it? I should n't wonder if Roweny would ride right up to the door on her orter-mobile; and it would be the first one on the street!

T. Is Roweny comin' home? Hooray! hooray! [*Children all caper about*]

FIRST LITTLE TUBBS. When 's she comin', ma? Can I set up to see her?

SECOND LITTLE TUBBS. Can I set up to see her?

THIRD LITTLE TUBBS. Can I set up to see her?

MRS. R. [*Again lines up children*] Your mother has had a telegraph this morning.

CHILDREN. Oh!!

AMELIA. [*Pertly*] Was it from Aunt Sarah?

MRS. R. No; it was from Roweny.

A. I did n't know she had a telegraph. I thought only Aunt Sarah had a telegraph.

MRS. R. [*Impressively*] Roweny will have everything your Aunt Sarah ever had.

A. [*Whimpering*] Has Aunt Sarah died?

MRS. R. No, child. [*Goes to Amelia*] Stop crying. Nobody said your Aunt Sarah had died.

A. [*Sobs*] You said Roweny was to have all her things.

MRS. R. I said no such thing. Roweny will have as much as your Aunt Sarah ever had. Listen. Do you know what a millionaire is?

A. [*Catches her breath as she speaks in broken sentences*] When it 's a man it 's four horses, two behind the others; and when it 's a woman it 's a cloak lined with fur on both sides, and long feathers on their hats, and everything set in di'monds. [*Mrs. D. nods approvingly*]

MRS. R. Do you know what it is for a person to get married, Amelia?

A. Yes, 'm.

MRS. R. Well, what is it?

A. [*Trying for some time to form a definition*] It 's what Miss Simpkins ain't.

MISS S. [*Rises in high dudgeon*] Well, I declare! I 've a mind to leave this house and never set foot in it again!

A. Oh, Miss Simpkins, please don't. I did n't mean anything. I might just as well have said what sister Rowena ain't. Sister Rowena 's never going to marry. She said people could do just as much good 'thout bein'

married. And she 's goin' to the heathen some day and take me with her. Please don't be mad at me, Miss Simpkins. Rowena says we must never let people stay mad at us. We must n't let the little mad grow into a big mad, but we must take it right at the beginning and tell any one we 're sorry, and ask them to forgive us. [*Clings to Miss S., who shows signs of leaving*] Please don't be mad, Miss Simpkins.

MISS S. Well, I won't, then. But you may as well know, Amelia, that Rowena 's changed her mind and decided to get married.

A. [*Runs to Mrs. T.*] Oh, ma, it is n't true, is it? [*Receives confirmation from Mrs. T.*] Oh, is n't it dreadful? [*Weeps*]

MRS. R. Roweny's husband has lots of money, and she will give you whatever you want.

A. [*Between sobs*] Does it say so in the telegraph?

MRS. R. Not in so many words, but it means that. You prob'ly won't know your sister in all her fine fixin's when she drives up with all her horses and servants.

A. [*Stoutly*] I don't want sister Rowena that way. I want her just as she always is. I can't touch her if she 's that way, and I want to put my arms around her as I always do.

BOYS AND GIRLS. [*Whimper in chorus*] We want sister Roweny as she always is. We don't want her the new way. We want her the old way. We don't want her married to a naughty mobile. [*Sobbing and howling of the children*]

MRS. R. 'Sh! 'Sh! Land sakes! If ever I hear such goin's-on! Well, it 's good the whole thing is decided, for Roweny is just one of those home bodies that she 'd change her mind if she knew they all felt this way. The telegraph don't say "*May marry*" or "*Goin' to marry*"; it just says "*Married*."

CHORUS OF CHILDREN. [*Emphatically*] We don't want her married!

Enter NEIGHBORS, who are told the news—pantomime—and shown the telegram. All shake hands with Mrs. Tubbs and try to pacify the children, who shake their heads vigorously and refuse to listen.

MISS S. Well, when I see such performances as these I must say I don't envy Roweny, startin' in with them three children.

MRS. R. [*Loftily*] Those children are all provided for. Every one of them will have more money than any of us ever dreamed of. Amelia, go to the board and divide a millionaire into three parts. [*To Mrs. T.*] It 's nice, havin' a board right here for figgerin', Mrs. Tubbs.

MRS. T. Roweny got it for the children to do their sums on. [*AMELIA goes to blackboard, and after more or less erasing, exhibits the figures 1,000,000.00*]

MRS. R. [*Disappointedly*] Is that a millionaire? Well, it 's the poorest lot o' lookin' figgers I ever see for a rich man. It 's all naughts and ciphers. Can't you get in some 8's and 9's and rich-lookin' figgers?

A. [*Pertly*] That is the way teacher told us to write a million.

MRS. D. [*To Mrs. RAVEN*] Should n't she put one of those big S's with two lines runnin' through it?

MISS S. [*Quickly, with importance*] You mean a dollar-mark. Yes, you ought to put a dollar-mark, Amelia.

A. I don't know how. Teacher has n't got us to that yet.

MRS. R. My hand 's a little lame or I 'd do it. Could you do it, Mrs. Donnell?

MRS. D. I ain't niver made one.

MRS. T. I 've seen Roweny make 'em. I think I can make one. [*Mrs. Tubbs is escorted to board, and after the figures 1,000,000.00 makes a dollar-mark turned wrongly*]

A. Oh, is that what you mean? I can make that. But it ought to go to the front. [*Makes proper sign at beginning and starts to rub out Mrs. Tubbs's at the end*]

MRS. R. What you doin', Amelia?

A. I 'm goin' to rub this one out. It 's turned wrong and don't belong at this end.

MRS. R. [*Severely*] Don't you think o' rubbin' it out! It gives a prosperous look to have one at each end. Now, you divide it by three children, Amelia. [*AMELIA puts division-sign, which she erases twice, and then a figure three before it, which she also erases until suited, then begins operations*]

A. [*Singsong*] Three into ten, three times and one over; three into ten, three times and one over; three into ten, three times and one over; three into ten, three times and one over.

MRS. R. [*Who has regarded AMELIA from the first doubtfully*] Now you 're runnin' to 3's, just as you run to naughts and ciphers. You could run it around the world, at that rate.

A. That 's what teacher said. You can run it on, just as long as you bring down ciphers.

MRS. R. [*With superiority*] That 's a lot of nonsense. What 's your answer, Amelia?

A. [*Glibly*] I don't know yet. I have n't counted up. It depends on where I put this dot. If I put it here [*Makes large dot*], the answer is thirty-three cents; and if I put it here, it is three dollars and thirty-three cents; and if I put it here, it 's thirty-three dollars and thirty-three cents; and if I put it here, it 's three hundred and thirty-three dollars and —

MRS. R. Well, that 's gettin' more likely, 'cause it don't stand to reason that those children has got a millionaire for a father and only thirty-three cents apiece. [*All shake heads negatively*] But I can do that sum a great deal better in my head, anyway, than with figgerin'. Now, I should say this way. [*AMELIA leaves the blackboard and joins others*] In the first place, how many thousand in a million?

MISS S. I don't know exactly, but I should say about a hundred.

MRS. D. [*Smiling*] I was goin' to say a hunderd. [*NEIGHBORS all acquiesce*]

MRS. R. Well, we 'll call it a hundred, then, so long as we 're all agreed. You 're satisfied with that, ain't you, Mrs. Tubbs, to have a million mean a hundred thousand?

MRS. T. Whatever you say, Mrs. Raven.

MRS. R. Well, then, the way I should do this sum in my head is this: There 's a hundred thousand to be divided among the three children. Now, if there had been a hundred children each would have had a thousand; would n't they? [*All nod at one another and at MRS. RAVEN in agreement*] Now wait a minute; I 've got this all in my head. [*Presses her temples with both hands*] Don't speak to me. [*All watch MRS. RAVEN intently*] Now, you see, there ain't but three children, so that leaves ninety-seven children who have got to give their share to the three children. Now each of these ninety-seven children says: "I have a thousand," "I have a thousand," and so on. You can represent the children. [*Motions with*

hand to each one before her, who says in turn, "I have a thousand"; MRS. DONNELL smiling blandly as she speaks, MISS SIMPKINS snapping off her words, as usual, the children as though it were a game, and all following, with intention, MRS. RAVEN's lead] Now, you see, there are not enough of us to be all the ninety-seven children, but we get the idea all right that each child has a thousand of its own. Now, the next step is — [*Hands on temples — apparently holding head together*] It 's all here. [*Agitatedly*] Don't speak to me. [*All watch intently as before*] These ninety-seven children give away their shares to the other three. These three chairs can stand for the three children. [*Arranges chairs in group, dislodging the occupants to do so. Extends her hand graciously toward the three empty chairs*] I give you my thousand. [*Motions to next to follow, and one after another, inclining head toward chairs or making a gesture of handing over something, says: "I give you my thousand," until all have said it, the children being especially enthusiastic, going up to chairs and bowing as they say, "I give you my thousand," now quite convinced they are playing some game*] Now, you see, the money is all with these three children [*Motions to chairs*], and we must see how many times three will go into ninety-seven. [*All go into calculation, some on their fingers, others doing imaginary sums in the air, etc., etc.*]

MISS S. [*Hesitatingly*] Would n't it be a little over thirty-two?

MRS. D. [*Smiling blandly*] That is just what I was goin' to say.

MRS. R. [*Emerging from deep head-work*] Yes, we can call it thirty-three. These children [*Motions to chairs*] will have thirty-three thousand dollars apiece. [*Hearers are duly impressed*]

AMELIA. [*Crying*] That 's just what I got [*Points to board*], and you said it was n't right.

MRS. R. [*Opens her mouth and eyes wide in astonishment as she looks toward blackboard*] Why, did you get that, Amelia? Why, so you did! [*Leniently*] That was all right, Amelia. [*All nod approvingly at AMELIA*] And by doing it both ways we are sure it 's right. But, you see, by doing it in our heads we all understand just how the three come by their share.

MISS S. [*Rises*] Well, I guess if Roweny's children get thirty-three thousand apiece I need n't worry over 'em. Good-by, Mrs. Tubbs. Sorry to have you leave the neighborhood, but you 'll find it nice up on Fifth Avenue. I was up there once. The streets is wider than these, and it's quite a different place. I'm told there ain't the runnin' from house to house that there is here at the Corner, and that people ain't over-neighborly, and don't sometimes speak to people livin' right on the *same block*; somebody said *next door*, but I won't believe it's as bad as that. But you 'll have all your family with you, so you won't mind. Don't forget your old friends at Cinder Corner, Mrs. Tubbs. [*Shakes Mrs. T's hand*]

MRS. T. [*Much affected*] Indeed I won't, and you must all come and see me. I sha'n't never feel to home up there, I don't believe. I've never even seen the place, and I much rather stay here.

A. [*Positively*] I sha'n't go to live on any o' them avenoos. If I can't go to the heathen with Roweny I 'm goin' to stay right here at Cinder Corner. [*Children show that they share AMELIA'S sentiments*]

T. [*From window*] Here comes Roweny now!

ALL. Roweny! [*All run to door*]

Enter ROWENA, in fresh and pretty traveling-suit, with bright new satchel and bag of oranges. Hastens forward to MRS. TUBBS, whom she kisses, then embraces in turn all the children, who affectionately surround her with exclamations of delight, hands them the oranges, and shakes hands with all the neighbors.

ROWENA. How glad I am to see you all! I thought first I could n't come till next Thursday, but suddenly found they would let me off and I took the next train. [*To MRS. TUBBS*] You got my telegram, mother, and know that I am married? [*Goes toward MRS. TUBBS*]

MRS. T. Yes. My good Roweny. [*Embraces her*]

MISS S. We all want to congratulate you on doing so well, Rowena.

MRS. D. That is just what I was goin' to say. [*All nod in agreement*]

R. Yes, I have done well. I have married a splendid man, who is as much interested in the work as I am, and when you see him I know you will congratulate me indeed.

MISS S. Work? We did n't suppose you'd have any work to do any more.

R. No work! Why, I could n't live without work. What do you mean?

MRS. R. What did you say in your telegraph about your husband?

R. Why, I don't remember saying anything about him except that he was a missionary.

ALL. A missionary!!

A. Oh, I'm so glad! [*Dances about ROWENA; other children, catching AMELIA'S spirit, testify in various ways to the rejoicing*]

R. He is a missionary. One of the foremost workers for years. We sail for Africa next week, which will be the scene of our first labors together. And some day I shall send for you, Amelia, as I promised. And Miss Simpkins, I think there is a fine opening for you there to teach sewing in one of the girls' schools. In fact, there is work for all of us—even for my three dear step-children.

MRS. R. What is your husband worth?

R. [*Laughs*] Worth his weight in gold.

MISS S. We got the impression you had married a man with lots of money.

R. Money? Well, hardly. The Board allows us a nice salary—all we shall need. [*MRS. RAVEN hands ROWENA the telegram*]

R. [*Reads*] "Have married a millionaire." [*Laughs merrily*] A millionaire! Oh, of all things, they took my word "missionary" for "millionaire"! It must be those long s's I make. But you could n't have believed it! What in the world would a millionaire have wanted of me for a wife—me, Rowena Tubbs! [*Laughs long and merrily*]

MRS. R. [*Comes forward*] Well, for my part,—and I guess we're all agreed,—I think any one as gets Roweny for a wife, whether he's a millionaire or a missionary, is a lucky man.

ALL. [*Crowding around ROWENA, clapping hands and otherwise assenting*] That's right. Good, good!

QUICK CURTAIN.



TWO SIDES OF YE HEDGE; OR, YE SORRY AIM OF YE MEDIEVAL ARCHER.

(A Valentine Tragedy.)

BY FREDERICK RICHARDSON.



Ye archer:

"With a low whistle and an archer's craft
I'll fit ye valentine unto this shaft."

Ye faire mayde:

"'T is Percival, my archer love, I wot!"



"'T was aimed with care, and my love-shaft, I trow,
Straight to her hand—and to her heart—will go."

"A valentine his trusty bow hath shot!"



"Gadzooks!" cries Percival. "Alack! what's up?
I've missed ye fair one, and have hit ye pup."

"Oh, what a fate befalls his dainty screed!"



"A murrain on my hand and brain so stupid!
I'll ne'er again attempt to rival Cupid!"

Ye ancient dame: "Young lady, to thy turret chamber speed,
Whilst I this varlet's 'doggerel' will read!"

F RICHARDSON



AN ALASKAN JOURNEY WITH REINDEER.

BY CORNELIA HICKMAN.

ONE evening in early February, Oosilik, our faithful Eskimo, knocked on the door of the cabin as we were drawn up in a close circle around the log fire in the big living-room of the officers' quarters, discussing the probability of our having to remain at St. Michael, Alaska, another month.

Oosilik gave a loud rap, and lifting the latch, he forced open the frozen door so that his furry head, bristling with icicles, appeared at the opening, and as he wedged himself in by inches, he snorted and puffed like a walrus under the harpoon, and continued to wriggle until his fat, round body had squeezed through the narrow opening and he stood before us in the firelight.

When every eye was upon him, Oosilik smiled with satisfaction and rubbed his sides

with both hands. Then he told us, in his choppy, grunting way, his bit of news, which was this: that the two drivers with the pulks, or sleds, that we had anxiously expected for the last two weeks, had arrived, and that we were to start on the following morning at sunrise for Port Clarence. We questioned Oosilik about the reindeer and the condition of the pulks after their long journey, but he would tell us nothing, and to all our questions he had the same reply: a knowing twinkle in his small black eyes, and a toss of the head.

The next morning we hurried out of our bear-skin beds to dress for the ride behind the reindeer, with the thermometer at forty degrees below zero, and the sun pale as a glass bead in the white sky. To protect ourselves from the bitter

cold, we chose our warmest clothing, which was made from reindeer hide with the fur side in. We drew on seal waterproof boots. Our mittens were of the heaviest reindeer fur, and to protect our necks and shoulders, as well as our heads, we put on a "parki." This is a hood attached to the fur coat, which is slipped on over the other garments and is belted in at the waist by a strong leather belt.

When we were ready for the long ride across the snow and ice, and filed out of the cabin door to take our places in the pulks, we looked like the contestants in a sack-race on their way to the track. In less than ten seconds we had jumped into our places in the sleds as the restless reindeer bounded by the knoll on which we stood. It taxed our agility to spring from the ground and light upon the seats of the sleds as they whirled past us.

Untamed and wholly unreliable beasts are these reindeer. One never feels a moment's security when once he is seated in a pulk behind their flying legs, listening to the clattering of their hoofs on the hard snow. Ten miles an hour was the average speed that we made the

Over the voiceless wilds of the snow-covered mountains, and toiling through the depths of treacherous ravines that more than once threatened to bury us alive, we were hauled up to safe ground by the struggling reindeer.

On one mountain-slope the deer scented a lichen-bed, and they promptly turned aside and with their front hoofs began to paw and scrape away the snow that covered it; and they would not go on until they had filled themselves with the lichen, while we sat helpless in the sleds and watched them browse until their sides swelled. Each reindeer was drawing about two hundred and fifty pounds, and that was a fair load with the snow as deep as it was.

Their obstinate scorn of everything but their appetite for the moss recalls to me, as I write, Mr. F. Marion Crawford's account of how the Lapland reindeer sometimes break into an uncontrollable stampede for the Arctic Ocean. It is found in his story, "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," and reads as follows:

In the distant northern plains, a hundred miles from the sea, in the midst of the Laplanders' village, a young reindeer raises his broad muzzle to the north wind and



"UNCLE BEN WAS THE NAME OF THE REINDEER THAT DREW OUR PULK."

first day, and that was quite rapid enough for us, we declared, when we considered the unbroken trail we had followed, and the dangers we narrowly escaped in spite of the precautions that the guides had taken to insure us a safe journey.

stares at the limitless distance while a man may count a hundred. He grows restless from that moment, but he is yet alone. The next day, a dozen of the herd look up from the cropping of the moss, snuffing the breeze. Then the Lapps nod to one another, and the camp grows daily more unquiet. At times the whole herd of young



A HERD OF REINDEER IN LAPLAND.

deer stand at gaze, as it were, breathing hard through wide nostrils, then jostling each other and stamping the soft ground. They grow unruly, and it is hard to harness them in the light sledge. As the days pass, the Lapps watch them more and more closely, well knowing what will happen sooner or later. And then at last, in the northern twilight, the great herd begins to move. The impulse is simultaneous, irresistible; their heads are all turned in one direction. They move slowly at first, biting still, here and there, at the bunches of rich moss. Presently the slow step becomes a trot, they crowd closely together, while the Lapps hasten to gather up their last unpacked possessions, their cooking-utensils, and their wooden gods. The great herd break together from a trot to a gallop, from a gallop to a breakneck race; the distant thunder of their united tread reaches the camp during a few minutes, and they are gone to drink of the polar sea. The Lapps follow after them, dragging painfully their laden sledges in the broad track left by the thousands of galloping beasts. A day's journey, and they are yet far from the sea, and the trail is yet broad. On the second day it grows narrower, and there are stains of blood to be seen; far on the distant plain before them their sharp eyes distinguish in the direct line a dark, motionless object — another, and then another. The race has grown more desperate and more wild as the stampede neared the sea. The weaker reindeer have been thrown down and trampled to death by their stronger fellows. A thousand sharp hoofs have crushed and cut through hide and flesh and bone. Ever swifter and more terrible in their motion, the ruthless

herd has raced onward, careless of the slain, careless of food, careless of any drink but the sharp salt water ahead of them. And when, at last, the Laplanders reach the shore, their deer are once more quietly grazing, once more tame and docile, once more ready to drag the sledge whithersoever they are guided. Once in his life the reindeer must taste of the sea in one long, satisfying draught; and if he is hindered he perishes. Neither man nor beast dare stand between him and the ocean in the hundred miles of his arrow-like path.*

“Uncle Ben” was the name of the reindeer that drew our pulk. He was a big, raw-boned deer with enormous horns. His coat was almost white and was thick and soft. His legs were long and powerful, and the sinews were plainly visible with every stride that he took. His hoofs were divided very high, so that when he placed his foot on the ground the hoof spread wide, and when he raised it, a snapping noise was heard which was caused by the parts of the hoof closing together.

By the end of the day the thermometer had fallen to sixty degrees below zero, and we were beginning to feel cramped and stiff from constant sitting, and were on the lookout for the cache, or store-house, where we expected to spend the night. The cache had a long cabin

* Reprinted by kind permission of the Macmillan Co.

attached, and we were to sleep there. We had Every second while we watched their deliber-
traveled fifty miles over one of the roughest ate motions and the frequent bickerings that



RESTING AFTER A HARD DAY'S JOURNEY.

trails in Alaska, and had brought with us a good supply of beans, bacon, flour, and hard bread, as one can never tell for how many days a storm or accident may prolong his journey.

The cache was on the brow of a hill, and Amalik, one of our drivers, was the first to see it in the fading light. The practised eye of these Northmen can pick out a dog or a goat on a remote mountain-top, so that when Amalik cried out the good news, no one doubted him, and we gladly followed his pulk as it turned from the trail and led the way across the intervening gulches to the cache, where we were sure of a night's shelter from the Arctic cold.

The interior of the cache was indeed cheerless, but each one of us lighted one of the oil-lamps, in which seal-oil is burned, that were ranged round the room, and sat down on the walrus-skins, which we drew up over our shoulders, and placed the half-warm lamps between our feet. There were mats of dried grass, and deerskin blankets which were to be used for coverlets when we lay down on the floor to sleep. Soon Amalik and Oosilik came in from securing the reindeer and began to cook our supper. They were as slow as slow could be, but we knew better than to try to hurry them, or to show the least impatience.

interrupted the preparation of the longed-for meal seemed an hour to us, but at last supper was ready, and we ate ravenously of the plain fare that was set before us. Amalik and Oosilik kept up a constant procession around us with frying-pan in one hand and steaming coffee-pot in the other.

The long ride and the intense cold made us sleep soundly and late, and we awakened the following morning to find that we were having a terrible snow-storm, which the eye could not penetrate, so thick and fast fell the snow-flakes, that looked like a sheet caught up by a whirlwind. This was a bitter disappointment to us, for no living soul would dare venture forth into a storm such as this one, which was likely to last for days. And it did. Amalik and Oosilik, after one glance out at the blinding snow, curled themselves up in a corner of the room, and slept the entire four days except when stirred up to cook our meals and to look after the deer.

We were forced to wait three days after it had stopped snowing for a crust to form so that we could travel again. It was with many misgivings that we began the last half of the journey, since the snow was now very deep and the danger of our sinking into drifts was great.

To add to our general feeling of fear, the reindeer behaved very badly and were exceedingly unruly. The wind had moderated somewhat, but it was still intensely cold.

We had traveled half the day without any serious mishap and were beginning to forget our fears at starting out, when we sped merrily down a mountain-side, singing and halloaing at the top of our voices, and ran into a gulch and stuck there. The songs stopped in our throats, and we sprang to our feet to sink waist deep in the drifts that had entrapped us.

Every movement of our bodies sank us deeper in the snow-drifts, and the infuriated reindeer, finding themselves caught in the banked-up snow almost to their haunches, turned upon us and would have pawed us to death but for the forethought of Oosilik, who, seeing our danger, sprang forward, and hoisting the overturned pulks in his strong arms, brought them down over our heads and shoulders and pinned us out of sight in the snow.

We heard the hoofs of Uncle Ben beating on the pulk's side as he pawed up the snow in his efforts to get at us, and if we had not held to the straps and had not kept the pulk over us, he would have tossed it into the air with one sweep of his horns and would still have had his bout with us, in which case we should have been helpless and completely at his mercy.

For the first time we had occasion to see how

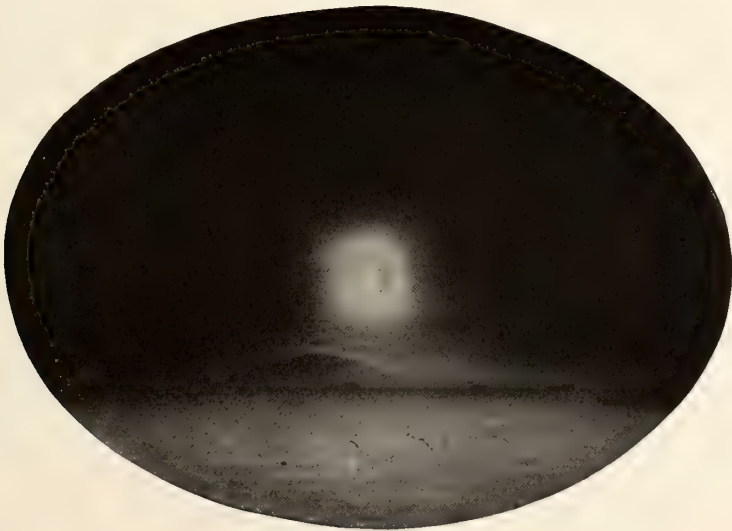
fierce an angry reindeer can be. When he was convinced that he could not reach us, Uncle Ben turned upon Oosilik, and we heard the Eskimo shouting and clubbing the deer as he ran in and out of the pulks in a swift circuit, pursued by the bellowing reindeer.

We spent an exciting half-hour under the pulks, with the hoofs of the deer rattling like hail on the frozen boards, and then the unusual commotion ceased all at once, for the reindeer had found a lichen-bed. In a jiffy they were pawing up the snow in their hurry to get at the succulent moss, and we were forgotten.

Amalik and Oosilik lifted the pulks from our heads and dug us up out of the snow and set us on our feet. By the time the reindeer had eaten themselves into a passable humor, Amalik and Oosilik led them back to the pulks.

We had four hours of traveling before we came in sight of the corral that had sent us the reindeer from Eaton Station. As soon as the deer scented the well-known corral, they quickened their strides so that we reached the Station before it was quite dark, and crawled from the sleds with a deep feeling of relief, glad beyond measure to be at home after the perils of our protracted journey.

Our friends turned out in a body and welcomed us joyfully, for they had begun to entertain the gravest fears for our safety, and had been on the lookout for us for almost a week.



"THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN."



WHAT WALTER SAW IN THE FIRE.

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.



WALTER had been out skating, and the cold wind which swept down over the frozen lake made his toes and fingers tingle, so that when he got home he hurried to get warm. Kneeling down close in front of the coal fire, which flamed and crackled in the open fireplace, while his brother and sister looked over their Christmas portfolio of pictures, he gazed into the glowing coals in the grate. By and by he climbed up into an arm-chair. The heat made him sleepy, and he closed his eyes. He opened them in great astonishment, a moment later, when he heard a shrill "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" which sounded very close to him. He knew there were no chickens in the room, because the chickens were all out on the farm in the country, and he was just beginning to think that he had been dreaming, when he heard the "Cock-a-doodle-doo" again. This time it seemed to come from in front of him, and he looked into the fireplace, though how a "cock-a-doodle-doo" could come from the midst of the fire he did not know. As his eyes fell on the fire he gave a jump in the chair and stared as hard as he could. There, in front of him, perched on a piece of coal, was a comical little rooster.

"Well," said the rooster, "you are the slowest

boy to get awake that I ever knew, and I have wakened all kinds of boys in my life. I am the Cock that Crew in the Morn."

"Did the Priest all Shaven and Shorn wake up?" asked Walter, eagerly.

"Of course he did," answered the rooster; "else how could he marry the Milkmaid to the Man all Tattered and Torn?"

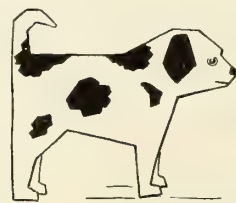
"Of course," said Walter, "I might have thought of that."

"We thought of it," said another voice. "We were at the wedding." And a big black-and-white cat crawled out from a hole in the coals and stood beside the rooster. "I am the Cat that Caught the Rat," said he. "Once upon a time I wore boots, and helped my master to marry the Princess."

"Bow-wow-wow!" barked a little dog, which came running from a corner.

The cat jumped nimbly to the top of a big piece of coal, where she put up her back at the dog and made a great hissing noise.

"Oho!" said Walter. "I guess you must be the Dog that Worried the Cat, are n't you?"



"I thought you would know me," barked the dog. "I am the same dog right along: I never belonged to a witch. If a witch came around I would bark at her. Hello! there 's the Ugly Duckling. I guess I 'll bark at her." But the wary old duck scampered off.

"How is it that you all are here?" asked Walter. "I thought you all were dead a long time ago. And I do not see how you can live in the fire."



"Oh, the fire does not hurt us," said the Cock that Crew in the Morn, before any of the others

could answer. "And we did not die. We never die; and we live in the fire: not always in this fire, for we like to go about from one place to another, but some of us are here most of the time. You can see us in any fire if you look carefully. The best time to see us is in the evening, just before the lights are lit; then we come out to see what is going on."

"And you 'll see something going on now," snapped a red fox, jumping from behind a pile of coals and dashing at the rooster. The rooster dodged to one side and gave a derisive crow.



"Just let that old rooster alone," growled a deep voice; and Walter, looking into a corner of the fireplace, saw a great bear. "I am the Big Bear who lived in the wood," said Bruin. "Here comes my son, the Little Bear."

"Whatever became of Goldenlocks?" asked

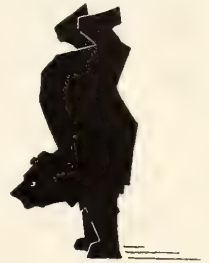
Walter of the Little Bear. "Would you have hurt her if you had caught her when she came to your house in the wood and sat in your chair?"



"No," said the Little Bear, laughing. "I would have played with her, and told her where the best berries grew that summer."

"And what fun we do have in summer!" said the Sly Old Fox. "Do you know, Little Bo-peep was watching her sheep one day when—"

"Walter, Walter! come to supper," some one called suddenly, and at the sound of the voice all the birds and beasts scuttled for nooks and crannies in the coals. "I 'll tell you that tale another time," said the Sly Old Fox, and dodged into his hole just as Walter's elder sister came into the room.

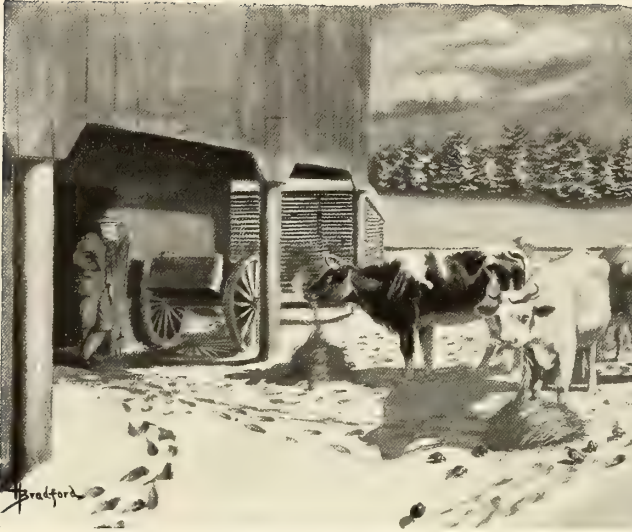


"Wake up, Walter; supper is ready," she said, shaking him by the shoulder; but Walter declared that he had not been asleep at all, but was just watching the animals. After supper he went back to the fire, but there were too many people in the room, and although he caught a glimpse of one or two of the animals, none of them came out and spoke to him.

But Walter hopes that sometime, in the twilight, he will see them all again, and that then the Sly Old Fox will finish the story of "how Bo-peep's sheep all ran away."



A TAILPIECE.



NATURE and SCIENCE For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

THE FLOCK OF QUAIL COMING OVER THE FENCE FROM THE FIELDS AND ALIGHTING IN THE BARNYARD.

THE FRIENDLY QUAILS.

ONE cold morning Farmer Glover stood in the rear of the barn, fork in hand, looking out over the fields. Snow-storm had followed snow-storm, until the stone walls were so covered that the farm seemed like a great field, with here and there a small grove to break the monotony. The cattle had been fed, and each animal was munching contentedly at its pile of hay in the sunshine, scattering chaff over the snowy barnyard.

Suddenly, from the light woods near the barn, came a startled "Bob-white!" Immediately there was an answering call from the woods across the fields, and then another and another, and soon a flock of about twenty quail alighted cautiously on the ground, two or three rods from where Mr. Glover stood, and began picking up the seeds from the hay which the cattle had strewn over the snow. They scratched about like a flock of hens and apparently quite as much at home, and chattered away while they worked, after the fashion of tree-sparrows in the weeds down by the brook.

Farmer Glover was careful not to frighten his woodland guests, and the next morning he put out wheat for them and threw handfuls of chaff in the hay which the cattle had left. The flock returned again and again, until feeding the quails has become as much a part of the

day's routine as looking after the hens and turkeys. One cold morning, after they had



A QUAIL "AT HOME," DOWN UNDER THE HILL BACK OF THE FARM-HOUSE.

eaten, the kind-hearted farmer found the whole flock huddled together under the hay, apparently enjoying the warmth. Strange to say, they never come for their food when it snows or rains. When they have breakfasted, unless frightened, they usually walk away to their favorite haunts in the grove across the fields. They never alight on the trees, but occasionally perch on the rail fence. Once or twice, when no one was in sight, they came near the house.

For six weeks the quails have enjoyed Farmer Glover's bounty. When spring opens, their kind-hearted protector will meet them only in the fields and woods; but whenever bob-white's musical call comes over the summer meadows it will bring pleasant memories of those winter breakfasts in the snowy barnyard.

W. C. KNOWLES.

HOW ELK SHED AND RENEW THEIR ANTLERS.

How many persons, among the many thousands that annually visit our zoölogical parks, realize, as they pause to admire the noble bucks of the deer family,—particularly the wapiti, or American elk,—that their branching antlers are cast off annually and renewed and well hardened within the short period of seven months?



AMERICAN ELK, OR WAPITI, ONE MONTH AFTER ANTLERS WERE DROPPED.
(Copyright, 1904, by W. T. Hornaday.)

Before describing the manner in which elk shed their antlers, I should like to explain the difference between "antlers" and "horns." All the members of the deer family—the moose, caribou, elk (in Europe the animal which we call moose is known as elk), and smaller deer—possess antlers, while the appendages on the heads of goats, sheep, cattle, and the like are known as horns, and, with one exception,—the American antelope or pronghorn,—are retained by their owners throughout life.

Elk shed their antlers about the first of February, though much depends upon the locality and upon the age and health of the animal.

It often happens that one antler is carried several days after the other has been dropped. The new antlers push off the old ones, and when they appear they resemble scars on the animal's forehead, but soon take the form of two black-velvet buttons about the size of silver dollars. As they continue to grow they gain in length only, and by the first of July they have attained their full size. If you could examine them now, you would find them soft, rather flexible, nourished by blood, and incased in a thick, tough skin covered with velvety fur. The antlers are now



AMERICAN ELK, OR WAPITI, ONE WEEK AFTER ANTLERS WERE DROPPED.
(Copyright, 1904, by the New York Zoölogical Society.)



AMERICAN ELK, OR WAPITI, ANTLERS FULL-GROWN.
(Copyright, 1900, by the New York Zoölogical Society.)

"in the velvet," as the hunters term it, a most critical period for the owner, who seems to realize it, for he is careful to avoid contact with anything liable to injure them. Should an accident happen and the skin get broken or the antler disfigured, it might result in the elk's bleeding to death, or in his carrying a deformed antler until the following February. Through a process of nature the blood-vessels that have fed the antlers are shut off about the middle of July, and then they begin to harden. A few weeks later the elk may be seen rubbing them against trees or thrashing them about in the brush while endeavoring to rid them of the velvet, and in a few days it hangs in shreds and soon disappears entirely. The elk is now lord of the forest, and is ready to combat with his rivals or enemies.

J. ALDEN LORING.

Professor W. T. Hornaday, director of the New York Zoölogical Park, has kindly given permission for the use of the copyrighted photographs in this article. In his "American Natural History" is a calendar of the elk's shedding its antlers.

THE KING OF MOLLUSKS.

THE king of mollusks lives in the Indian and South Pacific oceans. He attains to a weight of five hundred pounds, and the shell is of the bivalve kind, and the shape is about the same as that of our common fresh-water mussel. The gigantic *Tridacna* is the largest mollusk known to have lived on the earth since the Silurian Age. It is found on the bottom of the shallow parts of the ocean, and the large individuals have no longer the power to move about. They lie on one side, and all about them the corals build up until King *Tridacna* is sometimes

found in a well-like hole in the coral formation. From the known rate of coral growth, the age of the mollusk can be approximately determined. Some are certainly more than one hundred years old. This king has a small domain, but in it he is in undoubted control. Pearl-divers have lost their lives by unknowingly stepping into the shell of a *tridacna*.

Suppose the diver to be walking on the bottom of the sea, stumbling along in the dim light,



THE HUGE SHELL *TRIDACNA*.
(Photographed by the side of a girl to show comparative size.)

and, in climbing over a mass of coral, placing his foot on the shell of the great mollusk. This is

smooth and slimy; his foot slips into the opening between the valves, and Mr. King, being much alarmed, closes his shell with tremendous force. The diver, unable to drag the great weight, is held until drowned. His comrades go down to seek him, and thus we know the story.

If this mollusk were good to eat, a single tridacna would supply many great steaks, any one of which would fill the largest frying-pan.

C. A. HARGRAVE.

THE LITTLE FROG TRAVELER.

At the Children's Museum in Brooklyn there is a little stranger whose queer history makes him especially interesting.

He was found one day at Canarsie Bay, Long Island, in the coal-bunker of a boat which came from the South. He is a little Southerner, and is never found at home north of Virginia. By chance he had found his way on board the vessel, and traveled as a stowaway. A man picked him up, and, noting his beauty, washed the coal-dust out of his eyes and gave him to his grandson. The little boy, thinking that other children might like to see him, brought him to the museum.

When he said he had a frog, the lady in charge thought it was a common kind, so she said she did not care for it, as there was no room. However, one of the attendants told him to put the frog in a case where there were three bullfrogs. She knew what the boy did not, that big frogs eat small frogs.

Now it would have been sad if our little wanderer had been devoured by these monsters, but he had no such intention. He hopped out of reach, up the glass, and over the top. The

little boy called the attendant, and said: "He won't stay in!"

At once she suspected that this was no common frog, as they cannot crawl up glass, and she thought it was a little Northern tree-frog.

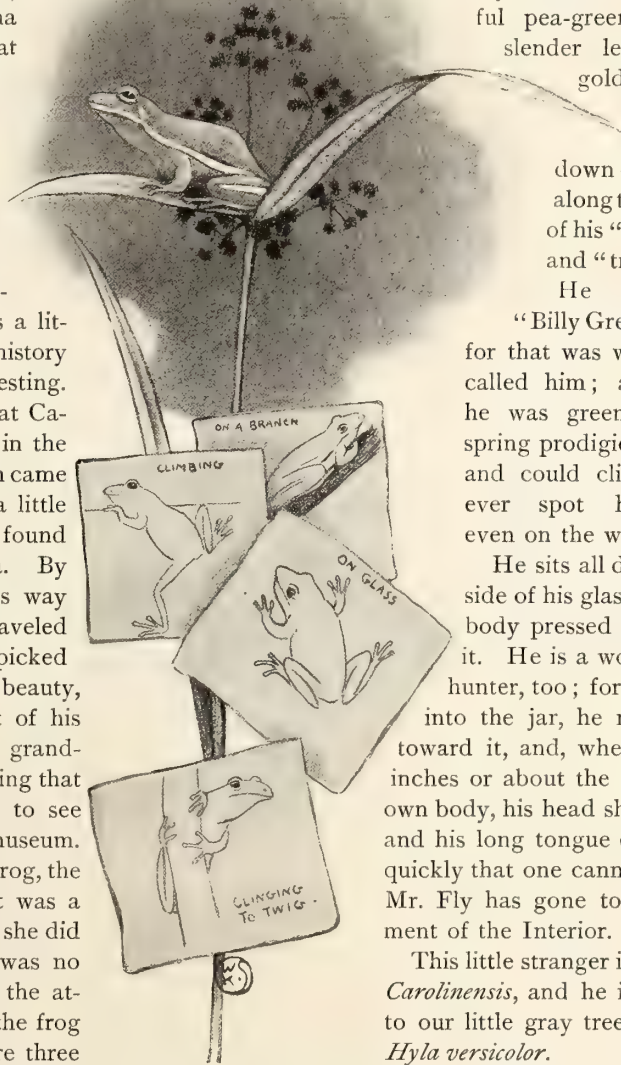
What was her surprise, therefore, to find, upon noticing it more carefully, that it was a beautiful pea-green frog, with slender legs, beautiful gold-veined eyes, and golden-light stripes down each side and along the outerseam of his "coat sleeves" and "trouser legs."

He was named "Billy Green Springer," for that was what the boy called him; and, besides, he was green, and could spring prodigious distances, and could cling to whatever spot he touched, even on the window-pane.

He sits all day on the inside of his glass jar, with his body pressed close against it. He is a wonderful little hunter, too; for if a fly is put into the jar, he moves slowly toward it, and, when within two inches or about the length of his own body, his head shoots forward and his long tongue comes out so quickly that one cannot see it, and Mr. Fly has gone to the Department of the Interior.

This little stranger is called *Hyla Carolinensis*, and he is first cousin to our little gray tree-frog, who is *Hyla versicolor*.

WALTER KING STONE.



VARIOUS ATTITUDES AND ANTIQS
OF THE LITTLE FROG TRAVELER.

The *Hyla versicolor* is one of the "spring peepers" that usually begin to call in early March. It is commonly called the tree-toad, although it is really a frog and not a toad. Try placing one on different-colored materials.

A NEW YORK CITY FISH.

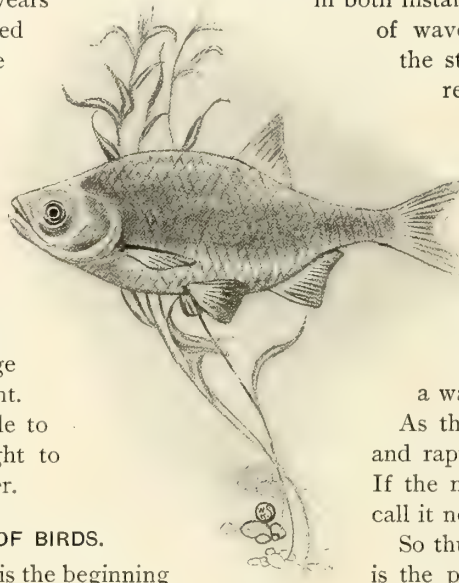
It seems strange that in the great city of New York should be found a fish which is unlike all others, yet such is the case. In the lake in Central Park is found a pearl roach which differs so much from the pearl roach of various waters that it has been given a new place as a subspecies. Instead of being called simply *Abramis chrysoleucas*, it is called *Abramis chrysoleucas roseus*. However, the fish is much more beautiful than its name, and indeed is one of the handsomest in the aquarium at the Battery. Its body is silvery gray which has a trick of sparkling like mica as the light falls on it at different angles. Its fins are brilliant vermillion.

Now you will ask the question, "How came this fish in Central Park and not in other lakes and in streams?" and the answer of the scientists is, "We do not know."

The theories are that these fish are descendants of the common pearl roach which may have been in the park lake always or placed there many years ago and have since changed color and shape because of especially good food-supply thrown to them by visitors to the park, or that some one had European roaches in an aquarium, and tiring of them, liberated them in the lake. They therefore may be a product of especial food or of change of climate or environment. Anyhow, they are a puzzle to the scientists and a delight to the eye of the nature-lover.

SPRING MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

COLD as is February, it is the beginning of various life-interests of spring and summer. Among the birds to arrive, beginning at the middle of the month, are the woodcock, purple grackle, rusty blackbird, red-winged blackbird, phœbes, and several others. The list varies in different places. Many four-footed animals resume activity at this season, and even some reptiles crawl out on warmest days.



THE PEARL ROACH.

? "BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW"
??????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

WHAT IS THUNDER?

PITTSBURG, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have seen so many things clearly explained in your Nature and Science for Young Folks that I thought I would ask you a question I am anxious to learn. What causes the thunder?

Your constant reader,

ELSIE THOMPSON MCCLINTOCK.

Thunder is a noise. Noises are caused by waves of air striking the ear and passing into it and producing an effect upon the eardrum or tympanum. Waves of air are caused by some disturbance in the atmosphere, just as water waves are produced when a stone is thrown into the water.

Just as the waves beat upon the shore, so sound waves beat upon the ear. The impulse in both instances depends upon the kind of waves. The higher the wave the stronger the effect upon the resistance offered.

What can make a sound wave? To answer this let us observe the strings of a violin. When the string is bowed it moves back and forth rapidly. This motion causes the air to be compressed and sets up a wave which reaches the ear.

As these movements are regular and rapid we call the noise music. If the noise is irregular we simply call it noise.

So thunder is a noise. The cause is the passage of an electric spark from cloud to cloud or from cloud to the earth.

Thunder is produced on a small scale when we discharge a Leyden jar or turn the Holtz machine. The tiny noise we hear when we comb our hair with a rubber comb is miniature thunder.

Just how lightning causes thunder is a harder

question. We know that lightning goes in its path both ways. It may go both ways at once, or one way *closely* following the other way. We do not know exactly how, but we do know that the lightning presses the air aside, and the instantaneous waves of air rush to the earth and give us the sensation which we call thunder. If there are a number of discharges of lightning in succession we would have a "roll" of thunder. If but a single discharge the result is a "peal" of thunder. Often the waves of sound strike against a cloud and bound back and help to prolong the noise. These sounds are merely echoes.

The lightning reaches the eye first, as light travels 186,000 miles a second; but thunder is a slow traveler, and travels only about 1120 feet a second. So we need never be afraid of thunder, since it consists of harmless air waves. The danger has long since passed when we hear the noise.

QUEER EXPERIENCE WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

PHENIX, ARIZ.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are living in the desert several miles from the city, and are much interested in the animals which live around. A curious incident made us take especial interest in rattlesnakes.

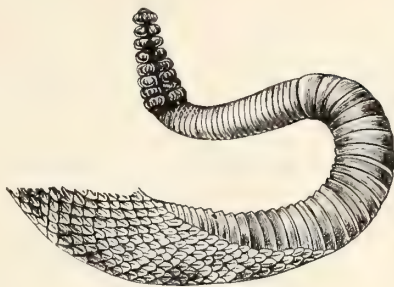
One day papa killed a small one nearly a mile from here. It was from fifteen to eighteen inches long, and had twelve rattles. It was sluggish, and tried only to get away. In talking about it, papa remarked that



A RATTLESNAKE COILED TO STRIKE.

there was an old superstition that a rattlesnake would hunt the slayer of its mate.

Some time after papa found another snake, close to the porch. When it saw papa, it sprang from the ground up on to the porch, an inch or so above the



TAIL OF RATTLESNAKE.

(Shows rattle with several "rings" and a "button.")

ground, and began to fight. It struck savagely, and made no effort to get away, but fought until papa killed it. It was about the same size as the other, but had only seven rattles.

Now, we would like to know whether there is any truth in the old superstition I mentioned. If not, why should that snake fight, and all others run away? For papa killed one a short time ago by the house, but it tried its best to escape. I should also like to know whether you can tell a snake's age by the number of rattles, or whether they lose their rattles when they shed their skin.

Your loving reader,

ALBERTA COWGILL.

There is no truth in the superstition that rattlesnakes will hunt the slayers of their mates. Occasionally, two snakes may be discovered in the same locality, but the killing of one and the subsequent discovery of the other is most incidental. The temper of individual snakes varies greatly. This has been observed by the writer in the capture of large numbers of poisonous serpents. Some captive specimens are always ugly, some are only occasionally vicious, while others never show signs of hostile temper. The explanation concerning the hostile attitude of the second snake mentioned in the letter is that it happened simply to be an aged specimen.

It is impossible to tell a snake's exact age by the number of "rattles." From two to three joints of the rattle are grown every year, and after the rattle has attained about eleven rings, about two or three are lost every year, owing to wear. Each time the skin is shed,* a new ring of the rattle is uncovered or added.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS,

Curator of Reptiles.

New York Zoölogical Park.

* The skins are cast off at least twice every year.

LIKE PIECES OF CHAMOIS LEATHER.

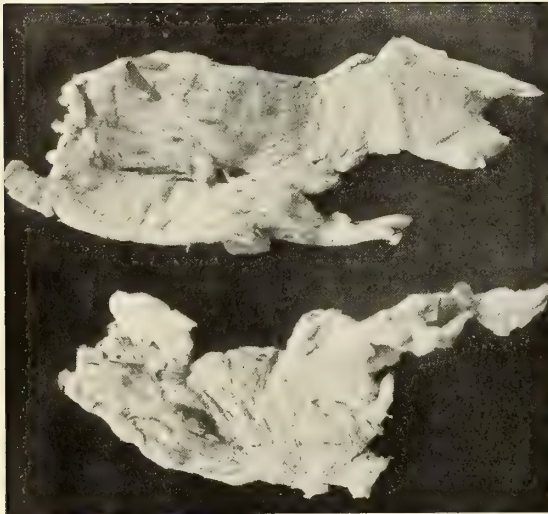
ARGYLE, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day, as I was chopping wood, I noticed that between the bark and the wood of the piece of wood I was chopping there was a white layer of skin. Most of it was very strong. This was on a piece of oak-wood which, I believe, is called red oak. I send you a sample of it. I would like to know what it is and how it is formed.

Yours truly,

CARL OLSEN.

This spongy material, with some resemblance to chamois leather, is a mass of the "roots" (mycelium) of a fungus growth. The species you send is probably that of *Polyporus sulphu-*



THE FUNGUS GROWTH THAT LOOKED LIKE PIECES OF CHAMOIS LEATHER.

reus. This species and *P. pinicola* and *P. ponderosa* are the principal wood-destroying fungi, forming felt-like growths of this sort, which occur in the United States. *P. sulphureus* occurs mainly on oaks and chestnuts.

This growth occurs on fallen trees, and also on living trees which by fire, wind, or human agency have sustained injury sufficient to expose the heart-wood. The sap-wood is never attacked. The growth, under favorable conditions, may extend throughout the tree, and will produce fruiting bodies—known as the shelf-fungi—upon the tree trunk. The spores, carried by the wind to a fallen tree or a living tree which has been seriously injured, germinate; and there again results a felt-like growth which in its turn destroys the wood.

THE WINTER HOME OF AN OWL.

FITCHBURG, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have something interesting to tell the boys and girls who read the ST. NICHOLAS. It is about a tenant that we have.

The tenant is an owl who has come for the third winter to our house to make his home. He comes in October and stays until the warm days in March. Last March one of his mates came for him and they went away together. This fall he came back alone.

On the front of the house there is a round hole in the point of the gable, just large enough for him to enter. Here he sits nearly all day. His head and a little of his breast is all that can be seen of him as he sits there. Just about twilight he flies away to get his food. The people about here take a great interest in him. They look for him each time they pass the house. People from out of town have come to see him.

Very truly yours,

LUCY MAY MONTGOMERY (age 13).

THE NEST OF A LOON.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Does a loon sit upon its eggs or leave the sun to hatch them? In the spring I found a loon's nest; but no matter how careful we were of our approach, we could n't catch the loon upon her nest or find any signs of her having been there. We could see her swimming, but never near the nest. Is it common for a loon to have only one egg? That is all this one had, and all the natural-history books I have looked in said two. Does the male have a nest near the female? There were two nests on this island, and one had no eggs in it. We could see two loons.

Yours very truly,

CARROLL C. KENDRICK.

The loon incubates its eggs ordinarily, though I do not doubt that on suitable days, neither too cold nor too hot, it may leave them for some little while. The reason you could not see the bird on the nest is that she is very wary, and always slides off into the water whenever a boat or a person is seen in the distance approaching. I have sometimes been able to surprise one on its nest on a rainy day, when there were rushes or grass near the nest to help hide my approach. The nest is at the water's edge, and the bird, slipping in, at once dives and shows itself only when it has swum under water a long way off. Two eggs is the more common number, but one only is often a full laying. I once found a nest with only one egg, on the point of hatching.

The male bird would not have had a separate nest, though he might have had a spot on some



THE LOON.

muskrat house for a "roost." The other nest was probably an old one used the previous season.

HERBERT K. JOB.

HABITS OF HERRING-GULLS.

NEWTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer, while crossing Lake Ontario, I was very much interested in watching the gulls—the large gray and white birds found near the water. After flying some distance I noticed that they would drop on the water, evidently for rest, and then fly on again. Your interested reader,

FLORENCE R. T. SMITH (age 15).

The gulls are undoubtedly *Larus argentatus*, herring-gull. Gulls do not dive into the water for food, as the terns do, but either snatch it from the surface, or rest upon the water, as here noted, and glean from the surface. They usually perch upon fish-net posts to rest, but where these are lacking rest upon the surface of the water. After a flock has been disturbed it seems to prefer to rest on the water.

PROFESSOR LYNDY JONES.

The name "herring-gull" probably comes from the commotion they make at sight of a school of herring or other little fish. As they follow the small fry about, the fishermen often take them for pilots and follow to get the larger fish, which are in pursuit of the little ones.

FLORENCE MERRIAM BAILEY.

VERY FRIENDLY GULLS.

HÔTEL TROIS COURONNES,
VEVEY, SUISSE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to tell you about some gulls who come to our window every day. Each time we go to the window they come, expecting to get some bread. Sometimes they will take it from our hands, but that is rather dangerous, as in their hurry they are apt to take a finger by mistake in their sharp beaks.

I am sending you a photograph of them, settling on the leads of our hotel. They are smaller than the sea-gull and are pure white in the winter. In the spring they partly change color, having black heads and tips of wings and tail; the rest of the body is dove-color. They are beginning to change now (November) and look very funny. The black feathers are on each side of the head, making them appear to have black ears. In the spring they suddenly disappear, going up the Rhône valley for a short time.

DOROTHY TURNER (age 10).

These are probably the black-headed gulls (*Larus ridibundus*). The black head is a characteristic of the summer plumage. This color disappears in the autumn and winter.

This letter, noting slight seasonal color-changes, suggests an account of the Western ptarmigan, that has greater changes. Who can supply good life-photographs of the ptarmigan?

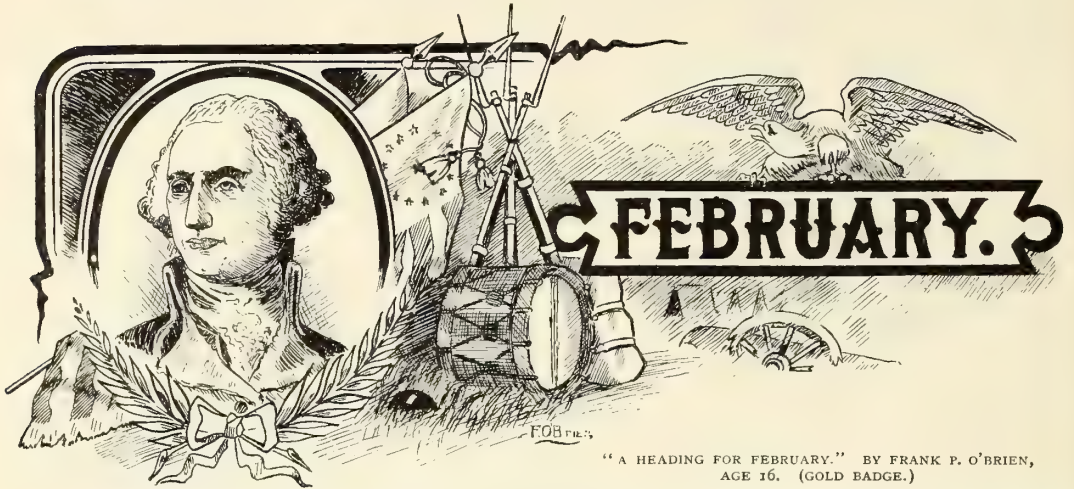
E. F. B.



VERY FRIENDLY GULLS.

Although some parts of this photograph are not sharply defined, chiefly because of the very rapid motion of the wings, it is published because it excellently shows the positions of the wings in alighting, and also very expressively tells us of the friendliness of the birds as the writer of the accompanying letter saw them.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY FRANK P. O'BRIEN,
AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

BY SIBYL KENT STONE (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

I sit beside the firelight's ruddy glow—
Forget the cold breath on the window-pane,
Forget the earth is muffled deep in snow,
Forget—and lo! 't is summer-time again.

Once more I see the sun-kissed, joyous blue
Of rolling, murmur'ing waters tipped with white,
The lovely sunset's dying, fading hue,
And then the softened dark of summer night.

But stay! I hear the north wind's dreary blast;
The firelight fades to glowing ashes red;
Without, the snow is driving thick and fast;
The clock strikes nine, and lo! 't is time for bed.

AN "Episode from French History" has been a popular subject, and so many interesting anecdotes and incidents have been received that we have been obliged to leave out more good contributions than we have had room to publish. For one thing, we have been compelled to omit almost everything about the three favorite heroines in French history: Joan of Arc, Marie Antoinette, and Charlotte Corday. More than half of the contributions received told the brave, sad stories of these three famous women—one a peasant girl, one a queen, the third a patrician who was yet willing to die in the cause of liberty for all. We do not print their stories because they are already familiar to those who have studied French history, and are a part of every school curriculum. Joan, who found her way from the peasant hut at Domremy to Orléans and Rheims, to crown a king who let her perish at the stake; Antoinette of Austria, fair, frivolous, and lovable in her youth, wise and sweet in womanhood, dying at last calmly and nobly, as a queen should die; Charlotte of Normandy, who strengthened her arm to slay a monster and paid for his wretched life with her own—their well-known stories we have put by for incidents and episodes less widely known, or perhaps for some picturesque retelling of a familiar scene. For, as we have often said before, we must select for the reader as well as for the writer, and this is what every magazine editor does. To teach this point of view in the

League is only preparing its members for the methods of those grown-up periodicals which some day will be considering, and we hope, accepting a great many of our contributions.

It seems curious that any one who can write a poem good enough to take a prize should try to rhyme "meet" with "keep," especially after we have so often inveighed against the effort which some of our young friends make to unite varying consonant sounds. No poet has been allowed to do so to any extent since Chaucer, and Chaucer's license would be revoked if he were to take any such liberties in this day of trained ears and eyes. "Skate" does not rhyme with "flake," "sun" does not rhyme with "come," nor do any two words having different consonant sounds. It should not be necessary for the editor to tell the contributors this—their ears ought to tell it to them; and while our young poets may, in their school verses, compromise with rhymes and mix their meters, if they choose, prize-winning in the League does not lie in that direction. "Sun" rhymes with "fun" and "gun" and "run" and "done." "Skate" rhymes with "date" and "plate" and "obviate"; "meet" with "fleet," "complete," and "hard to beat." Also, do not try to rhyme "dawn" with "morn." There are persons, we regret to say, who forget that the letter *r* has any right to be heard, and pronounce "morn" as if it were spelled "mawn," but no such persons have places on the staff of ST. NICHOLAS, and the letter *r* in the League office is accorded a full and fair hearing.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 62.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badge, **Sibyl Kent Stone** (age 15), 90 Mt. Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **Ethel Dickson** (age 15), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Katherine Rutan Newmann** (age 11), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Martin Janowitz** (age 15), 387 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y., and **Francis Marion Miller** (age 12), Oak Grove Ave., Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

Silver badges, **Persis Parker** (age 14), Julesburg,

Colo., and **Marian van Buren** (age 8), 15 Promenade des Anglais, Nice, France.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Frank P. O'Brien** (age 16), 1613 S. 18th St., S. Phila., Pa., and **Dorothy Ochtman** (age 12), Coscob, Conn.

Silver badges, **Will Byrnes** (age 15), 1430 Granville Pl., St. Louis, Mo., and **Katherine Dulcebella Barbour** (age 12), Montebello, Cal.

Photography. Gold badges, **Miles W. Weeks** (age 17), 467 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass., and **Edward A. Niles** (age 10), Concord, N. H.

Silver badges, **Seward C. Simons** (age 15), 170 Arroyo Terrace, Pasadena, Cal., and **James M. Walker** (age 13), 1726 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Yellowstone Deer," by **Lucy Williams** (age 14), 6609 Stewart Ave., Chicago, Ill. Second prize, "Owl," by **Isabel Caley** (age 12), Bala, Pa. Third Prize, "Gull's Nest," by **Caro Kingman** (age 12), 45 Windsor Rd., Brookline, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Alice Knowles** (age 9), 248 Morris Ave., Providence, R. I., and **Erwin Janowitz** (age 11), 387 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Janet Rankin** (age 12), 916 5th St., S. E., Minneapolis, Minn., and **Fred Berger** (age 15), 626 Brown St., Davenport, Iowa.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Walter L. Dreyfuss** (age 16), 1239 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.

Silver badge, **Dorothy Rutherford** (age 11), 154 Richmond Rd., Hintonburg, Ontario.

AN UNWRITTEN EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

BY MARTIN JANOWITZ (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

A SHORT distance outside of Paris there lived, shortly before the outbreak of the Reign of Terror, a kind nobleman by name of Comte de Gascony.

Being an elderly person, unmarried, and not mixed up in the political broils, he would have had a lonesome time of it, but Jean J——, a neighbor's eight-year-old lad with golden curly hair and bright blue eyes, visited him often in the beautiful château. And the comte loved this child like a father.

As Paris was only a couple of miles distant, they quickly heard the startling information that the peasants had defied the authority of their overlords. The doings of Robespierre and his friends soon reached them and filled the comte and the villagers with horror. Even when his servants had deserted him, the old nobleman still remained true to his old home, believing that better days would soon succeed the evil times of France.

Jean was a cheerful, sunny young boy. His hearty laughter more than once cheered up the brooding old man.

One day Jean was sent to the tavern to buy some spirits for his sick mother. Having performed his errand, he started back toward home. Suddenly hoof-beats sounded behind him. Glancing around, he saw two men with red sashes about their waists come dashing up to the inn. A sudden fear struck his heart. Did they come for Comte de Gascony? The thought of it set him off at a run for the château. With his breath in gasps, he reached the place. Dashing into the library, he found his aged friend sitting in an arm-chair, reading. He quickly told him about the coming of the two horsemen.

The next few minutes were the busiest ones that the boy had ever known. The comte had

most of his furniture shipped to England, but to collect his jewels and various small but very valuable things took time.

The grand old nobleman was kissing the little boy the last farewell when a fierce knock sounded on the door. The two hurriedly left the room and ran out to the stables. The last Jean ever saw of the kind Comte de Gascony, he was speeding on his fleetest horse up the road toward Calais.

A curious signet-ring bearing the fleur-de-lis of France upon it is one of our most sacred possessions; for was not Jean J—— my ancestor?

PLEASURE.

BY ETHEL DICKSON (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

SHE is a changing, fickle thing,
What we call pleasure;
She hovers near on radiant wing,
A baffling treasure.

Frail hands outstretched would seize her fast,
And hold her ever;
But as they close she flashes past,
And lingers never.

But even though she tarries not,
She makes hearts lighter,
And leaves in darkest days a spot
A little brighter.

She flutters on, and in her train
Leaves echoed laughter;
Elusive, thwarting all who strain
To follow after.



"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 12.
(GOLD BADGE.)

AN EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

BY FRANCIS MARION MILLER (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

To France goes the honor of having built the first fleet of ironclads, the battleships that succeeded *L'Orient*, *Victory*, and *Constitution*, and out of which has developed the powerful fighting machines of to-day. In 1854 France constructed four ironclads that a year later sailed with her fleets to the Crimean War. Three of these boats were formed into a squadron. The first test of the real value of these vessels was at the mouth of the Dnieper River, where they were ordered to assault the forts of Kinburn. These fortifications had successfully resisted the attacks of the combined fleets of the allies.

The French vessels sailed confidently on, and closing in with the forts the battle commenced. Shots literally poured out of the ships and forts. The fire of the French did dreadful damage. A great shot plowed into one fort, nearly destroying it, and casting earth and debris far from where it struck. The forts were fought gallantly and stubbornly, but to no avail. The shots that found their mark and hit the French boats made no impression on their formidable foe. When the action commenced, the thunder of battle was frightful to hear. A cloud of smoke hovered over the combatants like a death pall, pierced here and there by vivid flashes of fire. At first the number of flashes was blinding, the reports deafening, the thought of what was going on terrible to meditate. Gradually, however, on the land side, the flashes and reports diminished to an occasional demonstration as one by one the forts were silenced. The smoke-cloud, lifting from over the ruined forts of Kinburn, lifted from over an important episode in French history.

This battle marked the beginning of the era of iron and steel, that succeeded wood in naval construction. Since then hundreds have been killed, thousands have been wounded, millions of dollars have been destroyed in naval warfare. The battle-ships of to-day could at a single broadside destroy those gladiators of the Crimean War. But our modern fighting vessels are merely great developments of those French ironclads which, that memorable day, at the mouth of the Dnieper River, so gallantly upheld the honor of France, and planted the event of the bombardment of the forts of Kinburn among the foremost episodes of the world's history.

This was the first battle in which ironclads participated.

Lost or damaged League buttons will be replaced without charge on application.

MY GREATEST PLEASURE.

BY KATHERINE RUTAN NEWMANN (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

UPON the hearth I love to purr
And hear the kettle sing.
I got a bur within my fur;
It 's not a pleasant thing.

I love the mice that skip about;
They are afraid of me.
They say, "Look, look, the cat is out;
Our doom is fixed—he, he!"

I love to chase the kittens
And see them tumble round;
Through that I lost my mittens,
And they cannot be found.

One day, as on the hearth
I purred,
A-thinking of my luck,
I thought that really I preferred
A chicken to a duck.

JEANNE D'ARC.

BY PERSIS PARKER

(AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

THE great audience-hall of the Château Chinon was ablaze with light. The polished white walls reflected the sparkle of jewels and the sheen of satin and silk.

"Nay, queen mother, she is no witch—only a simple country maid."

"You will not give her a private audience, Charles?"

"The ladies wish to see this soldier peasant girl, so let her come here."

This conversation took place between Prince Charles VII of France and Yolande, the queen mother. Suddenly a blare of trumpets silenced all

laughter, and only whispers were heard in the great room; the wide doors were thrown open, and Jeanne d'Arc entered. Her fine dark eyes shone with excitement, and an almost holy light seemed to play round her whole figure, which was clothed in armor.

As she advanced, murmurs of amazement were heard on all sides. Her movements were graceful, and not a sign of the strangeness of her position passed over her pale white face. In the canopied chair of state a handsome youth played the part of the Dauphin, while the weak features of Charles were seen near the doors. Jeanne did not mistake for a moment this lad for the Dauphin, but with supernatural instinct turned to Charles.

"I am sent of God, noble prince," she said, "to raise the siege of Orléans and to see you crowned at Rheims."

Charles, impressed by this, led her aside and into an alcove where the moonlight streamed through an open



"DISTANCE." BY MILES W. WEEKS, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)



"DISTANCE." BY EDWARD A. NILES, AGE 10. (GOLD BADGE.)

window. No one knows what was said, but some of the strength and light seemed to be transferred from Jeanne's face to that of the Dauphin. They continued in conversation for some time, then Charles led Jeanne back into the hall with the reverence due a princess, and gave her over to one of the court ladies. Just before he left her, he stooped and kissed her hand.

Thus Jeanne d'Arc, the peasant girl of Domremy, the savior of France, began her mission which ended with her death on May 30, 1431.

PLEASURE.

BY ALICE TRIMBLE (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge-winner.*)

PLEASURE is round us,
Pleasure is here,
Autumn and springtime,
All through the year.

Pleasure is with us
And round us galore,
Pleasure and happiness,
E'en at our door—

Pleasure in making
Another child bright,
Pleasure in doing
What we think is right.

VERCINGETORIX.

BY MARIAN VAN BUREN (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I HAVE just got as far as Louis XIII in French history, and one of the episodes which impressed me very much was the story of the noble Vercingetorix. He was born in Arverne, which is now called Auvergne, and lived at the time when Cæsar invaded France—58 B.C.

Vercingetorix was a very brave and

noble man, and as the Gauls knew this they chose him for their chief.

For some time they succeeded in checking the Romans gloriously, but after a time Cæsar shut Vercingetorix and his army up in Alesia. For a long time Vercingetorix defended the town splendidly, but at last all their provisions were exhausted, and his army died of hunger, and only he and a few other soldiers were left. He knew it would have been impossible to drive the Romans away, so he determined to go and give himself up to Cæsar and implore him to withdraw and to spare his country; so he put on his best suit of armor, mounted his finest horse, and going alone before Cæsar, he threw his armor and sword at Cæsar's feet. Cæsar had not a kind heart, and instead of admiring the great devotion of Vercingetorix, he had him put in chains and sent him to Rome, where he kept him in prison for six years.

After this long, dreary time he had the cruelty to execute this hero who had so bravely defended his country.

THE PLEASURES OF DREAMING.

BY DOROTHY AGNES CAFFIN (AGE 15).

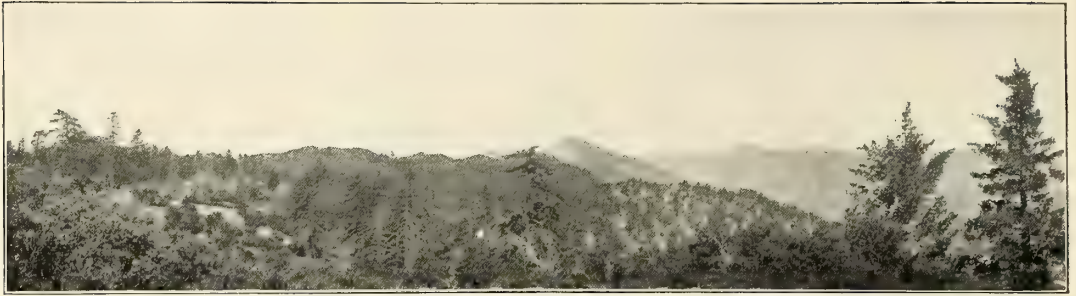
I HEAR a sound of music soft and sweet
That makes me think of springtime and of flowers,
Of moonlight as it streams across the grass,
And shady woodland paths and fairy bowers.

And as I listen, visions seem to shape
Themselves within my mind, and I behold
Knights in full armor riding in the lists
Or wooing lovely maids with hair of gold.

And soon I love them e'en as though they lived;
And though the tale is for myself alone,
It gives me greater pleasure than a book,
For it belongs to me—it is my own!



"DISTANCE." BY JAMES M. WALKER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"DISTANCE." BY SEWARD P. SIMONS, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

AN EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

BY ELIZABETH WILCOX PARDEE (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

In 885 A.D., during the reign of Charles the Fat, Rollo, a gigantic Norse chief, who was so large that no horse could carry him, resolved to conquer France. Sailing up the river Seine to Paris with seven hundred vessels and thirty thousand warriors, he besieged it for a year and a half. Then as the city would not surrender, he fell back to Rouen, and tried to obtain possession of the surrounding country.

A few years later, Charles the Simple, who occupied the throne at that time, found that he was no match for the Northmen, so hoped to make peace by offering Rollo the privilege of marrying the daughter of the archbishop of Rouen and a gift of one thousand square miles around the city. The only condition the king imposed was that Rollo should acknowledge him as his sovereign. To this Rollo made no objections, knowing that he could keep or break his oath of allegiance as he chose.

At a great assembly, King Charles made the grant in solemn feudal form. Rollo was then informed that all that remained to complete the ceremony was for him to show his allegiance to the king by kissing his Majesty's foot.

"Never!" answered the barbarian, fiercely. "I will bow the knee to no one, much less kiss any man's foot."

Rollo, after much urging from the archbishop, consented to go through the performance by proxy, and ordered one of his warriors to kiss the king's foot. The man obeyed, but instead of kneeling, jerked the king's foot into the air so suddenly and forcibly that the monarch was sent sprawling backward, amid shouts of laughter from the spectators, who greatly enjoyed this part of the ceremony. The king recovered his dignity as best he could, but dared not expostulate.

He was satisfied now that he had gained his one great object, which was peace with the Northmen.

A RECENT EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

BY CONSTANCE TAYLOR (AGE 14).

AN interesting episode in French history, to me, was the banishment of one of the congregations, a teaching order, during the present historical epoch—the separation of the church and state.

My sister and I were at a French religious school just inside the boundaries of France, a short distance from Geneva. The place was beautifully situated between the Salève Mountain and the Arve River. The school buildings were fine and large, and the estate produced everything required for food, even the wine.

The mothers, or teachers, were very kind and good, and although we are not Roman Catholics, we were very happy, and made many warm friends among them.

One morning at breakfast, early in July, 1903, we found, to our amazement, that none of the mothers had slept the previous night—and no wonder, poor things! for we learned later, what they had known the night before, that the French government had given them notice to leave France at once, and would also confiscate their property.

This seemed very hard, because not more than twenty years before they had been compelled to leave the canton of Geneva, where they had first established their school.

It happened that the order owned a house in Fribourg, and it was decided that the school go there; and, although Fribourg is the Roman Catholic center of Switzerland, the mothers thought it best to disguise themselves as people of the world, and no one was to know they were a religious house. One mother returned to her

own family, and others were scattered in different schools in various parts of the world.

Of course they had to let their hair grow, and it was very funny to hear how "Mère Allouisé" was able to use two hairpins and "Mère Geneviève" three. And one would not recognize these same mothers when ready to leave, they were so changed.



"DISTANCE." BY LAWRENCE SHERIDAN, AGE 17.

My sister and I helped at the sale of their household possessions, and it was very sad indeed.

The Swiss custom-officers had surrounded the school property; they were even in the fields; and it was with difficulty that our vice-consul was able to get our luggage across Switzerland without paying duty.

I afterward had the great pleasure of seeing my favorite teacher, Mère Flavie, in Paris, when on her way to England to teach.

PLEASURE OF WINTER.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

WHEN the wintry sun has vanished

From his path adown the skies,
And the sleety branches rattle,
And the rising night wind cries,

'T is the time when home is brightest,

In the rosy firelight's glow;
When within, the cheer of winter,
And without, the drifting snow.

When the storm-king sways his scepter,
Summons forth his mighty host
With a sound as of the surging
Of the waves upon the coast,
Then it is that shadows waver
As the dying log burns low;
All within, the cheer of winter,
And without, the drifting snow.

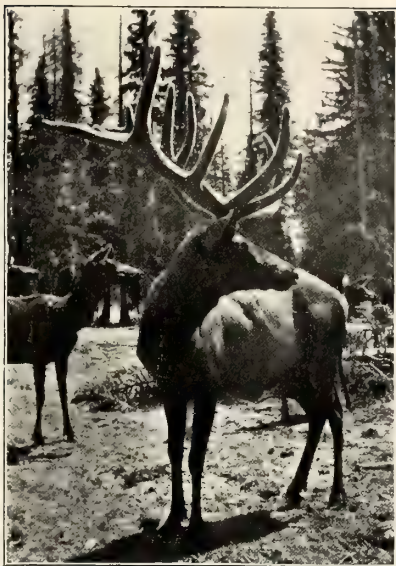
Though old earth a spotless mantle
Of the deepest winter wears,
Though each window-pane is frosted,
And each twig a diamond bears,
On the hearth the flames are leaping,
From the north the wild winds blow;
Then within, the cheer of winter,
And without, the drifting snow.

AN EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

BY HELEN WHITMAN (AGE 10).

LOUIS XI reigned king over France in the year 1461. Louis was very superstitious. He believed that a certain man whom he knew could forecast the future.

One time this man told Louis something that did not come true. The king was very angry. He was going to hang this astrologer who had told him such a falsehood. So he sent for the astrologer.



"YELLOWSTONE DEER." BY LUCY WILLIAMS, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"OWL." BY ISABEL CALEY, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"GULL'S NEST." BY CARO KINGMAN, AGE 12. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

But when the astrologer came into the presence of the king and saw all the soldiers standing around he knew what Louis was going to do. So he fell to thinking what he should do. The king began to reproach him.

Then the astrologer said: "The stars may have made a mistake, or I did; but of one thing I am sure—that you will die a few hours after I die."

So the king did not have the cunning astrologer hanged, for fear that he should die a few hours afterward.

PLEASURES OF FEBRUARY.

BY GERTRUDE A. STRICKLER (AGE 14).

WHEN the day is cold and chilly,
And the ground is white with snow,

Down the hill on a toboggan
With our friends we laughing go.

Ah! what pleasure in the moments,

Short, but oh, such jolly fun!
How in joy our breath 's suspended
Till the glorious slide is done.

When the day is cold and chilly,
And there is n't any snow,
With our skates across our shoulders
To the skating-rink we go.

Ah! what pleasure in the moments
When across the ice we fly;
And when low the sun is sinking,
We are loath to say "Good-by."

But one day in February,
Whether clouds or whether clear,
We stand watching by the window
For the postman to appear.

Ah! what pleasure in *that* moment
When the bell the postman rings;
What a joyful rush and scramble
For ST. NICHOLAS he brings!

AN EPISODE IN FRENCH HISTORY.

BY FRANCES LUBBE ROSS (AGE 13).

WHEN the young king, Louis XVI, married the beautiful Austrian princess, Marie Antoinette, many of the old "grandes dames" of the French court were shocked by the young queen's light and somewhat frivolous manners, and her disregard of old formal customs. Her chief lady of the bedchamber, the Duchess of Noailles (an old court lady who, though well-intentioned, was somewhat

dull and tiresome, and very formal), reasoned with her, and tried to persuade her to acknowledge the customs of the court; but it was of no avail: the young queen laughed in her face, and even went so far as to nickname the duchess "Madame Etiquette." On one occasion, Queen Marie Antoinette was riding a donkey, and the little beast, falling, threw her to the ground. She sat there laughing, her merry eyes sparkling, and could not be persuaded to rise until the Duchess of Noailles came up to where she sat, much shocked by such romping; then, putting on a grave, inquiring face, she asked in a mischievous voice:

"Pray, Madame Etiquette, when the queen and her donkey both tumble down together, which ought to be the first to get up?"

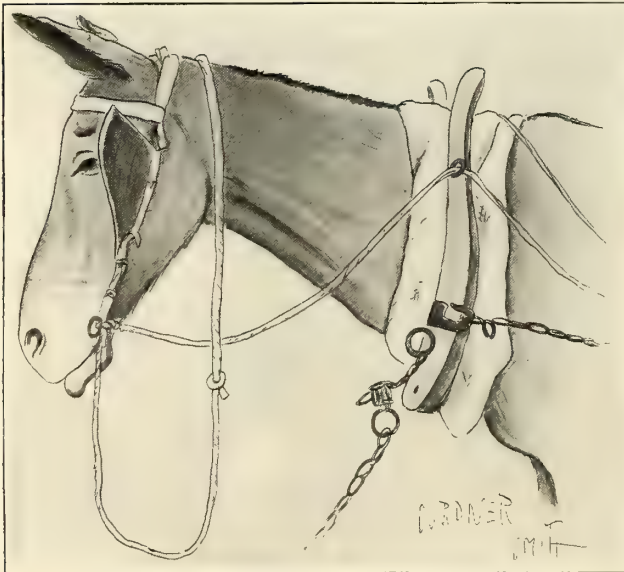
PLEASURES—A SONNET.

BY AGNES CHURCHILL LACY (AGE 17).

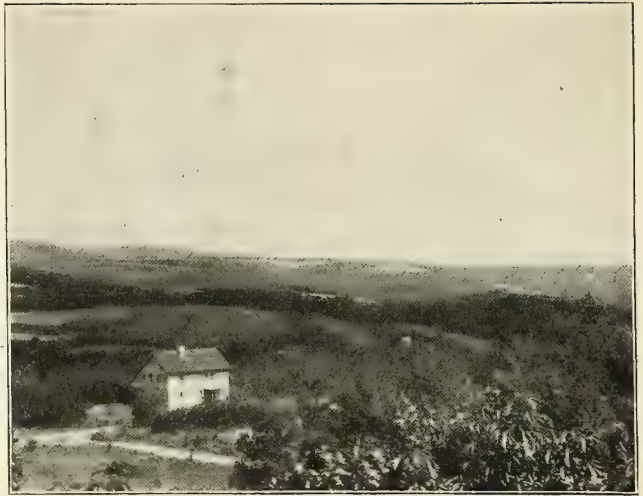
(Honor Member.)

It is a joy to linger on the shore
Where earth and ocean meet, when in the west
The sun has sunk all slowly to his rest,
And brooding twilight wraps the waters o'er.
Then all of earth slips from us, and no more
Are we by petty cares of life oppressed;
A stillness, like a prayer all unexpressed,
Soft balm on every sorrow seems to pour.

I wonder not that ancient fables place
Their lands Elysian o'er the distant sea;
We feel as though no human soul might trace
The wanderings of its immensity.
It seems to ever roll through endless space,
Touching the shores of dim eternity.



"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY CORDNER SMITH, AGE 16.
(HONOR MEMBER.)



"DISTANCE." BY JOSEPH S. WEBB, AGE 13.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

BY PHILIP WARREN THAYER (AGE 11).

DURING the year 1804 Napoleon was threatening to send an army to England, and boats were made ready, many of which were supposed not to be seaworthy, and the people who doubted Napoleon's intentions made a great deal of fun of them. Some called the ships "Walnut Shells," and declared that they would sink before they reached England. During this time there was a play given at a Paris opera-house in one scene of which an actor appeared on the stage eating walnuts. There was a tub of water before him, and he placed the shells in this and carefully floated them around. Another actor came in from behind the scenes and asked him what he was doing.

"Oh," he said, "I am making boats for the emperor's flotilla."

When the audience heard that they fairly roared with laughter. The following day this came to the ears of the authorities, who gave an order forbidding it to be repeated. The next night the same play was produced, and the man put the shells in the tub as before.

When asked again what he was doing, he said:

"Oh, I know, but I also know enough not to tell." The audience laughed louder than before. The man was never punished.

A FEBRUARY PLEASURE.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 12).

(Honor Member.)

WHAT pleasure when the postman comes,
One February morning;
What lovely hearts and bells you find
Sweet Cupid's face adorning!

And oh, what glorious fun there is
In guessing who 's the sender;
And who has decked them out for you
With gilt and tinsel splendor!

THE HILLS OF JOY.

BY ROY RANDALL (AGE 14).

I SAW in visions of the night
The Hills of Joy arise;
I saw their gleaming crystal crests
Clear cut the starry skies.

And travelers on the green hillsides
Were climbing joyously.
And one I called who sweetly sang,
And he told this to me:

"A road leads to these
Hills of Joy
Forth from a world
of sin,
And strong and sure
must be the feet
Of him who walks
therein.

"His heart must love,
his hands must
lift,
Those fallen by the
way.
And he must ever
strive to do
His best from day
to day."

I joined the throng,
I felt the joy
Of service freely given.
And when I stood upon the crest,
Lo! 't was the Gate of Heaven.

PLEASURE AND FUN.

BY MARGUERITE WEED (AGE 13).

HASTE and find your drum and trumpet;
Find the flag, red, white, and blue;
And the gun and sword and cannon,
Soldier-hat and knapsack, too;

Bring the shawls and chairs and boxes,
Fix our tents up snug and fine:
Now, my men, I'll be your captain;
Stand here, quickly, in a line.

Jim, you'll have to be the corporal;
You can be lieutenant, Ted;
Jack, you be a wounded soldier:
Come, men, put him into bed.

Look, boys, look! here come the enemy!
At them, now, and make them run.
Oh, I say, this playing soldier
On George Washington's birthday's
fun!

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN
FRENCH HISTORY.

BY DOROTHEA GAY (AGE 16).

DURING the winter of 1814-15 all France
was in a fever of excitement and discontent.
The emperor had abdicated and taken up
his enforced residence on the island of Elba,
and the royal power was held by a Bour-

bon, Louis XVIII. No one liked the new rule. It satisfied neither the Bonapartists nor the royalists by its policy. Napoleon himself had said: "The Bourbons will put France at peace with Europe, but how will they put her at peace with herself?" The lilies brought nothing with them but civil strife.

Meanwhile the exiled monarch kept himself posted upon affairs in Paris, and spent his time preparing the few ships and men left him for a sudden departure. On the twenty-sixth of February, knowing that the British vessel which acted as a spy on his movements had gone to Leghorn, he hastily embarked.

On the first of March he landed at Gulf Juan and began his famous march to Paris. At first no troops were sent against him, for Paris was not yet awake to the fact that he was really in France. As soon as they realized, however, that he was almost upon them, the Fifth Legion was sent to check his progress. Their former commander advanced to meet the men—alone.

"Soldiers of the Fifth," he cried, "do you recognize me?"

"Yes, yes!" they eagerly replied.

"And is there a man among you," he continued, "who would fire upon his emperor?"

This was too much; and rushing forward with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" they surrounded him, and throwing themselves upon him, embraced his feet in their enthusiasm of love and adoration.

This incident was only an example of what followed. The rest of the journey was one long triumphal procession. To send men against Napoleon was but to enlarge his forces. Marshal Ney was looked to as a last resort; but when he understood the situation, he yielded to the force of circumstances and joined the invader. On



"A STUDY FROM STILL LIFE." BY IRMA T. DIESCHER, AGE 16.



"DISTANCE." BY CHARLES FORD HARDING, JR., AGE 14.

the night of the nineteenth of March the king fled from Paris, and the next evening, amid the rejoicings of the people, the emperor entered the city.



"HEADING."
BY MARGARET
MCKEON, AGE 15.

PLEASURE.

BY LEO E. MILLER
(AGE 16).

If for pleasure you are
longing,
Seek the forest's solitude;
Nature speaks to each a lan-
guage
Through the voices of the
wood.

Go among the somber shadows;
Sit beside the babbling brook;
Listen to the wild birds' warbling,
Singing in each shady nook.

There the screaming hawks at noon-time
Hover high o'er leafy bowers,
While below are slowly flitting
Butterflies among the flowers.

Pluck a violet or a daisy
From the brooklet's mossy
brink,
And while homeward paths
you 're treading,
Oft of nature's pleasures
think.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 776. "Ye Twentieth Century." Evelyn Franck, President; Inez Wolf, Secretary; eight members. Address, 306 West 99th St., N. Y. City.

No. 777. Laura Thomas, President; Charlotte Way, Secretary; eight members. Address, Oxford, Pa.

No. 778. Margaret Davidson, President; Helen Irvine, Secretary; four members. Address, 1522 Fifth Ave., New Brighton, Pa.

No. 779. Florence Davis, Secretary; three members. Address, 112 West 76th St., N. Y. City.

No. 780. "The Busters." Sarah Lanyshire, President; Norma Denison, Secretary; eight members. Address, P. O. Box 222, Berlin, N. Y.

No. 781. Eugenie Root, President; Margery Russell, Secretary; eight members. Address, 407 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

No. 782. "St. Nicholas Six." Watson Dazier, President; Simon Nathan, Secretary; six members. Address, 202 East St., Redding, Cal.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

ONCE more we are obliged to print a Roll of the Forgetful, it being a list of those who did not put their ages on their contributions, thereby excluding them from the competitions. The roll this month is as follows:

Corinne Benoit, Carl Stearns, Katharine A. Potter, Rudolph Leding, Charles W. Williams, Mary Wilson, Frieda H. Tellkamp, Margaret Armour, Margaret Locan, Helen Gardner Waterman, Laura Sleeper, Anna A. Flichtran, Lawrence Arnold, Mary Daly, Ethel Owens, Roy Chapman, Walter K. Ashmead, Helen Lee, Margery Livingston, Beulah Boughner, Lylie Finck, John H. Boyle, and George H. Plough.

The League editor is in receipt of two numbers of the "Holiday Magazine," of 39 Norfolk Square, London, England. This periodical is issued three times a year,—in the Easter, summer, and Christmas holidays,—and the profits from its sale are given to the "Guild of the Brave Poor Things." In a letter from the editors we are told:

We get a celebrity to write in each number: for instance, last Christmas we had Mary Cholmondeley, author of "Red Pottage," etc.; last Easter, as you will see, E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," etc.; and in the summer one Austey Guthrie, author of "Vice Versa," etc. We print it ourselves on a little printing machine called the "Model."

As you will see, it is divided into three parts—one for contributors above fifteen years of age (that belongs to my brother of sixteen years), one for those below fifteen and over nine (I take that part, as I am twelve), and the other for contributors below nine, which last is conducted by my small brother of eight years.

It would be so much help to us in getting contributors if you would honor us by mentioning our little periodical in your pages, and asking people who wish to contribute to write for particulars to the above address.

With best wishes from my fellow-editors, George and Stephen Benson, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

STELLA BENSON.

Certainly the "Holiday Magazine" is a novel and worthy enterprise, and deserves all the success it has attained, which is very considerable.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was interested to see in the November ST. NICHOLAS a picture of a gull's nest, because any I saw this summer were just little hollows in the sand with eggs in them. One day, at Prince Edward Island, I saw as many as fifty sets of eggs and not a nest among them.

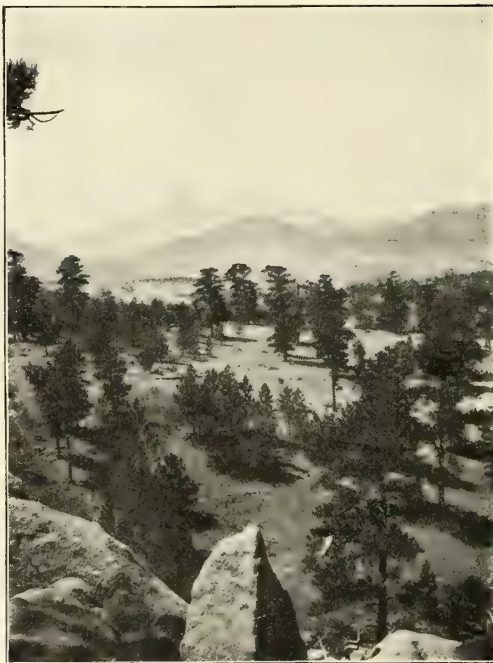
Inclosed is a picture of one of them that I took, also a photograph of an egg—an egg partly open with a bill protruding—and a young bird as I saw them.

Your loving reader,
CARO KINGMAN (age 12).

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

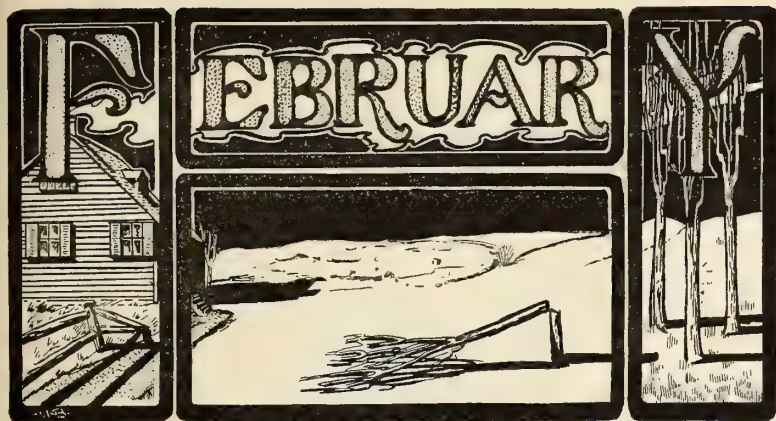
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When my beautiful gold badge came I thought that I must write at once to thank you for it, but I have tried again and again, and I find that I cannot tell you how pleased I am with it, or how much I thank you for it. You have encouraged me to try still further and to be willing to wait too, which is the hardest thing. I can be a competitor now only for a year, but I shall always be your very interested reader.

Very sincerely,
CAROLINE M. MORTON.



"DISTANCE." BY ANNA R. KENNEDY, AGE 13.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE, with a view of artistic and literary improvement. The membership is free, and instruction leaflet and membership badge will be sent free on application.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY. BY WILL BYRNES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

GERMANTOWN, PA.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been a member of your League for five years and am very much interested in the drawing competitions. I cannot begin to tell you what a help the League has been to me, for I know that my work has improved greatly since I first received my membership badge. I often wonder if you can really know what a gold or silver badge means to those of your members who for several years have struggled hard for it. I shall never forget how I felt when I received my silver badge. But I shall not rest contented here; I mean to win the first prize. I compete nearly every month, and though I do not reach the goal I have set for myself, I will not be discouraged—I will not stop trying until I win the gold badge. I am writing to ask you if, sometime in the near future, we may have a drawing competition for which we may choose our own subjects. I should enjoy it very much, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and I feel sure that some of the other members would also. Hoping that you will grant my request, I am,
 Your enthusiastic League member,

FLORENCE GARDINER.

DÜSSELDORF, GERMANY.
 DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing your notice in the April number, requesting the names of past members who have graduated as paid workers, I take pleasure in sending you my name as one of these. I have done every kind of work for seven different firms, including Raphael Tuck, for whom I regularly make picture post-cards. I am now nineteen years of age.

I have come over here to study at the Art Akademie for some time.

Perhaps later on I may have the pleasure of submitting some of my work to you.

Sending you hearty good wishes for the League and its promoters, I remain,
 Yours faithfully,

W. B. HUNTLY.

P.S. I only wish the League were better known in Great Britain. It gave me an upward impetus, for which I am thankful to you. Would it be worth your while to insert an advertisement in such a magazine as "The Captain"? This would reach the right class of readers in England. I met very few people indeed who knew anything about ST. NICHOLAS at all.
 W. B. H.

YARBRO, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you to-day my poem on "Pleasure." I dearly love to write for you. I have learned so much by doing so, and if I can no longer win prizes I shall continue to write.
 Your faithful member,

MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can't tell you how pleased I was to find that I had won a silver badge in the last competition. I have often tried, and been on the honor roll, but I hardly thought I would ever join the ranks of prize-winners. It seems so strange to see one's own little effusion in print.

VOL. XXXII.—48.

The badge, I think, is very, very pretty, and I am extremely proud of it. I want to thank you for your kindness in giving it to me. You don't know what an encouragement it is.

It seems to me that every one I know has heard about it—even my teachers. It shows how many friends ST. NICHOLAS has.

I very seldom compete during winter, when I am busy at school, but perhaps next summer I shall try again.

Thanking you again for your lovely prize, I am,

Your very sincere friend,

HARRIET RUTH FOX.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write and tell you how much I enjoy your article on "How to Study Pictures," which came out in the November number. I am very much interested in it, as I have been seeing a great many of them over here. I have seen, here in Florence, the ones by Cimabue, Giotto, Memling, and Albrecht Dürer. In Memling's I especially looked at the small landscapes mentioned, and what I thought quite strange was how very realistic the rug in it looked. I also examined the details mentioned in the other pictures, which helped me a great deal in my studies of them. I am looking forward with much pleasure to the next numbers.

Your sincere reader,

CHARLES M. FFOULKE, JR. (age 15).

Other valued letters have been received from Donald Jackson, Dorothy Wimick, Helen George, Evelyn G. Patch, Gladys L. Carroll, Margaret Spahr, Zena Parker, M. McKeon, Dorothy S. Bradford, Mary E. Pidgeon, Florence C. O'Rourke, Katharine Marble Sherwood, Josephine E. Swain, Natalie Wurts, Meg Greenless, William A. R. Russum, Dorothy Arnold, Jeannette P. Hunt, Marjorie Macgregor, Dorothy Weiman, Mary Gorgas, and Eleanor Wyman.

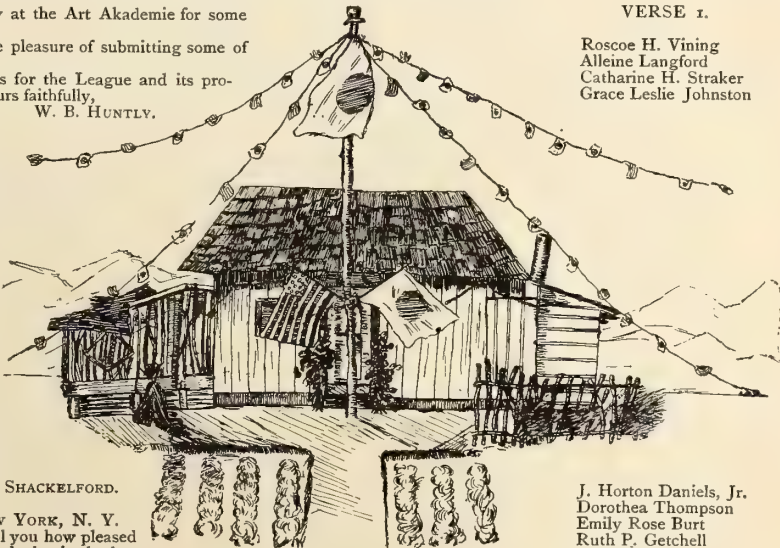
THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Roscoe H. Vining
 Alleine Langford
 Catharine H. Straker
 Grace Leslie Johnston



"A STUDY FROM NATURE"—A JAPANESE HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA, MIKADO'S BIRTHDAY. BY KATHERINE DULCEBELLA BARBOUR, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

J. Horton Daniels, Jr.
 Dorothea Thompson
 Emily Rose Burt
 Ruth P. Getchell
 Mary Elizabeth Mair
 Eleanor Moody
 Ann Drew
 Doris Neel
 Elsie Moore



"A STUDY FROM NATURE." BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 17.

Emmeline Bradshaw
Janet Buchanan
Kathryn Macy
Mary Winslow
Hélène Mabel Sawyer
Elizabeth Morrison
Alta Lockwood
Ruth H. Keigwin
Ruth McNamee
Nannie Clark Barr
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Phyllis Brooks
Julia Dorsey Musser
Julia S. Ball
Eleanor McGrath
Eleanor R. Chapin
Thoda Cockroft
Rosalie Elizabeth Dufour
Eleanor Johnson
Helen Dekum

VERSE 2.

Florence Louise Adams
Aline de Maret
Melicent Eno Humason
Olive L. Jenkins
Hanna D. Monaghan
John L. Gallagher
Eugene Scarborough
Arvine Kelly
Caroline Coit Stevens
Counna Long
Kathleen Love Watkins
Inez Pischel
Catherine E. Jackson
M. Lewenberg
Josephine E. Swan
Mary M. Dabney
E. Marguerite Routledge
Dorothy St. John Mildmay
Lucius Hicks
Margaret Acomb
Constance Gardner
Ruth Albert
Alma Liechty
Robert H. J. Holden
Reinhart Kaufmann
Edward L. Goodwin
Susan Warren Wilbur
Kathryn Rothschild

PROSE 1.

Elizabeth Reed Eastman
Mary Thornton
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Helen Irvine
Thomas H. DeCator
Katharine Marble Sherwood
Marie Armstrong
Anne L. Parrish
Annette Windele
Ivy Varian Walshe
Louis D. Edwards
Jeannette Winifred Hawkes

Elsie F. Weil
Gwendolen Haste
Jessy Caverhill
Vincent M. Ward
Laura Thomas
R. P. Cotter
Mildred Saltonstall
Huntington
Susan M. Molleson
Lucinda W. Reed
Manuel Francis Bar-
ranco
Volant Vashon Ballard
Eleanor Hathorne Bailey
Margaret Carpenter
Lillian Heartt Lang
Esther F. Aird
Helen Davenport Perry
Primrose Lawrence
Gladys Virginia Steuart
Elizabeth Toof
Alice G. Peirce
Helen W. Irvin
Vieva Marie Fisher
Katharine Monser
Marguerite Schorr
Margaret F. Grant
Mildred Stanley Fleck
Helen Platt
Madeleine Dillay
Philip Francis Leslie
Alfred P. Merryman
M. Connaughton

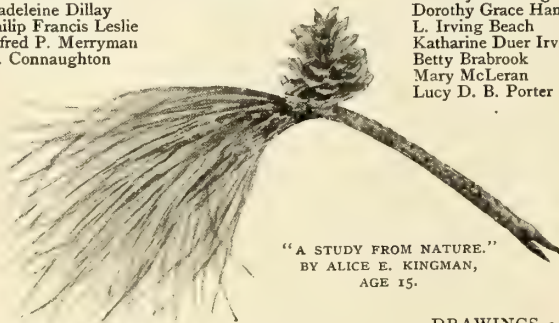
Dorothea da Ponte
Williams
Phyllis M. Clarke
Mildred Ockert
Kathleen Soule
Frederick A. Coates
Margaret Douglass Gordon
Gertrude Coit
Mildred March
Ray Murray
Mary Schwab
Florence Benn
Marjorie Gabain
William Carson
Morris Tingley
Marta Cardenal y Pujals
Marion A. Rubicam

Paul Ockert
Eleanor Ellis Perkins
Henrietta McIvor
Elizabeth Brady

PROSE 2.

Francisca Blaauw
Roy I. Clampitt
Carlotta Welles
Helen J. Simpson
Marguerite Terrell
Pressly
Allen Frank Brewer
Bessie Bunzel
Margaret Greenshields
Charles Henriques
Mary Frick Jennison
N. Reynolds
John C. Mosher
Lawrence Doolittle
David B. Campbell
Irene Brown
Mary Lena Wilson
William Dodge Horne, Jr.
Edith J. Minaker
Elizabeth Totten
Margaret Johnson

Theresa R. Robbins
Marjorie Newcomb Wil-
son
Dorothy Quincy Alexan-
der
Vera M. Demens
Ethel Messervy
Charlotte Waugh
W. Clinton Brown
Shirley Willis
Genevieve Ledgerwood
Theodor Bolton
Isabel Williamson
Margery Bradshaw
Helena B. Pfeifer
Joseph B. Mazzano
William Whitford
John A. Ross
L. Fred Clawson, Jr.
Margaret A. Dobson
W. E. Huntley
Jessie C. Shaw
Avis Ingalls
Robert E. Jones
Hazel Pike
Ruth Collins
Carina Eaglesfeld
Edna B. Tuthill
Dorothy Dunning
Dorothy Grace Hamilton
L. Irving Beach
Katharine Duer Irving
Betty Brabrook
Mary McLeran
Lucy D. B. Porter



"A STUDY FROM NATURE."
BY ALICE E. KINGMAN,
AGE 15.

DRAWINGS 2.

Victor St. Sears
Margaret Lantz Daniel
Charles Vallee
J. C. Prewitt
Marie Atkinson
Thomas H. Foley
Mildred C. Jones
Margaret Balfour Ker
Raymond Rohn
Carol Vehlen
Horace G. Stewart
Ella R. Brock
Bessie T. Griffith
Lucia Northey
J. S. Lovejoy
Marion K. Cobb
May Frasher
Elmira Keene
Marjorie Chisholm

DRAWINGS 1.

Henry C. Hutchings
Ella Preston
Mildred Eastey
Elizabeth MacL. Robin-
son
Lauren Ford
Carrie M. Jordan

Gladys L'E. Moore
Maisie Smith
Virginia McLaughlin
Emily W. Browne
Beatrice S. Fulton
Carol N. Sherman
Kate Sprague DeWolf
Harriette Barney Burt
Aline J. Dreyfus
Herbert C. Jackson
Frances Kathleen Crisp
Olive Mudie-Cooke
Elizabeth G. Freedley
Jack George
Doris L. Nash
Margaret Hazen
Albert Hart
Christina B. Fisher
Elizabeth R. Wright
Henry Stender, Jr.
Roger K. Lane
Maude Whitten
Bina May Moseley
Winifred Littell
Bessie B. Styrton
Josephine Quensel
Mildred Bent
Raymond Foley
Phoebe Hunter
Dorothy Gibson
Nellie Price
Ida W. Pritchett
Washington C. Huyler
Marguerite Jervis
Elsa Hempl
Mary Ominsky
Dorothy G. Stewart
Natalie Johnson
Charles K. Gavin
Dorothy Foster
Margaret Dow
Margaret Richardson
Adelaide Stiles
Evelyn Buchanan
Eleanor S. Wilson
Effie Owen
Adelaide Chamberlin
Benson B. Hageman
Andrew Bisset
Annie T. Smith
Harold Parr
Marian Walter
Zella LaBarre
Jack Huyler
Robert Strain, 3d.
Rose Briggs
Elbert Baldwin
Grace Noble
Prudence Ovington Ross
Fred Neile
Mary B. Ellis
Mary Klauder
Bessie Bocage
Beatrice Taylor
Katharine Osbourne
Franklin Spier
Clara Smith
Helen Jervis
Alice Wangenheim
Wilhelmina Moloney
Pomeroy Graves Hub-
bard
Hall Clement
Thurlow Merrill Pren-
tice
Alfred B. North

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Carl A. Stearns
Dorothy Gore
Clarence A. Manning
Emily Sibley
Samuel M. Janney, Jr.
Mary M. R. Rebill
Warren L. Irish
Alice George
Mark Curtis
Foster Townsend
Lilla E. Dielman
W. F. Harold Braun
Robert W. Williams
Gale Hunter

Harold Fay
Harold L. Williamson
Piero Colonna
Eveline P. Weeks
Walter I. Badger
Gladys Stewart Bean
Robert S. Platt
Dorothy Gardiner
J. E. Fisher
Juanita R. Harmar
Edwin Augustus Acker
Will Wood
Katharine E. Marvin
Elizabeth H. Webster
Frederic C. Smith
S. Butler Murray, Jr.

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Martha G. Schreyer
Sally C. Bent
George Hill
Ruth Kellogg Pine
Doris F. Newell
Canema Bowers
Flournoy A. Hopkins
Alpha Helen Furley
Mary E. Glassner
Thomas Johnson
J. Gordon Fletcher
Zelie M. Eberstadt
Edward E. Bolte
Mary K. Warren
Karl M. Mann
Ruth H. Caldwell
Phyllis B. Mudie-Cooke
Jennie Fry
Frances Strong
Alec Sisson
Mary Weston Woodman
Walter S. Marvin
F. W. Foster
Rebecca J. Charry
Elizabeth Crane Porter
G. A. Priest
Helen M. McCurdy
Theodosia Longenecker
Elizabeth Osgood
Julia M. Addison
Harriet W. Gardiner
Florence Murdoch
Winifred M. Voelcker
Helen McIvor
Max Plambeck
Dorothy Winslow
R. Guggenheime
Edward L. Worrell
Edna Stevens
Katharine Donohoe
Betty Willett
Marie Russell
Lois M. Hitchcock
Orlan E. Dyer
Mildred F. Coes
Laurence A. Morey
Pendleton Schenck
Eugene White, Jr.
Carl Glick
Helen Wing
Florence C. Irish
Matilda G. Carnochan
Florence Isabel Miller
Winters Coldham
Clarence E. Simonson
Ruth Greenoak Lyon
Pat Kirby
H. Ernest Bell
Albert Nalle
Paul Wormser
Dorothy Arnold
Gilberta Crater
Donald McIlvaine
George Grady, Jr.
Donald C. Armour
Phoebe Hart Smith
Marjorie Parks
Katharine C. Miller
Ethel Burgess
Ignacio Bauer
Constance Freeman
Allene Crane
Henrietta McIvor
Mary Canfield

Richard Dana Skinner
Helen L. K. Porter
William H. DuBarry
Eleanor W. Hobson
Henry S. Kirshberger
Dorothy Wormser
Willie E. Crocker
Harry C. Lefeber
Marguerite Hyde
Alice J. Sawyer
Hilliard Comstock
Alice Pine
Katharine E. Pratt

NOTICE.

The League editor will be glad to receive suggestions as to subjects for the competitions. Some of the best have come from members. Their assistance in editing this department is always welcome.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 65.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners. Competition No. 65 will close **February 20** (for foreign members **February 25**).

The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **May**.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Home."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title: "A Kind Deed." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "An Old Relic."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "My Favorite Fancy" and a Heading or Tailpiece for April.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

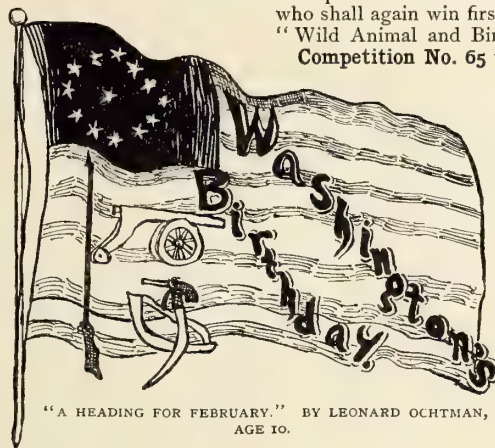
Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:
The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY LEONARD OCHTMAN, AGE 10.

PUZZLES 1

Katharine King
E. Adelaide Hahn
Russell S. Reynolds
Elizabeth Palmer Loper
David W. Colpitts, Jr.
Anna Zellely
Gladys Richardson
Margaret Webster
Edmund P. Shaw
Ruth Perkins
Olga Maria Kolff
Elsie Wormser
Florence A. Brooks
Elizabeth Beal Berry
Richard S. Bull
Oscar Cobb Lautz

PUZZLES 2.

Warde Wilkins
Ruth MacLure
Harry Bernstein
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
Manuelita Kolfold
Zena Parker
Margaret Botticher
Lilian S. Clapp
Edwin Fockler
Edna Krouse
Alice D. Karr
Robert A. Milliken
S. T. Devan
Gerald Smith
Marjorie Shriver
Arthur J. Goldsmith
Frances R. Johnson
Jessie Adams



"A TAILPIECE FOR FEBRUARY." BY WILLARD SEEBERLING, AGE 12.

BOOKS AND READING.

"VALENTINE'S DAY." THE Saint Valentine after whom Valentine's Day is named was a Roman bishop, living about the third century of our era. He was made a saint, since he died a martyr at the hands of a mob. The old gate once called Flaminian was afterward made a monument to his memory, being called the "Porta Valentina," by Pope Julius I.

We cannot, in brief space, give a history of the observances of this saint's day. Lydgate, the English poet, about the middle of the fifteenth century sent a poem in true valentine fashion to Queen Katherine, the French bride of Henry V. Charles, Duke of Orleans, however, had sent a poetical valentine even earlier. Within two centuries afterward it had become the fashion to send presents instead of verses, but in the eighteenth century the fashion changed again, and the sending of verses has been customary ever since.

FEEDING THE IMAGINATION. JUST because books are the instruments with which teachers work in educating children, young students are very likely to have an idea that the main object in reading a book is to acquire information. They may, perhaps, be surprised to learn that all the best critics believe that information is only, at best, secondary as a purpose for reading; and this is true even if one reads only for self-improvement. Of course, much of one's reading out of school hours should rightfully be looked upon as recreation, but always without forgetting the derivation of this word. There are two things that we may mean by recreation for the mind. The soul is recreated, not only by amusement or a pleasant change of occupation, but also by being inspired. The word "inspire," too, has a suggestive meaning. It comes from the old idea of drawing in new life by breathing pure, fresh air; and just as this recreates the lungs, so the taking in of fresh, pure ideas inspires the mind. For this reason, the right reading of good poetry may be considered the best and the most improving form of pleasure derivable from books. Just as facts

help us when thinking, the ideas given us by the poets help us when feeling, which is the more important in one's life.

Though no line can be drawn strictly between the two sorts of reading, schools must give most of their attention to teaching you facts, and therefore you should see that your outside reading contains plenty to supply the other more imaginative element.

A QUESTION FOR CONSIDERATION. Now that books are to be had in every form, at every price, and on all subjects, we must each of us find some way of judging what books are worth while. No doubt many of us are guided by the opinions of friends; some judge by reviews published in various periodicals; possibly there are those who choose by chance, and never know beforehand whether a book is worth the time they must spend on it.

If there is any one of our readers who can give a valuable bit of advice to help in this most important matter of choosing good reading, it would be a kindness to all who desire not to waste their time upon inferior work.

READING AND TRADITIONS. No one will deny for a moment that the printing-press has brought as many good gifts as the most benevolent fairy; but while giving due credit to the movable types for beneficent work, we may also say a word of warning in regard to those losses which are brought about by the abundance of printed books. One of the most serious of these is the disuse of tradition — the handing down by word of mouth of the legends, customs, folk-lore, and even the harmless superstitions, of the past. It is not quite fair to say that these are utterly lost through printing, for scholars are taking care that material of this sort shall be gathered into store-houses of information — that is, into volumes meant expressly to preserve facts such as these. The loss to which we refer is, rather, a disappearance of these matters from every-day life. Before a child is old enough to read, there is a great mass of baby lore heard from the lips of

mothers or nurses, but all this comes to an end so soon as the child can make its way through the printed page unaided. What was once a great wealth of living tradition has become merely a study for scholars. Old weather-rhymes, odd little charms, bits of homely wisdom, striking proverbs, all of which used to come from the living tongue, are now disused. The form of these sayings, as framed by the tongue, was really better than their literary form as seen in print. Boys' games, for instance, used to be taught by the older boys to their young companions, and they learned in no other way; now, there are books containing collections of games for all seasons, and even the youngest may go to these for rules and directions.

The main objection to the change is this: Tradition is a living thing; so soon as a matter is put into print, it remains unchanged, and therefore does not grow or improve. All this matter is mentioned here now, because it is the holiday season, and many of the most valuable of old traditions have grown up in regard to holidays and their customs. When we consider how much went to make up a Christmas, or Twelfth Night, or New Year's celebration in the days of Queen Elizabeth, it seems a pity that holidays should become merely days of idleness and feasting. We therefore appeal to our young scholars to revive, from books if necessary, the good old customs that are in danger of being lost or forgotten.

AN IMPORTANT MISPRINT. It is not often that a fact can hide itself for a hundred and fifty years behind an upturned letter, yet that is just what happened in regard to the home of the Puritans in England. There was only one reference, in the whole history of Plymouth Colony, to the English home from which many of the Pilgrims came; and the name of the town most closely connected with their English life was there printed *Ansterfield*. Many a search for a town of this name was baffled, and the antiquarians were completely at a loss until it was suggested that, instead of being an *n*, the second letter was a *u*, making the name Austerfield. By this little change the

mystery a century and a half old vanished into thin air, and it became possible to fix upon the little church from which sprang the congregation that founded the Plymouth Colony in America.

SHAKSPERE AND DOGS. WE have been convinced by letters sent to us that

there are in Shakspeare's plays plenty of references to dogs and their ways, but we believe that the criticism is well founded which notes that in most cases where dogs are named, except in a general way, they are not spoken of with any particular affection. But may that not be because upon the stage in the Elizabethan days it would not have been desirable to direct the attention of the audience strongly to anything that would distract them from the motives that inspired the actors? To treat dogs sympathetically would bring them, in a sense, into competition with the human actors.

HAWTHORNE'S STORIES. HERE is a very well considered little article sent to us by Palmer Harman of Staunton, Virginia, attempting to show wherein the superior excellence of Hawthorne's short stories consists:

WHAT MAKES THE WORTH OF A STORY?

All of us, doubtless, like to read Hawthorne's stories, yet probably we would be puzzled if some one were to ask why we like them. There is certainly not much stirring adventure in them; no narrow escapes, shipwrecks, combats, and such things, as there are in the majority of stories. Even in his larger works, such as "The House of the Seven Gables," there is very little action or movement; yet all his writings are very interesting. You will notice that a good deal of his space is taken up with describing people—their characters and opinions—how they thought, and what they thought, their motives and feelings. And this is the very reason why his stories are good. A story which truly pictures life and character is good, and will always be good, because man is really the same now as he was in the past and as he will be in the future. Modes of living have changed and will continue to change, but we will always be the same in feelings and interests.

And we like to read about life and character; they are the most interesting things we know of—we can look around us every day and read them in the faces and acts of other people, just as well as we can read them in our books.

If a story has the quality we have been discussing, and if the language and style in which it is written are good, it is safe to say that it has "real worth."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THROUGH an unfortunate combination of circumstances, ST. NICHOLAS evidently has laid itself open to the charge of republishing material that already had appeared in another magazine, and, in a measure, of trespassing upon that periodical's copyright. In brief, many readers of the articles entitled "The Practical Boy" must have recognized in those papers a number of illustrations and a certain amount of text which had already appeared in "The Woman's Home Companion." We were not aware of this fact until attention was called to it by the editor of "The Companion," and therefore whatever blame may justly attach to ST. NICHOLAS in the matter must lie with the author of the series. Mr. Adams was most remiss in failing to notify the editor of this magazine, when offering his series of contributions, that he had already contributed very similar articles to "The Woman's Home Companion."

As a matter of course, there is no possible chance of a like experience with future articles of the ST. NICHOLAS series.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Arthur T. Vance, the editor of "The Woman's Home Companion," and also to the editor of "Aunt Janet's" pages in that periodical, for many courtesies shown to ST. NICHOLAS in unraveling the tangle caused by the thoughtless injustice to both magazines on the part of the author of the series.

We hope no ST. NICHOLAS boy or girl will fail to read Miss Anna Parmly Paret's "The Founding of the B.A.," and the very interesting letter from General George Washington to Brigadier-General Forman which the author has cleverly introduced into her story. This letter now appears in print for the first time; and ST.

NICHOLAS is proud to present also a facsimile of the original autograph copy which is in the possession of the author. It was written while Washington was a general and the great struggle of the Revolution was still in progress. The letter is in every way an unusually interesting historical document.

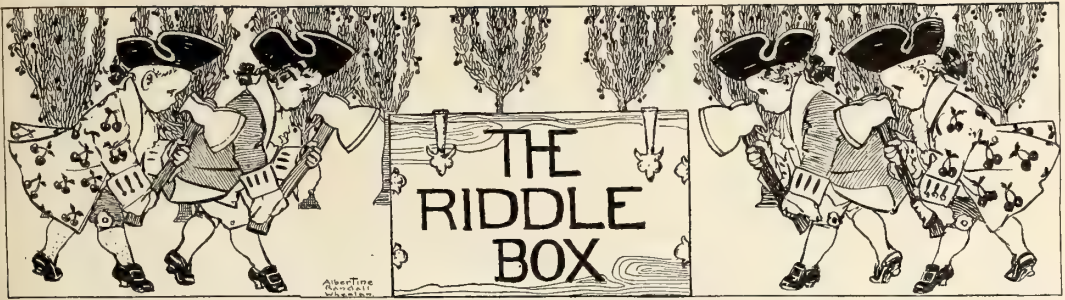
The capital little play, "Mrs. Tubbs's Telegram," which appears in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, has been published in pamphlet form by the author, and copies of it for use as an acting play may be obtained from her at the price of twenty-five cents each. Her address is Miss Katharine McDowell Rice, Worthington, Mass. *Permission to act the play must be obtained from Miss Rice, as the piece is copyrighted.*

We heartily commend this little play as a very natural and amusing comedietta which is quite within the acting capacities of every-day boys and girls. And not the least point in its favor is the fact that the necessary costumes and "properties" for its performance can be easily found, or made up, in any well-furnished home. It demands no elaborate preparation, and would, no doubt, be equally successful as either a parlor play or a Sunday-school entertainment.

An unusually jolly serial begins with this number, on page 327. For "Pinkey' Perkins" is a real boy, with all of a boy's animal spirits and love of mischief, and the ventures, adventures, and misadventures that are apt to follow upon those boyish traits befall him in full measure. The story grows more and more amusing with each chapter, and it will be continued throughout the present volume of ST. NICHOLAS.



BETTY, READING THE EVENING PAPER: "WHY, MAMA, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TWO HOLIDAYS IN FEBRUARY,—LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY AND WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY,—AND FEBRUARY IS THE SHORTEST MONTH OF ALL!"



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Abraham Lincoln; 3 to 4, Saint Valentine. Cross-words: 1. Answer. 2. Obtain. 3. Strait. 4. Retain. 5. Tahiti. 6. Marvel. 7. Meadow. 8. Lilacs. 9. Direct. 10. Banana. 11. Mascot. 12. Phonic. 13. Glance. 14. Needle.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Transfigurations; finals, E. Cross-words: 1. Thyme. 2. Rhyme. 3. Alone. 4. Nerve. 5. Scare. 6. Fence. 7. Issue. 8. Gauge. 9. Unite. 10. Route. 11. Aisle. 12. Thine. 13. Image. 14. Olive. 15. Niche. 16. Salve.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE. 1. A. 2. Apt. 3. April. 4. Timid. 5. Lilac. 6. Dairy. 7. Cruet. 8. Years. 9. Trait. 10. Sight. 11. There. 12. Trays. 13. Eyrie. 14. Signs. 15. Enact. 16. Scrip. 17. Timid. 18. Pie. 19. D.

CHARADE. L, baa. Elbe.

KING'S MOVE PUZZLE. Bison, bear, bull, giraffe, buffalo, pig, goat, stag, dog, tiger, fox, wolf, ox, lynx, squirrel, panther, porcupine, camel, elk, hyena, cat, rat, calf, mole, seal, lion, weasel, boar, otter, antelope, monkey, donkey, elephant, rhinoceros, deer, horse, hare, leopard, ape, lamb, doe, beaver.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Nessie and Freddie—Grace Haren—"Alilil and Adi"—Elizabeth D. Lord—Walter L. Dreyfuss—Paul R. Deschere—"Chuck"—Dorothy Rutherford.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received before November 15th, from William Leetch 1—N. Edgar & Co., 7—Ralph Kirlin, 2—Margaret Carpenter, 6—Emmet Russell, 3—Oswald D. Reich, 4—Jane C. Watt, 1—Joe and I, 7—"Constant Reader," 1—Harriet Bingham, 6—Eleanor Taft, 1—William McAdams, 4—Mary Purdy McCune, 6.

ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. Glowing. 2. A masculine name. 3. An inhabitant of the water. 4. To curve. 5. A piece of money. 6. For one time. 7. A strong wind. 8. A mountain peak in Sicily. 9. A float. 10. A building for hay and cattle.

The zigzag, reading downward, spells the name of a famous man; the letters represented by the figures from 1 to 8 spell the name of the month in which he was born.

FRED BERGER.

TRANSPPOSITIONS AND ZIGZAG.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Transpose a short pen, and make a small cask. Answer, stub, tubs.

1. Transpose prevalent, and make a conflagration. 2. Transpose to cauterize, and make epochs. 3. Transpose

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Christmas. 1. Miscar-ry, cars. 2. Ph-this-ic, hist. 3. Le-ami-ng, rain. 4. Contenti-on, intent. 5. Pr-ese-nt, see. 6. Di-spat-ch, taps. 7. Li-nime-nt, mine. 8. Bo-nda-ge, and. 9. Th-irst-er, stir.

ACROSTIC. Second row, Uriah Heep. Cross-words: 1. Europe. 2. Grapes. 3. Pink. 4. Lamp. 5. Phidias. 6. Photograph. 7. Eel. 8. Beet. 9. Apothecary.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Burns; 3 to 4, Dürer. Cross-words: 1. Brier. 2. Ruler. 3. Arrow. 4. Ruins. 5. Dross.

AN OBELISK. From 1 to 2, Julius Caesar. Cross-words: 1. J. 2. Run. 3. Calyx. 4. Abide. 5. Flute. 6. Mason. 7. Yacht. 8. Peach. 9. Cheat. 10. Hasty. 11. Knave. 12. Birch.

an infant, and make an ecclesiastic. 4. Transpose kitchen utensils, and make to break short. 5. Transpose similar, and make a fine German naval station in the Baltic. 6. Transpose certain, and make one who uses. 7. Transpose plunder, and make an instrument. 8. Transpose greater quantity, and make a city. 9. Transpose the mark of a wound, and make vehicles. 10. Transpose young animals, and make a short piece of timber used as a support. 11. Transpose money paid for a lease, and make an aquatic bird. 12. Transpose a part, and make learning. 13. Transpose sound, and make a short letter.

When these transpositions have been rightly made, and the words written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first of the third, the second of the fourth, and so on. The zigzag thus formed will spell the name of a man who wrote some fine stories for ST. NICHOLAS.

ERWIN JANOWITZ.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *first* is in row, but not in sail;
My *second* in cotton, but not in bale;
My *third* is in open, but not in shut;
My *fourth* is in smart, but not in cut;
My *fifth* is in key, but not in lock;
My *sixth* is in bevy, but not in flock;
My *seventh* in even, but not in odd;
My *eighth* is in salmon, but not in cod;
My *ninth* is in cotton, but not in pod.

My *whole* is a famous man.

FREDERICK P. CRANSTON (League Member).



ALICE IN PETERSLAND

"What time have you?" inquired Alice of the White Rabbit, who was constantly comparing his watch to a huge cake of Peter's Chocolate. "Why, Peter's, of course," said the White Rabbit in amazement. "That's the standard in chocolate land. We all go by Peter's; it's always just right. We set our watches and even our tables with it."

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ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

SEVERAL years ago a considerable increase was made in the number of stamps listed in the standard catalogue. It was considered desirable to make a full list of all the minor varieties of stamps. Therefore a principal number was given to each important variety, and all the smaller differences which existed in the stamp were listed under the letters *a*, *b*, etc. This increased very largely the number of collectable varieties. If this were confined to the catalogue, it would not interfere with collecting; but inasmuch as many of the smaller varieties have had spaces allotted to them in the printed albums, their number is so great that it has become impossible to make a complete collection of stamps. The idea which is at the foundation of stamp collecting is that of completeness. No collector is satisfied with securing a part of a set; and when it happens that all of a certain series may be secured with the exception of one or two unobtainable varieties, the collector is discouraged by the incomplete appearance of the page in his album. The great increase in the number of varieties which has occurred in recent years will undoubtedly cause a reaction which will result in the listing of many stamps now considered principal numbers as minor varieties, and there will be published albums which will conform to this reduction in the number of principal stamps. It is well to have a catalogue and to know the differences which exist; but the young collector especially will do well to confine his collecting to the stamps which are easily recognized as principal varieties.

UNIMPORTANT UNITED STATES STAMPS.

THE collection of the stamps of our own country will become even more popular than it is when the printed albums cease to show spaces for many of the small varieties. A vacant line for the first issue of the stamps of 1861, which is seen in the album of nearly every collector of stamps, is discouraging to any one seeking a full representation of the stamps which have been issued by the United States. The differences of paper and of water-mark are of little interest to most collectors of United States stamps. The thing to do at the present time is to save one of each principal variety until an album is issued which will provide spaces for these stamps only.

MULTIPLE WATER-MARKS.

THE adoption of what is known as the multiple water-mark for the stamps of Great Britain and her colonies will do much to bring about a disregard of small differences. The water-mark crown and C. A. have heretofore been used on these stamps, with care that each specimen should possess one water-mark. The multiple water-mark idea is to cover the paper with the water-marks and let the stamps fall where they will. It is the same as the use of the U S P S water-mark in United States stamps.

Water-marks have been collected so long that it will probably be some time before they are dropped from printed albums, but the increase in the number of varieties that is being made every year will surely result in this finally.

NORWAY ISSUES.

THERE are many of the older issues of stamps which cannot be called beautiful, but which are, nevertheless, worthy of collection. The issues for Norway are among these. The designs are very simple, and were in use for many years; thus the stamps are easily obtained, and there are none of the sets which cannot be completed at small expense.



SERBIAN CORONATION STAMPS.

SERBIA has given us a stamp in commemoration of the coronation of Peter I, September 21, 1904, which is interesting from the historical standpoint. It bears the profile not only of Peter, but also of Kara-George, who founded the family and the kingdom in 1804. Black George, as his name signifies, drove out the Turks in that year, and reigned as king nine years. He then abdicated the throne, and ten years later the ancestor of King Alexander, who was murdered in June, 1903, succeeded in again driving them from the country. The two families have ruled in Serbia since this time.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THE stamps of Great Britain were surcharged for use in Zululand, Cyprus, and some other countries, because they were needed for immediate use, and there was no time to prepare separate issues such as were made and sent out to these countries later. The stamps of Ecuador designated in the catalogue under date of 1865 as "arms in circle" should really be spoken of as "arms in broad oval," for the space in which they are included is not a complete circle. There were many remainders of the stamps of Schleswig-Holstein when their issue was discontinued. It is for this reason that they are frequently found in such fresh condition. Collectors need not fear that they are reprints. The stamps of Great Britain are surcharged for use in Turkish offices, because there is a difference in the value of Turkish and English money. Eighty paras, for instance, not being exactly the same as fivepence, it would be profitable to purchase them in one country for use in the other were not this surcharging done. There are many counterfeits of stamps of Bremen, and they are so excellent that it is not advisable to buy Bremen stamps from any except the most reliable dealers. Great pains was taken with the work in preparing some of the counterfeits and they are very close imitations of the original stamps.

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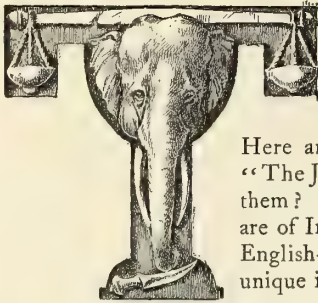
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THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 43.

There is no report due this month, since the time for deciding the "Century of Questions" (Competition No. 42) expired only on January 25, and the work of examining the answers

is not yet completed. But we should like our young friends to sharpen their wits and pencils in readiness for carrying off one of the prizes offered for drawings in

COMPETITION No. 43.

The Prizes, amounting to Forty Dollars, are as follows:

One First Prize of Five Dollars

Two Second Prizes of Four Dollars each

Three Third Prizes of Three Dollars each

Four Fourth Prizes of Two Dollars each
and Ten Honor Prizes of One Dollar each.
Which makes twenty prizes, aggregating \$40.

These will be awarded to the competitors who shall submit the best drawings under the following conditions. Address:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 43,

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,

Union Square, New York.

CONDITIONS.

1. Any one under eighteen years of age may compete, irrespective of any other League competitions. No prize-winners are excluded from winning in advertising competitions.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (43). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.

3. Submit answers by February 25, 1905. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

Here is the contest:

Out of the figures

1905

construct a figure of a man or animal, and adapt it to some advertising purpose. You may add *very short* lines or mere dots to help out your drawing, but the prizes will be awarded to those who make the most effective use of the original figures 1905, since that is the idea of the competition.

Here is a specimen (a poor one of our own) simply to show you how to go to work.



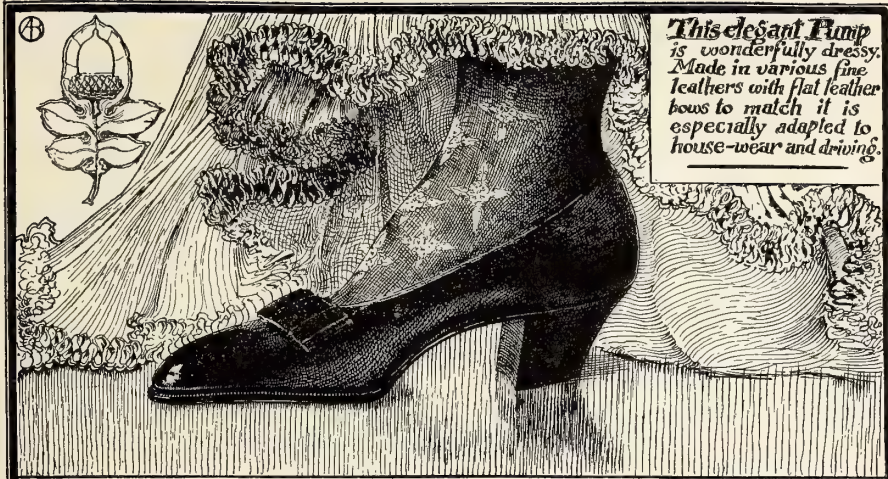
In the old days our forefathers looked to idols and amulets to ward off diseases. To-day we have more confidence in soap and water, especially in such a vegetable soap as

PALM OLIVE

Thus you see you may make slight changes in the figures, so long as they are plainly discernible. A good way to begin is to draw the figures large and cut them out, and see what combinations you can make; and the figures need not be all on the same scale.



SHOES



This elegant Pump is wonderfully dressy. Made in various fine leathers with flat leather bows to match it is especially adapted to house-wear and driving.

*Mode, that is to say the attractive action that distinguishes a stylish woman, depends very much on the kind of shoes she wears. It is truly said that **Sorosis Shoes** are *factors of style*, for, being most intelligently fashioned and excellently well made, their elegance is unquestionable and their comfort puts the wearer at ease. Also it is a fact that they are *exclusive* and this is because the **Sorosis Shoe** manufacturers make *all* their own lasts and patterns.*



***Sorosis Shoes** for Men, for Boys, for Girls and for Infants are thoroughly satisfactory because stylish and comfortable and—considering their great durability—they are *not* expensive.*

A.E. LITTLE & CO. — LYNN, MASS. — MANUFACTURERS



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"BANNER BLUE LIMITED"

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St. Louis and Chicago

The Finest Day Train in the World

— CONSIST OF TRAIN: —

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Combination Coach and Chair Car.

Combination Dining and Buffet Car.

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Painted in Royal Blue and Gold; vestibuled throughout; lighted by electricity; finished in African Mahogany, inlaid with holly; windowed with bevel plate and Cathedral jewel glass; furnished with Wilton carpets and upholstered with silk plush; Haviland china and Toledo cut glass; pantry, kitchen and chef's department specially designed; every car supplied with hot and cold water and heated by steam.

C. S. CRANE, GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, ST. LOUIS, MO.

GENIAL CLIMES FOR THE WINTER

New Orleans, La.; Havana, Cuba; Colon, Panama;
Hot Springs, Ark.; Gulfport, Miss.; Hammond, La.,

reached direct by fast through trains of

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

Mardi Gras at New Orleans March 7. New "Great Southern" Hotel at Gulfport. Sleeping car, without change, Chicago to Hot Springs. Steamship leaves New Orleans every Saturday afternoon for Havana; every Wednesday morning for Colon. Ocean steamship sailings from New Orleans for Mexico, Central America, Panama, West Indies and Europe. Send for descriptive matter.

Through Tickets of Agents I. C. R. R. and Connecting Lines. A. H. HANSON, G. P. A.



MELLIN'S FOOD BABIES

Result of Guessing Contest

The above portraits were shown in our exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition. We offered \$250.00 in gold to the person who could correctly guess the boys and girls in the 20 numbered pictures.

No one guessed 20 correctly.

Mr. George Harrison, Enfield, N. C., was awarded the \$250.00, the only person guessing 18 correctly, this being the largest number of correct guesses.

Mellin's Food received the GRAND PRIZE, higher than a gold medal, the Highest Award of the St. Louis Exposition 1904.

No other infants' food received so high an award.

MELLIN'S FOOD CO.,

BOSTON, MASS.

SOAPS

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For a long trip, by rail, it is almost indispensable. Used frequently and liberally, it will go far toward mitigating the discomforts of the journey.

Lathers freely; rinses quickly; leaves the skin cool *and* sweet and clean.

IVORY SOAP—IT FLOATS.



Concentrated Soups

Let Libby Serve Your Soup

Tomato, Julien, Consomme, Chicken, Mulligatawney, Oxtail will please the most fastidious. They are quickly prepared—delicious to eat—satisfactory to all.

Libby's Natural Flavor Food Products

such as Potted Tongue, Melrose Pate, Veal Loaf, Corn Beef Hash, Cottage Loaf, etc., are prepared from the choicest material by expert chefs and trained assistants in the renowned Libby kitchens. All grocers have them. Ask for Libby's.

Our booklet, "Good Things to Eat," sent free on request.
Send five 2c stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

A MATTER OF HEALTH

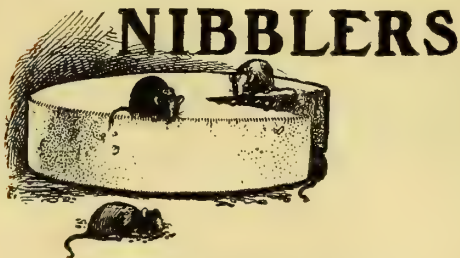
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POWDER**

Absolutely Pure

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE



COFFEE NIBBLES

day by day at one's nerves and health.

When you feel bad and the condition of incipient disease shows forth you take coffee to stimulate and **HIDE OR COVER UP** the trouble. That kind of work brings a fearful pay day, when the disease has grown so fixed that nothing will cover it.

If you are one of the kind that coffee affects adversely—stomach, heart, bowels, eyes or kidneys (it affects some in one organ, some in another and with some the entire nervous system)—suppose you quit in time. It's a lot of fun to be entirely well. And it's a surprise to see how quickly the old bad feelings leave when the coffee has been "let out" for a few days.

Then there's the daily help of the strong rebuilder, with its smooth, delicious flavor,

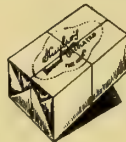
POSTUM

There's a reason.



as skillfully prepared
pure and delicious as

**Huyler's
CANDIES**



THE SAME MAKERS
THE SAME EXCELLENCE.



Copyright, 1904, John Mackintosh, New York

Mackintosh's Toffee

**the Pure and Delicious
OLD ENGLISH CANDY**

The enormous sales of my Toffee in this country and in England (the home of Mackintosh's Toffee) have made it the great international candy. It is absolutely pure and wholesome, and the best candy ever made for children. I want to caution you against inferior imitation of my Toffee. Be sure that you get the original "Mackintosh's Toffee." Ask your dealer, and if he cannot supply you send me Ten Cents in stamps for a sample package; or \$1.60 for a 4-lb. Family Tin. Try your dealer first.

JOHN MACKINTOSH, Dept. 120, 78 Hudson St., N. Y.

The March Number

ST. NICHOLAS

FOR-YOUNG-FOLKS

CONDUCTED BY

MARY-MAPES-DODGE



MACMILLAN AND CO. L'TD, ST. MARTIN'S ST. LONDON

THE-CENTURY-CO-UNION-SQUARE-NEW-YORK

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Swift's



Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

are cured in a pickle composed of sugar, salt and water, tested chemically for their purity.

This one part of the preparation of "Premium" meats for the market contributes more than any other to the flavor for which these products are noted.

Insist upon Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon.

SWIFT & COMPANY, U. S. A.

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Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the old and the new address in full. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month.

FRANK H. SCOTT, Prest.
CHAS. F. CHICHESTER, Treas.
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THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

THE NEW NOVELETTE



KATE
DOUGLAS
WIGGIN
Photo by
Hollinger

ROSE O' THE RIVER,

By

KATE DOUGLAS
WIGGIN

Author of
"REBECCA,"
Begins in the

MARCH NUMBER OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

This is one of the several notable short novels which THE CENTURY will print in 1905.

¶ "Rose o' the River" is a charming story of the river Saco, with its log jams, its wild beauty, heroism, and romance. A pretty love-story it is, too, with an ending as delightful as anything the author of "Rebecca" has given us.

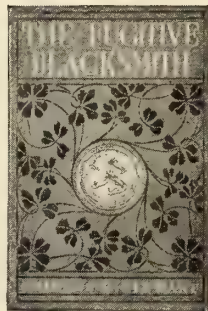
¶ In this number will also be found the first of the authoritative accounts by Mr. W. S. Harwood of the California miracle-worker, Mr. Luther Burbank, and his experiments, with a great number of illustrations relating to Mr. Burbank's latest work—edible cacti, the "white blackberry," the odorous dahlia, etc. THE CENTURY has obtained the exclusive use of many of the remarkable illustrations.

¶ Additional to the above important features will be found five good short stories by leading writers; an article by Richard Barry, an eye-witness, the only American correspondent with the Japanese forces before Port Arthur, describing a number of their devices which made this siege unique; an exceedingly timely paper by David Bell Macgowan on The Outlook for Reform in Russia, with interviews by Minister Witte, Count Tolstoy, Mr. Shipov,—leader of the Moscow zemstvo movement,—prominent editors, and others;—a valuable and interesting number.

The Fugitive Blacksmith

By CHARLES D. STEWART

A GENUINE surprise. A well-known critic says: "Not since Mark Twain's Mississippi book have I come across any story of this region as vital and at first hand as 'The Fugitive Blacksmith.' . . . I tell you this book is decidedly out of the ordinary in plot, scene, character and vigorous hold of the life that now is. It is sure to



pique curiosity and make hosts of friends."

Finerty, a quaint and comfortable philosopher, runs the sand-house in a railway yard. To him comes Stumpy and tells the story of his side-partner Bill, the Fugitive Blacksmith; and sometimes Finerty tells a story—and between them all the reader gets a lot of fun.

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By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

THIS is one of the most exciting books of its kind ever written—and one full of humor. It graphically records the life and deeds of the men who, as they say, "eat smoke and spit black buttons." It comes pretty near being the epic of the city firemen, its wonderfully strong situations being developed through the mixed motives of love, jealousy, hate, cowardice, and heroism. The scene of each big episode is a fire. A book for men, and a good one.

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IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY

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Author of "Arrows of the Almighty." A powerful love-story, giving a new point of view of one of the most picturesque and wildest tragedies in all history—the French Revolution.

HAMILTON W. MABIE says:

"I do not recall having read any story which brings before the imagination more vividly every-day life in Paris during the Revolutionary period."

Frontispiece by Castaigne in tints. 12mo, 406 pages, \$1.50.



ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE'S

Fascinating Novel

FATA MORGANA

A book of romance and adventure—a charming picture of the gay, free life of the studios, the circus, the boulevards and student restaurants of Paris, by a man who knows his subject well.

"Few could put into a novel the color which riots through this book."—*Express*, Buffalo.

"An extremely interesting and original book."—*Sun*, New York.

54 exquisite drawings by the author. 12mo, 466 pages, \$1.50.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York



For Everybody at Home—Hand Sapolio

THE BABY, because it is so soft and dainty for its delicate skin.

THE SCHOOL-BOY, because its use insures him "perfect" marks in neatness.

THE "BIG SISTER," because it keeps her complexion and hands soft and pretty.

THE BUSY MOTHER, because it keeps her hands young and pretty in spite of housework and sewing.

THE FATHER, because it helps him to leave behind the grime of daily work.

AND YOURSELF, because it keeps the skin soft, removes stains, and in the bath aids the natural changes of the skin, and gives a delightful sensation of new life.

**The safest soap in existence is Hand Sapolio
Should be on every washstand**



ALICE IN PETERSLAND

"Here is the prize," said Tweedledee,
"For which we fought our battle,
"'Twas PETER'S Chocolate you see,
"And not a foolish rattle."

*The Original
Milk-Chocolate Is*

PETER'S

Dainty, smooth and wholesome, it is a revelation to the Chocolate lover. Other brands are imitations.

*"Irresistibly
Delicious"*

PETER'S

FREE SAMPLE and illustrated booklet "An Ascent of Mont Blanc" upon request.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO., Sole Importers, Dept. M, 78 Hudson St., New York

4



THE ICE-JAM AT THE BRIDGE.

(See page 389.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXII.

MARCH, 1905.

NO. 5.

WHEN THE ICE CAME DOWN.

BY AGNES LOUISE PROVOST.

WHISTLING and with a strapful of books slung across his shoulder, Jack Parker turned a little out of his homeward way to go down to the river, where the great piers of the new railroad bridge were rising higher each day.

All around the bridge the air was full of clanging and grinding and creaking noises. Several men were working near him, and Jack looked up to find another man watching him in quiet amusement. He did not have to be told that this was Mr. George Heath, the civil engineer under whose watchful eye the bridge was being built, and Mr. Heath remembered that nearly every day he ran across this bright-looking boy somewhere around the bridge.

"Well, young man, what do you think of it?"

Taken by surprise, Jack reddened suddenly. What he had been thinking was not entirely complimentary. "Oh, I—I like it pretty well," he said slowly.

"Then you don't like it altogether? What seems to be wrong?"

The engineer seemed interested and rather entertained. "What is it?" he repeated encouragingly, and Jack told him.

"I was just wondering what will happen in the spring, with all that stonework to fill the channel up. I don't know much about bridges, but it seems as if there were a great many piers for this kind of a river."

"You mean when the ice breaks up?"

"Yes," said Jack, eagerly, all enthusiasm in

telling the idea which had been simmering in his brain for several weeks. "It seems funny that the railroad company should want a fifteen-pier bridge, which will catch the ice and jam it, and force the water back over its own tracks. This end of the city is pretty low, and when the ice comes down it comes in an awful hurry, and wants lots of room to get through."

Jack stopped, half embarrassed, as he remembered that this was a strange way to talk to the engineer who was responsible for the building of this bridge; but Mr. Heath seemed rather to enjoy it. His eyes twinkled behind his glasses.

"We don't expect the ice to jam," he explained kindly. "If this city were in a colder part of the country, your criticism would be all right. Since you are interested, I will tell you that there are engineering reasons why a fifteen-pier bridge is better adapted to the company's uses at this point. Circumstances *might* give us trouble with the ice, such as a break-up on the upper river and its tributaries before the ice began to move here, but it would take such a winter as you have n't had in twenty years."

Jack said nothing. He knew that his knowledge of bridge construction was limited, but he had grown up beside this river and felt that he knew its habits pretty well.

"Perhaps you will be a civil engineer yourself some day," Mr. Heath added, turning away as his foreman came up to him.

"I'd like to," said Jack, soberly, "but I'll

have to go to work as soon as I leave school, and it takes a long time to be a C.E."

"Oh, don't mind that," the engineer called after him. "Remember that what is n't worth working for is n't worth having."

In another moment he was deeply engaged in giving orders to the foreman. Jack swung his book-strap over his shoulder and made rapid strides to get home and out again to a practice game of base-ball.

For Jack the summer sped by quickly, and the autumn opened his senior year at the High School. He was taking the commercial course there, and when the school year ended he was to get a position as soon as possible.

Of course it was all right, Jack thought ruefully. He had no wish to shirk his part, especially with four smaller brothers and sisters coming after him, to be fed, clothed, and properly educated for their start in life; but his old dream of a course in some good polytechnic institute grew dearer as it grew fainter. He wished above all things to be a civil engineer; but this would take time and money, and for the present he must put aside his ambition and take whatever kind of position he could get.

Meanwhile he was a senior, High School '04, and too busy with studies and debates and basket-ball to think long about the future. When the railroad bridge was completed in the autumn, Jack stood in the crowd on the bank and cheered with them as the first train went across.

By Christmas-time the bridge was an old story. But at the end of January people began to complain that the winter was uncommonly severe, and to wonder what the ice would do in the spring. The river was frozen from shore to shore, and had been since early December. Heavy snows and rains, followed by zero weather, had raised the ice far above the river's average winter level.

It was a "record winter." February came and went, and the ice crept a little higher. It was late in March before the thaw came, and then it came suddenly—three days of hard, warm rain, rotting the ice and swelling the upper courses of the stream. On the afternoon of the third day Jack went down to the river.

As he neared the bank, an old riverman whom

he knew well jerked his thumb expressively toward the middle arch of the bridge.

"Oh, it 's jamming!" exclaimed Jack, as he craned his neck eagerly and looked. The ice under the bridge arches was two feet higher than it had been the day before. Across the river, and up and down as far as he could see, the ice-field stretched out under the driving rain, not smooth skating-ice, but ragged, tumultuous heaps, rough and dirty with the mud and debris carried down by high waters. It lay in great cakes, pushed and heaped up by the enormous pressure behind it, and looking as if an earthquake had heaved it into confusion. There was not a sign of motion in the whole length and breadth of it, yet it had risen, as all could see.

"If the gorge on the Lehigh should bust and get down here before this ice goes—" said the riverman.

"What will happen?" Jack inquired.

"Well, it may take some of this bridge along for a souvy-neer, and it may leave it here for us; but it would be cheaper for folks in this town if they 'd start that jam down-stream with a blast o' dynamite. These here fifteen big piers do jam that ice awful."

Jack went home quite disturbed. It had not occurred to him that the ice on the Lehigh, many miles away, might break and come down before the river was cleared here. It had never done that before. His own home was only three blocks from the river, and he felt anxious. His father was night operator in a telegraph office, and after supper the responsibility of the house would rest on Jack.

He whistled softly as he took off his wet coat, but he kept his thoughts to himself until supper was over and his father had started off for his night duty. Then he put on his hip boots and went down cellar for work.

"It 's a little higher than it was," he said to himself, as his mother, looking troubled, stood on the cellar stairs and held a lamp high for him. "I 'll move things 'way up and out of its way."

When this was done, Jack said: "If you don't mind, mother, I 'll run down and see how things are getting on. I 'll be right back."

Outside he found that the rain had ceased, and a strong wind was blowing. As he came down to the river his feet splashed in shallow

water in the middle of the street. Several wagons and carts passed him, laden with hastily piled household goods. People along the river front were moving to higher ground.

Just enough moonlight drifted through the parting clouds to show Jack the roughly heaped ice-field, the dark bulk of the bridge, with its massive piers, and knots of curious sight-seers, picking their way along the bank.



"I WAS JUST WONDERING WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN THE SPRING."

At the bridge the ice was a choked mass, piled high under the arches, and dangerously near the tracks. He could hear the grinding and creaking of the great cakes, the suck and gurgle of the water beneath them, pushing to get down the river and threatening to spread out to land if an outlet were not provided soon. Even a few boats were in the wreckage.

Jack caught from a group of men the words: "They're dynamiting the ice on the upper

Lehigh." "I heard that the gorge there burst about four o'clock," one man in the group was saying. "If that is true, it's coming down here with a rush, and I'm just as well satisfied that I don't live in this part of town."

Jack sped home. He told his mother what he had seen, but said nothing yet about the reported bursting of the Lehigh gorge. There was no use in worrying her any more, and besides, the jam might give way before the Lehigh ice reached them. When the younger children were in bed he said:

"Now, mother, we're all right, and it's time you had some rest."

She went to bed, more to please Jack than to sleep; but the boy carried to the second floor, piece by piece, such articles as would be ruined by a possible rush of water. He had to be quiet, for fear of alarming his mother and the sleeping children, and when he finished it was

after midnight. Then he sat down by his window and stared out into the half-lit darkness toward the river, too excited to close his eyes.

Two hours passed. His head began to nod, and presently he awoke from an uncomfortable nap to hear a clock strike four. There were other sounds in the air. Jack opened the window wide and leaned out. Yes, it must be the ice. Harsh grinding noises came up from the river, as though the gorged mass was struggling to get free, and under it all was a distant murmur which grew louder as he listened.

In a few moments it was a sullen roar, born of rushing waters and crashing ice, tons of it, hurled down from the upper river to pile against the jam at the bridge. The jam held, and with a rush the water sought a new channel, and spread out over the southern end of the city.

Jack held his breath as he heard it coming.

He could see it, too, in the dimness, an irresistible rush of water sweeping up the sloping street, and bearing with



"HELLO, FATHER! WE'RE ALL RIGHT!"

ing great cakes of ice. He heard them bump and jar clumsily against the houses, piling over one another at the first obstruction or spinning

ahead with the violence of the current. Then came the swish and slap of water against their own steps, and bump! bump! as a heavy ice cake slammed its weight against the house.

"Jack, are you awake?"

"Oh, yes, mother! Don't worry; we're all right. The house is strong, and it can't hurt us unless it comes up to this floor."

"Don't wake the children until it is absolutely necessary," she warned him.

The bumping of ice cakes against their own house was not pleasant. Jack and his mother huddled close and watched and listened. Morning was coming, and a strange-looking street was being unfolded to their view.

"Is it any higher, Jack?"

"Well, yes, I'm afraid so. Perhaps—listen!"

From the river, in the direction of the bridge, came a sudden crash and roar, and then the steady grating rush of tons of freed ice. Jack jumped to his feet.

"There she goes!" he shouted excitedly, forgetting the sleep-

ing children. "Do you hear that? The jam's burst! Look at the water! Hurray!"

Its natural channel once more free, the water

was draining out of the sloping street almost as rapidly as it had come, leaving masses of ice stranded high and dry. Jack leaned out of the window and saw one huge cake balanced neatly on the projection above their own front door, while a score of others lay on the sidewalk. In fifteen minutes their end of the street was quite clear, save for the ice cakes and the mud streaks on houses and pavements. Around the next corner he saw a man come, running excitedly. Jack pulled off his coat and waved it.

"Hello, father! We're all right!"

It being Saturday morning, Jack went down to the river as soon as he had finished what breakfast they could get in a wet kitchen. His brother Jimmy was at his heels, wild with excitement.

All the way down they saw dampness and mud on every side, the water line running to the second floor and above, as the street sloped lower. Ice cakes were stranded in the most unlikely places, piling ten and fifteen feet high when obstructed, and the tracks of the railroad had received their full share, although by this time the workmen had nearly cleared them away. Crowds of sight-seers were about the drenched streets and the muddy river, which flowed free for the first time in months.

When they came to the bridge Jack caught sight of a well-remembered face. It was Mr. Heath, who had come down on the first train through, and as he saw Jack, he smiled.

"Well, the ice jammed, did n't it?" he said.

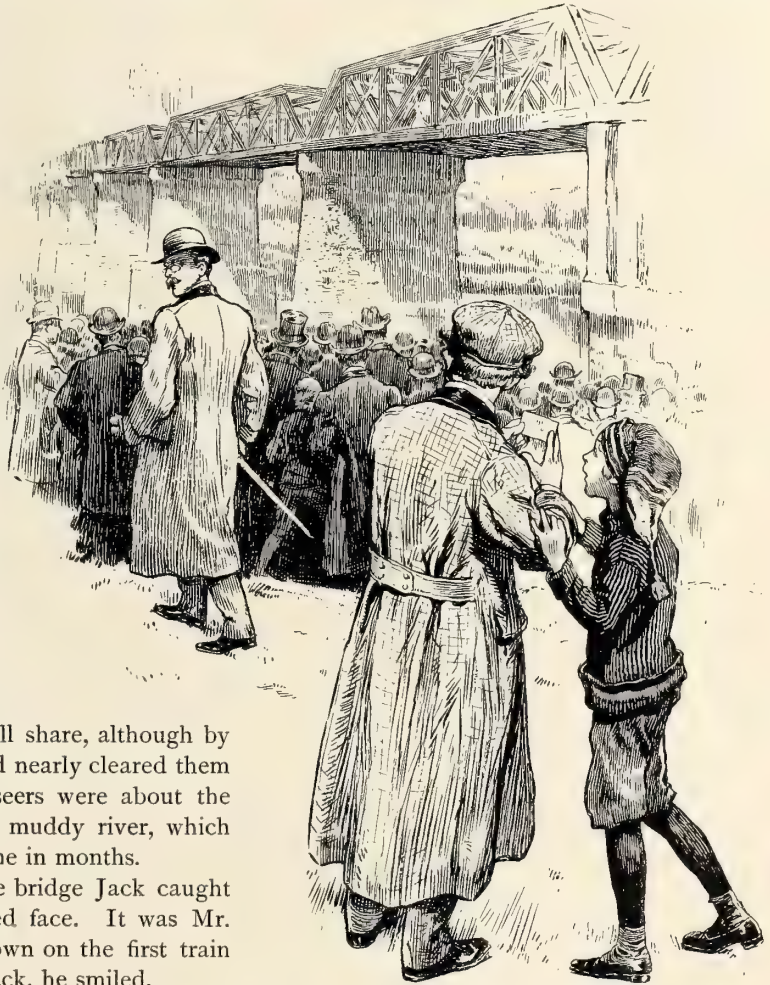
Jack laughed, rather proud to be recognized, but he quickly warmed into a different sort of enthusiasm.

"Yes, it did, but that must be a splendid bridge to stand the pounding it got last night, and never show it. I'd be proud of that."

Mr. Heath smiled again. He took out his card-case, wrote something on a card, and handed it to Jack.

"If you still want to be an engineer when you leave school, bring this to my office, and I will give you a position. We have a fine polytechnic in our city, and if you are in earnest you can work through. I did. Good-by."

Jack looked from the card to the disappearing back of the engineer, and from that to



"JACK LOOKED FROM THE CARD TO THE ENGINEER."

Jimmy, who was staring at him in breathless admiration. He felt almost stunned.

"Whew!" he said slowly. "Glory! What luck!" he exclaimed, and leaving the river and its sight-seers, he ran post-haste for home, the devoted Jimmy close on his heels.

QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

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BY L. FRANK BAUM,

Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER IX.

JIKKI HAS A WISH GRANTED.

NEXT morning Aunt Rivette summoned Jikki to her room, and said:

"Take these shoes and clean and polish them; and carry down this tray of breakfast-dishes; and send this hat to the milliner to have the feathers curled; and return this cloak to the Princess Fluff, with my compliments, and say I'm much obliged for the loan of it."

Poor Jikki hardly knew how to manage so many orders. He took the shoes in his left hand, and the tray of dishes he balanced upon the other upraised palm. But the hat and cloak were too many for him. So Aunt Rivette, calling him "a stupid idiot,"—probably because he had no more hands,—set the plumed hat upon Jikki's head and spread the cloak over his shoulders, and ordered him to make haste away.

Jikki was glad enough to go, for the fluttering of Aunt Rivette's wings made him nervous; but he had to descend the stairs cautiously, for the hat was tipped nearly over his eyes, and if he stumbled he would be sure to spill the tray of dishes.

He reached the first landing of the broad stairs in safety, but at the second landing the hat joggled forward so that he could see nothing at all, and one of the shoes dropped from his hand.

"Dear me!" sighed the old man; "I wonder what I shall do now? If I pick up the shoe I shall drop the dishes; and I can't set down this tray because I'm blinded by this terrible hat! Dear—dear! If I'm to be at the beck and call of that old woman, and serve the new king at the same time, I shall have my hands full. My hands, in fact, are full now. I really wish I had half a dozen servants to wait on *me*!"

Jikki knew nothing at all about the magic power of the cloak that fell from his shoulders; so his astonishment was profound when some one seized the shoe from his left hand and some one else removed the tray from his right hand, and still another person snatched the plumed hat from his head.

But then he saw, bowing and smirking before him, six young men, who looked as much alike as peas in the same pod, and wore very neat and handsome liveries of wine-color, with silver buttons on their coats.

Jikki blinked and stared at these people, and rubbed his eyes to make sure he was awake.

"Who are you?" he managed to ask.

"We are your half a dozen servants, sir," answered the young men, speaking all together and bowing again.

Jikki gasped and raised his hands with sudden amazement as he gazed in wonder upon the row of six smart servants.

"But—what—are you doing here?" he stammered.

"We are here to wait upon you, sir, as is our duty," they answered respectfully.

Jikki rubbed his left ear, as was his custom when perplexed; and then he thought it all over. And the more he thought the more perplexed he became.

"I don't understand!" he finally said, in a weak voice.

"You wished for us, and here we are," declared the six, once more bowing low before him.

"I know," said Jikki. "But I've often wished for many other things—and never got a single one of the wishes before!"

The young men did not attempt to explain this curious fact. They stood in a straight row before their master, as if awaiting his orders. One held the shoe Jikki had dropped, another

its mate, still another the plumed hat, and a fourth the tray of dishes.

"You see," remarked Jikki, shaking his head sadly at the six, "I'm only a servant myself."

"You are our master, sir!" announced the young men, their voices blended into one.

"I wish," said Jikki, solemnly, "you were all back where you came from!" And then he paused to see if this wish also would be fulfilled.

So they descended the grand stairway to the main hall of the grand palace, Jikki going first and his servants following at a respectful distance. Just off the hall Jikki had a pleasant room where he could sit when not employed, and into this he led the six.

After all, he considered, it would not be a bad thing to have half a dozen servants; they would save his old legs from many a tiresome errand.

But just as they reached the hall a new thought struck him, and he turned suddenly upon his followers:

"See here!" he exclaimed. "How much wages do you fellows expect?"

"We expect no wages at all, sir," they answered.

"What! nothing at all!" Jikki was so startled that he scarcely had strength remaining to stagger into his private room and sink into a chair.

"No wages! Six servants, and no wages to pay!" he muttered. "Why, it's wonderful — marvelous — astounding!"

Then he thought to himself: "I'll try 'em, and see if they'll really work." And aloud he asked:

"How can I tell you apart — one from another?"

Each servant raised his right arm and pointed to a silver badge upon his left breast; and then Jikki discovered that they were all numbered, from "one" up to "six."

"Ah! very good!" said Jikki. "Now, number six, take this shoe into the boot-room, and clean and polish it."

Number six bowed and glided from the room as swiftly and

silently as if he were obeying a command of the King of Noland.

"Number five," continued Jikki, "take this tray to the kitchen." Number five obeyed instantly, and Jikki chuckled with delight.

"Number two, take this to the milliner in Royal Street, and have the feathers curled."



"JIKKI HAD TO DESCEND THE STAIRS CAUTIOUSLY."

But no; the magic cloak conferred the fulfilment of but one wish upon its wearer, and the half a dozen servants remained standing rigidly before him.

Jikki arose with a sigh.

"Come downstairs to my private room," he said, "and we'll talk the matter over."



F. RICHARDSON

““YOU WISHED FOR US, AND

Number two bowed and departed almost before the words had left Jikki's mouth ; and then the king's valet regarded the remaining three in some perplexity.

“Half a dozen servants is almost too many,” he thought. “It will keep me busy to keep them busy. I should have wished for only one—or two at the most.”

Just then he remembered something.

“Number four,” said he, “go after number two and tell the milliner that the hat belongs to Madam Rivette, the king's aunt.”

And a few moments later, when the remaining two servants, standing upright before him, had begun to make him nervous, Jikki cried out :

“Number three, take this other shoe down to the boot-room and tell number six to clean and polish it also.”

This left but one of the six unoccupied, and

Jikki was wondering what to do with him when a bell rang.

“That 's the king's bell,” said Jikki.

“I am not the king's servant ; I am here only to wait upon you,” said number one, without moving to answer the bell.

“Then I must go myself,” sighed the valet, and rushed away to obey the king's summons.

Scarcely had he disappeared when Tollydob, the lord high general, entered the room and said in a gruff voice :

“Where is Jikki ? Where 's that rascal Jikki ?”

Number one, standing stiffly at one end of the room, made no reply.

“Answer me, you scoundrel !” roared the old general. “Where 's Jikki ?”

Still number one stood silent, and this so enraged old Tollydob that he raised his cane and aimed a furious blow at the young man. The cane seemed to pass directly through the fellow,

and it struck the wall behind so forcibly that it split into two parts.

This amazed Tollydob. He stared a moment at the silent servant, and then turned his back upon him and sat down in Jikki's chair. Here his eyes fell upon the magic cloak, which the king's valet had thrown down.

Tollydob, attracted by the gorgeous coloring and soft texture of the garment, picked up the cloak and threw it over his shoulders; and then he walked to a mirror and began admiring his reflection.

While thus engaged, Jikki returned, and the valet was so startled at seeing the lord high general that he never noticed the cloak at all.

"His Majesty has asked to see your Highness," said Jikki; "and I was about to go in search of you."

"I 'll go to the king at once," answered Tollydob, and as he walked away Jikki suddenly

noticed that he was wearing the cloak. "Oho!" thought the valet, "he has gone off with the Princess Fluff's pretty cloak; but when he returns from the king's chamber I 'll get it again and send number one to carry it to its rightful owner."

HERE WE ARE,' DECLARED THE SIX."

CHAPTER X.

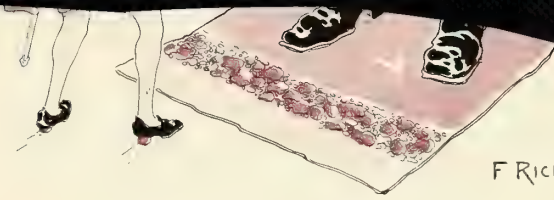
THE COUNSELORS WEAR THE MAGIC CLOAK.

WHEN Tollydob, still wearing the magic cloak, had bowed before the king, Bud asked:

"How many men are there in the royal army, general?"

"Seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven, may it please your gracious Majesty," returned Tollydob—"that is, without counting myself."

"And do they obey your orders promptly?" inquired Bud, who felt a little doubt on this point.



F RICHARDSON

"I WISH I WERE TEN FEET HIGH."

"And yet you're a very small man to command so large an army," said the king.

The lord high general flushed with shame; for, although he was both old and fat, he was so short of stature that he stood but a trifle taller than Bud himself. And, like all short men, he was very sensitive about his height.

"I'm a terrible fighter, your Majesty," declared Tollydob, earnestly; "and when I'm on horseback my small size is little noticed. Nevertheless," he added, with a sigh, "it is a good thing to be tall. I wish I were ten feet high."

No sooner were the words spoken than Bud gave a cry of astonishment; for the general's head shot suddenly upward until his gorgeous

said Bud, still laughing at the big man's woeful face; "and it grants to every wearer the fulfillment of one wish."

"Only one?" inquired poor Tollydob. "I'd like to be a little smaller, I confess."

"It can't be helped now," said Bud. "You wished to be ten feet tall, and there you are! And there you'll have to stay, Tollydob, whether you like it or not. But I'm very proud of you. You must be the greatest general in all the world, you know!"

Tollydob brightened up at this, and tried to sit down in a chair: but it crushed to pieces under his weight; so he sighed and remained standing. Then he threw the magic cloak upon

he asked in a trembling voice.

"Why, don't you see, you were wearing my sister's magic cloak,"

the floor, with a little shudder at its fairy powers, and said:

"If I 'd only known, I might have become just six feet tall instead of ten!"

"Never mind," said Bud, consolingly. "If we ever have a war, you will strike terror into the ranks of the enemy, and every one in Noland will admire you immensely. Hereafter you will be not only the lord high general, but the lord *very* high general."

So Tollydob went away to show himself to the chief counselor; and he had to stoop very low to pass through the doorway.

When Jikki saw the gigantic man coming out of the king's chamber, he gave a scream and

palace there was no one around to receive him. He made his way into the king's chamber, and there he found the magic cloak lying upon the floor.

"I 've seen the Princess Fluff wearing this," thought the lord high executioner; "so it must belong to her. I'll take it to her rooms, for it is far too pretty to be lying around in this careless way, and Jikki ought to be scolded for allowing it."

So Tellydeb picked up the cloak and laid it over his arm; then he admired the bright hues that ran through the fabric, and presently his curiosity got the better of him; he decided to try it on and see how he would look in it.



F. RICHARDSON

"I WISH I COULD REACH THAT APPLE!" HE SAID, WITH A SIGH, AS HE EXTENDED HIS ARM UPWARD."

fled in terror; and, strange to say, this effect was very agreeable to the lord high general, who loved to make people fear him.

Bud ran to tell Fluff of the curious thing that had happened to his general; and so it was that when the lord high executioner entered the

While thus employed the sound of a girl's sweet laughter fell upon Tellydeb's ears, seeming to come from a far distance.

"The princess must be in the royal gardens," he said to himself. "I'll go there and find her."

So the lord high executioner walked through

the great hall, still wearing the cloak, and finally came to the back of the palace and passed a doorway leading into the gardens. All was quiet here, save for the song of the birds as they fluttered among the trees ; but at the other end of the garden Tellydeb caught a glimpse of a white gown, which he suspected might be that of the little princess.

He walked along the paths slowly, enjoying the scent of the flowers and the peacefulness of the scene ; for the lord high executioner was a gentle-natured man and delighted in beautiful sights.

After a time he reached a fruit-orchard, and saw hanging far up in a big tree a fine red apple. Tellydeb paused and looked at this longingly.

"I wish I could reach that apple!" he said, with a sigh, as he extended his arm upward.

Instantly the arm stretched toward the apple, which was at least forty feet away from the lord high executioner ; and while the astonished man eyed his elongated arm in surprise, the hand clutched the apple, plucked it, and drew it back to him ; and there he stood—the apple in his hand, and his arm apparently the same as it had been before he accomplished the wonderful feat.

For a moment the counselor was overcome with fear. The cloak dropped unnoticed from his shoulders and fell upon the graveled walk, while Tellydeb sank upon a bench and shivered.

"It—it was like magic!" he murmured. "I but reached out my hand—so—it went nearly to the top of the tree, and—"

Here he gave a cry of wonder, for again his arm stretched the distance and touched the topmost branches of the tree. He drew it back hastily, and turned to see if any one had observed him. But this part of the garden was deserted, so the old man eagerly tested his new accomplishment.

He plucked a rose from a bush a dozen yards to the right, and having smelled its odor he placed it in a vase that stood twenty feet to his left. Then he noted a fountain far across a hedge, and reaching the distance easily, dipped his hand in the splashing water. It was all very amazing, this sudden power to reach a great distance, and the lord high executioner was so

pleased with the faculty that when he discovered old Jikki standing in the palace doorway, he laughingly fetched him a box on the ear that sent the valet scampering to his room in amazed terror.

Said Tellydeb to himself: "Now I'll go home and show my wife what a surprising gift I have acquired."

So he left the garden ; and not long afterward old Tallydab, the lord high steward, came walking down the path, followed by his little dog Ruffles. I am not certain whether it was because his coat was so shaggy or his temper so uncertain that Tallydab's dog was named Ruffles ; but the name fitted well both the looks and the disposition of the tiny animal. Nevertheless, the lord high steward was very fond of his dog, which followed him everywhere except to the king's council-chamber ; and often the old man would tell Ruffles his troubles and worries, and talk to the dog just as one would to a person.

To-day, as they came slowly down the garden-walk, Tallydab noticed a splendid cloak lying upon the path.

"How very beautiful!" he exclaimed, as he stooped to pick it up. "I have never seen anything like this since the Princess Fluff first rode into Nole beside her brother the king. Is n't it a lovely cloak, Ruffles?"

The dog gave a subdued yelp and wagged his stubby tail.

"How do I look in it, Ruffles?" continued the lord high steward, wrapping the folds of the magic cloak about him ; "how do I look in such gorgeous apparel?"

The dog stopped wagging its tail and looked up at its master earnestly.

"How do I look?" again said Tallydab. "I declare, I wish you could talk!"

"You look perfectly ridiculous," replied the dog, in a rather harsh voice.

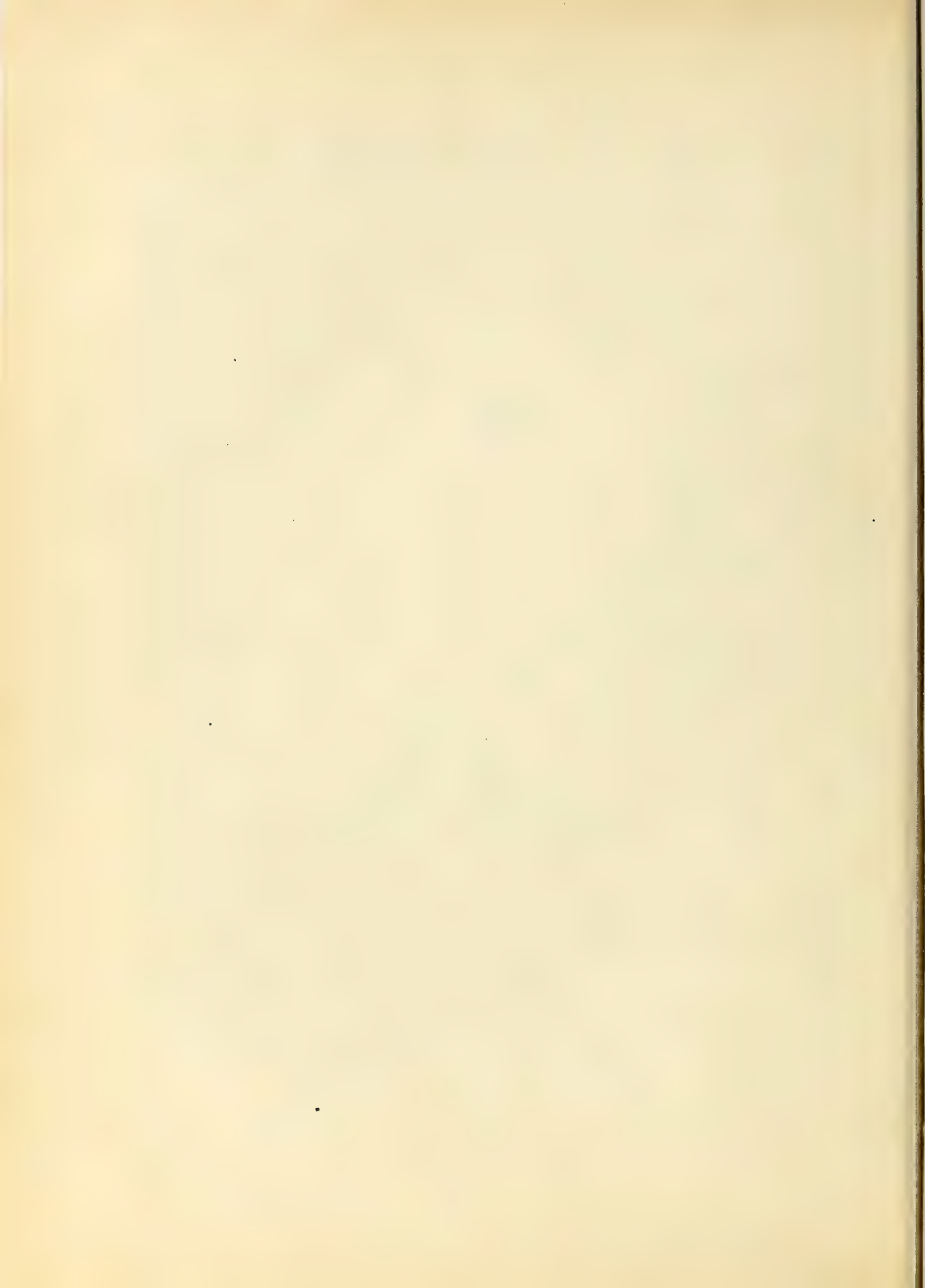
The lord high steward jumped nearly three feet in the air, so startled was he by Ruffles's reply. Then he bent down, a hand on each knee, and regarded the dog curiously.

"I thought, at first, you had spoken!" said he.

"What caused you to change your mind?" asked Ruffles, peevishly. "I *did* speak—I *am* speaking. Can't you believe it?"



“‘YOU LOOK PERFECTLY RIDICULOUS!’ REPLIED THE DOG.”



The lord high steward drew a deep sigh of conviction.

"I believe it!" he made answer. "I have always declared you were a wonderful dog, and now you prove I am right. Why, you are the only dog I ever heard of who could talk!"

"Except in fairy tales," said Ruffles, calmly. "Don't forget the fairy tales."

"I don't forget," replied Tallydab. "But this is n't a fairy tale, Ruffles. It's real life in the kingdom of Noland."

"To be sure," answered Ruffles. "But see here, my dear master: now that I am, at last, able to talk, please allow me to ask you for

my teeth on it, trying to crack it to get a little marrow. Whatever induces people to give their dogs bones instead of meat?"

"Why, I thought you liked bones!" protested Tallydab, sitting on the bench and looking at his dog in astonishment.

"Well, I don't. I prefer something to eat — something good and wholesome, such as you eat yourself," growled Ruffles.

The lord high steward gave a laugh.

"Why," said he, "don't you remember that old Mother Hubbard —"

"Ah! that *was* a fairy tale," interrupted Ruffles, impatiently. "And there was n't even a



"'WHY, I THOUGHT YOU LIKED BONES!' PROTESTED TALLYDAB, SITTING ON THE BENCH AND LOOKING AT HIS DOG IN ASTONISHMENT."

something decent to eat. I'd like a good meal for once, just to see what it is like."

"A good meal!" exclaimed the steward. "Why, my friend, don't I give you a big bone every day?"

"You do," said the dog; "and I nearly break

bone in her cupboard, after all. Don't mention Mother Hubbard to me, if you want to retain my friendship."

"And that reminds me," resumed the steward with a scowl, "that a few minutes ago you said I looked ridiculous in this lovely cloak."

"You do!" said Ruffles, with a sniff. "It is a girl's cloak, and not fit for a wrinkled old man like you."

"I believe you are right," answered Tallydab, with a sigh; and he removed the cloak from his shoulders and hung it over the back of the garden seat. "In regard to the meat that you so

ple with bills for this thing or that, and the royal purse was very light indeed when Tillydib had at last managed to escape to the garden.

"If this keeps up," he reflected, "there will be no money left; and then I 'm sure I don't know what will become of us all!"

The air was chilly. The old counselor shiv-



F. RICHARDSON

"I WISH THE ROYAL PURSE WOULD ALWAYS REMAIN FULL, NO MATTER HOW MUCH MONEY I DREW FROM IT!"

long for," he added, if you will follow me to the royal kitchen I will see that you have all you desire."

"Spoken like a good friend!" exclaimed the dog. "Let us go at once."

So they passed down the garden to the kitchen door, and the magic cloak, which had wrought such wonderful things that day, still remained neglectfully cast aside.

It was growing dusk when old Tillydib, the lord high purse-bearer, stole into the garden and sat upon the bench to smoke his pipe in peace. All the afternoon he had been worried by peo-

ered a little, and noting the cloak that lay over the back of the seat, drew it about his shoulders.

"It will be five months," he muttered half aloud, "before we can tax the people for more money; and before five months are up the king and his counselors may all starve to death—even in this splendid palace! Heigh-ho! I wish the royal purse would always remain full, no matter how much money I drew from it!"

The big purse, which had lain lightly on his knee, now slid off and pulled heavily upon the golden chain which the old man wore around his neck to fasten the purse to him securely.

Aroused from his anxious thoughts, Tillydib lifted the purse to his lap again, and was astonished to feel its weight. He opened the clasp and saw that the huge sack was actually running over with gold pieces.

"Now, where on earth did all this wealth come from?" he exclaimed, shaking his head in a puzzled way. "I'll go at once and pay some of the creditors who are waiting for me."

So he ran to the royal treasury, which was a front room in the palace, and began paying every one who presented an account. He expected presently to empty the purse; but no matter how heavily he drew upon the contents, it remained ever as full as in the beginning.

"It must be," thought the old man, when the last bill had been paid, "that my idle wish has in some mysterious way been granted."

But he did not know he owed his good fortune to the magic cloak, which he still wore.

As he was leaving the room, he met the king and Princess Fluff, who were just come from dinner; and the girl exclaimed:

"Why, there is my cloak! Where did you get it, Tillydib?"

"I found it in the garden," answered the lord high purse-bearer; "but take it, if it is yours. And here is something to repay you for the loan of it"; and he poured into her hands a heap of glittering gold.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Fluff; and taking the precious cloak she dropped the gold into it and carried it to her room.

"I'll never lend it again unless it is really necessary," she said to herself. "It was very careless of Aunt Rivette to leave my fairy cloak in the garden."

And then after carefully folding it and wrapping it up she locked it in a drawer, and hid the key where no one but herself could find it.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ITALY.

BY FELICIA BUTTZ CLARK.



THE LITTLE PRINCESS MAFALDA.

THE young King Victor Emmanuel III has been a revelation to his people. Long before King Humbert was cruelly assassinated, reports were circulated that the heir to the throne was intellectually a weak man, a know-nothing;

and it was common talk that he would never be allowed by the Italians to reign over them. The unexpected happened, as it so often does. King Humbert was murdered on the 29th of July, 1900. His son assumed his rights without the slightest hint of trouble, and he has

proved to be as intelligent, conscientious, and judicious a sovereign as United Italy has had.

The most attractive side of the King's character is that which is shown in his home life. He married the Princess Helena of Montenegro because he was charmed with the beauty and simplicity of her character. She was to him the ideal of all that was womanly and lovable.

I remember very well that October day when the marriage of the Prince of Naples and the Princess of Montenegro took place in the small church which adjoins one of the most beautiful fountains of Rome. The long procession of magnificent state carriages passed through the Via Nazionale, between crowds of people. This was but the beginning of a very happy life. The young couple traveled all over Europe. As both of them were fond of yachting, they leisurely visited a great many points which were easily reached by water, meeting on the

coast of Norway the Duke of Abruzzi when he returned from his trip in search of the North Pole in the ship *Polar Star*, or idling on the shores of Greece and by the lovely coasts of Asia Minor when it suited their pleasure. It was on one of these tours in the Mediterranean that the Prince of Naples met the vessel, bearing the Italian flag at half-mast, which came to announce to him the death of his father and to greet him as king. When the princess heard of the crime that made her queen, she went into her cabin and wept as if her heart would break.

Before the marriage of Victor Emmanuel, he had a yacht called the *Gaiola*. This, however, not affording sufficient comfort for ladies, he bought an English yacht, naming it *Yela*, the Montenegrin synonym for Helena. It was during the cruise on the *Yela* that they received the news of the assassination of King Humbert.

for the use of his Queen and himself. There are three handsome salons and a grand dining-room. The last-mentioned is on the deck, and con-

tains, besides the royal table, eight others, capable of seating one hundred and sixty persons. The walls and furniture are of solid oak. The King and Queen have each three spacious cabins on this beautiful yacht.

The chief diversion of Italy's sovereign at present is automobiling. It is not at all an unusual thing to meet him, with the Queen by his side, whizzing through the streets of Rome. On these occasions he looks very little like a king, being dressed in a manner suitable for such sport. When he

and the Queen are away in the summer, either at their home at Racconigi in Piedmont, which is a family residence of the princes of Savoy, or at the villa of San Rossore, near Pisa, they spend many hours in automobiles. The King

owns several varieties of these vehicles. It was when he was trying a new one entirely alone with the Queen last summer that the machine got beyond his control, and the Queen's ankle was severely sprained. The King very humbly confessed that it was all his fault, and was devoted itself to her while she was obliged to stay indoors.

A portion of the Quirinal palace in Rome was set aside by the King for his "home," and he and the Queen furnished

Since he has been king, Victor Emmanuel has had a still larger vessel, the *Trinacria*, fitted up

it in English style to suit their own taste. Here the public is not permitted to intrude. The



QUEEN MARGHERITA, THE MOTHER OF THE PRESENT KING.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY IN ONE OF THEIR AUTOMOBILES.

royal couple prefer to take their meals quietly with their children, without the presence of servants. Of course there are great state dinners, but these are given in the large dining-room in another part of the palace, and are served with much magnificence. These are not the times when the King and Queen have most pleasure. It is when they are alone, with their two little daughters and baby Prince Humbert, the new little heir to the throne, that they feel and enjoy the beauty of home life.

Both the daughters bear names of Savoyan princesses who lived long ago and were noble and courageous women. The first-born, Yolanda Margherita, is nearly four years of age. The second, called Mafalda (a name which is an old Italian form for Matilda), is now more than two years old. Little Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, was born September 15, 1904. Both the little princesses have

sweet faces, dark eyes, and gentle expressions. When they drive out with their nurses, and the bugler of the King's guard at the barracks toots loudly as they pass by,



THE QUEEN WITH PRINCESSES YOLANDA AND MAFALDA.



THE KING ON HIS WAY TO REVIEW THE TROOPS.



QUEEN HELENA OF ITALY.

The Princess Yolanda is a small democrat in her way. One evening, not long ago, she was waiting for her father and mother to come to

dinner. Her nurse asked her: "Whom would you like to have at dinner with you?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then said: "I should like to have papa sit there, and mama yonder. Brusati [the King's aide-de-camp] may sit by me, and on the other side I want Giovanni."

Now, Giovanni is the man who leads the donkey on which the Princess Yolanda takes occasional rides. She is extremely fond of him, and counts him one of her dearest friends. In her childish mind there was not the slightest reason why he should not sit at the King's table as well as any titled visitor.

Although the King and Queen are very simple in their tastes, they can be very stately. The King, in general's uniform, and the Queen, in satin and diamonds, are most imposing when they enter the gorgeous ball-room or preside at elaborate dinners.

But it is pleasant to know that, while they thus fulfil the official and social duties of their position, a manly, noble heart beats under the uniform of blue and gold; and that beneath the royal diadem of costly gems beams the clear eye of a faithful, affectionate wife and mother.



QUEEN HELENA AND THE DUCHESS OF ASCOLI RIDING IN STATE.

HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

FIFTH PAPER.

COMPARING VAN DYCK WITH FRANS HALS.

ANTHONY VAN DYCK (BORN 1599, DIED 1641);
FRANS HALS (BORN 1584?, DIED 1666).

WHEN the Emperor Charles V abdicated, in 1555, he allotted Austria and Germany to Ferdinand I, and Spain and the Netherlands to his son Philip II. The rule of Spain was in one way beneficial to the Netherlands or Low Countries (Holland and Belgium), since it opened to them the trade with the New World and the West Indies. Antwerp rose to greatness. "No city except Paris," says Mr. Motley, "surpassed it in population or in commercial splendour. The city itself was the most beautiful in Europe. Placed upon a plain along the bank of the Scheldt, shaped like a bent bow with the river for its string, it enclosed within its walls some of the most splendid edifices in Christendom. The stately Exchange, where five thousand merchants daily congregated, and many other famous buildings were all establishments which it would have been difficult to rival in any other part of the globe."

Such it was before the "Spanish Fury," when the Duke of Alva arrived with ten thousand Spanish veterans for the purpose of stamping out the Reformed faith. Then the people rose under William the Silent, and the war for independence was begun. In 1579, by an agreement at Utrecht, the seven northern provinces united for mutual defense. Antwerp, however, though not in the League of United Provinces, became a focus point of the struggle, and in 1585 capitulated to the Duke of Parma.

Thirty-one years later the English ambassador paid a visit to the place, and wrote home to a friend: "This great city is a great desert, for in the whole time we spent there I could never sett my eyes in the whole length of the

streete uppon 40 persons at once; I never mett coach nor saw man on horseback; none of our own companie (though both were worke dayes) saw one pennieworth of ware either in shops or in streetes bought or solde. Two walking pedlars and one ballad seller will carry as much on their backs at once, as was in that royall exchange either above or below."

When Philip II died, in 1598, Spain was exhausted almost to prostration, and his successor was glad to conclude an armistice of twelve years with the United Provinces. But at its conclusion war was resumed, and it was not until 1648 that, by the peace of Westphalia, the independence of Holland was finally assured.

Meanwhile, during those seventy years of conflict, in which a new nation was in the forming, a new art had been born. While the country was fighting for its liberties a number of painters came to manhood whose work was of such originality as to constitute a new school of painting: "the last," as Fromentin says, "of the great schools."

Across the Scheldt, in Antwerp, Rubens was in the prime of his powers (among his retinue of pupils was Van Dyck); but though his fame must have crossed to the Dutch, his influence did not. That people, stubborn against foreign domination, was stubbornly fashioning a kind of art of its own. Bent upon independence, its artists, too, were independent of Rubens, of the great Italian traditions, of everything but what concerned themselves. A nation of burghers, busy with war and commerce, they developed out of their own lives, their love of country, and their pride in themselves, a new art.

In one word, it was an art of portraiture. It began with the painting of portraits, and then proceeded to the painting of landscapes and of

the outdoor and indoor occupations of the people, and to the painting of still life—all with such simple intention to represent the thing as they saw it, and with such fidelity to the truth,

There is a story related by Houbraken, which may or may not be true, that Van Dyck, passing through Haarlem, where Hals lived,* sent a messenger to seek him out and tell him that



"PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN." BY FRANS HALS.

that the whole range of their subjects may be classed as portraiture. Instead of being grand, it was intimate and sincere.

The first of the great men was Frans Hals, whom we are here comparing with Van Dyck.

a stranger wished to see him, and on Hals putting in an appearance asked him to paint his portrait, adding, however, that he had only two hours to spare for the sitting. Hals finished the portrait in that time, whereupon his sitter,

* Hals was born in Antwerp, whither his family moved for a time in consequence of the war. They seem to have returned to Haarlem about 1607.

observing that it seemed an easy matter to paint a portrait, requested that he be allowed to try to paint the artist. Hals soon recognized that his visitor was well skilled in the

one might see what Frans Hals, accustomed to the heavier type of the Dutch burghers, made of the delicately refined features of Van Dyck, and how the latter, who always gave an air of



"PORTRAIT OF MARIE LOUISE VON TASSIS." BY VAN DYCK.

materials he was using. Great, however, was his surprise when he beheld the performance. He immediately embraced the stranger, at the same time crying out: "You are Van Dyck! No one but he could do what you have just now done!"

Assuming the story to be true, how interesting it would be if the two portraits existed, that

aristocratic elegance to his portraits, acquitted himself with the bluff, jovial Hals, who was as much at home in a tavern as in a studio. For no two men could be more different, both in their points of view and in their methods, though they were alike in this one particular—that each was a most facile and skilful painter.

Let us turn to the two portraits which are very characteristic examples of these two masters. First of all, notice the hands. We have learned, in an earlier article, that hands are very expressive of character. In good portraits there is always a oneness of feeling and character between the hands and the head. Hals was a master in this respect. There is also an absolute oneness in the expression of the hand and that of the face in the Van Dyck, even to the curl of the forefinger, which echoes the curious, slanting glance of the eyes.

But we know that it was Van Dyck's habit to make a rapid study of his sitters in black and white chalk upon gray paper, and to hand it to his assistants for them to paint the figure in its clothes, which were sent to the studio for that purpose, after which he retouched their work and painted in the head and hands; so we feel a suspicion that Van Dyck may have been as much interested in illustrating his own ideas of elegance and refinement as in reproducing the actual characteristics of his sitters.

We hardly feel this in the "Portrait of a Woman" by Hals. Of the fact that the woman looked in the flesh just as he has represented her on the canvas we are as sure as if we had looked over his shoulder and watched her grow beneath his brush. He has put in nothing but what he saw, and left out nothing that could complete the lifelike truth of the picture.

Looking at the "Portrait of Marie Louise von Tassis" by Van Dyck we cease to wonder if Marie Louise were really like this. Her portrait is merely an exquisitely beautiful picture. And then again we turn to the Hals, and again we have forgotten that it is a portrait. It is a woman that we face—a stout, wholesome Dutchwoman, whose husband had a hand in the shaping of the new republic, who was the mother of sons who fought in the long struggle for freedom. Those hands!—one loves them; strong, coarse hands that have done their share in the work of life, now folded so unaffectedly in the calm and peace of living which right well-doing has won. When you look at them, and, still more, when you read their fuller story in that high, broad forehead, with the strong, big skull beneath it, indicating steadiness of purpose; in the wide-apart

eyes; in that resolute nose with its lines of energy; and in the firm, kindly, wise mouth, you realize how it was that Holland, having by its energy and patience set a barrier to the ocean, could keep at bay the power of Spain, and achieve for itself, after long waiting, liberty of life and thought.

This portrait, while serving as a record of a woman who actually lived, is more than that: it is a type of the race to which she belonged. It is a type, too, of the whole school of Dutch painting—and, moreover, such a marvel of painting!

The Dutchmen of the seventeenth century, having abandoned the large field of decorative composition, settled down in the small space of their canvases to a perfection of craftsmanship that has never been surpassed in modern art. From the standpoint of pure painting, they formed a school of great painters; differing among themselves, but alike in being consummate masters of the brush.

Hals set his figures in clear light, so that the modeling is not accomplished by shadows, but by the degree of light which each surface of the flesh or costume reflects. In this respect he worked like Velasquez, but in a broader way. He distributed the lights and painted in the colors in great masses, each mass containing its exact quantity of light; and so great was his skill in the rendering of values, that he could make a flat tone give the suggestion of modeling. Thus, in the uninterrupted, flat white tone of this woman's ruff we scarcely note the absence of lines indicating the folds of muslin.

Compare the treatment of the ruff in Van Dyck's portrait—indeed, the explicit way in which the whole of the elaborate costume is rendered. Nothing is left to suggestion: everything is told with painstaking fidelity. The contrast of the Hals portrait offers an instructive example of what painters mean by the word "breadth," and a lesson, also, in the effect of breadth on our imagination; for we get from the broad simplicity of this portrait a strong invigoration, from the other a pleasant fascination. Yet, while we miss the breadth in the Van Dyck, do not let us overlook the freedom with which it is painted, so that there is nothing small or niggling in all these details; they are

drawn together, like the drops of water of a fountain, into one splendid burst of elegance.

In the Van Dyck, however, the character of the woman is considerably smothered. Perhaps it was the case that she herself had little character—that she was simply a fine lady of fashion; or it may be that that aspect of her was the only one that interested the artist. He seems to have been particularly impressed with her eyes, which indicate at least a trait of character; and in a very subtle way he has made the attitude of the figure and the gesture of the hands and head correspond to it. So, in a limited way, the picture is representative of a type.

Hals, on the other hand, never fixed upon any particular trait or feature. He broadly surveyed all the externals of his sitter, and represented them as a whole; and with such clear seeing that, although he never penetrated into the mind of his subject, as we shall find Rembrandt did, he got at its heart, and in his straightforward characterization of what he saw, suggested that character lay beneath it.

In this respect his work is very like the man himself. He must have had fine qualities of mind, else how could he have seen things so simply and completely, and rendered them with such force and expression, inventing for the purpose a method of his own, which, as we have seen, was distinguished by placing his subject in the clear light and by working largely in flat tones? To get at the essential facts of a subject and to set them forth rapidly and precisely, so that all may understand them, represents great mental power, and places Hals in the front rank of painters. Yet, as a man, he allowed himself to appear to the world an idle fellow, overgiven to jollification, and so shiftless that in his old age he was dependent upon the city government for support. That he received it, however, and that his creditors were lenient with him seem to show that his contemporaries recognized a greatness behind his intemperance and improvidence; and when, in his eighty-second year, he died, he was buried

beneath the choir of the Church of St. Bavon in Haarlem.

In great contrast to Hals's mode of living was Van Dyck's. He was early accustomed to Rubens's sumptuous establishment, and when he visited Italy, with letters of introduction from his master, he lived in the palaces of his patrons, himself adopting such an elegant ostentation that he was spoken of as "the cavalier painter." After his return to Antwerp his patrons belonged to the rich and noble class, and his own style of living was modeled on theirs; so that when at length, in 1632, he received the appointment of court painter to Charles I of England, he maintained an almost princely establishment, and his house at Blackfriars was the resort of fashion. The last two years of his life were spent in traveling on the Continent with his young wife, the daughter of Lord Gowry, Lord Ruthven's son. His health, however, had been broken by excess of work, and he returned to London to die. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

He painted, in his younger days, many altarpieces, "full of a touching religious feeling and enthusiasm"; but his fame rests mainly upon his portraits. In these he invented a style of elegance and refinement which became a model for the artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, corresponding, as it did, with the genteel luxuriousness of the court life of the period.

On the other hand, during the later century, Hals was thought little of, even in Holland, whose artists forsook the traditions of their own school and went astray after the Italian "grand" style. It was not until well on in the nineteenth century that artists, returning to the truth of nature, discovered that Hals had been one of the greatest seers of the truth and one of its most skilful interpreters. Now he is honored for these qualities, and also because, out of all the Dutch pictures of the seventeenth century now so much admired, his are the most characteristic of the Dutch race and of Dutch art.



BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

II. HOW PINKEY GOT EVEN.

PINKEY PERKINS's heart was full of bitterness. He was the most ill-treated boy in school, and he knew it. Just because he had been caught reading "Deadwood Dick's Diggings" behind his geography he had been kept in after school. It was Friday afternoon, and, instead of getting out early, here he was, kept back to be punished.

"Sig" Clemens had lent Pinkey this blood-curdling tale during the noon hour, and with businesslike method he had exacted Pinkey's favorite agate "taw" for security, pending the safe return of the story.

Deadwood Dick had just rescued, single-handed, the beautiful heroine from an awful death at the hands of her redskin captors. Pinkey was lost in admiration of the wonderful prowess of this daring "King of the Plains."

Miss Vance, the angular, red-haired teacher, popularly known as "Red Feather," had noticed Pinkey's unusual application to his geography, and had casually sauntered around the room to investigate the cause.

Suddenly, at his very elbow, Pinkey was startled by the word "Pinkerton!" Pinkerton was the name his teacher called him, and the one by which his father generally addressed him previous to an interview in the woodshed.

Pinkey jumped as if he had been shot. So absorbed was he in Deadwood Dick's marvelous bravery, and so oblivious was he to all around him, that he thought the "unerring rifle

had again spoken," and that he, Pinkey, had "bitten the dust."

Ruthlessly was the "nickel library" torn from him and destroyed before his very eyes. He knew he would never get his taw back—he



"SUDDENLY, AT HIS VERY ELBOW, PINKEY WAS STARTLED BY THE WORD 'PINKERTON!'"

had no big brother, and Sig was too big for him to "lick."

Twice before, during that week, Pinkey had been kept in and compelled to write "incom-

prehensibility" one hundred times on his slate as punishment. This afternoon, shortly before dismissal time, he cleaned off his slate. Taking his speller from his desk, and placing it in front of him to allay suspicion, he began to write. Forty times did he write "incomprehensibility" with neatness and precision, until he had covered two sides of his double slate.

Surely this was taking time by the forelock.

Bunny Morris, who was suspected of being implicated in the "hooking" of two confiscated apples from the teacher's desk during recess, had also been kept in, with the hope that he might turn State's evidence. With not a little pride, Pinkey had held up his slate, showing Bunny the forty long words on the inside of it, and had held up both hands, fingers widely spread, four times, to convey the number written.

School was dismissed, and the two companions in bondage sat waiting to be sentenced — to be told how many "incomprehensibilities" their latest misdeeds were to cost them. Pinkey was meek and sober outside, but inside he was gloating over his provident foresight. Bunny was envious, and even had ideas of "peaching," were he not fearful of the consequences.

"Pinkerton," said the teacher, "you may write, carefully and neatly, on your slate, one hundred times, and bring to me for inspection, the words 'House of Representatives.'"

For a moment Pinkey was stunned. He could not believe fate had been so unkind. Nothing could compare with this indignity. Inside Pinkey instantly became a seething volcano. He looked at Bunny, and Bunny tittered behind his hand. He resolved then and there to "fix" *him* as soon as he got a chance.

What was there to do? Nothing. He could only curb his anger and hope for a time when he could get even with Red Feather.

Sullenly he erased his neatly written but now useless words. Sullenly he wrote "House of Representatives" until he wished — oh, how he wished! — he could fight somebody, something, anybody, anything! His anger boiled as he wrote, and his hatred of Red Feather almost choked him.

Outside he could hear the "choosing up" for the base-ball game; and there he was, compelled

to sit and write, fairly bursting with the insults that had been heaped upon him.

Long before he had completed his task, Bunny had departed, leaving him scratching



"RUTHLESSLY WAS THE 'NICKEL LIBRARY' TORN FROM HIM AND DESTROYED BEFORE HIS VERY EYES."

away. After ample time for reflection, while picking up from the floor a chalk-boxful of fine paper scraps, Bunny had still stoutly declared his innocence, and Miss Vance, seeing that nothing of value could be coaxed or threatened out of him, had allowed him to depart. The game outside had ended, and nothing but the ticking of the clock and Pinkey's energetic pencil broke the absolute silence.

Surely he must find some outlet for the rage that was consuming him, or he would burst. He tried letting it run off the point of his pencil by making a hideous, squeaking noise as he wrote.

"Pinkerton," said Miss Vance, without raising her eyes as she sat writing at her desk — "Pinkerton, every time you make your pencil squeak, you will have to write your text twenty times in addition."

"Can't help squeakin' it," muttered Pinkey under his breath, but loud enough to be heard.

"That will do; you *must* help it," replied the teacher, still not raising her eyes from her work.

The calm, unruffled voice only acted as a stimulant for his anger, but there was no way to turn. He must submit.

Suddenly, when he had about finished, and entirely without intention on his part, his pencil gave forth one of those high-keyed shrieks that rattle the teeth and chill the marrow in the bones. "Pinkerton," said the monster behind the desk, "you may write your text forty times in addition."

The camel's back was broken. Pinkey slammed his slate on his desk and rushed madly for the door. Miss Vance, being taken unawares, was unable to stop him, and he gained the exit by a small margin and rushed hatless from the school-house. He heard Red Feather's voice calling after him: "Pinkerton! Pinkerton Perkins! come back here this minute! Pinkerton, do you hear me? Come back, I say!"

When he reached the next corner turn-stile, he stopped running and stood still long enough to—I am ashamed to say it—turn around and shake his fist at the tall figure in the doorway.

He now set out for the open lot behind the tannery, hoping not to be too late to keep an appointment to "fight out" a bumblebees' nest there. The place was deserted. Several dead bees, three broken shingle paddles, and a crooked stick told him of the excitement he had missed.

Now that Pinkey had had time partly to cool off, he began to figure on his future movements to make them net him the least results.

One thing was sure. Red Feather would go to his mother and tell her the whole story—her side of it, of course. This he resolved to prevent, if possible. By approaching the school-house and keeping under cover, he discovered that the door was still open. He was not too late.



"PINKEY, HATLESS, COATLESS, RED-FACED, AND PERSPIRING, WAS SAWING AWAY AS IF THE FATE OF THE NATION DEPENDED UPON HIS EFFORTS."

Crossing the street to the churchyard, he made a short cut to the street his teacher would take to his home. He was sorely tempted to stop and join in a game of "keeps" which two of his friends were playing in the road. But he

had more important business than marbles on hand just then; and, besides, he had no taw.

"Where 's your hat, Pinkey?" called Joe Cooper from the road.

"None o' your business! Guess a feller can go without a hat if he wants to, can't he?"

When he reached the next corner he turned in the direction of his home. After looking all about him, he drew from his pocket a stick of blackboard crayon and, stooping down, wrote in bold letters on the sidewalk, "If you tell my father, you will wish you had n't." A little farther on he wrote, "Tattle-tale," and again, "You will be sorry if you tell on me."

Then, by a circuitous route, he reached home the back way. Climbing the barn-yard fence, he went to the woodshed and did something he had never been known to do before — voluntarily began sawing wood! His mother heard the feverish sawing, and, on looking out of her window, she saw to her astonishment that it was Pinkey. There he was, hatless, coatless, sleeves rolled up, one foot on a big stick of wood to enable him to get the other on the piece he was sawing.

Something was up — she did not know what, but something unusual. Such voluntary bursts of energy on Pinkey's part were always omens of trouble.

For nearly an hour Pinkey sawed constantly and faithfully. His mother did not attempt to find out the reason. That would appear in time. While she sat sewing and reflecting on this unusual performance of Pinkey's, the door-bell rang, and a moment later Miss Vance was shown in. In her hand she held Pinkey's hat as evidence of his hasty departure.

"Mrs. Perkins," she launched forth, "I 've come to tell you about Pinkerton." With this introduction, she gave a recital of all the details she had come to tell. She told how she had caught him reading a "piece of highly sensational literature" during study hours; how she had kept him in and had given him a text to write one hundred times as punishment; how he had "persisted in repeatedly scratching his slate so that his pencil would give forth a loud, disagreeable, squeaky noise," until, finally, she had ordered him to write his text forty times in addition, "whereupon, without reason or per-

mission, he jumped from his desk and ran bare-headed from the school-house. On reaching the gate," she concluded, "he turned and made a threatening gesture at me with his fist, and I have not laid eyes on him since."

Mrs. Perkins listened patiently, making few comments. She apologized to Miss Vance because her son had done such a thing, and asserted that Pinkerton was not a bad boy, but hard to govern at times, being a little headstrong.

Just as Miss Vance was on the point of leaving, Mr. Perkins came home, and for his benefit she repeated the story, adding a few details omitted from her former recital.

Mr. Perkins quietly promised he would "settle with the young man," and the teacher departed. On being told that Pinkey was in the woodshed, the thought flashed through his mind that Pinkey had been very considerate to go there and wait. He had heard sawing going on, but had not connected Pinkey with it in any way, so he was not prepared for the sight that met his eyes. Apparently oblivious to all about him, intent on a large stick of hard wood, was Pinkey, hatless, coatless, red-faced, and perspiring. He was sawing away as if the fate of the nation depended upon his efforts.

But Pinkey knew just when his father left the house, and the purpose for which he left it. It was not the fate of the nation that concerned Pinkey. It was his own.

"Pinkerton!"

That settled it. His wood-sawing had all been for naught. That word had just the right inflection and emphasis to shatter all his hopes.

Pinkey started and looked up with feigned surprise at seeing his father at the door.

"Pinkerton, did you read a 'five-cent library' in school to-day behind your geography?" demanded the father.

"Part o' one," replied Pinkey.

"Where did you get it?"

"Sig Clemens."

"What did you give for it?"

"Gave him my taw to keep till I give the story back."

"Did you make your pencil squeak to annoy the teacher when you were kept in?"

"Some," replied the laconic Pinkey.

"Why did you run out of the school-house?"

"Could n't help squeakin' it the last time," declared Pinkey.

"Did you squeak it on purpose after she told you not to?"

"No, sir," asserted Pinkey, emphatically.

Mr. Perkins knew that Pinkey, though a mischievous boy, could always be depended upon to tell the truth.

"Why did n't you go back when she called after you?"

"Knew she 'd whip me if I did."

"Did n't you know you would be found out and would be whipped at home?"

"Did n't think o' that."

"Tell me all that happened this afternoon in school after your teacher found you reading the story."

Pinkey imagined he detected a favorable tone in his father's voice, and decided that he could not suffer from presenting his side of the case "good and strong." So, mopping his brow with the back of his wrist, he told of pawning his taw for the story. Sig had said it was a good story, and that if it was anybody else but Pinkey he would not lend it at all. He told his father how the teacher had torn it up and put it in the waste-basket without asking whose it was, and of his being kept in after school. Without seeing the humorous side of it, he told of writing the word "incomprehensibility" forty times so he could get out sooner, and how he had been told to write "House of Representatives" one hundred times.

And, last of all, when he had stopped squeaking his pencil, it had squeaked accidentally on nearly the last word. When he was told to write his text forty times more for something that he could not help, he could not bear it any longer, so he "just got up and ran."

He did not mention the writing on the sidewalk, since his father had not. Poor Pinkey! he did not know that Miss Vance had gone out of her usual path on her way home, and so had failed to see any of his terrifying messages.

Could Pinkey have seen the smile that flitted across his father's face as he finished his tale, he would have known that his punishment had, at least, been commuted. But he had begun to arrange the wood he had sawed in a neat, corded pile, and did not see it.

"Who told you to saw wood this afternoon?" asked the father.

"Nobody," answered Pinkey; "just felt like sawin'."

His father stood for a minute, silently regarding the energetic figure piling and arranging the wood; then, without a word, turned and walked toward the house.

Pinkey had won out, and he knew it.

Instantly he lost all interest in the work that a moment before had been so absorbing. Sawing and piling wood, instead of being a delightful and voluntary occupation, became unbearable drudgery. His back began to ache. His arms were tired. He was convinced that, with proper economy, there was plenty of wood to last over Sunday. But though Pinkey had lost his valor, he had not lost his discretion. He felt that his exertion had done not a little toward getting him off without a whipping, so he busied himself at the woodshed, sawing a little to keep up appearances, until he was called in to supper.

Ever since he came home, Pinkey had been trying to evolve a scheme to get even with Red Feather. Even though he had escaped a part of the punishment he had expected, he knew there was trouble awaiting him on Monday morning at school. He could expect no forgetfulness or forgiveness from that quarter.

At supper, Pinkey was unusually silent and uncommunicative. He did not volunteer any further information regarding the afternoon's proceedings; and as his father did not probe further into the matter, he felt that the incident was closed on the paternal side. But a war cloud still hung over the school-house.

That night Pinkey lay awake long after the house was quiet, pondering over many ways of getting even. Scheme after scheme suggested itself, but each was discarded as unsatisfactory.

"If I could only hook her ruler," thought he, "and keep it till she promised not to lick anybody for a month." But that was out of the question. He thought of tying a string across the walk where she would trip over it. This scheme was passed as being dangerous. Pinkey did not thirst for bodily injury now.

Suddenly he thought of the new mouse-trap baited and set in the store-room. His father

had brought it home only two days before, but it had already caught three mice, which Pinky



"TO CLIMB IN AND EMPTY HIS BOX IN THE TEACHER'S LITTLE HINGE-TOP DESK WAS BUT THE WORK OF A MOMENT."

had drowned. He resolved, if any more were caught in the next two days, to transfer them to a cigar-box, steal into the school-house on Sunday, release them in the teacher's desk, and await developments Monday morning.

By Sunday he had accumulated four mice in his cigar-box, and had hidden them in the barn. He fed them to keep them alive and active.

After supper he quietly absented himself from the house. Securing his box, he took a round-about way to the school-house. In the gathering twilight, he approached the building, and after one look around, to make sure no one was in sight, he set his box on the window-ledge, climbed up, and opened the window. To climb in and empty his box in the teacher's little hinge-top desk was but the work of a moment, and before his absence from home had been noticed he had returned.

So far his plans had worked admirably.

Monday morning came, and as Pinky entered the school-house yard his feelings were those of suspense mixed with many misgivings for the success of his mischievous scheme.

The bell rang; the pupils entered and took their seats. As soon as the opening exercises were over, Miss Vance announced that one of the pupils had been guilty of scandalous conduct on Friday last, and that she was unable to overlook such a misdemeanor.

"Pinkerton Perkins," said she, in her severest tone, "come this way."

Pinky shuffled reluctantly to the front.

"Pinkerton, I want you to apologize before the whole school for your conduct last Friday afternoon," commanded Red Feather.

"Did n't do nothing to apologize for," returned Pinky.

"I want you to say you are sorry for your actions."

"Ain't sorry for nothing."

"Pinkerton, unless you say you are sorry for what you did, I shall have to chastise you."

Pinky stood mute. He was only hoping that by some lucky chance that lid would be raised before he had his punishment.

"Pinkerton, are you going to say you are sorry?" This in Miss Vance's sternest manner.



"SHE RAISED THE LID OF THE DESK, WHEN—!"

No answer from her obstinate pupil.

"Give me your hand!" she said finally.

Pinkey's only move was to put both hands behind him in the hope of gaining time.

Miss Vance generally punished her pupils by whipping them on the palm of the hand with a hard-wood ruler. Without further ado, she grasped Pinkey by the wrist and half dragged, half led him to her desk, where she kept her ruler.

Fate was with Pinkey this time. The ruler was not there. It was evidently inside.

Still grasping the unwilling wrist, she raised the lid of the desk, when—! A shrill, piercing shriek rent the air, and in frantic excitement Red Feather mounted her desk chair and again gave forth a yet louder scream as one of the mice struggled to disengage itself from the folds of her skirt, where it had blindly jumped the instant it escaped from the desk.

Immediately the school was in a turmoil: girls standing on their seats, some screaming, some crying; and a dozen boys chasing four frightened mice from platform to corner. Bun-ny Morris yelled, "Git the broom!" and half a dozen boys rushed madly for the closet door. But Pinkey had anticipated them and secured the broom. He succeeded in knocking two boys sprawling in his efforts to reach a mouse. He finally succeeded in killing one of the mice with his broom. One escaped by a hole under the platform, and two reached the closet and disappeared.

To get order out of such chaos was impossible. Miss Vance was nearly prostrated by her fright and by her embarrassment for the weak-

ness she had displayed in not setting a better example for the school.

It was difficult to continue school after such a disturbance. She herself was unnerved, and all the girls were scared beyond possibility of study. The boys showed no signs of settling down.

There was nothing to do but dismiss school



"IMMEDIATELY THE SCHOOL WAS IN A TURMOIL."

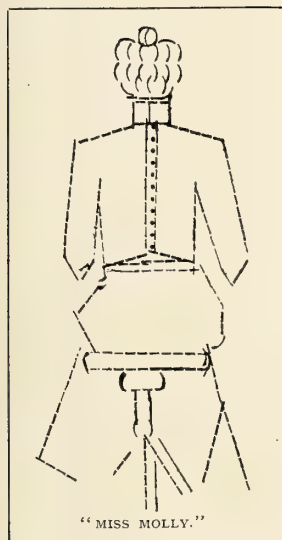
and give an extra recess of fifteen minutes, to allow the excitement to wear off.

How the mice got into the desk was never investigated. Pinkey's apology was never made, nor was his delayed punishment ever administered. The two subjects were too intimately associated with that of mice to be referred to again.

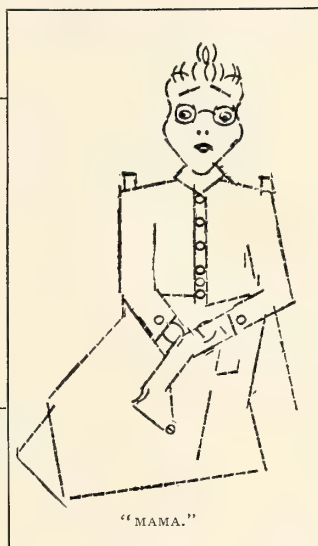
THE TYPEWRITER FAMILY.

(With illustrations made on a typewriter by Nanita MacDonell.)

BY L. H. HAMMOND.

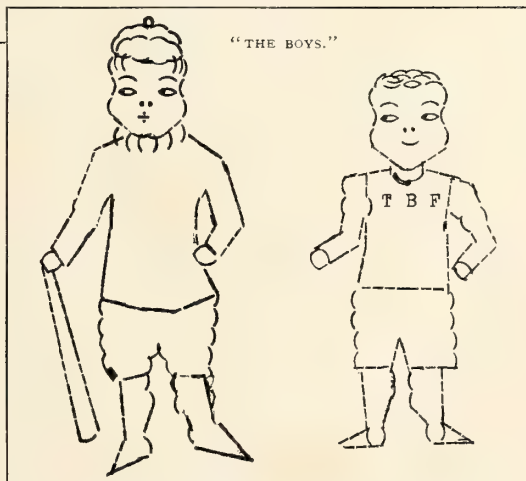
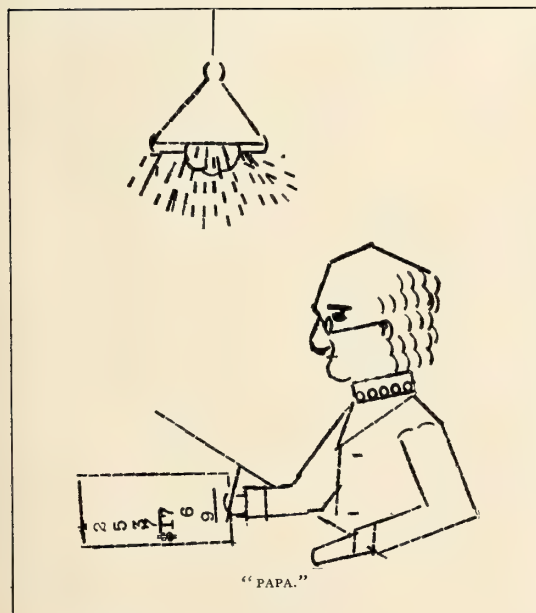


MISS MOLLY TYPEWRITER sits at her desk
From morning till afternoon,
While her baby sister remains at home
And plays with her spoons and spoon.



Papa adds figures in dizzy rows
Beneath an electric light;
And mama darns stockings at heels
and toes—
A truly appalling sight!

For the Typewriter boys are athletes both,
And famous with bat and ball;
And a fellow can't always think of his clothes,
Or wrestle and never fall.



These Typewriter people, one and all,
Are cheerful and busy too;
For they work and they play as hard
as they can—
As I hope that you also do!



THE RESERVE FUND.

BY BELLE MOSES.

A VERY unusual thing had happened in the Arnold family — Mrs. Arnold had gone away

for a month's visit. One eventful morning she stepped into the buggy beside her husband, who was to drive her to the depot, and the three youthful Arnolds waved enthusiastic farewells as long as the carriage remained in sight; then Beatrice went slowly indoors, followed by the two boys. It is all very well to give the head of the family a jolly send-off, but the disturbed breakfast-table and the hastily pushed-back chairs were very depressing just at first.

Tom leaned against the mantel and whistled a particularly flat and doleful tune; Beatrice, with sad dignity, sank down into her mother's place behind the coffee-pot; and little Willie took advantage of the moment of natural regret to solace his soul with orange marmalade.

"Now, boys," said Beatrice, "we are going on just the same as usual, remember; it's perfectly splendid that mother was able to take the holiday, and I intend to keep things in such order here at home that father won't have a chance to miss her, if I can help it."

"Don't flatter yourself," said Tom, with brotherly candor; "for a day or two, maybe, you'll get on first-rate, and father'll bow and scrape and compliment, and write mother about the way Bee has taken hold—*dear girl!*—and the boys, bless 'em! are not a bit of trouble—"

"Mother and I made some very nice plans last night," said Beatrice; "of course, I'm to manage the house-money."

"Oh!" Tom groaned.

"And everything I save from the week's allowance is to be put aside as a reserve fund, and dropped in here for safe-keeping"; and Beatrice produced a little tin drum with a slit in the top.

Little Willie looked at the tin drum and shook his head.

"Tom's a dreadful tease," said his sister; "*my* reserve fund is for very pleasant things. Mother said that all we saved from the house-keeping would be due to our good management, and should be divided among us when she comes home—to spend in any way we like."

The boys grinned—"our good management" appealed to them. Clever Bee!

"I don't suppose," said Tom, reflecting, "that you could give a rough guess as to the size of that reserve fund. I don't like to start off with too big a notion about the reward; I'd like a kodak—"

"And I need a new pair of roller-skates dreadfully," declared little Willie.

Beatrice pulled a stray curl, and glanced at the brothers in a shamefaced way. "I suppose you'll think me silly," she began; "but there's a lovely little gold bracelet, with the sweetest little padlock and key, just like Kitty Browne's necklace, and I've set my heart on it—" She paused; there was an indulgent, charitable smile on the boyish faces. "Oh, well," she finished, "there may not be any reserve fund—there's no telling in this family. Tom!" her tone was now pitched in a business key, "mother left a check with me; please have it cashed at the bank; it will be much easier to calculate when I have the money in hand," and she gravely handed her brother the pink slip.

"Whew!" whistled Tom; "it's a lot!"

"Nonsense! You forget there are a good half-dozen of us, counting the servants, and it will be four weeks. I'm going to divide the money into four piles, and I think we'll come out nicely."

"But where's the reserve fund?" struck in Willie, airing the new words.

"Give it time—give it time; it's a thing which grows by what we feed on," laughed Tom, as he pocketed the check and went off.

"You ridiculous boy!" exclaimed Beatrice, later in the day, as Tom approached her, groaning under the weight of the bicycle-cap he carried with both hands. It was nearly full of pennies, five-cent pieces, silver coins, and a few gold pieces, and Tom poured them with a great flourish and rattle into his sister's lap.

"I thought of the reserve fund," he explained, "and the size of that opening in the little drum, so I brought you convenient change — don't you like it?"

"I don't know where to keep it," said Beatrice, wringing her hands.

"In a bag," suggested Tom; "it'll vanish soon enough; those little round things are slippery."

"Go away while I count it," commanded Bee, running her fingers through the pile. She was feeling for a twenty-five-cent piece, which she meant to drop as a beginning into the little drum; but she did not wish her brother's sharp eyes to find her out, so she slipped the coin in her pocket so quietly that he did not notice the movement. She poured the rest of the money into her leather housekeeping satchel, which she carried to her room; and when Tom's back was turned she ran downstairs to offer the first donation to the reserve fund. She did n't even draw the savings-bank from its hiding-place behind the dining-room clock, but hurriedly dropped her quarter and went off to attend to some household matters. Then there was an hour's practising to be done, for Bee was conscientious, so it was nearly time to dress for dinner before she could find a leisure moment in which to arrange her finances.

She went to work behind her closed door, for she knew her inquisitive brothers would otherwise offer suggestions; but after a half-hour's earnest calculation she came out into the hall with trouble in her bright face, and ran against Tom, who had just flung one leg over the banister, preparatory to a rapid descent.

"Hello! What's up?" he asked, struck by her expression.

"Hush!" whispered Beatrice, cautiously; "come into my room and I'll tell you; I don't want Willie to hear, he's such a chatterbox."

Tom swung his leg back again, and followed his sister. "Well—what's the trouble?" he said.

"Tom, I've gone over the money carefully, and there are ten dollars missing."

"What!"

Beatrice nodded. "Yes, counting the quarter I slipped out for the reserve fund. I would n't have told you but for this; so we are really nine dollars and three quarters short."

"I don't see how you make it," cried Tom, excitedly. "Let *me* count; girls are no good at calculation, anyhow."

Beatrice shrugged her shoulders as Tom went to work, but the result was the same. Tom's face was as grave as her own when he had finished.

"I wish to goodness you had n't given me the job!" he growled, rumpling his hair in his perplexity. "But I counted it before I left the bank."

"I wish I had n't!" echoed Beatrice, dismally.

"Humph! I dare say *you* would n't have done it as well."

"Maybe not," said Bee, meekly, showing her crushed spirit.

Beatrice thought for a few moments; then she looked up with a brighter face.

"I could manage to make it even," she said, "by cutting down the expenses two dollars and a half a week. Four weeks would set us straight."

"But that's a long, penurious road to travel," objected Tom. "I say, Bee; let us live in plenty for three weeks, and skimp us all you want during the fourth — I'd rather have it in a lump. Then there's mother's coming home to look forward to; and, in the meantime, the reserve fund must be handsomely fed."

"Well, I won't worry for three weeks," Beatrice promised. And she kept her word, proving herself a most efficient housekeeper, and adding so often to the reserve fund from surplus stock that the little drum rattled louder and louder each day it was shaken.

It was wonderful what a center of interest that little drum became, and how many pennies found their way there — the result of sacrifices on the part of the boys. Willie reduced his daily supply of chocolate to semi-weekly purchases, and Tom denied himself many things dear to his heart, that his somewhat limited allowance might go to swell the fund; be-

sides, he felt morally responsible for that inevitable week of privation, and determined to stand by poor Bee and see her through. All efforts to trace the lost money had been fruitless, and they just had to make the best of it; so they held a final consultation as the fatal fourth week drew near.

"Can you do it?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Ye-es," said Beatrice, doubtfully. "I've been composing a sort of bill of fare which I'm

"Oh!" said Tom, with respectful awe. "Here's another item—potatoes; and another four days' investment. How will you relieve the monotony?"

"Boil them, cream them, bake them, fry them," returned Beatrice, with professional brevity. "You can't complain, Tom; you suggested one week of skimpiness—and—and—"

"Don't mention that ten-dollar gold piece," said Tom, shaking a threatening forefinger.



"A MINUTE LATER, THE CONTENTS LAY IN A HEAP ON THE TABLE."

going to follow as well as I can. If we don't eat over the margin, we may pull through."

"Let's see it."

Beatrice handed him a neatly written sheet of paper. "I'm going to tack that up as a guide, philosopher, and friend," she said, laughing.

"Roast beef," read Tom. "You've got that down for Sunday, Monday, Thursday, and Friday—same piece?"

Beatrice shook her head. "Two roasts—first day, hot; second day, cold; third day, minced; fourth day, soup"—she checked them off on her fingers with a very important air.

"Thursday and Friday will be rather 'scrappy,' I'm afraid. Mary suggests stews—"

"Look here," observed Tom, suspiciously; "have you told Mary anything?"

"Of course," said Bee; "one has to take the cook into one's confidence."

"What did you tell her?"—wrathfully.

"Oh, I said that—that as mother would be home on Saturday, and we wanted to have a big dinner, we would n't do too much cooking this week," and Beatrice burst into irresistible laughter at Tom's blank expression.

But it was a hard week, nevertheless, and

Bee had her hands full, arranging little odd dishes to cover the short rations and appease the honest appetites; but she did not labor in vain, for on that last Friday night her father gave her an approving pat with his good-night kiss:

"Well done, daughter dear. When mother comes home to-morrow, if the reserve fund is n't enough you may draw on me."

"Did you know about it, father?"

"I presented the tin drum to the enterprise," said Mr. Arnold, laughing.

All the next day passed in a fever of excitement. Mrs. Arnold was to arrive at dusk, and the young Arnolds made a restless trio while they waited, and appetizing whiffs were borne up from the kitchen, distracting at least two hungry souls.

"The fatted calf will be a rare treat," said Tom, complacently.

"It's roast chicken," said Willie, smacking his lips. "Hooray! there she is!" and he darted out at the gate, running hatless down the street, as he caught sight of his mother.

"Well, and what about the reserve fund?" asked Mrs. Arnold, as they sat about the table after dessert, while the maid removed the plates.

Beatrice rose and brought the little tin drum.

"Feel it," she said proudly.

Mrs. Arnold shook it and smiled.

"Open it," suggested Mr. Arnold. "Will, run for a screw-driver; we'll have to batter the stronghold."

"Wait a minute," said honest Tom. "I feel as if I did n't deserve my share of the savings;

at any rate, I won't take as much as the others," and he told the whole story of the ten-dollar gold piece.

"Nonsense!" declared Beatrice. "Poor Tom has suffered enough, already; has n't he, mother?"

"I'll reserve my decision," said Mrs. Arnold. "Here, Tom, pry open that slit in the top."

A minute later, the contents lay in a heap on the table. Suddenly Beatrice gave a little shriek. She dived into the pile and held up to the astonished gaze of the family the ten-dollar gold piece! Then a rush of memory came over her, and at last she found her voice.

"I put it there myself!" she cried; "my very own self—on that first day when Tom brought up the money. I slipped it out, and dropped it in the drum without looking at it, thinking it was a quarter. I was so afraid the boys would see me, and I wanted to be the first to start the fund. Oh, dear! oh, dear! when I think of all we've gone through!" and Beatrice poured out her little tale of woe.

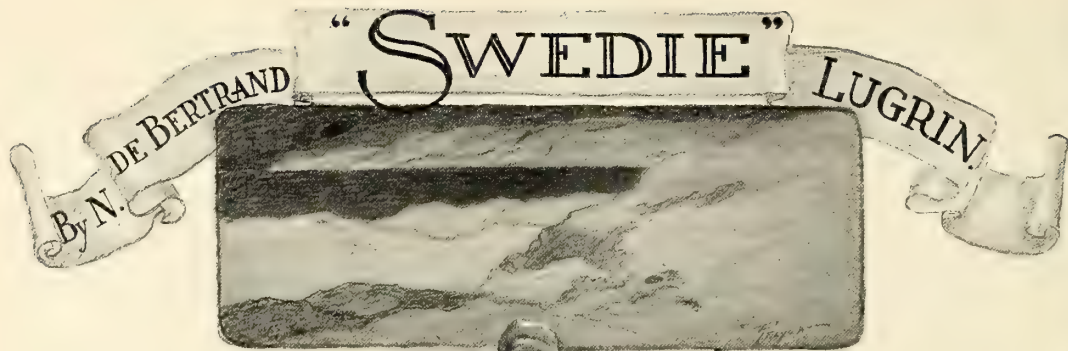
There was much laughing and kissing, and a final count of the savings, which had mounted to a respectable figure.

"I won't draw on you, father," said Beatrice, merrily. "We've more than enough for our needs."

"And I think I'll take my full share," said Tom, grinning. "The next time, Bee—"

"Oh, please let bygones be bygones!" said Beatrice. "Here comes Kitty Browne, with apple-blossoms on her hat. I'm going to tell her all about our reserve fund, and that now I can get the bracelet to match her necklace!"





OUTSIDE the wind was blowing wailingly about the little cabin, not harshly or loudly, but sobbingly, plaintively, like a child in trouble, and in the lulls the Malemutes took up the mournful cry, sending it out and over the frozen river to the ghostly banks on the other side, that returned it across the ice in a dying whisper. Outside the full moon shone over a world of whiteness. All unbroken lay the snow upon the Yukon, and the pines on the hills, like mute white hands, pointed above to a vault of gleaming stars. By and by the weeping wind, afraid of its own voice, perhaps, died away altogether, and the Malemutes, missing it, and growing tired, ended their wailing also. It was very still, with the stillness of intense cold, and every one in Fortymile was sleeping, for it was past midnight; every one with the exception of "Swedie."

Inside the little cabin a fire burned fiercely in the heater, and on the coonskin-covered couch beside it little Swedie sat with Viking, his Great Dane dog, and he talked to him in the tongue the boy loved, but alas! could use so seldom now, since his mother's death, and since he had started to go to school. It was at school that they had given him his name, half in fun, half in contempt. His real name was Eric Gustavus Kalmar, but no one except his father and the schoolmaster paid any attention to that. The school-children had dubbed Eric a bit of a coward, wherein they made a great mistake, though they are no wiser than many older people who cannot tell the difference between proud sensitiveness and silly, shrinking



timidity. Swedie had as brave a heart as any of the other little Yukon boys, but because they misjudged him he scorned to show them otherwise, and because he could only speak their language in a halting, nervous way he kept much to himself. If he had been at home in Norway with his own little people, he would have led them all in sport and in his classes as well. But here he felt himself an alien, almost an outcast; and it hurt him all the more because he hid the hurt beneath his proud little exterior, and carried his curly head high, even when the red mantled his cheek

in a cruelly hot flush at hearing the laughter at his many mistakes.

And now the rink had been opened, and of all the boys in Fortymile Swedie was the only one who had not been inside. Not because he could not skate,—for two years ago, in Norway, he had won a medal in the boys' contest,—but because his father had been very unfortunate in his mining ventures, and his mother's illness had swallowed up all the little capital, so that now every two-bit piece had to be saved. There was scarcely enough money to procure necessities, and Swedie was forced to go without his skates. Since his mother's death, a year ago, his father had earned a slender living by hunting. He was away just now, and that was why Swedie was awake and talking to Viking. He always worried when his father was absent, for the cold had affected his father's eyes, and he could not see as well as a hunter should see to be successful. But their wants were few, and Swedie baked the bread and did the washing,

so that they lived almost, if not quite, comfortably.

“No danger about the old river being unsafe in this weather, Viking,” Swedie was saying sleepily, “and it is beautifully bright and clear, so father can see perfectly. He will come home with a sledful of venison and moose-meat and rabbits. We shall have a feast, you and father and I.” He paused a moment, regarding the dog thoughtfully, who returned his gaze with affection, snuggling his great head closer to his little master. “I wonder if I could make a rabbit-pie?” Swedie laid lower down on the coonskin. “Mother used to make them finely, and always a little one for me.” He started up suddenly; the fire was getting quiet. He jumped to the floor, and opening the stove, pushed in three great pieces of birch wood, then walked to the window, pushing back the blind.

“It is as light as day,” he said to Viking, who had followed him. “My father will have no trouble whatever.” He closed the draft in the stove, turned the damper, and climbing to the couch, hugged the dog’s head against his side. “We shall sleep now,” he said.

And while he slept soundly beside the glowing heater, a party of men from fifty miles below the town was coming in to Fortymile with news of one of the richest strikes in the Klondike. It was on White Elephant Creek, just where Swedie’s father’s claims were situated.

The little town went mad with the news the next day. The street was thronged with people hastily preparing to “stampede to the new diggings.” On his way to school Swedie heard and understood.

“A whole mountain of gold!” the people said; “puts Eldorado and Gold Run in the shade completely.”

In one of the store windows was a pile of rich red nuggets, in size from a pea to a hen’s egg.

The little boys at school could talk of nothing else. They even forgot to make fun of Swedie, and the master himself was excited, hearing the lessons heedlessly and dismissing the boys a half-hour too soon. Even the rink was deserted, the lads running down-town to listen for stray bits of gossip, which they would repeat to one another, candidly exaggerating every detail,

until the nuggets increased in size to great boulders, and the moon shining on Elephant Mountain made the gold in it sparkle so that one’s eyes were blinded to look at it.

As for Swedie, he and Viking lingered about the streets all day eager for news. The little boy was wildly happy. If it were true,—and it must be true,—it meant untold things for father, the dogs, and himself. They would get a warmer house, his father would have new gloves and a better coat, they would light the lamps all day, and they would go to Dawson to the theater at Christmas-time. And in the summer they would leave Fortymile and go home to Norway, with boxes of presents for the hundred little cousins and a bag of nuggets for grandmama, whose smile Swedie remembered as almost as sweet and very much like the tender, wistful smile on the face of the little mother asleep back there on the hill. Last of all,—at least Swedie put it last, though he could not quite help thinking of it first,—he would get a shining new pair of skates and race in the carnival at Dawson. He expected his father home late that night, and his heart thumped as he thought of telling him the glorious news.

That afternoon it grew suddenly milder, the sky became overcast and the snow fell. Swedie went home and made a pan of biscuits, which had enough happiness stirred into them to make them light as foam. He boiled potatoes and set the table to have everything in readiness when his father should return. He swept the little cabin, working with feverish eagerness, trying to make the time pass swiftly. At five o’clock he went out again. It was very dark and the snow was falling thickly. The air, to Swedie, felt almost warm. Down-town he read a thermometer: six degrees above zero. He was troubled. The river had only just frozen over; this might mean a change. Then, mingling with the groups of men and hearing more news of the strike, he forgot everything else for a while. Later, returning home past the police barracks, he heard two members of the Canadian mounted police talking.

“The ice is breaking up fifteen miles above,” one of them said disgustedly. “Lamont could not get through and will have to wait now till the weather changes again.”

"It 's rough on the trappers," the other responded. "Some of them have claims on Elephant Creek, too, and to-morrow is the last day for registering these claims. If they are delayed—"

"The captain has ordered us to go up to Mellin's Peninsula at eight to-night. The break is around the curve and in a confoundedly bad place. In this pitchy blackness a man and his dogs might be in the water before they knew it.

Without a thought for his own safety, Swedie made up his mind, and in half an hour Viking was harnessed to the little sled and the two were speeding in the face of the storm away from the cabin and down the steep hill to the river.

Swedie had his lantern, but did not light it. His ride would last for several hours and the lantern held but little oil. In a way he was glad it was not colder, for his coat was none too



"FOR A LONG TIME THE BOY STUMBLED ABOUT IN THE DEEP SNOW."

Hello, who was that?" for Swedie had given a half-cry and was hurrying from them with all his might.

"It 's Kalmar's son," the other policeman replied. "It 's likely his father is out and the boy is anxious. The poor little beggar is afraid of his shadow, anyway, the lads tell me."

Swedie's feet had wings. Eight o'clock. Why did the police wait until then? It was six now. In two hours his father, half blinded by the storm, might have gone down in the black, icy river, with no one to answer his cries for help, no one to hold out a hand to save him.

thick and his left-hand mitten was worn through the end. The three bells on Viking's harness shook merrily, and Swedie shouted to him encouragingly from time to time, sitting secure on his sled with an old shawl of his mother's wrapped about his legs. He was quite sure he would reach the peninsula in time; then he would take the trail around the bank until he could descend to the river again. He would meet his father, explain the danger, they would journey home in safety together, and on the way he would tell him the wonderful news, making him guess a little at first to excite his

curiosity. Swedie laughed aloud and slapped the reins over Viking's back. But all of a sudden the dog slowed his gait and then stood stock-still, whining a little.

"What is it, Viking?" Swedie called sharply. "Mush, mush on there."

But the dog refused to move, and Swedie, who for some time had noticed that the sled had traveled over a very uneven road, threw off the shawl and sprang into the snow, going quickly to the left where, on the river trail, the police had placed fir-trees to mark the way. He could not find one of them, and he hurried back to the sled, lighting the lantern with numb fingers. It was as he feared. They were off the road. In the light this would not have been a great matter, for he might have seen the line of trees from either bank of the river. But in the dark it was more serious, and for a long time the boy stumbled about in the deep snow, the storm blinding his eyes and the cold numbing his fingers and feet. Indeed, there was scarcely any feeling in his feet at all, though Swedie did not notice it, being so busy with other thoughts. At last, with a cry of joy, he fell into a snow-laden tree. Recovering himself, he led Viking from the open, and they were soon on their way again. It was getting colder now, and Swedie was growing anxious. He had been nearly two hours on the way, and a quarter of that time had been wasted looking for the road. He slapped his hands together to keep them from freezing, and got out every five minutes to run beside the sled to cheer and to help Viking. Far back on the hills, to the right, he could hear an ominous wailing sound, and he knew that his dog was shaking with fear. Only love for his master kept him from turning and running back to town, for, though Viking held the Male-mutes in contempt, he was afraid of the gaunt, long-teethed wolves with their fiery eyes—afraid for himself and for Swedie.

On and on they went. It grew colder all the time, and the snow ceased falling. All about was dark and still. "Even in the river," thought Swedie, "it cannot be darker or more quiet."

His hands were getting very numb. He ran with all his might and beat his arms across his chest. Surely he would reach the peninsula soon.

Hark! He shouted to Viking to stop, and

stood listening intently. A dull roaring came to his ears, and then, sharply, distinctly, a loud report as though some one were shooting a hundred yards away. Sweetly, serenely, as though lazily gracious, the moon suddenly sailed from under a great bank of clouds, and Swedie caught his breath in horror.

A stone's throw from him the river was open wide, and a great mouth yawned, all the blacker for the intense whiteness around, the water humping itself up like a monstrous tongue in the opening, while behind Swedie the ice had broken again, and there was another great blot of black amid the snow.

Shouting to the dog, the lad turned him swiftly to the shore where the peninsula jugged out, almost dividing the river. With a loud bark, the brute sprang in great leaps, dragging the sled with his master upon it. Too late! They could not get to the shore. Again the rumbling and the sharp report, and the ice on which they traveled with the fir-trees marking the road had broken away from the shore ice, and a black ribbon, ever growing wider, was between them and the land.

Another sound above the noise of the water—a far-away, cheery singing. Again Swedie listened, and his heart beat madly in his little bosom. It was his father on his way home singing one of the old Norse folk-songs that his mother had loved. Slowly, serenely, as she had sailed from beneath them, the moon vanished under the clouds and the world was black again.

With trembling hands Swedie took out his knife and cut the harness from his dog. He hugged the great brute once, swiftly, passionately, then stood up and spoke cheerily, firmly: "Go to father, Viking, go to father," and pushed him toward the shore, trusting that the lovingly wise animal would find some way to lead his father to safety.

In a second the dog was off. He too had heard the singing and knew what was required of him. He leaped the ten feet across the black ribbon of water and hastened around the peninsula on the land trail.

Swedie stood alone on his island of moving ice, looking in the direction whence came the singing, that grew louder every moment and more distinct. Now his father must be

nearing the turn. Ah, now he was at the end of the peninsula. A few hundred yards more and then the great mouth and the black water.

"Father!" cried Swedie with all the strength of love and despair. "Father, father, father!"

The song was hushed. For a second all was still, and then, thank God! a cheery voice in reply:

"Eric, ohé, Eric, where are you?"

"The river is open, father," louder still the boy called, for the ice was carrying him farther away. "Take the trail on the shore till you get to Mellin's cabin. It is safe beyond."

"All right. Where are you, Eric?"

Summoning all the courage his brave heart possessed, the lad shouted almost gaily:

"Waiting over here for you, father," and then, in the thick blackness, he sat down upon the little sled and, holding his mother's old shawl tightly in his arms, quietly waited. Presently, with a great shock, the end came. He shut his eyes, bent his head, and knew no more.

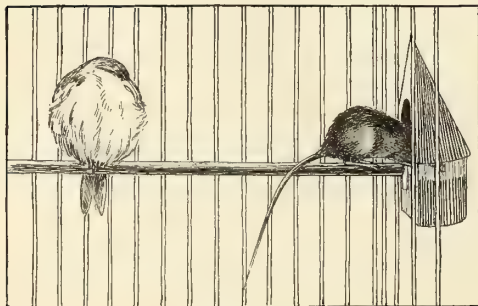
It was very wonderful, and it made almost as much talk as the great strike had made. The moon sailed out a few minutes later and showed the ice island wedged firmly against the solid bed of river ice piled up where the join was, but over beyond everything was smooth and unbroken. And just off the bit of road marked by the fir-trees a little boy was lying with his head on an old shawl and a sled beside him. Two policemen, who had left their team at the cabin, sprang across the ridge, and

running over, knelt by the boy. The moon was bright and fair now over everything.

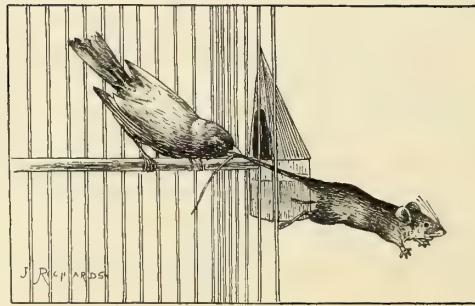
"It's Kalmar's son," said one. "Swedie, the lads call him. He heard us talking this afternoon and must have started off at once. Is he dead?"

The other was fumbling about under the worn overcoat. The police had heard the calling and understood what it meant. The man addressed looked at the other; both pairs of stern, steely eyes were wet. "Nearly frozen, but not dead, thank God," he answered.

So Swedie and his father went to Dawson at Christmas after all, and one of the boy's presents was a beautiful pair of silver-mounted skates with his name "Eric Gustavus Kalmar," and underneath "From his friends the N. W. M. P.," engraved upon them. These skates he wore in the great carnival at Dawson and with them he won the prize of a silver medal. If the Northwest Mounted Police and the Yukon people could have spoiled as manly a boy as Eric with praises and presents and kindness, he would have been spoiled indeed. But it was not so; perhaps because he did not quite understand, or perhaps because he was a little like a long-ago ancestor after whom Viking was named, "great in temptation and impervious to vanity." At all events, the night he saved his father's life was the beginning of a new life to Eric himself. When, next summer, he and his father and the dogs went home to Norway, all the lads of the town agreed that they had never missed a comrade as much as they missed Swedie.



A TINY BURGLAR—



CAUGHT!

THREE RHYME-AND-PICTURE PAGES.

By LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



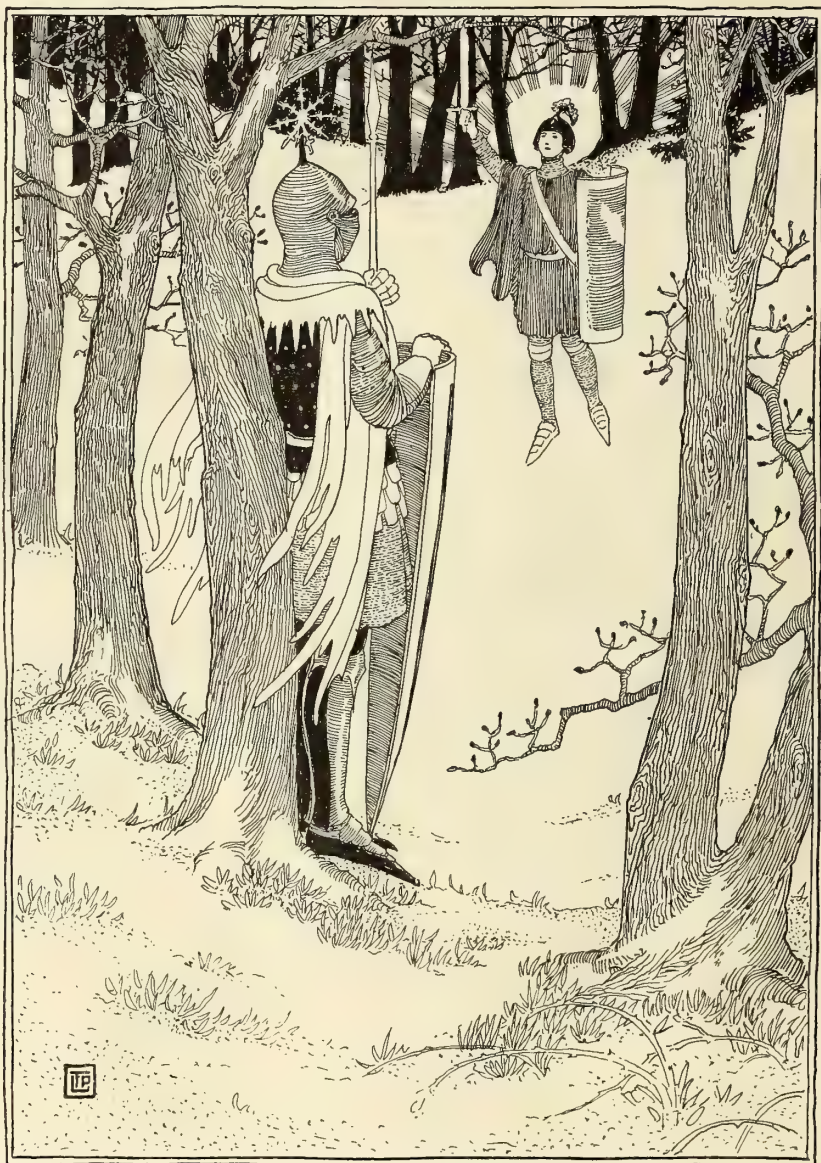
TWINS.

HERE 's a baby! Here 's another!
A sister and her infant brother.

Which is which 't is hard to tell,
But "mother" knows them very well.



THE TWO KNIGHTS.



AWAY in the forest there stands a good knight
Clad all in a coat of mail;
His lance is made of an icicle bright,
His arrows are the hail.

And now and again he encounters a knight
In Lincoln green arrayed;
His crest is a spray of hawthorn white,
A sunbeam is his blade.

They fight from dawn till set of sun,
Till the leaves come out on the trees,
And all the rivers begin to run,
To carry the news to the seas!

Till all the flowers spring from the earth
And wild grass is green on the ground.
Then winter yields to the green knight's worth
And is out of sight at a bound.

COMFORT.



THE sound of the wind, and of falling rain
Beating against the window-pane,
A clean-swept hearth and the fire's glow,
The sound of the tea-kettle humming low,
The cat asleep in the rocking-chair,
Warmth and comfort everywhere,
And a neighbor in for a dish of tea —
Ah, that 's the kind of a day for me!



A SALAMANDER.

BY FRANK E. CHANNON.



It was a warm corner. Day after day the French soldiers had pushed their batteries nearer and nearer toward the besieged town, and now one could look out from behind the breastworks and plainly see the faces of the Austrian artillerymen, as they stuck to their guns with grim determination and sent their shots flying into the French forts.

In one of these little mud-constructed forts, a small party of French soldiers, under the command of a corporal, were busily engaged in returning the fire of the enemy.

The corporal, a tall, gaunt young fellow of twenty, was directing the work of his men. Often he leaped to the ramparts to note what effect the fire of his guns was producing.

"Truly," said one of the soldiers, as the corporal jumped back among them, "thou art a veritable salamander, for thou canst stand fire."

"Who is a salamander?" inquired a gruff voice from the rear of the smoke-filled battery.

The soldiers turned and saw standing there a small, pale-faced man, in a general's uniform.

One of the men pointed toward the corporal.

"It is he, general," he replied.

"A salamander! We will see!" reiterated the officer, as he ran his eye over the corporal. "Can you write?" he inquired.

"Yes, my general."

"Follow me, then." Out into the shot-swept open the two passed, walking side by side.

"You seem," remarked the general, pleas-

antly, "to be at least a foot taller than I. Kindly walk on this side," and he indicated the side nearest to the enemy. "It will be a great protection to me."

Without a word the corporal took the place.

Just at that moment a shell burst directly over their heads, but did them no harm.

The officer cast a quick glance at his companion. He was not in the least flurried. He did not even quicken his pace.

Presently they reached and entered a battery which was the nearest of all to the Austrian lines. It was filled with dead and wounded soldiers. Only one gun remained standing.

Calmly seating himself on a broken gun-carriage, the general gave the corporal paper and quill and ink, and commanded him to write as he began to dictate a letter.

The corporal's hand did not shake. He wrote almost as rapidly as the general spoke.

Suddenly, just as the letter was finished, there was a deafening report, and a huge cannon-ball passed close above them and buried itself with a dull thud in the earth beyond. The wind caused by its passage overturned the two, and dust and dirt completely covered them.

The general picked himself up in an instant. Calmly leaping upon the ramparts, the corporal waved the finished letter defiantly toward the Austrian lines.

"Thanks, my friends," he shouted. "You have saved me the trouble of blotting it."

A look of genuine admiration crept into the eyes of the general.

"What is your name?" he asked harshly.

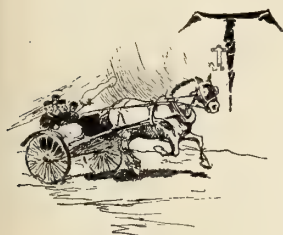
"Corporal Junot of the Ninth Foot, general."

"Say rather '*Captain Junot*,' for I cannot afford to let such fellows as you remain corporals"; and General Bonaparte—for it was he—clapped the young man on the shoulder.

Eight years later *Marshal Junot* was decorated with the grand cross of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor Napoleon.

POLLY'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

BY ANNABEL LEE.



HEY were a happy party of children—Kenneth, Arthur, Alice, and Polly—as, one bright, cool, summer afternoon, they drove along a country road in a capacious pony-cart. The road which they followed, although near the sea, ran partly through pine woods and thickets, and was bordered, here and there, with a tangle of wild-rose and bay bushes, with no houses in sight. Suddenly the cart rolled into a clearing and approached a railroad track. Kenneth, who was driving, and had been cautioned about the danger near railroads, listened for a train. Everything was silent, so he chirruped to “Rob Roy,” the sturdy pony, encouraging him to cross the rails. Just in the middle of the track the pony stopped stock-still and refused to budge.

“He is balky,” said Arthur.

“Let’s get out and see,” cried Alice.

They tumbled hastily out, and found to their dismay that one of Rob Roy’s hoofs was firmly fastened in a “frog” in the track, holding him so that he could not move from the spot. The children tried with all their might to release him, but in vain did they tug and lift. Then the awful thought struck Polly that it was almost time for the afternoon train, and what would become of Rob Roy and the cart? She exclaimed, “We must flag the train!”

The others screamed in scorn: “Flag the train! With what? A pocket-handkerchief?”

“No,” said Polly, stoutly,—and she was only

seven,—“I’ll flag the train with my red-flannel petticoat; red is the danger-signal, you know.” And she whipped off the petticoat and ran down the track, followed by a string of loyal supporters, Kenneth being left to guard the pony.

Truly there was a train, puffing along at its usual speed! The engineer leaned from his cab-window, gazing with surprise at this group of hurrying children waving a red flag. Of course he stopped the train, while the children were quickly surrounded by questioning passengers, who raised a hearty cheer for Polly when she breathlessly told of the pony’s perilous position and of her desire to save him. Strong hands released Rob Roy from his iron fetter, and the grateful children climbed into the cart, the passengers went aboard the cars, and the train steamed away, passengers and brakemen waving a parting salute to the intrepid four.

That evening, at a dinner-party, one gentleman remarked to the father of the heroine: “That was a clever thing which your Polly did this afternoon.”

“What do you mean?” her father said.

“Why, did n’t you know that she flagged the down train to save the pony?”

Then the whole story came out. They had been, each and all, afraid to mention the incident that afternoon, fearing they might be forbidden to drive Rob Roy any more, and not dreaming that any one on the train would think that what they did was worth mentioning.

As the pony’s accident was not due to any fault of the children, their father allowed them to continue their drives, but were urgently warned to avoid railroad crossings in the future.



A WILD-ANIMAL FARM.

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.



THE boy who does the chores on the wild-animal farm stopped pumping, tied the camel to the pump-handle, and hurried over to the kitchen door.

"This camel's had more than a barrel of water, and he drinks faster than I can pump," he complained, "and he's the first of the herd I've watered."

The wild-animal farmer appeared in the doorway.

"Well, you see," said he, good-naturedly, "the critter has eight stomachs, and it takes time to fill 'em up. Anyway, it will last him a week, you know."

"And the zebras carried away four lengths of fence this morning. We can't catch 'em, and must wait till they come home for dinner. And we could n't get the kinks out of the llamas' coats."

And he went back to the pump, unloosened the patient old camel, and proceeded to fill up his seventh or eighth stomach.

"Have to do the best you can," the farmer said. "I'd sooner farm a thousand cows than that fifty head of camel and dromedaries, let alone the zebras, llamas, and yaks."

Meanwhile herds of outlandish-looking animals crowd the quaint old farm-buildings on every hand. In the camel-yards half a hundred of these curious ships of the desert lie becalmed. The llamas are craning their long, thin necks nervously through the bars of what was once a cow-shed. Great curly-haired, wide-eyed yaks are munching their fodder in the horse-mangers. The zebras, with their barred coats glistening in the sun, are scattered grazing over the broad meadows.

Come good crops or bad, the wild-animal farm does a thriving business. Its cosmopolitan

population, gathered from Asia, Africa, India, from every clime, do not take kindly to farm-work. The camels refuse to plow; no amount of urging will induce the zebras to do the work of horses; nor will the yaks or the sacred cows do the work of ordinary oxen. Actually the farm is a great animal boarding-house, with "boarders" from all over the world. The farm, which comprises some three hundred acres, is located near Allentown, in Pennsylvania. Its population last year numbered more than three hundred "head" of different kinds of stock and comprised a large and fairly complete menagerie.

During the summer months the entire population of the wild-animal farm travels about the country in the vans of the "Greatest Show on Earth." Early each fall the animals return to their quiet Pennsylvania farm to enjoy a well-earned vacation. It is a great day for the countryside, for miles in all directions, when the circus comes to the country. The great herds of camels, dromedaries, yaks, buffalo, llamas, and the rest, are shipped to the nearest railroad point and paraded across country to their winter quarters. The caravan makes a very pretty picture as it moves slowly along, up hill and down dale, over the quiet country roads.

The winter residents of the wild-animal farm are known in the circus as the "led stock." In the cross-country march to the farm it might more correctly be called the "pulled, pushed, or hauled stock." The journey is usually very exciting. In the various parades of the Barnum and Bailey circus throughout the country, these same animals will remain perfectly passive in the streets of great cities, no matter how loudly the band may play, the calliope whistle, or the small boys shout. But, strange to say, a quiet country lane affects them very differently, and they will balk as only a camel can, shy at the most innocent bush or tree, crash through high fences or hurdle them, and go flying over the surrounding farms, to the consternation of



ZEBRAS IN AN EVERY-DAY AMERICAN BARNYARD.

the farmers. The caravan starts on its journey promptly at sunrise, and it is usually late in the day before the farm is reached and the last unruly runaway rounded up and safely stabled.

A generation of circus audiences has faced these same animals in their tented city. And because we are used to seeing them surrounded by crowds and with the accompaniment of brass



A DROMEDARY, OR "TWO-MASTED" SHIP OF THE DESERT, IN HIS AMERICAN HOME.



A DROVE OF CAMELS.

bands, the simple background of an ordinary farm seems somehow strangely unsuited to them. The Pennsylvania farm has been chosen for a winter home because of its great roomy stone barns, the high roofs where even a giraffe need not stoop, the wealth of out-buildings, and the strong fences. Certainly such farm buildings never sheltered more remarkable stock. The



A PROMENADE ON THE VILLAGE STREET.

familiar interiors, with the stalls and the hay-mows, borrow a strangely foreign air from the long rows of curious long-haired and horned inhabitants. A group of camels or yaks being fed about an ordinary haystack catches one's eye as he leaves the barn; while on another side

large it may be, brings about instant and violent conflicts. And for all the years the circus animals have wintered among such civilizing influences on their Pennsylvania farm, they remain persistently ignorant of many things which an ordinary barnyard animal accepts as



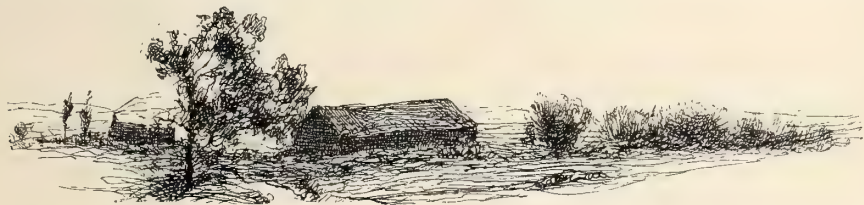
THE LLAMAS POSING FOR THEIR PICTURES.

the farm-boy is letting down the bars for the sacred cows. Even the staid old farm-house looks self-conscious and out of place when surrounded by a herd of dromedaries, zebras, or llamas.

The difficulties of animal farming are, of course, endless. For one thing the wilder animals draw the race line very strictly. The domestic and the wild animals, even of the same species, never live happily together. The sacred cow will not graze peacefully with her domesticated sister—neither seems happy. To put zebras and horses in the same pasture, however

a matter of course. The llamas never respect fences, even very high and strong ones. Not one of them is of the slightest value for ordinary farm work. To herd them, since many of them are so powerful and swift of foot, is, perhaps, the most difficult of the chores on this extraordinary farm. Beyond all, the feeding is an endless task, since many of the "boarders" must be fed separately, and each has some absurd prejudices all his own.

It is little wonder, then, that the new chore-boy on the wild-animal farm regarded his daily round of duties with despair.





AN ACROBAT'S LAMENT.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

ALACKADAY! and woe is me!
I 'm broken past repair, you see;
My day is o'er; and, banished, I
With worn-out toys must be laid by.
Mine is a sad and sorry plight;
My wooden heart is broken quite.

Yet some dear memories have power
To cheer me in this dreadful hour:
I cannot be entirely sad,
Remembering those I have made glad,—
Thinking how often my gay wiles
Brought to the children merry smiles.

Why, when I 'd turn a somersault,
Or high above my stick I 'd vault,
The baby crowed with lively squeals,
And Bobby's laughter rang in peals;
And when I 'd spring or jump or climb,
Dorothy chuckled every time!

And so, though I can't do a trick,—
Though I can't even climb my stick,
And nobody with me will play,
And soon I must be thrown away,—
It cheers my broken heart of wood
To know that I *have* done some good.



"ALL RIGHT, ROVER, BUT I CAN'T COME OUT UNTIL I 'VE FINISHED THIS OLD HISTORY LESSON."

HOMINY HOT!

BY JESSIE C. GLASIER.



AT 'S me, yessah — th' ole hom'ny man. You 's got it cur-reck to de lettah, sah. Tha' 's be'n me dis many a long yeah. Ain' nubber be'n no othah hom'ny man ez ubber I 's heah'd on, sah, en dis cap'tal city — leastways, not ez wuz desarbin' ob de title. I s'pose yo' c'u'd n' he'p tek notis dat sign outside dah w'en yo' come in, di'n' yo'? "*Puffessah Will-yum Washington Watts. Hot hom'ny allays on hand. Famblies supplied on de sho'tes' notis.*"

Dey calls me de puffessah ob de hom'ny kittle, 'ca'se I done lahn de aht o' mekin' it swell up so sof' an' w'ite, jes ter de las' p'int ob puffeckshin.

Right smaht ob a prace, dis yer. Ubber be'n hyar befo', sah? Reside hyar onst, yo' say? Yo' mus' sholy 'a' heah'd me a-parsin' 'long yo' street? Be'n onto all on um, fum de Cap'tol ter de crick, en de follerin' o' my puffession, sah.

Advenchahs, sah, yo' arskin'? I dunno ez 't wuz ubber de ole man's luck to come 'crost whut yo' mought call advenchahs, excep' de time w'en I meet up wid my li'll Markis, — de Lawd bress de chile! — liken a angil unbewares. But dat ain' no sho't story, tek it altogerr.

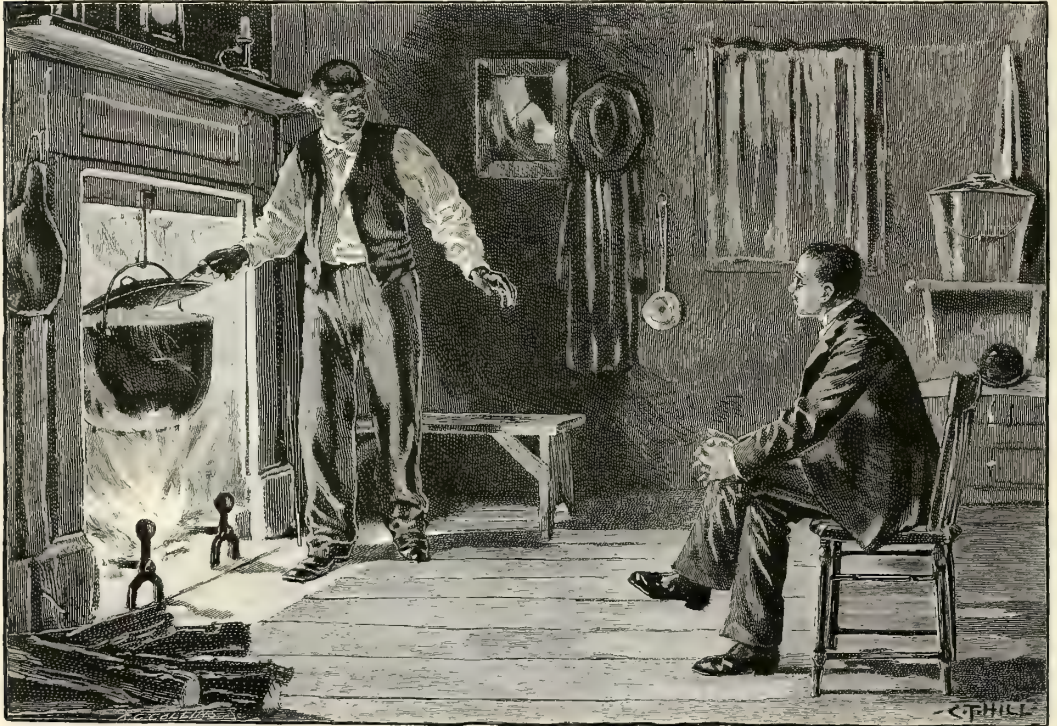
But please jes ter 'scuse me dis instan', sah! 'Pear lak de hom'ny demandin' ob de ole man's 'tention. Look hyar w'ilst I raise de pot-kiver! Ain' dat swell up beauchiful?

Yo' see, we ain' nubber hed no chil'n ob ou' own, an' me an' my ole woman wuz mighty sorry 'bout dat.

'T wuz on dis be'y subjick I wuz a-meditatin', sah, on de mohnin' I 's gwine ter relate to yo'. A wintah mohnin' 't wuz, 'arly, not long arftah sun-up. An' 't wuz nigh on ter eighteen yeah ago. My ole woman hain't be'n gone mo' 'n a sixmonf den. So I goes down de street wid my bucket en one han' an' dippah en tothah,

I name him Markis o' Lawn. Yessseh. 'T wuz my ole woman's fab'rite. On'y I gin'rully calls him Markis fur eb'ry day.

I hed offen obsahve, sah, de way de baby's fingers creep, creep, feelin' 'long obah eb'ryt'ing. Soon 's he begun ter tek notis, he mus' allays git a holt o' eb'ryt'ing, dat a-way, but I di'n' lahn it den, nur w'en I seen him lay lookin' plumb ent' de fiah. 'T wuz one night w'en we happens ter hab a bit o' candle lit, an' I sees li'll



"LOOK HYAR W'ILST I RAISE DE POT-KIVER!"

an' bimeby I comes ter a alley-way, an' hi! Whut dat? I 'mos' stumble 'g'inst suffin'! An' I stops an' looks, an' I sees a bundle lyin' ont' de bricks, jes plumb undah foot; an' I looks ag'in, an' it am de solemn truf! whut I see wid my own eyes wuz a li'll mite ob a yaller baby, wrop up en a piece o' ole blankit!

Tek de chile home? Yo' dunno me, sah! I sticks him und'neaf my jacket, an' I meks de libelies' tracks fur de cab'n!

Well, an' so I hol's him f'unt de fiahplace, an' I gits him so 'st he swallows de hot brof fum de hom'ny — I ain' no milk handy.

Payren's? *No, sah!* Nubber c'u'd fin' dem.

Markis ben' obah, close ter de blaze, an' nubber wink onst — 't wuz den de truf kem ter me! Blin'? Yessseh. Yo' say true, sah. Blin' ez de stuns I foun' him layin' on.

I c'u'd n' sleep none, a-thinkin' how wuz my pore li'll Markis gwine t' git fru dis worl', an' nubber see de light ob day, nur yit de mohnin'-glories roun' de cab'n en de summah-time.

W'en I tuk de baby ent' Missus Polly Simmons'es', my haht it wah dat low down I 'bleege ter tell heh 'bout 'n it. She done tek keer Markis, yo' see, w'ilst I 's onto my roun's.

Die, sah? Not by no means he di'n'! But I wah 'bleege ter paht wid him. I 's comin'

to dat t'reckly. I ain' tol' yo' yit how he c'u'd sing, my li'll Markis! Jes lak a mock-bird.

'T wuz w'en he wah gittin' a gre't boy, nigh onto twelve yeah ole, I kem home fum spadn' up Missus Kirvey's flowah-beds,— 't wuz en de spreng o' de yeah,— an' I fin's a mighty spruce gen'leman en de cab'n, 'longst o' Markis.

"Aft'noon, oncle," he say, tur'ble polite. "I heah 'bout yo' li'll boy, whut wah sech a singah, an' I jes drap en t' git him ter sing foh me."

An' den Markis bust right out: "'N', pappy, pappy! whut yo' s'pose," says he, "dis good, kin' gen'leman arsk me?" says he. "He wan' know ef I go 'long o' him an' lahn de music reg'lah, an' lahn t' sing eb'ryt'ing! *Eb'ryt'ing*, pappy! An', pappy, he say he teach me t' read an' write, same 's ef I c'u'd see! An' he promus ter pay me, too, hull heap o' money, pappy, ef I go an' sing foh him reg'lah! Ef yo' jes lemme go, pappy!"

An' den de gen'leman he 'splain hisseff mo' p'intedly. It tuhn out he wah trabin' roun' fur whut dey calls a "dime yo'-see-um," an' keepin' his eye out cohnstan' fur eb'ry cur'us contraption he kem 'crost; an' he wah dat taken wid Markis's singin', he offer to pay him high, an' lahn him all dem t'ings, ef he go wid him.

Hi, sah! I c'u'd n' say nuffin', one way turr! But I see de gen'leman hab a hones', stret-forra'd look; an' I 'bleege ter see de chile be bettah done by 'n whut ubber de ole man c'u'd gib him. But yit I c'u'd n' say nuffin', an' Markis lakwise, sah. He don' 'zackly wanten leabe ole pap—bress de chile! But den bime-by de gen'leman gits up ter go, an' he say, "Well, puffessah" (reckin he got dat stret off'n de sign!)—"well, puffessah," he say, "t'ink it obah, t'ink it all obah. An' yo' an' Markis come ter see me to-maw mohnin'," says he. An' Markis an' I we puts off ter Missus Polly Simmonses' ter talk it obah.

An' 'way she wen', dat be'y ebenin', did dat Missus Simmons, an' she diskibber de lady whut kep' de mil'nery sto' wah ole frien's wid de gen'leman, an' she say he squah an' hones', an' boun' ter keep he promus. An' so, en de up-shot, li'll Markis he wen' wid him. An' tha' 's how come, sah, we wuz pahted fum one nurr.

Long 'go? Well, yessseh. It seem so, sah. 'Bout eight yeah, 'bout en dis same season, sence den, an' I ain' nubber lay eye on de chile. I 's got lettahs, fo' on um, fum de chile hisseff! Polly Simmonses' yaller Bill he done read dem ter me obah 'n' obah. An' Markis say he lahn-in' de banjer; an' de 'corjin, lakwise. An' he allays sen' he be'y bes' lub to ole pappy, an' eb'ry lettah hab de money en.

Vesseh, onst Markis wuz taken to Yurup, an' onst en a w'ile he say suffin' 'bout comin' ter see he ole pappy, but de las' lettah he di'n'—

Hahk, sah! Lissen! Fur de massy sake! I sut'n'y heah dat li'll feller call out "*Pappy*" a-settin' dyah in he li'll chair. Dyah! Dyah it kem ag'in, jes 's prain—wha-whut! De good Powahs bress an' sabe us, sah, it ain' *yo'seff*, sah? Yo ain' my li'll Markis, is yer? Tek off dem spectikles—lemme see yo' eyes!

'*T is dem!* Honey! De Lawd bress yo', chile! Whaffur yo' kem dress up so fine, an' growed cl'ar outen reck'nin', so 'st yo' ole pappy hisseff nubber s'picion yo' onst? W'y, I kain't git de right ob it yit! An' dat w'y yo' wyah dem spectikles, an' set hyar an' say nuffin', sca'ce? Ter fool de ole man! Chile, chile! Tuhn roun', now, cl'ar roun' ag'in. Lemme git a good look a' yo', honey.

Hey? Yo' an' Mistah Petahson an' all is exhibitin' in dis town to-night, is yo'? Gwine ter keep on de go? De hull pahty 'n' passel on yo', after dis—an' no! Say dat obah; I ain' ketch it straight. Chainece fur me to trabel roun' 'mongst um? Who cunjah up dat? Dat Mistah Petahson see how yo' wuz a-hank'rin' ter be 'longst de ole man? An' he say he fin' wuk fur me—an' me gib up my puffession? Chile, chile! Who 's ter puvvide de hom'ny fur dis yer cap'tal city? An' yit dat Bill Simmons he right peart! Jes mought be I c'u'd train him. But sho! yo' don' mean it. Whut wuk c'u'd de ole man do 'longst a dime yo'-see-um? An' yit, w'en de puffessah git 'long so puffick en de hom'ny trade, reckin he mought lahn 'mos' ennyt'ing he gib he min' to! Yo' wants a bo'ful hom'ny stret out 'n de pot hyar? Now jes see dat! Bress de chile! En de berry midst ob all dese high sahcumstainces, he ain' fo'got de tas'e ob de ole man's hom'ny!

THE LITTLE COQUETTE AND THE EMPEROR.

BY ALBERT MORRIS BAGBY.

DURING one of his visits to Wiesbaden, the aged monarch Emperor William I was seated one day beside his adjutant on a bench in the shade of the magnificent trees that beautify Berlin's handsome promenade on the Wilhelmstrasse. The crowd of curious on-gazers, that always follows in the wake of royalty when opportunity offers, pressed as near as permissible. One of the number, on account of her tender years more daring than her elders, broke from her nurse's grasp and approached the august presence. She was a beautiful child of four years, and charming to look upon in her well-made, becoming costume, her long fair hair veiling her shoulders, and a loose bunch of red roses in her hand. She was on the way to the railway station, and the flowers were for a good-by offering to a friend who was about to leave the city. On the way to the station she had heard the word passed along, "The Emperor! the Emperor!" and

being a very young miss whose home was in a country where they do not have kings, she stopped and gazed inquisitively at the two men.

The old sovereign smiled benignly at the child and extended his hand toward her. "Will you give me your roses, little girl?" said he.



"'YES!' ANSWERED THE LITTLE GIRL, FRANKLY, AS SHE PLACED THE BOUQUET IN HIS HAND."

"No, sir," responded the tiny maiden; but she took the flowers in her left hand and held them behind her as she walked forward and

placed her right hand in the Emperor's outstretched palm.

"Not this hand," said he, smiling. - "The other one."

She changed the bouquet to her right hand and gave him the left.

"No, the other," repeated the Emperor.

She transferred the flowers to the left hand and reached out her right. The request was made a third and a fourth time, and still she manœuvred with the bouquet. The nurse, who had observed this pantomime at a respectful distance, now came forward and said

chidingly, "Please give his Majesty the roses, Helen."

"No!" replied her young charge, with decision.

"Will you not give *me* your roses?" inquired the adjutant, in a persuasive voice.

"Yes!" answered the little girl, frankly, as she placed the bouquet in his hand.

Both the Emperor and his adjutant laughed heartily. "She evidently prefers you to me," said the former, with a smile. Then the kind-hearted old Emperor drew the child to him and gave her a kiss, and the nurse led her away.



TWO CHARADES.

By C. W.

(For answers, see *Letter-Box*, page 478.)

As I stealthily was creeping
Through the jungle's densest shade,
And I saw my total sleeping,
I must own I was afraid.

'T is not easy to outwit him —
Of all foes he is the worst;
But I thought that I could hit him
If I had my last my first.

I'll go back across the water,
Nevermore abroad to roam;
And, a present to my daughter,
I will take my total home.

With what great delight she'll grasp it
(For it will not be alive!) —
In her eager hands she'll clasp it,
Just the moment I arrive.

Oft I've known her to desire it —
How she'll hold it to her cheek!
How she'll fondle and admire it,
Stroke its feathers, soft and sleek!

Though with horror I should shiver
Were my child my total's prey,
I suppose I'll have to give her
To my last my first some day.

II.

My first is a roast that I much like to carve,
Yet my first I'd be sorry to eat;
Without it we all would go hungry or starve;
Sometimes it is sour, sometimes sweet.

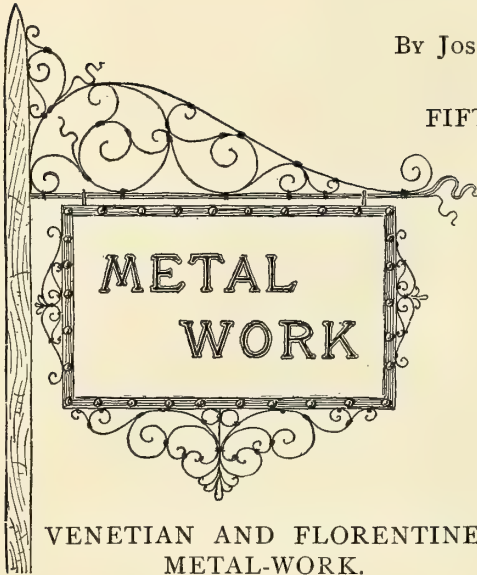
My second is made of iron or steel;
I eat it with pleasure and glee;
'T is made into cakes, or used as a meal,
And it grows on a bush or a tree.

My total sometimes is as heavy as lead,
Sometimes 't is as light as a feather;
'T is made of my first; and a very good
spread
Is my last and my total together.

THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

FIFTH PAPER.



DURING the past few years American and English boys and girls have become so fascinated with Venetian and Florentine metal-work that to-day the materials may be purchased at hardware-stores in many of the large cities.

A few simple designs are shown on these pages, and the instructions given are for the amateurs who are supposed to have had no experience in this kind of work. The tools required will be a pair of flat-nosed and a pair of round-nosed pliers, a pair of heavy shears, and a pair of wire-cutters; a small bench-vice will also be useful.

The materials needed will be a few sheets of thin stovepipe iron of good quality that may be purchased from a tinsmith, several yards of fine, soft iron wire, and some heavy wire for framework.

From the sheets of iron narrow strips are to be cut with the shears, and for ordinary work they should be not more than three sixteenths of an inch in width, but for heavier work the width may be varied. If it is possible to obtain the strips at a hardware-store, it will be best to purchase them, as it is a tiresome task to cut many of the strips from sheet-iron; but if they

cannot be bought ready-made, it would be best to let a tinsmith cut them with a large pair of shears or gage-cutters. Soft, thin iron that will bend easily is the only kind that is of use, as the hard or brittle iron breaks off, and it is impossible to bend graceful scrolls of it.

When uniting or binding two strips of metal together, they may be fastened either with wire or bands, as you choose. If the latter mode is employed, short pieces of the metal strips are

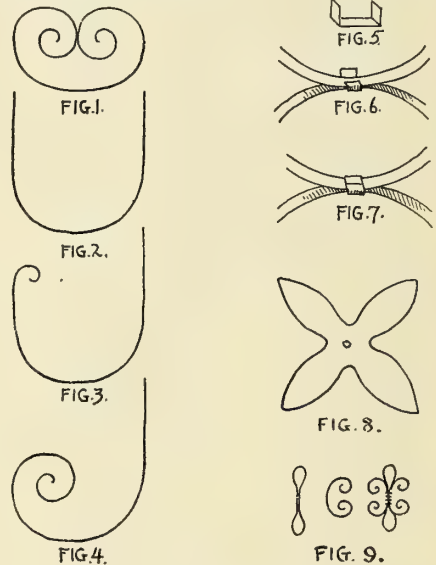


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE METHOD OF BENDING AND FASTENING.

to be cut and partly bent in the form of a clamp, as shown in Fig. 5. Bring two sides together and bend one ear of the clamp over them (Fig. 6); and if the other ear is the proper length, bend that down in place, and squeeze all together with the flat-nosed pair of pincers so the perfect joint will appear as shown in Fig. 7.

In Figs. 2, 3, and 4 are shown the various stages in bending a piece of flat band to make the form shown in Fig. 1. This form, it will

be noticed, appears in the circle of the lamp-screen in the next column. Fig. 8 is the pattern for a four-leaved bell-flower, and Fig. 9 shows the details of an ornamental chain link.



FIG. 10. A CHAIN LINK COMPLETE.

When using metal clamps, the ears should be of such a length that when pressed down over the united strips of metal the ends will just come together, and not so that one will lap over the other.

A LAMP-SCREEN.

A SIMPLE and attractive design for a lamp-screen is shown in Fig. 11, and when completed and backed with some pretty material it will be found a very useful little affair to hang against the shade of a lamp to shield one's eyes from the direct rays of a bright light.

To begin with, form a square of 6 inches, and at the top, where the ends meet, make a lap-joint by allowing one end to lap over the other, and bind them together with some very fine wire, about the size that florists use; inside of this square make a circle 6 inches in diameter, and wire it fast to the square where the sides, bottom, and top touch it. Join by wrapping with soft wire the points where all scrolls, circles, and straight lines come in contact.

Having made the body part of the screen, make the scrolls that form the top, and bind them in place with wire or the little metal clamps. This top should measure about three inches high from the top of the screen.

For the sides and bottom make a frill of any form, somewhat after the pattern shown in the illustration.

When the metal-work is finished, coat it with a good black paint to improve its appearance and prevent its rusting. Small cans of such paint may be purchased at any paint or hardware store. If it should become too thick, it may be thinned by adding alcohol.

If the metal-work is exposed to the weather or dampness that would cause it to rust, a coat of red lead next the iron is necessary in all cases.

A backing of some pretty light-colored silk (plain, not figured) is required to complete the

screen, using one, two, or three thicknesses, depending upon how opaque it is desired to be.

When constructing any piece of grill-work, it is always best to have a full-size drawing to work over. For instance, in building up this screen it is much better to have lines to follow than to trust to chance in fitting the various pieces together; so whenever making anything flat, always draw the pattern first. It is a very simple

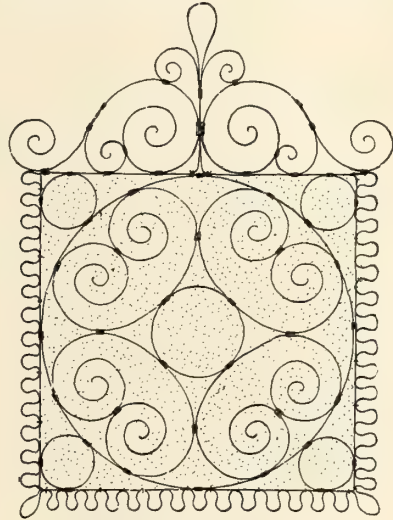


FIG. 11. A LAMP-SCREEN.

matter to lay out a plan in the following manner: pin to a lap-board a smooth piece of heavy brown paper, and with a soft pencil draw a 6-inch square; inside this draw with a compass a 6-inch circle; then draw in the four corner circles and divide the larger circle into quarters. In each of the quarters draw, in freehand, the scroll like Fig. 1, and, in turn, the middle hoop.

A FAIRY-LANTERN.

For a candle fairy-lantern and bracket, Fig. 12 suggests a beautiful design that is made in six sections and wired together.

The back stick, A, is to be made of wood $\frac{1}{4}$ inch square and 16 inches long, and the metal strips of which the scrolls are formed should be $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide. The bracket may extend out 9 inches from the wall.

The lantern body measures 11 inches high, not including the rings at the top nor the bell-flowers at the bottom. Each side is 7 inches

high, 3 inches wide at the top, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the bottom. It will be best to make each of the six sides separately of strips one eighth of an inch in width, and construct the frames of thick brass wire, and solder the unions to make them strong. After the sides are made and put together, forming a hexagon, the top or crown and the bottom may be constructed. Fig. 12 shows plainly how each of the top and bottom sections is formed; and after they are fastened to the sides, one of the six large side-panels is to be detached and swung as a door.

To hold a large taper or a candle it will be necessary to make a sconce or candle-socket and attach it to the bottom of the lantern inside.

At the top several rings may be arranged from which to swing the lantern to the hook on the bracket, and at the bottom some bell-flowers of sheet-metal may be suspended as described for one of the hanging candle-holders on page 446. A few coats of black paint will give this artistic

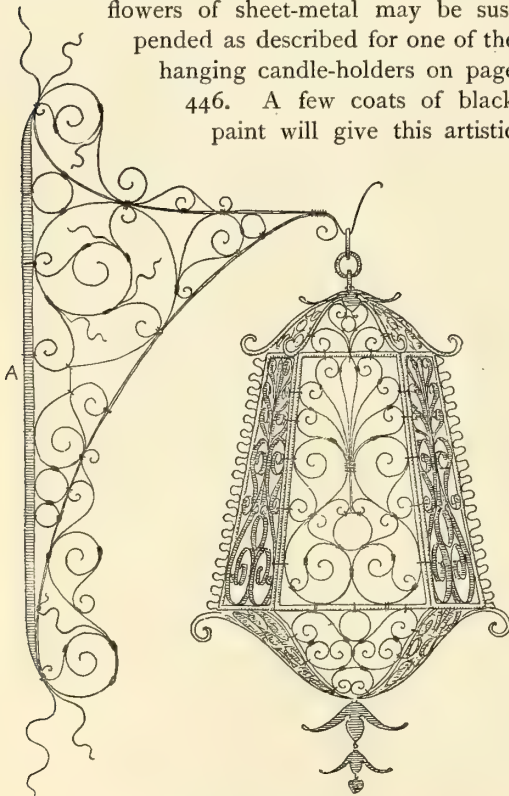


FIG. 12. A FAIRY-LANTERN.

bit of furnishing a good appearance, and when completed it may be attached to a door or window casing or hung in a corner against the wall.

A CANDLESTICK.

To begin with, secure an old tin or brass candlestick and rip the bottom off, leaving only

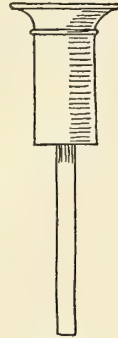


FIG. 13.
DETAIL OF
CANDLESTICK.

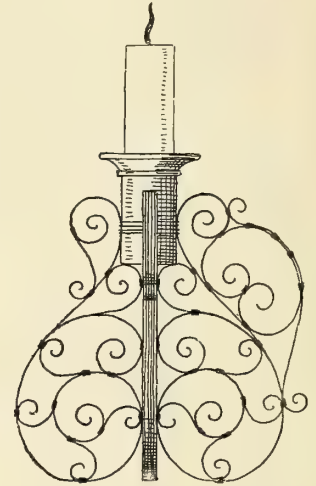


FIG. 14. A CANDLESTICK.

the sheath and the collar at the top. Have a tinsmith cut the lower end away, leaving about 2 inches of the top, and solder a bottom in it.

Cut a pine stick about 4 inches long and not more than three sixteenths of an inch square, or the same thickness as the width of the metal strips from which the scrolls will be formed. Punch a small hole in the bottom of the socket and drive a slim steel-wire nail down through it and into the middle of one end of the stick, so that the attached pieces will appear as shown in Fig. 13. The socket will hold a candle, and the stick will act as a center-staff against which the four scroll sides are to be fastened. The scrolls may measure $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches full width and 5 or 6 inches high. To the upper part of one side-scroll a handle can be shaped and fastened as shown in Fig. 14.

A SIGN-BOARD.

For a sign-board an idea is suggested in the design at the head of this article. For a place of business, in front of a cottage or a physician's office, it may be displayed to good advantage.

It is merely a board on which sheet-iron or lead letters may be fastened and the edges

bound with metal and large-headed nails. A rod, set at right angles to a post or on the side of a building, is to be made stout enough to support the board, and to ornament it some scroll-work is attached at the top. Scroll ornaments decorate the sides and bottom of the board, also, and add greatly to its appearance. These are fastened on with steel-wire nails driven through holes made in the metal and into the edges of the board. Sign-boards vary in length, width, and thickness, and the number of letters to be placed on them will govern this.

The ornamental scroll-work should be made of somewhat thicker and wider iron strips than the more delicate articles for indoor use. If the sign is to be used outdoors, the iron should be given a coat of red lead and then one or two coats of black paint.

A FIVE-LIGHT CANDLESTICK.

THE design for a four-armed candelabrum, to hold five candles, is shown in Fig. 16.

Cut two sticks $\frac{1}{4}$ inch square and 10 inches long, and one 13 inches long; also a short piece 2 inches long.

At the middle of the 10-inch lengths cut laps as shown at A in Fig. 15, and bore a hole through the center and into an end of the long stick. Drive a slim nail down into the hole at the end of the stick, as shown at B, and over it place the cross-arms as shown at C. In one

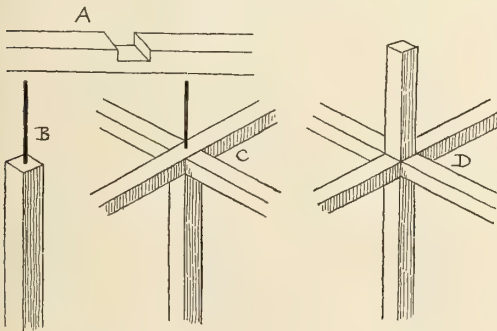


FIG. 15. DETAILS OF THE FIVE-LIGHT CANDLESTICK.

end of the short stick bore a hole and fit it over the top of the nail and drive it down so that it will fit securely on top of the cross-sticks, and the completed union will have the appearance of D. To this wood frame the scroll and ornamental work are to be attached.

Lay out the plan of one side of the grill-work on paper, making the distance from the stick to the outer edge of the foot about $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches,

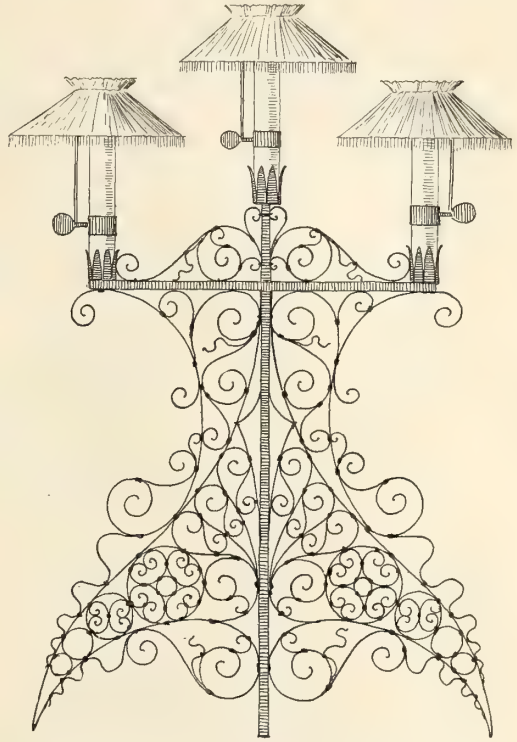


FIG. 16. A FIVE-LIGHT CANDLESTICK.

and the narrowest place (where the side curves in near the top) $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches in width. The scrolls should be securely bound to the wood frame with wire; and for candle-sockets five stars should be cut from the pattern given in Fig. 8, except that they had better be of six or eight ears. They should be $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter and bent to receive a standard-size candle.

A small screw passed through a hole in the center will fasten them to the wood arms; and when placing them the wood should pass entirely under each socket, as may be seen in the illustration. Canopy shades and holders should be made or purchased.

Fig. 16 shows two legs of the stand, the leg projecting toward the observer showing merely its edge, as the illustration does not show the candlestick in perspective. Of course there are two more candles than the cut shows, but to simplify the sketch they are omitted. Each of the four cross-arms has a candle.

A MOORISH LANTERN.

THIS may be undertaken by boys who have gained some experience in making the simpler things already described in this article.

In size this lantern is not limited, and it may be made from 12 to 36 inches high, not includ-

inside of the middle part with some plain silk or other material. At the top and bottom, the ends of the heavy wires forming the skeleton frame should be curled. At the six corners, brackets may extend out for a distance of 5 inches, where, at the ends, sconces for tapers or small candles may be hung from wires as shown, or these may be omitted entirely. Each little sconce is 2 to 3 inches deep and $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 inches in diameter, and in them candle-holders may be placed, over which colored-glass globes will appear to good advantage.

From the top of the lower lobe six arms may support flower-drops 4 or 5 inches long; and from the extreme bottom a pendant of flowers will make a good finish. Fig. 17 shows the lantern in perspective, but of course it must be borne in mind that it has six sides, and the patterns of the six sides, of the top, middle section, and bottom are *all* like those in one complete section that faces the reader as he looks at the illustration. No matter what size this lantern is made, the proportions here given should be carried out, as otherwise the graceful shape may be lost. A long chain made up of links and rings may be used to suspend the lantern.

The interior may be arranged for an oil-lamp, or electric light, or a cluster of candles, and, if preferred, the middle panels may be lined with silk. The lining

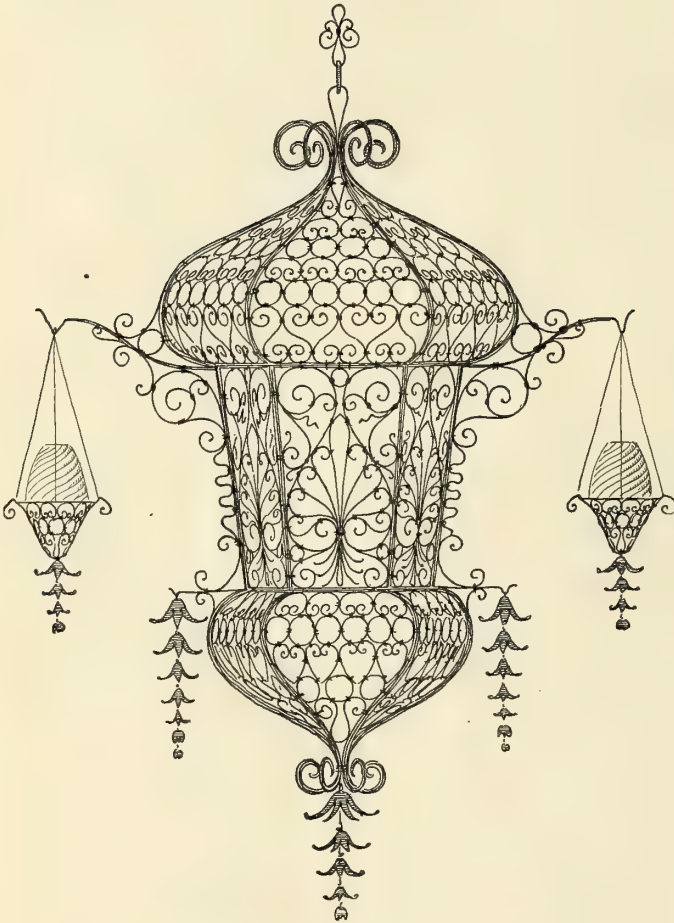


FIG. 17. A MOORISH LANTERN.

ing the suspension chain and rings and the drop of flower pendants at the bottom.

For a lamp 20 inches high, having six sides, each panel can be made on a wire frame. The middle panels will measure 6 inches high, 4 inches wide at the top, and 3 inches at the bottom. The top panels will be 5 inches across at the widest place, and the lower ones $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. One of the middle panels can be arranged to swing on hinges in order to place a lamp within the lantern, and to make it possible to line the

should be plain, not figured, and of a thickness depending upon the light desired. For variety the string of flowers at the bottom of the lamp may be made with six points instead of four.

METAL-BOUND ARTICLES.

THIN sheets of metal of different kinds can be used to great advantage in decoration; and it would seem hardly possible that strips of stovepipe iron, sheet-lead, brass, copper, and

zinc could be employed to form such artistic edgings to wood boxes and bits of furniture as may be seen in the following illustrations.

It is so simple and easy to bind with metals that any boy can do it if the suggestions here given are followed and a little care and perseverance are exercised in the work.

A PLANT-BOX.

FOR large growing plants, palms, and miniature trees, an attractive plant-box is shown in Fig. 18. It can be made almost any size, but for general use a good size is 12 inches square at the bottom, 18 at the top, and from 12 to 14 inches high. On two sides of the box ring-handles are to be fastened. These can be made by a blacksmith, at a small cost, and should be from $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 inches in diameter, according to the size of the box. On the other sides metal strips of ornamental design may be tacked on.

This box should be treated to several good coats of paint inside, and finished as desired on the outside. A zinc lining should be made to fit the box, with a vent-hole at the bottom to

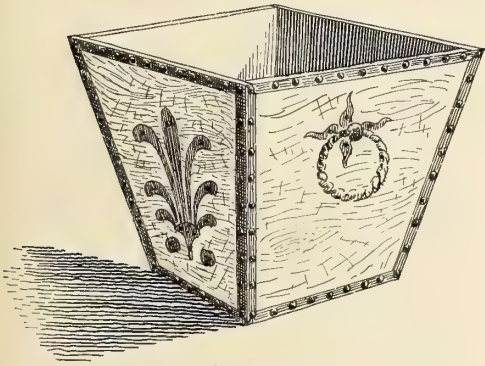


FIG. 18. A PLANT-BOX.

drain off surplus moisture. A tinsmith will make the lining, which may be tacked around the top to the inside edge of the box.

A METAL-BOUND BOX.

THIS (Fig. 19) is a useful receptacle for photographs, picture-cards, or other small things that accumulate in a library or a living-room.

To make a box 18 inches long, 10 inches wide, and 8 inches deep, including top, bottom, and sides, obtain some smooth pieces of wood

not more than three eighths or half an inch thick. The pieces are glued and nailed all together, forming an inclosed box. Use a good liquid glue and slim steel-wire nails to make the joints, and when the glue is dry make a light pencil-mark all around the four sides of the box, one and a half inches down from the top; on this line carefully saw off the top from the box.

Cut some strips of stovepipe iron or sheet-lead about an inch and a quarter wide. These

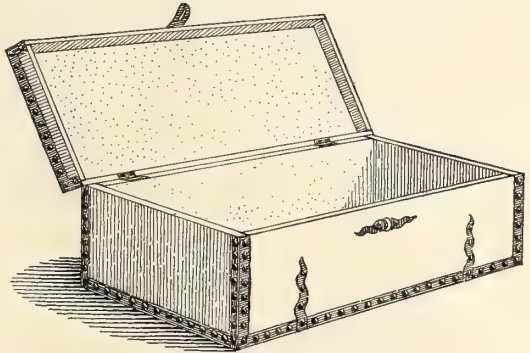


FIG. 19. A METAL-BOUND BOX.

are for binding the edges of the box. A strip is bent and lapped on both sides of a corner, so that a band five eighths of an inch wide will show on each side. The metal is to be fastened on with brass oval-headed upholsterers' tacks, and the heads

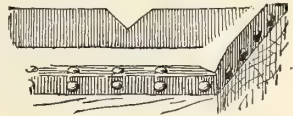


FIG. 20. SHOWING METHOD OF MAKING CORNER.

may be from a quarter to half an inch in diameter. Before tacking, lightly punch a hole in the strip with a pointed awl.

At the point on the strip where the corner is to be cut out a V is shown in the upper part of Fig. 20. The metal, when fastened to one edge, will appear as shown in the lower part of Fig. 20.

When the nails have been securely fastened in, bend down the standing edge of metal so that it will lie flat on the other side of the corner. This may be done by beating it down with a light wooden mallet.

From sheet-iron or lead next cut a few irregular strips of suitable length, and fasten them to the box to represent the straps to the hinges or binding straps to the box. The hasp and eye-plate can be made in the same manner.

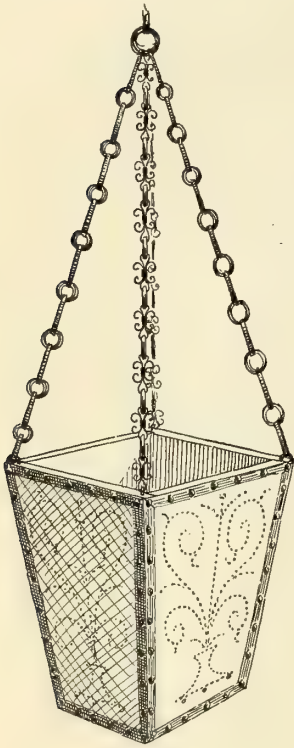
The box may be lined with Canton flannel, velours, leather, or almost any good lining material, and a band of webbing or a chain arranged to the inside will prevent the cover from falling back too far. By using thicker wood a much larger box may be made from this pattern if desired.

A HANGING-PLANT BOX.

FOR vines, low plants, or pretty blade grasses, the design for a hanging-plant box is shown in the illustration.

This is not a very large affair, and is to be made of thin wood not more than three eighths or half an inch in thickness. The box part may measure 8 inches square at the top, 6 at the bottom, and 10 inches high. The inside of the box is to be treated to several coats of paint or asphaltum varnish to protect the wood, and the outside may be given a few coats of paint of any desired shade. The corners may then be bound with iron strips, and the design on each of the four sides worked out with tack-heads painted black. Any suitable design may be used, and by pricking through the lines of the original drawing the design may readily be repeated on each side. The tacks are driven on the lines thus transferred; or, tissue-paper tracings may be made and the tacks driven over the lines. When all the tacks have been started, the paper can be torn away from them and they may then be driven in tight. A very pretty effect is made by using copper tacks.

FIG. 21. A HANGING-PLANT BOX.



screw-eyes are to be made fast, into which the ends of the suspending chains will be caught.

Four chains are to be made from thin strips of metal and small harness-rings and fastened in place, as shown in Fig. 21.

In putting the links together, care should be taken to fasten them well, so they will not come apart.

A COAL-BOX.

THIS coal-box is a very simple affair, as it can be made from an ordinary box cut at one end so as to form a projection or nose.

The shape of the box is clearly shown in Fig. 22, and in size it can be made to meet any requirement. For ordinary use, however, it will be 15 inches wide, 20 inches long from back to end of nose, and about 12 inches high, not counting the ball feet, which will raise it up two inches more. The box should be securely screwed together at the joints, and the lid or cover fastened on with sheet-brass hinges. Paint or varnish will give the woodwork a good finish, and the lining should be made with several successive coats of asphaltum varnish or paint of a dark color.

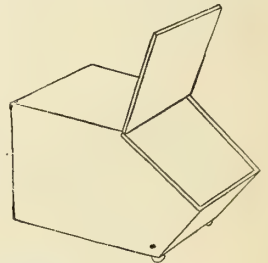


FIG. 22.

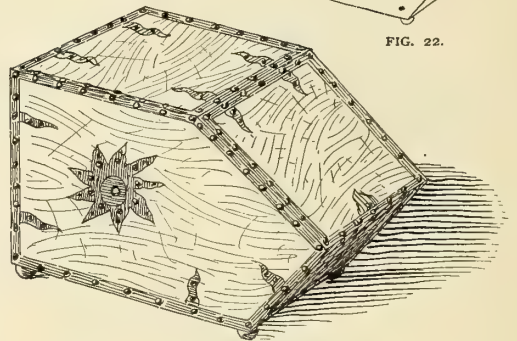


FIG. 23. A COAL-BOX.

At the top of the box, in the four corners,

Brass, lead, or black iron binding will look well on this box, and with large-headed nails the effect will be bold and pleasing. Four brass balls, from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 inches in diameter, with screws attached, are screwed fast under the corners to act as feet. These ball feet may be purchased at a good hardware-store.

KALISTA WISEFELLOW



by
Mary C. Dillon

KALISTA WISEFELLOW was a little girl who lived in a COLLEGE. Her father was a very learned man, and he was a PROFESSOR in the COLLEGE; and that was the reason this little girl came to have such a strange name. When this LEARNED MAN found he had a dear little baby daughter, he named her Kalista, because that is the Greek word for "most beautiful," and I suppose he thought, like many other papas that are not very learned, that his little girl was very beautiful.

He had another little daughter, ever so many years older than Kalista, who was very pretty indeed. She had golden hair and blue eyes, and the loveliest pink-and-white skin. She had a Greek name also. Her name was Theodora, and that means "Gift of God"; and I think *that* name was a very appropriate one, for Theodora was as good as she was beautiful, and a comfort to her papa and her mama.

But my story is n't about Theodora very much, because she was so old. She was six years old when Kalista came; and by the time Kalista was big enough to play and be interesting and naughty, Theodora was very old indeed.

I suppose you think Kalista was a very beautiful child, but that is a mistake. She never was as pretty as her sister, in spite of her name; and when she was a little baby, only a few days old, she was not pretty at all. She had a very red face and lots of black hair all over her little round head, and two great black eyes that stared at

one so solemnly without even winking, and a nose that even the LEARNED PROFESSOR had to admit was too large for a baby and had a bump in the middle that was altogether more Roman than Grecian.

But Kalista did n't stay a baby always. She grew very fast, and it was not long before there was a little baby brother in her cradle, and she was n't a baby at all any more, but a real little girl. She was two years old now, and very much prettier than at first. Her nose was still too big and too Roman to let her be beautiful; but she had lovely large brown eyes, full of a sweet, bright expression, and soft, dark hair that waved around her face and curled about her neck, and bright, rosy cheeks and a white forehead.

But now the FAMILY began to have trouble. Nobody had thought much about her name, because they had always called her "Baby," and Kalista would do very well for her when she was grown up, but it was too long a name for such a wee little tot. There was a great discussion over it in the family council.

Well, this is the way they settled it at last: each one of the FAMILY decided to call her by a different name. Mama called her "Allie," because she thought it was a sweet name, and it did n't matter if it did n't belong to Kalista. Theodora (she was called "Dora" by the FAMILY) selected "Lita," because she was eight years old and beginning to be romantic. Papa determined on "Lit," as being most strictly derived from the original and therefore suitable for a very learned man; and her two big brothers (aged respectively six and four) called her "Kallie," "Kal," or "K," as suited their lordships at the moment.

When the matter was finally decided, the little Kalista looked very much relieved, and immediately slipped down from her high chair, walked up to her papa, and turned her back on him. This was not intended as a mark of disrespect, but as an intimation that she would like to be taken up; whereupon papa caught her up in his arms and christened her "my little Lit" with a warm kiss, for this very learned man had a very loving heart.

Then mama proposed they should give their little girl a christening party at "Fairy Home." This proposal was hailed with shouts of delight by Theodora and the BIG BOYS. "Fairy Home" was a grove of locusts at the foot of the garden. It was a very large garden, but not a very large grove. There were a number of big trees in the grove, and a great many half-grown locust bushes and some large rocks. The bushes divided the grove into shady rooms, the rocks made tables and seats, the grove stood on a tiny hill that was thickly carpeted with soft green grass, and altogether it was a lovely spot.

Papa said he would go to the party, for he had no recitations that afternoon, and mama said she would bring baby Ernest down for a little while. The baby was named Ernest because it was decided that none of the rest of the family should have Greek names. The *in-con-gru-i-ty* of a Greek name and a Roman nose had always been a little mortifying to the PROFESSOR.

But, of course, they could n't have a party without inviting some people; so Theodora went over to Dr. Colton's to ask Mrs. Colton to let Mary and Charlie and Lizzie and Johnny come to the party. Dr. Colton was the president of the COLLEGE, and a very learned man, too; but his children had only English names.

Mrs. Colton said that Mary and Charlie and Lizzie and Johnny might go to the party; so Theodora ran home as fast as she could to have her pretty yellow hair curled and to put on a fresh white frock. When that was done, she helped nursie dress the little ones. Achilles wore a little jacket and trousers of buff "Marseilles," embroidered in white; and Hector wore a blue linen jacket and kilt, braided in white;

but the little Kalista was dressed in a lovely white dress, all embroidery and lace, with pink sash and pink sleeve-ribbons, and pink stockings and slippers. Theodora curled her hair, and Achilles and Hector made her a crown of pink roses, and then they all said she was "too sweet for anything"; and Hector and Achilles made a "queen's chair" by crossing their hands and carried her down to "Fairy Home."

But when they got there they almost let her fall—they were *so* surprised! There was Kalista's little red rocking-chair, all twined with beautiful green vines, sitting on top of a flat rock covered with moss, just like a throne. And on another big rock there was a beautiful white table-cloth, and Theodora's doll's dishes set out like a real table. There were ten little plates, ten little cups and saucers, and ten little knives and forks and tea-spoons, and a beautiful rosebud beside each plate, and a great bunch of roses and lilies in the middle of the table.

But that was n't all. At one end of the table was a platter of tiny rolled sandwiches tied with narrow pink ribbons, and at the other a basket of little "Maryland" biscuit all nicely buttered. Then, besides, there was a big cake covered with frosting that mama must have ordered from the confectioner's, for there was n't time after dinner for cook to make it; and there was a big bowl full of strawberries that papa had picked himself; and a big glass pitcher full of yellow cream, such as only "Clover," their beautiful Jersey cow, could give.

Hector's mouth opened so wide when he saw everything that there was danger of its never going shut again, and, as I said before, he almost let the little Kalista fall. I don't know what might have happened, only Achilles—who was older than his brother, and, of course, much less easily affected at the sight of cake—said: "Look out, Hec; I'm afraid I'll tumble in!"

And then Hector was obliged to smile, and his mouth went shut, and he did n't let Kalista fall, but got her safely seated in her little red rocking-chair, and then the party began.

All the little Coltons were there, rosy and prettily dressed; and first everybody kissed Kalista, because it was her party,—except little Johnny, who put his finger in his mouth and said, "I don't want to,"—though, of course,

that was only because he liked Kalista very much and had confided to his mama that he was going to marry her when he grew up. He was given a seat beside her at the table, and behaved like a little gentleman, and gave her the

appeared and the last crumb of cake, they put Kalista on her throne again and played "digging the well," which would n't have been at all a proper game to play except that, as Kalista was only two years old and Johnny only three, "it did n't matter," as Theodora said.

The way they played it was this: Mary Colton asked the questions of Kalista, who sat in the chair and was supposed to be in the well.

"What is your name?"

"Talista Wisefellow."

"What are you doing?"

"Digging a well."

"How many feet deep?"

Whereupon Kalista meditated profoundly a few moments, and then said: "Fifty-'leven."

"Who do you want to help you out?"

This time the answer came promptly: "Johnny." Whereupon Johnny was appointed to kiss Kalista "fifty-'leven" times, and so get her out of the well. But when five kisses had been solemnly bestowed and accepted, the older ones assured them that was enough, and Kalista was released. Johnny insisted on taking her place, and had to be helped out of a well



AT KALISTA'S CHRISTENING PARTY.

biggest berries in his dish and all the frosting on his cake.

As for the little Kalista, she received his attentions with great complacency, as she did all the honors showered upon her, and said very little and looked very wise.

And then, when the last strawberry had dis-

"fifty-hundred" feet deep by Kalista; and then mama proposed they should not play "digging the well" any more.

I think mama did not like kissing-games very much, even for babies, and so, at her suggestion, they all went over to the north lawn, where the men had been mowing. There were great heaps

of newly cut grass on the lawn. The air was so soft and warm, and the smell of the hay so sweet, that the PROFESSOR persuaded mama and the baby to stay out too.

There was nothing this LEARNED MAN liked so much as to lie on the grass on a June day and watch the white clouds go sailing by in the blue sky. So he made a little nest of hay for baby Ernest in the shade of a big linden-tree, and another for mama close by. And then papa himself lay on the grass with half-shut eyes, gazing dreamily at the sky through the shimmering leaves, or watching the children in their frolics, or sometimes reading a little to mama out of a big book. And mama — well, mama just smiled and smiled all the afternoon. She smiled when the baby crowed; and she smiled when the little Kalista tried to turn somersaults in the hay and could only roll her fat little body over sideways; and she smiled still more when papa looked up and said something nice or funny to her.

But the children! They turned somersaults and had sham battles, and last of all played "bears." They buried one another in the hay and chanted a funeral song around the grave; and then, when the grave began to tremble and there were signs of coming to life, they all ran off shrieking and the bear after them, and whoever was caught had to be buried in the hay.

The first time, Kalista ran away in a spasm of real terror and hid her face in mama's lap, and had to be comforted and reassured; but after that she was always under the bear's feet trying to get caught, and clapping her little hands and uttering silvery peals of laughter whenever a little bear caught her.

And what a lively little bear she was when she came out of her grave with a big "Boo!" and toddled over the lawn in every direction, and never would have caught anybody only some one always happened to stumble over a pile of hay and could n't get up until the bear came and seized him and tugged at him with all her little strength to get him up, and led him back so proud and triumphant, and told him to lie down in the hay and be all covered up!

And they played so hard and had such a good time that nobody thought anything about the time—not even papa and mama—until nurse came to say tea was ready. And, sure enough,

the sun was almost down and there were long shadows all over the green grass.

It was a tired, tumbled set of little children that trooped up to the house, almost too tired to have their faces bathed and the grass-seed brushed out of their hair before they sat down to their simple tea.

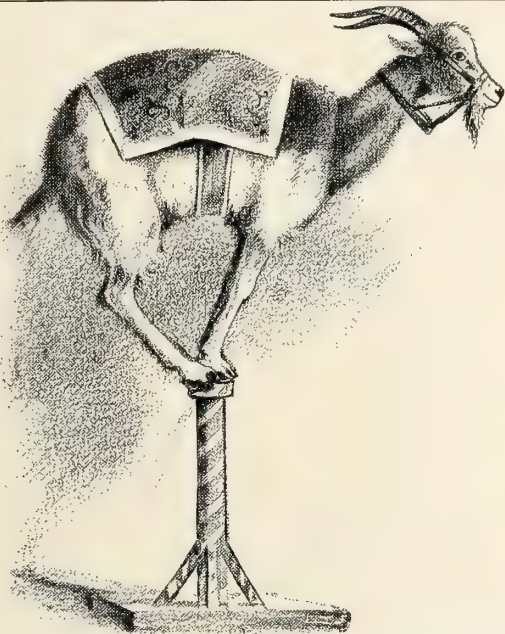
As for Kalista, her little brown head sank down on the table beside her bowl of bread and milk when she had eaten a few spoonfuls; and the LEARNED PROFESSOR took her up in his arms and carried her very softly to the nursery,



"GOOD NIGHT!"

and asked Janie to try to undress her without waking her. But just as he was laying her in nurse's lap, she awoke enough to look up at him and smile and murmur sleepily: "I like tis'ning parties; tan I have anover to-morrow, papa?"

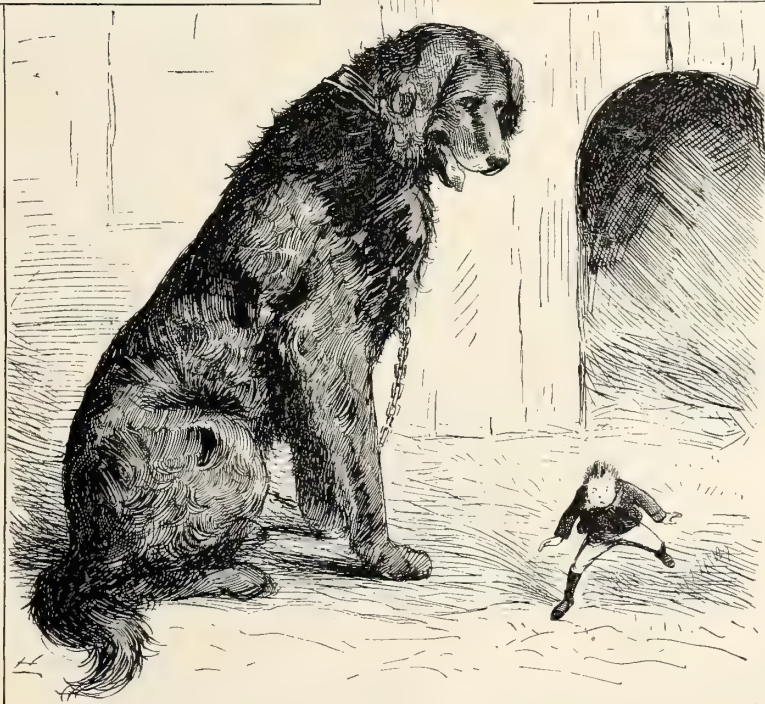
CIRCUS-TIME THOUGHTS.



"NO WONDER THAT GOATS CAN CLIMB MOUNTAIN CRAGS!"



"IT IS AMAZING HOW WISE AND TEACHABLE DOGS ARE!"



"BUT WHAT IF DOGS GREW TO BE AS LARGE AS ELEPHANTS!"



"WHY, KITTY, TUM RIGHT UP INTO THE SEWIN'-ROOM! YOU 'VE DOT A DREAT BIG HOLE IN YOUR 'TOCKIN'."

A PENNY A DAY.

BY JOHN BENNETT.

"*See-saw, Margery Daw,
Johnny shall have a new master;
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.*"

"Mother dear," cried little John,
"I 'd rather not have any
If I must slave the whole day long
For but a single penny."

Said my mother unto me,
Standing small beside her knee:

"Honest work is never slaving;
Don't despise the smallest saving.
Johnny, in my life I 've learned
A penny saved is a penny earned.
Save thy pennies one by one;
Soon the dollar will be done.
Lay thy dollars on the shelf;
Fortune follows of itself.
Wouldst be rich? Be this thy way:
Lay a penny by each day."
Said my mother unto me,
Standing small beside her knee:

"Honest work wins honest pay
In the market any day.
Stick to what thou find'st to do;
Dig until thy work be through.
Of thine earnings save a penny;
Mite by mite doth make a many.
Penny lying on the shelf
Whistles penny to itself;
Each the other doth invest
With a growing interest.

Be thy saving great or small,
Add it to thy capital;
Soon thou 'lt find the saying true:
'Honest saving works for you.'
Day and night, while thou dost sleep,
All the pennies in the heap
Gather pennies one by one;
So great fortunes are begun.
Wouldst be rich? Then here 's the way:
Lay a penny by each day."



"HUSH, EVERYBODY! I 'VE JUST MANAGED TO GET ONE OF THEM ASLEEP."

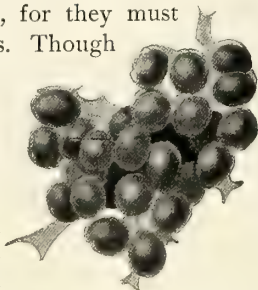


I have now for a long time ceased to look for anything more beautiful in this world, or more interesting, than *the truth*, or, at least, than *the effort* one is able to make toward the truth.—MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

HOW THE LOBSTER GROWS.

A LOBSTER lays thousands of eggs, most of which hatch, but few ever live to grow up. This is not the fault of the mother, for she carries them about with her for nearly a year, and with admirable instinct guards them as she does her own life. When the young are set free, her duty is done, for they must then shift for themselves. Though hardly larger than mosquitos, being about one third of an inch long, the little ones leave their parents on the bottom and swim toward the light—to the surface, where, from one to two months, if fortune favors them, they lead a free, roving life. The open sea is a poor nursery for such weaklings, which become the sport of every storm and the prey of numberless hungry mouths. Out of a brood of ten thousand it would be a rare chance for more than one or two lobsters to reach maturity, or finally to end their career in the kitchen or the chafing-dish.

The eggs are commonly laid in midsummer, —and but once in two years by the same individual,—and are hatched in May or June. A “hen” lobster, eight inches long, will lay five thousand eggs; and the egg-producing ability grows apace, for at ten inches the average number is ten thousand, and for the sixteen-inch length nearly one hundred

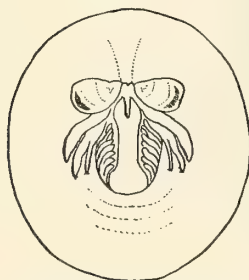


A CLUSTER OF LOBSTER EGGS.

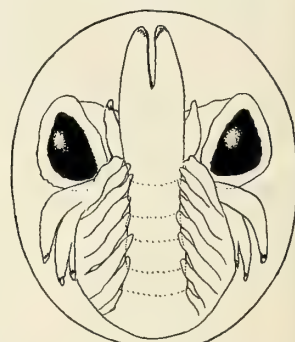
thousand. Each egg is a sphere of about the size represented by the capital O in this font of type (one sixteenth of an inch in diameter), of a deep-olive color, and is inclosed in a transparent, waterproof sac, or shell, through which the eyes and other parts of the developing lobster can be watched. Not only are these thousands of delicate eggs nicely distributed over the under parts of the lobster's body, but all are glued to one another, or to the hairs of the swimming feet, with a kind of flexible hydraulic cement, which sets in the water, and holds the eggs fast.

You cannot help the young lobster out of his shell, but must let him escape in his own way, for hatching is a delicate process. His “swaddling clothes” must all come off together, that no energy be lost. The little lobster hatches, molts (“changes his coat”), and unsheathes the swimming hairs of his legs at the same time. The egg-shells stick to both mother and child, while the cuticle of the latter is in turn glued to the swimming hairs of the new skin, so that every tug at the shell helps to free the little lobster from the hampering cloak, and at the same time to perfect his swimming apparatus.

This coming from the shell and molting is always a serious business, and any hitch in the process is likely to prove fatal, especially in the early stages. In this critical act the entire shell, down to a microscopic hair, and every-



THE LITTLE LOBSTER AFTER 26 DAYS' GROWTH IN THE EGG. (Diagram showing its form.)

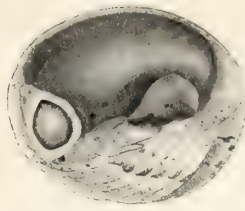


THE BABY LOBSTER WITHIN ITS SHELL (61 DAYS OLD).

The black spots are the eyes, which develop very early and grow rapidly. Compare with sketch at bottom of first column.

thing derived from the external layer of the skin or cuticle, including the lining of the stomach and the skeleton,—for these parts are all formed from folds of the skin,—are cast off in one piece. The whole process is dependent on growth, while this in turn is largely a question of age and of food. During the first year of life the lobster molts about seventeen times, but at its fifth year, when between ten and twelve inches long, not more than once or twice during that year.

The young, at hatching, are equipped with peculiar swimming organs in the form of six pairs of "oars," each of which is the outer branch of one of the chewing, grasping, or swimming feet, and is fringed with long, feather-like hairs. The lobster can move forward in any direction by the rapid beating of these flexible oars, or spring backward by a sudden contraction of the tail. At birth the skin is clear as glass, and the colors, now a pale blue sprinkled with vermillion, increase in brilliancy up to the fourth or even to the sixth stage.



A SIDE VIEW OF A LOBSTER
IN ITS SHELL.

As it is seen when looked at with a microscope through the clear shell.

The eye is the spot at the lower left. The large dark upper part represents the liver and stomach. The part shown as the clear spot at the right forms the heart.

The body is armed with spines, the most formidable of which, called the beak or rostrum, projects like a spear between the great stalked eyes. As a parting blessing from its parent, the lobster is started in life with provisions for its journey in the little store of yolk left over from the egg; but this is quickly absorbed, and

the hungry larva soon begins to snap at floating particles of every kind—sand-grains, and scales of insects, as well as microscopic animals and plants which are its proper food. The young are also very pugnacious, and are cannibals to such a degree that it is almost impossible to rear them in small aquaria.

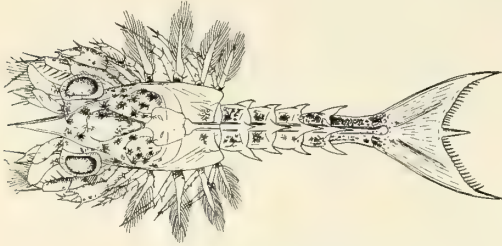
In a few hours or days a second molt and then a third are passed, in the course of which,



THE FULL-GROWN LOBSTER AT HOME.

Among the rocks, loose stones, seaweed, and eel-grass. (Drawn from the live lobster in an aquarium representing the bottom of the sea.)

besides a general increase in size, many changes are to be noticed. At the fourth shedding of



THE LARVAL OR FIRST SWIMMING STAGE OF THE LOBSTER.

In this stage it has but little of the "lobster" form. It changes its coat (molts) rapidly as it grows and becomes more and more like the familiar lobster of the markets.

the skin they seem to pass with a sudden leap to the lobsterling stage, when both in form and habits they resemble an old lobster in miniature, being half an inch long; but they still keep at the surface. The fourth stage marks the turning-point in the lobster's career, and after one or two more molts it sinks to the bottom, never to rise again, unless cast up by the sea or drawn up in a fisherman's trap. Many, after reaching the bottom, move toward the shores and hide in piles of loose stone, from which they venture only to capture their prey, and then often at night. When four or five inches long they become bolder and swim farther out to sea, always of necessity keeping to the bottom. Some reach maturity when eight inches long and about three years old.

FRANCIS H. HERRICK,

Professor of Biology in Adelbert College
of Western Reserve University.

Professor Herrick has made extended study of the lobster. For many years he devoted all the time he could spare to this research. For a part of each summer he studied at the laboratories of Woods Hole and along the



A LOBSTER IN THE FIFTH STAGE.

Becoming "lobster-like" in form. General color reddish brown.

coasts of Massachusetts and Maine and into Quebec. He refers to his extensive work as "a pleasant task," and states that he had many friends to aid him.

E. F. B.

THE GREEDY CORMORANT.

WHEN I was a keeper in the National Zoölogical Park in Washington, I observed a remarkable example of the well-known greediness of the cormorant.

Four little cormorants came to the Zoo, and were placed in a cage in which dogs had once been kept. Outside was a pebbly yard in which the dogs had exercised. The cormorants waddled about this yard and seemed to be having a fine time, until one morning I noticed that one of them was sitting on the ground, unable to rise. He did not waddle up to get his meal of whole fish, each usually about half as long as his own body; and as the others came rushing toward me to get their share, I knew that he was ill. I went into the cage and lifted him up. What was my amazement to hear something grating and clanking inside



THE GREEDY CORMORANT.

of him! And he seemed surprisingly heavy. I at once called the head keeper, who decided to investigate by means of a surgical operation.

We took out two pounds of stones, one of which was four inches long, two and a half inches wide, and about half an inch thick! The poor chap seemed to feel relieved. In a few days he became convalescent, ate his food regularly, and seemed to be doing well. Then that hooked bill reached under the feathers and tore out some of the surgeon's stitches, which were undoubtedly irritating, as the wound was beginning to heal. As the result of this interference, the wound opened, and, as the weather was hot, the patient died five days after the operation.

WALTER KING STONE.

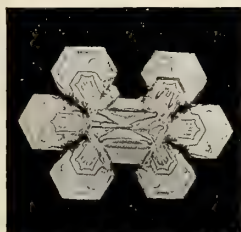


SNOW CRYSTALS.

SOME twenty-three years ago, a boy in northern Vermont, hardly midway in his teens, was attracted by the wonderful beauty of snow crystals and

frost-work as revealed by a small pocket-lens. He began to study and to make drawings of them, and the longer the study was continued, the more fascinating it became.

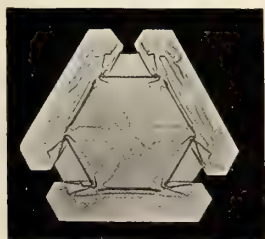
Crystal forms of wondrous beauty, snowy creations strange, rare, unique, rewarded the zealous search. Drawings of a few of the simpler ones were made; but how imperfectly, how little indeed, did these portray the beauty and the perfection of the originals! The desire to photograph them became almost a passion; and at last an outfit was procured. After many trials and failures, he obtained his first success in the early part of the winter of 1885. Studying and photographing them proved to



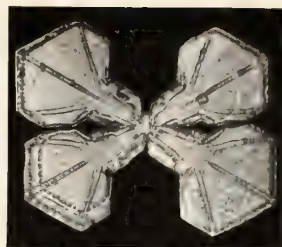
be so delightful a task, that during every winter since then to the present it has been continued, until now the photographs number more than eleven hundred, with no two alike.

The marvelous thing about them is their diversity of form. Indeed, the variety of shapes is so nearly infinite that it is extremely unlikely that any person will ever find and photograph more than an insignificant fraction of the whole.

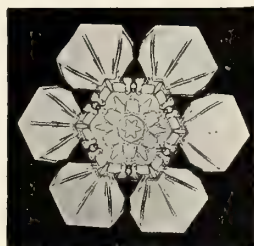
The more common types resemble tiny hexagonal columns, hexagonal plates, or frail, fern-like stars. What boy or girl has not seen and admired the ethereal beauty of these stellate outlines, or failed to notice them as the crystals fall to earth in feathery flakes? Yet the exquisite designs in the middle of the more



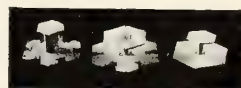
solid plates, which often resemble mosaic and other artistic patterns, endow them with a peculiar charm; and when, as often happens, Nature, in her inimitable manner,



combines these two types into one, and mounts her mosaic gems within filaments of silver as centerpieces for the fern-like stars, the result is beautiful beyond comparison. The "mat" forms are ornamented by dots, lines, and curves.



But, in addition to these more frequent types, she fashions others much more rare and delicate. In spring and autumn, heavy granular pellets, resembling pills fresh from some apothecary's shop, come falling through the air. Again, as if in a spirit of fun, she evolves irregular, oblong crystals, indescribable in their strange variety. Sometimes, as though trying to imitate man's designs, she seems to borrow her patterns from something similar fashioned by him, or she molds the crystals into the form of animals, or of cuff-buttons, or of starfish. Altogether, the study of snow is a delightful one, and must, it seems, always possess the



charm of novelty; for so long as eyes shall see and kindle at the crystalline beauty, so long shall howling blizzards or the silent falling of the snowflakes scatter over the earth choice designs from the heavens, never to become exhausted, never to become wearisome, and always ready to charm those who have become "crystal-gazers."

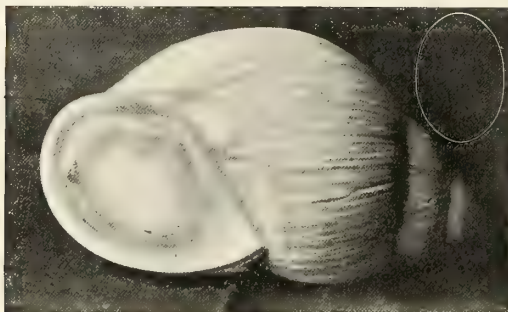


Let the crystals fall on black paper or cardboard. Sketch them if you please, but at least see them.

WILSON A. BENTLEY.

SNAILS LAY EGGS.

PERHAPS few girls and boys would believe that snails lay eggs. And yet here is a big



THE SHELL OF A BIG SNAIL THAT LAYS EGGS.

The white oval in upper right of illustration shows comparative size of egg (almost as large as a robin's egg).

snail-shell with an egg which the animal (that lived in the shell as if it were a house that it carried around with it on its back) certainly did lay. Naturalists have found these big snails in abundance in the tropical countries of Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia. And the fact that they lay eggs has been known for a long time. There are tree-climbing snails of the Philippines that lay their eggs at the tops of great forest trees, folding a leaf together to protect them. The shell shown above is called *Strophocylus oblongus*, but it is much prettier than its name. It is found in the islands of Barbados and Trinidad, and it is customary for it to deposit its eggs in loose mold or earth. The shell has a pink flush about the opening, while above the spire it is pale-salmon color. Pond-snails lay eggs that are smaller than pinheads. Perhaps you have seen them as little

spots in jelly-like masses on the sides of an aquarium.

L. P. GRATACAP.

THE PEARY METEORITE—"AHNIGHITO."

AFTER lying for seven years on the Cobb Dock at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, the largest mass of native iron known to be in existence in the world has been transported to the American Museum of Natural History, and now is on exhibition there. This mass, which is more than eleven feet long, seven and a half feet high, and six feet thick, weighs about thirty-seven tons, and consists of metallic iron alloyed with nearly eight per cent. of nickel and a little cobalt.

On account of its chemical composition and certain lines which the mass shows when a surface has been ground smooth, polished, and etched with acid, as well as on account of the position in which it was found and its surroundings, we know that this mass of iron is a meteorite; that is, that it fell to the earth from the sky, and that it is not a part of the original crust of the earth. This fact makes the iron of particular interest, because the heavenly visitors known as meteorites give us information in regard to the constitution of other worlds than our own.



THE PEARY METEORITE—"AHNIGHITO."

(Photographed with five girls standing in front to show comparative size.)

All meteorites are named, and the great example shown in the illustration was called



"Ahnighito," after the little daughter of the famous Arctic explorer Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. Navy, at the time it was taken from its rocky home near Cape York, Greenland, in 1897, and after herculean efforts loaded on the ship *Hope* for removal to New York. The existence of a mass or masses of meteoric iron in northern Greenland has been known since the early part of the nineteenth century, but they were never seen by white men until Mr. Peary first set eyes on them in 1894, after many hardships endured in hunting for them. It required twenty-eight horses and the strongest truck in the city to transport the mass to the museum from the North River dock to which the steam-lighter had brought the meteorite from the Brooklyn Navy-yard.

PORCUPINES AND SALT.

SOME men who were camping in the Adirondacks several years ago, on breaking camp in the autumn, left an old tub which was saturated with salt brine. On returning to the same camp the next year, they found that the tub had been gnawed until little of it was left. They were not long in finding out what animal had done the work, for the camp was overrun with Canadian porcupines. At night they became such a

nuisance that the campers were obliged to kill them to protect their property. The handle of a paddle was gnawed half through.



PORCUPINES EATING THE OLD BUTTER-TUB.

The explanation of their presence in such numbers during that year, when they had not been noticeably abundant in the previous year, is that they had made a rendezvous of the camp, being attracted by the old brine-tub. On this they had feasted all winter, and for that reason were greatly pleased with the locality.

An interesting query is this: Is the liking for salt an acquired or a natural taste? Were they ever able to gratify that taste to any extent before man gave them a chance to do so?

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

would send you some of them. I think a photograph of them would look well, in your ST. NICHOLAS, to

REGARDING EGGS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to know whether the yolk of an egg, or the white, or both, make the chicken. I thought the yolk. Was I not right? I should like you to tell me about turtles' eggs, too, please: what they look like, whether they taste good, etc. •

One of your most interested readers,

H. LOUISE MICK.

The chick comes from both, but chiefly from the growth of what is called the nucleus in the yolk. The yolk and the white serve as food for the young chick as it develops in the shell. Turtle eggs are much smaller than hens' eggs, and do not taper at one end. The taste is said to be strong and not very pleasant. The mother turtle lays only a small number, and buries them in the earth, where they are hatched by the heat of the sun.

Thoreau says that the turtle in digging in the sand for its nest uses its shell as a spade, tilting now this way, now that, with head and claws as a pick.

MARCH FLOWERS—ARBUTUS AND PYXIE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In ST. NICHOLAS I have seen pictures of many different flowers, but I never saw the



PYXIE.

those who read it. I enjoy many of your stories. I remain,

Yours truly,

ABRAM KARSH.

(Born in Russia, I am now twelve years of age.)

Of the daintiest of wild flowers the hepatica is usually regarded as the earliest (not counting the skunk-cabbage). The botanics give its time of flowering as December to May. It blooms sometimes under the snow.

Trailing arbutus is found from Newfoundland to Florida and west to Kentucky. A somewhat similar spring flower is the pyxie, which grows in pine-barrens and sandy places in New

Jersey south to North Carolina. Both the pyxie and the trailing arbutus commence to bloom in March. Although they are so small and dainty, they are classified botanically as shrubs! Pyxie is moss-like in appearance, and hence is sometimes called "flowering moss."

Whittier claims that the name Mayflower, applied to trailing arbutus, refers both to the vessel *Mayflower* of the Pilgrims, and to the month of May.



ARBUTUS.

flower named pyxie, a flower that grows in south Jersey. It sometimes grows under the snow. I thought I

The illustrations on this page are from photographs of the specimens sent by Master Karsh.

GLACIAL BOULDERS AND SCRATCHES.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken two pictures of some big stones. Will you please tell me how these big boulders got in Central Park, and how the creases got in the rock?

Yours lovingly,

ELIZABETH JONES GUNN.

The big boulders which Elizabeth Gunn has photographed so nicely were brought into Central Park by a great ice sheet or glacier which



A BOULDER IN THE FIELD.

once covered all the northern part of the country, but which did not go farther south in the region of New York than Staten Island. When the ice melted, it left its burden of rocks, large and small, stranded in all sorts of queer places. The creases in the rock which run toward the large boulder on the side-hill are due to the parallel arrangement of the minerals,—mostly mica, quartz, and feldspar,—and they often take very curious wavy positions. Sometimes, however, we find grooves across these bands, and they are due to scratches which the great glacier made in the rocks with stones embedded in its bottom. The glacial grooves run northwest and southeast, while the bands of minerals run northeast and southwest, almost par-



THE BOULDER ON THE SIDE-HILL LEDGE.

allel with the avenues. We know that the ice came from the northwest because all over Manhattan Island are pieces of the Palisades. The rock of the Palisades is very different from that of New York. And once, in a cellar excavation near Trinity Church, we found a pretty green serpentine glacial boulder that must have come from Stevens Point, Hoboken, just above the Lackawanna station.—J. F. KEMP, Professor of Geology, Columbia University.

STUDYING BROOKS IN WINTER.

THE editor of Nature and Science desires to correspond with young folks or teachers who have studied or photographed brooks in winter.



BEAUTIFUL ICE PILLARS AT THE EDGE OF A BROOK.

The white upper portion is a snowbank from which the water from the melting snow has trickled, forming these interesting and beautiful icicles. The lower dark part is the water in the brook.

This photograph is published as a suggestion to our young folks to go and see the wondrous beauty of the brooks in winter. You will find a great variety of ice formations along the edge of the banks, especially where they overhang the water.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY WESLEY R. DE LAPPE, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)

THE SONG OF THE HEROES OF GREECE.

BY JOSEPHINE POTTER DAVIS (AGE 16).

(Cash Prize.)

WE are the heroes of Greece—

We, the immortal dead.

We sit with the gods on Olympus,

With dew and ambrosia fed.

We stormed the heights of Troy,

We sought for the Golden Fleece,—

We, the immortal dead,—

We, the heroes of Greece!

We have sailed over unknown seas,

And defied the seasons and times,

To the far Hesperides,

To the shores of the northern climes.

We have lived life gloriously,

And for us it shall never cease,—

For us, the immortal dead,—

For us, the heroes of Greece!

But we would give up with joy

Our fame and our deity

For the stormy plains of Troy,

For our ship on the boundless sea,

For the joy of the mad, glad strife,

The rest in the sweet surcease,—

We, the immortal dead,—

We, the heroes of Greece!

No one of the recent prose competitions has resulted in better contributions than this one—on "An Episode in Grecian History"; and, if we may judge anything by numbers, Leonidas and Miltiades are the League's favorite Grecian heroes. The three hundred who died with Leonidas at Thermopylae will never be forgotten

on the page of history, and those who followed Miltiades on the plain of Marathon still live in song and story as truly as when the Greek bards first sang their immortal deeds.

It is a wonderful study, this history of men and nations—the growth and the decay of civilization, with its arts, its religions, and its sciences—the building and the ruin of cities—the changes of language and of race—the tracing of the lines that lead from a period of myth and fable to the present, with its marvel of knowledge and achievement so much more wonderful than anything that the old oracles and magicians ever dreamed. We see men and nations rise and become mighty; we watch them grow old and give way to those who are young and powerful and stand ever ready to overrun and trample and destroy. Yet it is not the world itself that changes,—except here and there, as man has adapted it a little to his needs,—nor the sea and sky, nor the sun, nor the old-time moon and stars. It is only men and the governments they upbuild



"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY HOWARD JOHNSTON, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

that struggle and beat against the bars of fate and so make history. Conquerors come and go, nations flourish and pass, but the same old sun sets over Thermopylæ and rises over Marathon, the same old stars look down, and the same old earth revolves in the same hours and moments that were reckoned as time more than two thousand years ago. The history of the world is the history of the men who have lived upon it for good or evil; the story of nations is their story, and the end of it all is the marvel of the present and the problem of life to-day. And the things which we have we can better understand if we know something of what lies behind us—the prizes for which men have striven and died, and what part of the whole has survived to tell the tale. It is for this reason more than for any other that we have encouraged our members of the League to delve back into the past and learn to know more of those whose names and deeds have been preserved for us out of the debris of the heaping years.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 63.

Verse. Cash prize, **Josephine Potter Davis** (age 16), 67 Pembroke St., Toronto, Ont.

Gold badges, **Kate Sprague De Wolf** (age 15), 57 Union St., Jersey City, N. J., and **Gladys Nelson** (age 14), Sycamore Springs, Butler Co., Kan.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth Toof** (age 13), 506 N. 7th St., Quincy, Ill., **Edith Louise Smith** (age 11), 1108 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Bessie M. Blanchard** (age 11), Pawling, N. Y.

Prose. Gold badges, **Persis R. Parker** (age 14), Julesburg, Colo., and **Elizabeth Curtis** (age 14), 61 Paradise Road, Northampton, Mass.

Silver badges, **Lawrence Doolittle** (age 13), Hopkinton, Ia., and **Percy V. Pennybacker** (age 9), 2606 White Ave., Austin, Tex.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Howard Johnston** (age 16), 2 Crocus Hill, St. Paul, Minn., and **Lucy Mackenzie** (age 17), Ladyhill House, Elgin, Scotland.

Silver badges, **Katharine**

Havens (age 12), 203 Sumner St., Newton Centre, Mass., and **Miriam H. Tanberg** (age 8), 206 S. Main St., Janesville, Wis.

Photography. Gold badges, **H. Ernest Bell** (age 12), Milton, N. Y., and **Lewis P. Craig** (age 15), Shelbyville, Ill.

Silver badges, **Helen K. Porter** (age 11), 4 Crocker Row, Santa Barbara, Cal., and **Florence C. Irish** (age 13), "The Hamiltons," Norristown, Pa.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Mountain Goat," by **Sidney Moise** (age 16), 737 Whittier St., Los Angeles, Cal. Second prize, "Coot," by **Olive Williams** (age 15), 170 Arroyo Terrace, Pasadena, Cal. Third Prize, "Sand-hill Crane," by **Archie M. Goehring** (age 17), Key West, Fla.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Gertrude T. Nich-**

ols (age 13), Cohasset, Mass., and **Phillip John Sexton** (age 12), 1459 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Russell S. Reynolds** (age 13), 142 W. 12th St., New York City, and **Mary Parker** (age 12), 11 Lovells Court, London, E. C., Eng.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Helen Stroud** (age 16), 117 Mackay St., Quebec, Can., and **Elizabeth Palmer Lopez** (age 15), "Pine Point," Stonington, Conn.

Silver badges, **Mary Elizabeth Askew** (age 14), 1024 Lexington Ave., Altoona, Pa., and **Helen Hinds Twitchell** (age 13), 25 Alban St., Dorchester, Mass.

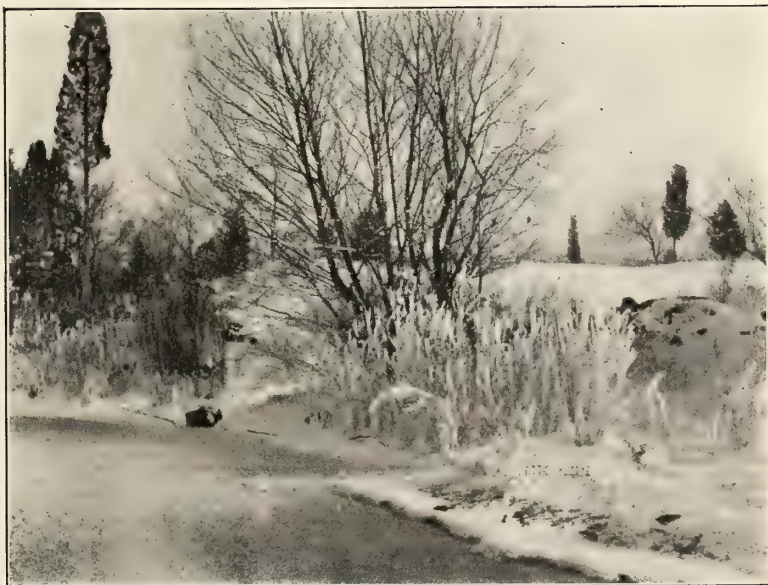
ALEXANDER.

BY PERSIS R. PARKER (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

AFTER the battle of Issus word was brought to Alexander the Great that the mother, wife, and children of Darius were his prisoners. Alexander and his friend Hephæstion immediately went to the tents of the royal family to assure them that they would be treated with due respect.

Both Alexander and Hephæstion wore plain armor, and Hephæstion was slightly taller than his king. As



"A GLOOMY DAY," BY H. ERNEST BELL, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

they entered the tent the queen mother, Sisymbis, mistook Hephæstion for Alexander. She fell on her knees before him and begged mercy for her daughter and her grandchildren.

"Lady, I am not the king. Ask your favor of my lord. He will grant it, I know," Hephæstion said gently.

Sisymbis, terrified by her mistake, did not know what to do or what to say. Alexander quickly showed his princely character by lifting her from the ground and leading her to a bench, saying:

"Fear not, for Hephæstion is my better self. I care not for prisoners, but it must be proven whether Darius or Alexander will rule the world."

The young conqueror often visited the Persian ladies, and, as he always found them idle, he thought perhaps if



"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY LUCY MACKENZIE, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

they had something to occupy their minds time would pass more rapidly.

Alexander offered to have them taught to spin, weave, and embroider. The young queen begged that if he wished to make slaves of them he would choose some other way.

Alexander was much embarrassed by the tears of the beautiful woman; he explained that all Greek ladies seemed much happier when thus employed than when idle.

This subject was never brought up again.

Sisymbiris soon learned to love the beautiful Greek youth, with his courtly manners and gentle grace. When she heard of his untimely death she mourned for him as if he had been her own son.

MY HERO.

BY KATE SPRAGUE DE WOLF (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

NOT he who proud and dauntless stood
To stem the rising of the flood,—
That stream "to whom the Romans pray,"—
And after he had won the day
Was greeted with loud cheers;

Nor he who held the narrow pass,—
The Spartan king, Leonidas,—
Who perished for his country's sake,
And in our hearts doth ever make
A monument of tears:

My hero is not known to fame,
And doubtless "Legion is his name."
Oh, he who tries to curb his will,
And banish self; and, striving still,
O'ercomes his selfish fears,—

To him alone my praise I give,
Who "lives to learn and learns to live."

AN EVERY-DAY HERO.

BY GLADYS NELSON (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

His freckled face is all abeam with smiles,
His lips are shaped to give a whistle shrill,
His hat is torn "to let the sunshine in";
He's driving home the cows from o'er the hill.

And there he goes beneath the noonday sun;
His hoe is on his shoulder, and his song
Is echoed in the woodland over there:
His heart is light, although his furrow long.

There are who fret and grumble when they
see

The tall, rank weeds that crowd the salads
out;

But he is worth his weight in gold who goes
To conquer them with whistle, song, and
shout.

He's only twelve years old,—this lad I know,
Who never fears the tasks of every day:
A hero is the one who cheerfully
Can turn his daily labor into play.

MY FAVORITE CHARACTER IN GRECIAN HISTORY.

BY ELIZABETH CURTIS (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

OF all the touching episodes in Grecian history the death of Socrates appeals to us most deeply.

Socrates was one of the best of men, yet he had many enemies, principally of those who were jealous of him.

Among the noted Athenians of this time was a writer



"A GLOOMY DAY." BY LEWIS P. CRAIG, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

of comedies named Aristophanes. He liked to turn everything into ridicule. He was in the habit of seeing Socrates and Alcibiades, a handsome Athenian, together on the streets of Athens, and was greatly amused at the contrast between them. He soon grew to hate Alcibiades, but, seeing how much the people loved him, thought his faults must be due to the bad advice of his teacher—Socrates.

He wrote a comedy called "The Clouds." The actors who took part in this play dressed and acted as much like Socrates and Alcibiades as possible. Everybody talked about it and went to see it many times.

About twenty years later Alcibiades turned traitor and the people thought Aristophanes had been right, and without the evil influence of his teacher he would never have turned out so badly.

This accusation, made against Socrates by his enemies, resulted as they intended, and the tribunal gave orders for his arrest and trial.

They accused him of turning the gods into ridicule, and of teaching Alcibiades things that did him harm.

To all this Socrates answered calmly.

In spite of all his goodness, he was condemned to death.

In Greece criminals are forced to drink a cup of deadly poison at sunset on the day of their condemnation. But during one month of the year should no such punishment be inflicted. As Socrates was condemned at this season, the people had to wait; so they put him in prison in chains, but his friends were allowed to visit him. Every day a few of his pupils would gather around him.

One day he was told he could go unseen to a place of safety, but he refused. Then Crito, one of his pupils, began to weep and said:

"Master, will you remain here and die innocent?"

"Of course," replied Socrates. "Would you rather I should die guilty?"

As the sun was setting that day, the jailer entered the cell, bringing the cup of poison. Socrates drank it, saying that he was sure that death was only a birth into another world.

HEROES.

BY ELIZABETH TOOF (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

OH, bold and true the men of old,
Who left their land and home
To march to conquests far away,
To fight and fall for Rome.

And loyal they who Scotland freed
Through sacrifice and loss;
And brave the knightly hearts that beat
'Neath the crusader's cross.

To those who freed our own dear land
We loving tribute pay;
And to the men who fought in blue,
And those who fought in gray.

For only brave men dare to stand
For liberty and light;
And heroes true are all who shield
The cause they deem the right.



"A GLOOMY DAY." BY FLORENCE C. IRISH, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

AN EPISODE IN GREEK HISTORY.

BY LAWRENCE DOOLITTLE (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

WHILE Alexander the Great was on his famous expedition into Persia, he passed the city of Tyre, and was not sure whether to besiege it or not.

Tyre was one of the greatest seaports of the world in those days, and its commerce spread over the whole Mediterranean. It was built upon a small island about half a mile from the shore. The city had once been built on the shore, but the people had moved to the island for safety, and the old site was marked by ruins.

The people of Tyre sent presents and congratulations to Alexander, but when he proposed to come and offer a sacrifice to Hercules in Tyre, they suggested to him that he might offer his sacrifice in the ruined temple on the mainland.

Alexander then decided to besiege the city, and began to think how he could do it; for Tyre was surrounded by a high wall which rose directly from the water. He could not surround the city and starve it out, for he had no ships for blockading purposes. At last he decided to build a causeway from the shore to the island.



"A GLOOMY DAY." BY HELEN K. PORTER,
AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY MIRIAM H. TANBERG, AGE 8.
(SILVER BADGE.)

There was plenty of rock in the old city, and the forests of Lebanon furnished the necessary piles. He had also plenty of men. They erected hide-screens to protect them from the darts of the enemy, and the causeway began to creep toward the city. Machines for throwing darts and stones and for driving piles were erected on the pier as it progressed.

When the Tyrians noticed this they began throwing darts and stones at the workmen; but they could not stop it. Finally they set a ship on fire and let it drift down toward the pier, which was burned to the water's edge. Then came a great storm, and the sea completed the destruction. But the pier was started again, this time all the woodwork being covered with rawhide for protection against fire. Finally, Alexander decided to collect a fleet of his own. He placed battering-rams and catapults—the siege-guns of those days—on his ships, and gradually approached the place until with his battering-rams he had made several breaches in the walls. Through these he poured his soldiers, and the city was taken.

MY HERO.

BY BESSIE M. BLANCHARD (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

AN old-time hero was this man,
So straight, so brave, so tender;
And he was glad if to his friends
Some service he could render.

His eyes were of the brightest blue,
His forehead broad and high;
His hatchet told the people first
He could not tell a lie.



"A GLOOMY DAY." BY ANNA C. BUCHANAN, AGE 13.

His hair was powdered white at times,
As was the fashion then;
His silver buckles, how they shone!
You know him now, I ken.

Is not my hero best of all,—
This man of olden time?
I thought 't would keep his memory sweet
To write this little rhyme.

THERMOPYLÆ.

BY PERCY V. PENNYBACKER (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

THE battle of which I am going to tell was between Greece and Persia. Xerxes had conquered nearly all the world except Greece.

The Persians knew no other way to enter Greece



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY KATHARINE HAVENS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

than by the pass of Thermopylæ. They assailed the Greeks many times, but the Greeks drove them back, for the Persians could not get through the narrow space to get among the Greeks. Xerxes ordered his own body-guard to attack the Greeks, but they could not do any better than the others. This body-guard was driven back three times, and the king felt very badly. Soon a traitor Greek came and told Xerxes of a path around the mountains by which they could attack the Greeks in the rear.

When the guards told Leonidas, the Greek commander, the Persians were coming, some of his men went away, but more stayed.

The Greeks did not wait to be attacked, but went for the Persians. The Persians drove their men into battle with whips, but the Greeks fought bravely. They broke their spears, then their swords, then their daggers, and finally their teeth, biting.

When the sun went down there was

a mound of dead Greeks covered with spears and arrows. They were buried on the spot where they fell, and a column of stone was raised up over the grave, saying, "Go tell Sparta that we lie here obeying its laws."

ALEXANDER AND THE GORDIAN KNOT.

BY EMANIE L. NAHM (AGE 11).

DURING Alexander the Great's campaign to Asia Minor he was very anxious to go to Gordium, a city east of the Hellespont River. One reason why Alexander wished to go to Gordium was that he wished very much to untie the Gordian knot. This is the story of the Gordian knot:

Gordius was a mountain farmer. One day, when he was plowing, an eagle flew down and alighted on his plow and stayed till he had finished. This was an omen, but what did it mean? Gordius did not know, so he went to a town near by to consult the prophets and soothsayers. On his way he met a girl who was going to draw water at the well. Gordius fell into conversation with her, and told her of the eagle alighting on his plow. The girl advised him to offer a sacrifice to Jupiter. She said she would help him, and the affair ended in her becoming his wife, and they lived happily on their farm.

They had a son named Midas. One day they were going to a town, and Midas was driving in a cart drawn by oxen. It happened that in the town to which they were going there was an assembly which was in great perplexity on



"MOUNTAIN GOAT." BY SIDNEY MOISE, AGE 16. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"COOT." BY OLIVE WILLIAMS, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

account of an oracle which said, "A cart will bring them a king." Just then Midas drove up, and as he was in a cart they at once proclaimed him king. They took the cart and preserved it as a relic. Gordius tied the yoke to the pole of the cart with a piece of strong leather in such a way that nobody could undo it. It was called the Gordian knot. The oracle said afterward that whoever could untie it would become king of all Asia.

Nobody had yet succeeded, and Alexander wanted very much to untie it; so he went to the temple in which it was kept, and, after seeing it was impossible to untie the knot, he cut it into pieces with his sword.

MY HERO.

BY EDITH LOUISE SMITH (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

My hero is big and soft and white,
His eyes are large and kind;
A sweeter, kinder puppy dog
You'll never, never find.

I love my dog, and he loves me;
We are the best of friends:
No matter what can happen,
Our friendship never ends.

And so through every season
My dog and I will play—
In winter's cold and summer's heat,
Through every happy day.

BATTLE OF SALAMIS.

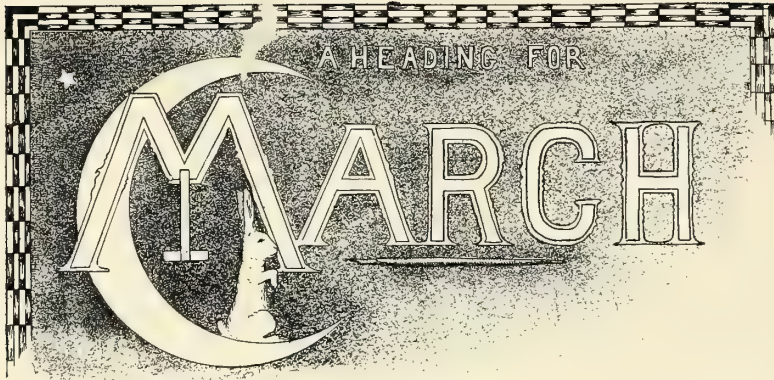
BY ELSIE F. WEIL (AGE 14).

A HEAVY cloud hung over Greece. Xerxes, the king of Persia, was invading the country, and, after defeating the Greeks at Thermopylæ, had advanced rapidly toward the Peloponnesian peninsula. Athens was in great danger. Themistocles, a famous Athenian, went to the oracle for advice. The oracle said, when everything else failed, a wooden wall would protect the Athenians.

But what was the wooden wall? Only Themistocles knew. He said the wooden wall was to be a wall of ships, and he brought many citizens to his opinion.



"SAND-HILL CRANE." BY ARCHIE M. GOEHRING, AGE 17. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY VICTOR H. SEARS, AGE 15.

All who so willed embarked with their families for Salamis, an island south of Athens. At Salamis the Athenian ships, about two hundred in number, were met by the Corinthian and Spartan triremes, and a few other vessels independently manned, amounting in all to about three hundred and seventy-eight ships.

Meanwhile, Xerxes' army had taken possession of the almost deserted city of Athens, and his fleet weighed anchor in the Bay of Phalerum. The next morning the Athenians on board ship saw their beloved city in flames. The vandals had set fire to the city of art and beauty. The enraged Athenians determined to fight with the barbarians to the bitter end. But the rest of the fleet desired to sail for the isthmus, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Themistocles persuaded them to remain at Salamis.

A struggle with the Persians seemed inevitable. The great fleet was seen slowly moving toward the Greeks, for Xerxes, although he had been advised not to fight, obstinately decided to give battle.

At last the memorable day dawned—September 20, 480 B.C.—on which the battle of Salamis was fought. The Persians' ships were one thousand strong. The Greeks had only one third of their enemy's number, but each man was armed with the strength of three, because his wife and children were anxiously viewing the battle from the island. The Persians, too, had reason for courage. On a rocky brow of Mount Aegaleos sat Xerxes.

The battle began in this way: Ameinis, an Athenian, advanced from his line to attack a Persian ship. The two boats became entangled. The Greek ships advanced to assist their countryman, while the Persians hurried to oppose them. The battle now became general.

Both sides fought valiantly, but the Persian ships were clumsy and the Persian men poor sailors; the Greeks were perfectly at home on the water. In the confusion a panic arose among the Persians. Those ships which were not sunk or captured by the Greeks fled from the scene of action.

OUR FLAG.

BY WILLARD FRANKLYN STANLEY (AGE 5).

THE red, white, and blue
Is waving in the breeze,
Like a lily in bloom—
Like a rose, gay
From the sunshine—
Like the sky and the stars.

A GREAT HERO.

BY CONSTANCE GARDNER
(AGE 10).

I'd like to be a hero
Of olden times gone by;
I'd like to be George Wash-
ington,
Who never told a lie.

I'd like to be a soldier
Who was as great as he;
But it is useless wishing,
As that will never be.

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

BY LAWRENCE PRIZER
(AGE 15).

In the year 401 B.C. there occurred an event in Greek history which tends to bring out clearly the distinction between the Greek and the Persian—the Greek, bold, hardy, brave, and patriotic; the Persian, weak, cowardly, and fickle.

Darius II, the ninth King of Persia, had two sons, Artaxerxes and Cyrus. Upon the death of Darius, his eldest son, Artaxerxes, ascended the throne. Cyrus, deeming himself the legitimate heir, as he was the first son born after his father's accession to the throne, made an attempt to gain the throne from his brother, for which purpose he gradually collected an army of ten thousand Greek soldiers of fortune—men who made



"MY FAVORITE SUBJECT." BY CLINTON BROWN, AGE 15.

war a trade, and served anybody who was able to pay them.

Thus, in the year 401 B.C., Cyrus set out from Sardis on this memorable expedition, with one hundred thousand Asiatics and ten thousand Greeks, among whom was Xenophon, the historian.

Marching in a southeasterly direction, they came, without any opposition, to the city of Cunaxa, near Babylon, where they were met by the forces of Artaxerxes.

The battle was fought long and fiercely until Cyrus, on account of his rashness, was killed when victory was nearly his. Thereupon the Asiatics, terrified at the death of Cyrus, fled, leaving the ten thousand Greeks alone.

The Greeks were indeed in a deplorable plight. The only thing to do was to retreat, but this was nigh impossible. The king dead; themselves left in the heart of the Persian empire, without provisions or maps, misled by guides, ignorant of the language of the people, and surrounded on all sides by thousands of foes,—how were they to return to their native land? They could not go back by the way by which they had come, for the route lay across the desert, where it was impossible to obtain food. The only practicable route lay northward to the Black Sea. So, under the leadership of Xenophon, they struggled onward for eight months through many hardships and great peril.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 17.

Finally, one day, when ascending a mountain, they came in sight of the Euxine. What joyful shouts of "The sea!" "The sea!" arose from the throats of the remaining three quarters who had survived the hardships of this wonderful retreat!

Such was the retreat of the ten thousand, which, with the exception of the retreat from Moscow, has never been paralleled in history.

TO THE UNKNOWN HERO.

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 14).

(Honor Member.)

NOT to the men who bravely fell,
Unconquered, at Thermopylæ;
Who stemmed uncounted armies' swell,
That Greece, their own, might still be free;
Not to the gallant, dauntless three
Whom Rome shall honor all her days;
Though peerless is their bravery,
I sing the unknown hero's praise.

Not in a moment's fiery zeal
He flings his life to glory's flame,
But bears heart wounds that never heal
Through years of misery and shame.
No glad earth shouts his valor's name;
Alone, his struggle he essays;
For the triumphs won, unsought by Fame,—
I sing the unknown hero's praise.

The war of life he fights alone;
His white lips utter ne'er a sigh;
In courage strong, without a moan,
Bravely he lays him down to die.
For noble purpose, pure and high,
The pain he bore through endless days.
Where'er his battle-field may lie,
I sing the unknown hero's praise.

AN EPISODE IN GRECIAN HISTORY.

BY ROBERT PAUL WALSH (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

"As wise as Solon!" "As rich as Croesus!" "A modern Æsop!"

How many of a thousand people who use these expressions know how they originated?

It is a brisk spring morning, in the prospering country of Lydia, about the middle of the sixth century B.C. Three men are promenading in a park filled with verdure such as is found along the winding Meander



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY RHODA E. GUNNISON, AGE 15.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY EDWARD JOSEPH LYONS, AGE 15.

River alone. The first of them, a man clothed in the finest raiments that the Orient can produce, is Cræsus, King of all Lydia, ever increasing in wealth with the stream of yellow gold that flows from his inexhaustible mines in Scythia, modern Russia. Solon of Athens is the second, and his coarse, flowing garment hangs loosely over his broad shoulders as he strides along with measured tread. Lastly, Æsop, secretary of Cræsus, the crippled slave, who wrote the instructing fables of "The Fox and the Grapes," "The Tortoise and the Hare," and the many others which amuse both young and old, is trudging along with short, uncertain steps. Cræsus is telling of his unbounded happiness; Æsop is relating, in a clever allegory, that happiness is like the fleeting time; but wise Solon merely remarks: "Call no man happy till his death."

Cræsus, mortified by this rebuff, departs for the hunt, while Solon and Æsop proceed to Delphi, to consult the sacred oracle for the king.

After offering sacrifice upon their arrival, they asked the oracle what would be the outcome of a war between Cræsus and Cyrus. Thereupon a peal of thunder shook the temple, and during the awe-inspiring silence that followed, the mysterious voice answered: "A mighty empire shall fall."

Cræsus, upon hearing this prophecy, mistook its meaning, and thinking that Cyrus's kingdom was meant, he made war against him.

Any one who has read history well knows that Cræsus was utterly defeated, and condemned to die by fire. On the funeral pyre Cyrus heard him exclaim: "Call no man happy till his death! O Solon, Solon, Solon! Wise art thou, and wise is Æsop, but I, poor man, abounding in riches, could not tell white from black!"

Then Cyrus, pitying Cræsus's plight, released him and appointed him his chief adviser; Æsop he sent to Delphi to distribute alms, and in a quarrel over a division he was killed; and Solon died of grief when his wise system of justice was overthrown in Athens.

THE HERO ACHILLES TO AGAMEMNON, SON OF ATREUS.

BY H. G. HENDERSON, JR. (AGE 15).

FORTH from Phthia, land of heroes, did I come to fight for thee;

Ten long years I fought the Trojans, now thou hast dishonored me.

When the sons of the Achæans chose thee Chryseis as thy spoil,

Then they gave me fair-cheeked Briseis for my labor and my toil.

Now that Chryseis is going, thou hast sworn my prize to seize —

O thou coward, Agamemnon, thou wilt soon be on thy knees,
Begging, praying me to save thee from the Trojan Hector's might;
But I here refuse, Atreides, ever more for thee to fight!

Why didst thou insult that Chryses, great Apollo's aged priest,

When he came with shining ransoms, asking favor not the least,

But demanding, as the custom, that his daughter should be bought?

Why didst thou with harsh words tell him to take back what he had brought?

Was it then the fault of Ajax or Odysseus — was it mine —

That the soldiery kept dying, slain by mighty darts divine?

No, wide-ruling Agamemnon, thou hast but thyself to blame;

I, O King of the Achæans, go to Phthia, whence I came.

AN EPISODE IN GREEK HISTORY.

BY HERMANN SCHUSSLER, JR. (AGE 11).

BEFORE the Greek and Persian War began, Alexander the Great refused to pay the tax of one thousand gold eggs to Darius, the King of Persia.

Darius became very angry with Alexander and sent him a bat, a ball, and a sack of small seeds: "the first two to ridicule his youth, and the third to represent the great numbers of the Persian army."

Alexander, equally angry, wrote back, saying: "With this bat I will strike the ball of your dominions, and, giving the seed to a fowl, in like manner I will gobble up your army; and I return a wild melon, so that its taste may indicate the bitter lot that awaits you."

This may have been one of the causes of the war.

A HERO.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

WHERE the glories of the sunset
'Neath the trees their shadows fling;
Where, amid the waving grasses,
First awake the buds of spring;

Low upon the mossy hillside,
Marked by neither slab nor stone,
Lies a fallen hero sleeping
On the battle-field alone;

With no record fraught with daring
Of the gallant heart below,
With his pall the blooms of summer
And the drifting wintry snow.

While his leader stands exalted,
And the throng his praises swell,
He was but a private soldier
Left to slumber where he fell.

Though his name be not in story,
Though his deeds be still untold,
Yet they shine with those of heroes,
Writ upon the Book of Gold.

A HERO OF TO-DAY.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 16).

His hand is strong, and his heart is true,
And his eyes are steady and calm and blue;
He is trusty and brave, he is stout and bold,
As the warrior knights in the days of old.
The chargers he rides are his two brown feet,
And they carry him everywhere, fearless and fleet.

He wins no battles and laurels great,
For he is a knight that is born too late;
For the good old chivalrous days are o'er,
And the knights and their ladies are here no more.

But though the tourneys and bouts are past,
The wrong and the sinful will always last;
And the ones to battle and conquer and slay
Are the freckled knights of the world to-day.

THE SIEGE OF MESOLONGHI.

BY F. A. COATES (AGE 14).

DURING the Greek revolution, when the hardy mountaineers fought for freedom from the Turks, the episode which shows more than any other the Grecian courage is the famous siege of Mesolonghi.

Greece had almost freed itself, and had established a government of its own, when the Sultan of Turkey, his army conquered, besought aid of Mehemet Ali, the Viceroy of Egypt. Against his disciplined troops the Greeks were powerless; but they bravely resisted until their freedom was assured by the intervention of the foreign powers.

On April 27, 1825, Kiutahi Pasha, governor-general of Rumelia, encamped before Mesolonghi. For eight months the inhabitants endured bravely a terrible siege, but in December the Turkish commander received ten thousand reinforcements.

On New Year's Day, 1826, the people wandered, starving, through the streets. Their ammunition, as well as their food, was consumed. But a joyful surprise was in store for them. Miaulis, the Greek admiral, broke through the Turkish fleet and landed twenty-four shiploads of supplies. Still, this could last but a few months at the most.

When it became evident to the Greeks that they could no longer sustain the siege, they made preparations for their escape, for the Turks gave no quarter. Those who could fight their way out divided into two parties. Many old men, women, and children must remain. The rest of the powder was stored in a large mill.

On April 22 the Greeks prepared for the attempt. That night those who were to remain behind assembled in the mill. In the mine under the wall an old soldier waited, a lighted torch in his hand.

At the appointed time, the two parties burst out from the city. One succeeded in breaking through the Turks and gained the mountains. The second was driven back.

Then the Turks pressed on to the attack. Hundreds were scaling the walls when the old soldier fired the mine. A terrific roar shook the earth, and hundreds of Turks perished. But their frenzied comrades still advanced. After they had taken the city they attacked the mill. When several hundred had collected around it, the heroes within fired the powder, sending themselves and many Turks into eternity.

Thus ended the siege of Mesolonghi, famous because it showed how love of liberty can transform simple and humble peasants into immortal heroes.

AN EPISODE IN GREEK HISTORY.

BY ANNA A. FLICHTNER (AGE 13).

WHEN the Spartans made war against the Messinians, Aristomenes, the leader of the Messinians, was so brave that the Spartans despaired of conquering them, but sent, as usual, to an oracle to find out what to do. The reply was that if they would take an Athenian for their leader, they would be victorious. So a messenger was sent at once to Athens. But the leader sent was a poor, lame schoolmaster, who had never handled a weapon in his life, and this naturally made the Spartans very angry; but when he placed himself before them with a lyre and began to sing, all the patriotism in them was roused: they fought better than ever before, were victorious, and took many prisoners.

Now, it was the custom then to put all prisoners to death, and the way the Spartans did this was to throw them into a deep pit.

So the Messinians were thrown into this pit; but Aristomenes was left till the last, that he might see the suffering of his companions. Then he was thrown in, and the Spartans went back to the city to celebrate their victory.

By some miracle Aristomenes was not killed: he had fallen so that he reached the bottom without injury.

But he soon found that there was no way of escape, and therefore sat down, threw his cape over him, and prepared to die.

He sat thus for three days, when suddenly he felt a warm breath on his hand, and looking up, saw a fox prowling around him. He instantly caught hold of his tail, feeling sure that the fox knew some way of escape; and, sure enough, the fox stopped all at once before a hole, and Aristomenes, seeing a light at the other end, let it go. Then he made a hole large enough for him to crawl through, and thus made his escape to the Messinians, who, you may be sure, were overjoyed to see him.

THE WORLD'S HEROES.

BY MARGUERITE STUART (AGE 17).

WHEN the storms are on the ocean,
When the waves are dashing high,
And within the sinking ships are
Fellow-men who soon must die,

There are heroes who, unmindful
Of the price their toil may cost,
Bravely hasten to the rescue
Ere the sinking ship is lost.

There are heroes on the mountain
Traversing the treacherous snow,
Showing wanderers paths of safety
Where but few would dare to go.

There are heroes in the battle
Who, 'mid sound of shot and shell,
On the land or on the ocean,
Guard their flag and country well.

Yet there are full many heroes
Whom the world will never know,
Struggling silently and bravely
As the ages come and go.

So we, on life's field of labor,
While the years are gliding by,
Though the world should never know us,
May be heroes, you and I.



"A HEADING FOR MARCH." BY RICHARD A. REDDY, AGE 17.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Katharine Marble
Sherwood
Ethel B. Youngs
Grace Leslie Johnston
Janet Buchanan
Enza Alton Zellar
Dorothea Gay
Julia Ford Fieberger
Beulah H. Ridgeway
William Blodgett
Frances Lubbe Ross
Josephine E. Swain
Marie Armstrong
Alma Jones
Hélène Mabel Sawyer
Josephine Whitbeck
Lois Treadwell
Harold R. Norris
Dorothy Smith
Harriet D. Dey
Elizabeth Spencer
Doris F. Halman

VERSE 2.

Lillian McConnell
Twila Agnes McDowell
C. Ethelwyn Harris
H. Constance
Wylida Aitken
Blanche Leeming
Clara P. Pond
Lois Gilbert Sutherland

Dorothea B. Jones
Beatrice Lang
George S. White
Cora Edith Wellman
Helen Hill Newby
Leah L. Stock
E. Louise Kelso
Judith Hemenway
Alice Barstow
Harriet L. Barstow
Dorothy Thayer

PROSE 1.

Ethel Dickson
Ethel Phelps
Margaret M. Albert
Ralph Deane Marchie
Florence Ross Elwell
Alma Wiesner
Mildred C. Jones
Louis Bronson Le Duc
Lucinda W. Reed
Lola Hall
Mary Blossom Bloss
Alfred S. Niles, Jr.
Ruth Pennybacker
Dorothy Kuhns
Helen Leslie Follansbee

Medora C. Addison
Percy McCoy
Sidney Robinson
Albert Hart
Helen R. Crouch
Mary Louise Smith
Edith Louise Jordan

Harold H. Griffin
Gladys Hodson
Lois Jordan Bell
A. Simonsfeld
Margaret Abbott
Lucile Raymond
Byrne
Mildred Newmann
Ivy Varian Walshe
Phyllis M. Clarke
Marvin G. Russell
Max J. Palen
Bernice Cecilia Frye
Frances Marion Miller
Mary Pemberton
Nourse
Nannie Beall
David Fishel
George Switzer
Jeannette Schiff
Harold Plough
Cornelia N. Walker
Georgia Hurlin
Helen Hertell
Ella L. Wood
Mabel E. Deane

PROSE 2.

Milton White
Edith Blain
Clarence B. Reemelin
Webster Washburn
Allen F. Brewer
Edwin Einstein
Volant Vashon Ballard
Ruby Knox

Ruth Wheelock Tolman
Katherine Ancker
Louise W. Farnam
Beatrice Frye
Emory H. Niles
Ray Murray
Emory H. Skinner
Margaret Dow
Ruth A. Johnson
Clara Bucher Shanafelt
Fannie M. Stern
Helen Belknap
Elizabeth F. Yardley
Leroy Newcomb
Elsie Wormser
Madeleine P. Taylor
Marie Belknap
R. Goldschmidt
Agnes M. Frank
James E. Knott
Hattie E. Bosworth
Elizabeth R. Hirsh
Kathryn Robinson
John Cobb
Herbert Percy
Katherine Rutan Newmann
Dorothy Wormser
Elise R. Russell
Robert Blake
Charles Carr
Sylvanus Blumer
Theodore Lawson
Ruth W. Buck

DRAWINGS 1.

Ruth P. Brown
Theodor Bolton
Elizabeth Stockton
Hugh Spencer
Elizabeth M. Robinson
Melville C. Levey
Cordner H. Smith
Meade Bolton
Anna Zucker
Shirley Alice Willis
Helen O. C. Brown
Emily W. Browne
Marion H. Russell
Ashley W. Kendrick
Frederic S. Murray
Charles Vallee
Eleanor I. Town
Edward J. Lyons
Delma G. Cooke
Ella Elizabeth Preston
May Frasher
Anne Furman Goldsmith
Alice H. Miller
Mary Jadovsky
Stanislaus F. McNeill
Anita Moffett
Gertrude Mead Atwell
Vera Demens
Clifford H. Sheen
Gerald Lynton Kaufman
Marie Atkinson
Margaret Spencer-Smith

DRAWINGS 2.

Gladys L'Estrange
Joan Spencer-Smith

Elizabeth Otis
Julia W. Kurtz
Alpha H. Furley
James Harrison
Genevieve Ledgerwood
Freda M. Harrison
Hellen Gates
S. Davis Otis
Robert E. Jones
Raymond Rohn
Elsa Solano Lopez
Paul A. McDermott
Howard A. Patch
Marion K. Cobb
Herbert Clifford Jackson
Marjorie Hubbell
Anne Constance Nourse
Sara A. Parker
Robert McDonald
Elizabeth Rodman Wright
Elizabeth Keeler
Dorcas Perkins
Helen Reading
Carina Eaglesfield
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Helena B. Flynn
Aline J. Dreyfus
Ethel Irwin
Gertrude Palmer
Mildred Wright
Isabel Howell
Nathalie Kelley
Rose Evelyn Miller
Gladys McCain
Margaret D. Carpenter
Charlotte Stark
Josephine McMartin
M. I. McLaughlin
Ruth Albro Woodward
Margaret B. Richardson
Albertina L. Pitkin
Mary Baxter Ellis
Phoebe Hunter
Grace Cutter Stone
Frances Wetherly Varrell
Dorothy N. Stewart
Katherine Dulcibella Barbour
Marion Osgood Chapin
Katherine Walsh
Ruth Horney
Delphina L. Hammer
Dorothy Q. Alexander
Bessie B. Styrone
Sidney Altschuler
Myron A. Hardy
Margaret Grant
Gretchen Smith
Prudence Ovington Ross
Mollie Brooks
Mary E. Klauder
R. C. Seamans
Margaret King
Elizabeth S. Cockle
William Dunn
Sarah Lippincott
David Loring
Sinclair Wallridge

Robert H. Gibson
Lois Macgavock
Williams
Helen Baker
Thurlow Merrill Prentice
Dorothy E. Downing
Dorothy Ramsey
Andrew W. King
Eleanor Keeler
Theodore L. Fitzsimons

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Warren Irish
Ralph M. Crozier
Dorothea da Ponte
Williams
Helen Schmidt
Harold Fay
Emily Sibley
Marie Russell
Madge Pulsford
Florence Short
Margaret Upton
Virginia Rees Scully
G. A. Priest

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Ralph W. Howell
Margaret Yardley
Alice T. Betts
Olive Mudie Cooke
Stanley Cobb
Harry C. Lefebvre
Harriet W. Gardiner
Laura M. Thomas
Willis Ward Fay
James E. Moran
Richard D. Charms, Jr.
Catherine Armstrong
George Grady, Jr.

PUZZLES 1.

Nell G. Sémlinger
Janet Rankin
Madge Oakley
Katharine King
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
Edna Browning
Margaret Griffith
Elizabeth Beal Berry
Margaret Marshall
Christine Souther
Helen H. Strehlan
Fred. E. Norton
Theresa R. Robbins

PUZZLES 2.

Cornelia M. Vaughan
Archibald S. Macdonald
Tyler Barrett
Manuelita Koefoed
Fred P. Upton
Margaret McKnight
Kenneth Murdock
J. E. Fisher, Jr.
Jacob M. M. Harris
Walker Ely Swift
Dorothy E. Hickok
Gladys Richardson
Elisabeth Hemenway

LEAGUE LETTERS.

HOUGHS NECK, QUINCY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you ever so much for sending our badges so soon. The girls all liked them very much.

Yesterday we had a show in my house. It was a play, "The name of it was "How Santa Claus Remembered the Browns."

The children that came to it all liked it very much. There were fourteen there.

Afterward we acted out "Cinderella," all of us taking parts in it. Then we had a magic-lantern show.

We gave each one who came a bag of candy and pop-corn and a Christmas card.

Your friend,

DORIS SMITH.

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I received the membership badge and certificate. I am very proud of the badge, and I have hung the certificate in my room. I hope that some time I will do something good enough to win a prize.

I live in Oakland, California, across the bay from San Francisco. It has been warm and sunny all day, and the hills are green and beautiful. I have never seen snow. I would like to live where I could slide down the hills and skate on the ice. I have been read-



"SHE HAS A KITCHEN WITH A REAL COOKING-STOVE IN IT."

ing "Hans Brinker, or The Silver Skates," and I think it would be nice to live in Holland.

My sister Marion is eleven years old. She has a kitchen with a real cooking-stove in it. She has almost all the utensils that you need for cooking. She knows how to cook a good many things, and cooks lunch for herself and me on Saturdays. She cooked lunch upstairs to-day. We had baked potatoes, eggs, and hot gingerbread. Our little bantams laid the eggs. I send you a photograph of the stove with my sister and myself.

I am your interested reader,

ELINOR CLARK.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My gold badge came yesterday, and it is so very pretty and I am so proud of it I want to thank you many, many times for it. I had really forgotten all about my puzzle, so you can imagine my surprise as well as delight when I saw my puzzle had taken the gold badge.

I had had very little hopes of ever having one printed, but now I will try harder for greater honors.

You were given to me as a Christmas present, and I look forward to your coming every month with great delight.

Thanking you again for the beautiful badge, and wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy, prosperous New Year, I am,

Your devoted reader,

NELL G. SEMLINGER.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you ever so much for the cash prize. I am so pleased, for I did not expect it. I have been sick over a half-year, and have not been able to send one every month. I determined to get one in for "Distance."

I told papa I did n't thank him one bit for making me seventeen years old in his indorsement. Between getting old and being sick, I'll be out of the League soon enough without him pushing along nearly half a year. I wish ST. NICHOLAS all success during the coming year.

I wish every boy and girl in the universe could have it, big and little. I am sure I could get to be seventy-five years old and never outgrow ST. NICHOLAS, and I can't remember the time it was not around.

Your faithful friend,

HUGO K. GRAF.

NEWPORT, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In years to come the proudest moment of my life will have been that when I received the first pecuniary reward for any literary work, your cash prize. It was one of the most acceptable Christmas presents. You may rest assured that I shall strive to better my work in the future. Thanking you a thousand times, and wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I am,

Your friend,

ROBERT PAUL WALSH.

Other valued letters have been received from Mildred Eastey, Mary R. Hutchinson, Lawrence Sherman, John A. Ross, Harriet A. Bingham, Buford Brice, H. L. Follansbee, Dorothy Dimick, Georgiana M. Sturdee, Walter E. Huntley, Bennie Allen, Lucile D. Woodling, Helen Carter, Harold G. Simpson, James Harrison.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 66.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. The last provision does not apply to "Wild Animal Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 66 will close March 20 (for foreign members March 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for June.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Fairy" or "Fairies."

Prose. Story or play of not more than four hundred words. Subject, an original fairy tale, any title.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "March."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Fairyl-land" and a Heading or Tailpiece for June.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

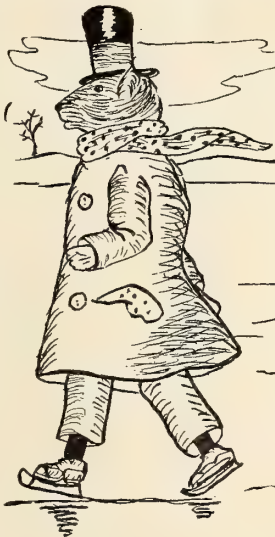
Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.



"GOOD-BY, WINTER." BY EARL PARK, AGE 13.

BOOKS AND READING.

TRAVELING COMPANIONS. AN excellent test of a friend is the making of a journey in his company. Many who are most agreeable amid the little events of every day at home, or in an accustomed round, are unable to withstand the petty annoyances that come with travel—the deferred meals, early rising, loss of sleep, the minor discomforts we all have suffered. But none of these affects the temper of a favorite book. It is ever ready for your amusement, yet never resents being put aside. It has no choice as to your route, and asks no more than a little corner of your traveling-bag, or, at a pinch, will go into a pocket as snugly as a pet squirrel. The "London Academy" says: "Indeed, of all travelling comrades books are the most genial and the most gentle; not books of travel—they are for the home fireside, but tales that have for background the scenery you are looking upon, or histories which deal with men and women who have dwelt and worked in the cities you are visiting."

THE POWER OF TIME. SOME years ago the school readers used to contain a goodly proportion of stories that conveyed a moral. There was one favorite selection—how many of you recall it?—called "The Value of Time." It was meant to show that even a second might make all the difference between safety and disaster. There was one striking paragraph beginning, "A train comes rushing around a curve," and ending, "and all because the engineer's watch was *behind* time!" But all this was about punctuality, the *value* of time. There is another matter worth your thought, quite as much as promptness and economy of minutes. The economy of saving time is wise, but there is an economy of spending time.

In reading, especially, hurry is most wasteful. Reading is the making of thoughts, of ideas, of pictures in the brain. All young photographers know how little is to be made out of an "under-exposed plate," but do they understand that there may be such a thing as an under-exposed brain? It takes time to make impressions on the mind. If you read too fast, either aloud or

to yourself, or skim over your reading, the mind receives poor impressions or none at all.

STORY-POEMS. WHO will send us a good list of poems that tell interesting stories?—poems that will interest young readers by the incidents related, as well as by the beauty of the lines? "King Robert of Sicily" is the sort of poem desired, or "The Pied Piper," or "The Jackdaw of Rheims." Of course they should be so written as to be within the understanding of younger readers.

NEW BOOKS WORTH WHILE. ANOTHER book-season is over. What has it brought that our young people should read? The very fact that so many volumes come out is a strong reason for taking care that the best are not overlooked. Let us know any you have found worth the attention of our readers, and be kind enough to tell us their good points. The new books on American history are especially worth sifting; for as our country grows older and bigger, it is all the more desirable that young Americans should be reminded of the steps by which it became what it is.

THE WORKS OF COOPER. WE should be glad to know whether our young readers are acquainted with others of James Fenimore Cooper's books than the Leatherstocking series. There seems to be nowadays a tendency to overlook his sea-stories, though these were once great favorites. Who remembers "Long Tom Coffin," or that famous scene in "The Pilot" where there is a series of captures that keep the reader in a state of breathless suspense?

Won't some of our older friends tell the juniors the names of books that pleased their girlhood or boyhood?—such as "The Adventures of Reuben Davidger," or "Ran Away to Sea," or "The Life-boat," or "Gascoyne, the Sandalwood Trader." They are too good to be forgotten.

HELPS TO RIGHT READING. THERE are certain books about things that are not literary, and yet they are necessary to give us clear ideas concerning the matters we meet with in literature. Good specimens are those by

Alice Morse Earle, such as her "Home Life in Colonial Days." In telling stories it is not possible to bring clearly before the reader all the little matters that made old times different from our own days, and yet we should have an idea of the old homes and their furnishings, of costume and of customs, so that we may see old scenes and incidents as they really were. Histories touch briefly on such matters, but these other books give us all the little details of daily life. Besides, they are charming and absorbing in themselves, as you will find.

THE LIVES OF GREAT MEN. PERHAPS the best way of reading history is to learn the lives of the persons most famous in each period. Scudder's "Life of Washington," once published as a serial in *ST. NICHOLAS*, will give you more knowledge of the Revolutionary days in America than can be found in any of the smaller histories, and it is also the best sort of romance. What "boys' book" has a more thrilling story to tell than that of this young Virginian, who became a surveyor, a scout, a soldier, general-in-chief, and President? Franklin's career is a better romance than is made up by any of the popular writers for young people, and the adventures of John Paul Jones are more thrilling and more exciting than those of any of the heroes told about in so-called "stories of adventure."

It is an old saying that truth is stranger than fiction—so old that we forget its wisdom; but compare the rise of the young Corsican lieutenant, Napoleon Buonaparte, from obscurity to an imperial throne with the most improbable story for young folks, and the truth seems more improbable than fiction. The life of Mahomet by Irving is as strange; and these are only the best known.

There is no need to go outside of history for thrilling stories. Did you ever read of Captain Tyson's drift on the ice-floe, or of the beginning of the Russian dynasty of the Romanoffs? You may choose your own sort of adventure, and history will supply you with the most wonderful examples of it.

MUTUAL MENTORS. How would it do for two young readers to make an agreement that each should send to the other, at the end of each month, an account of any

important book read, with a brief opinion of it? This would be helpful to both, and might be a pleasant means of keeping up an interesting correspondence.

Letters used to carry news, but the news now is old before a letter can arrive. Besides, if you care about each other's opinion, each can be a check upon her friend to prevent the reading of too many frivolous books or to encourage the reading of those worth while; and it also helps to a knowledge of good books.

THE FENCER JOHN MILTON. SOME of our boy-readers may be interested in knowing that our great Puritan poet was very fond of athletics, always exercising every day, and taking care to keep himself strong and well and in good condition.

While at Cambridge he made himself an accomplished swordsman, and declared with the modesty that is characteristic of great men that he was quite able to protect himself from harm when he had sword in hand. It is pleasant to picture him engaged in a fencing bout, and to read of his confidence in his sword: "Armed with it, as he generally was, he was in the habit of thinking himself quite a match for any one, even were he much the more robust, and of being perfectly at his ease as to the danger of any injury that any one could offer him, man to man."

READING ABOUT ENGLISH HISTORY. SOMETHING was said in this department, not long ago, advising young students to read good fiction relating to whatever period of history they happened to be studying. A friend who read what we had said and who thought well of the suggestion writes to say that in Larned's "History of England" there is, at pages 644-649, a well-selected list of books covering English history in thirty-seven epochs, there being as many as ten works named under some of these divisions.

The same friend also wishes us to recommend highly Kenneth Grahame's books to our young readers, but for books so well known as these we hardly think that this is necessary. Neither do we advise the reading of them at too early an age, since, while they are about children, by their method of treatment they are aimed mainly at older readers.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE is an interesting letter from a California girl-reader of ST. NICHOLAS, and it is accompanied by a unique and charming photograph:

PALO ALTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending a photo of myself in Nome, Alaska, in which I am fishing for tomcod through a hole in the ice out on Bering Sea. The hole in the ice is about one foot wide. I am sitting on a piece of ice and fishing.

The fishing-rod and line are made by the Eskimos, and are very different from ours. The rod is about a foot

however, only 70 succeeded, and joined with about the same number from the glass-works in the town. The first few days they did nothing but parade the streets, singing uncomplimentary songs about the "gendarmes."

But one Sunday they assembled in force, and were so uproarious that the police had to hold the road.

The first we heard of it was the singing of the Carmagnole, and rushing to the balconies, we were just in time to be able to see (for we were not near enough to hear) the riot act read by the mayor, but as they would not disperse, the order was given to charge! Oh, what a panic ensued! The horses and men charging in all



ANITA FISHING THROUGH THE ICE ON BERING SEA.

and a half long, and the line is often very long and is wrapped around the rod, and you can unwrap it if your line is not long enough. The rod is made of wood, and the line is often made of sinew. At the end of the line there are from three to five hooks; so it often happens that you catch more than one fish. You do not have any bait, but just jerk the line up and down and once in a while you get a fish. For a sinker you use an ivory fish which is usually old. If the fish are running well you could catch a sackful in an hour. Tomcod are usually sold for a dollar a sack.

Your loving reader,
ANITA ALLEN (age 8).

SYDENHAM, ENGLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have changed our place of residence, and are now living just outside London.

Just before we moved in, we stayed for about two months in Tréport, a small town in the north of France. While we were there we had a curious experience—namely, a riot. As perhaps some of your readers have not been in one, I will try to tell you a little about it.

One day 1200 glass-blowers from various towns round about attempted to enter Tréport; happily for us,

directions, the flashing of the sun on the unsheathed swords, all partly obscured by the clouds of dust raised by the flying feet of the horses, made a picture which none of us will be likely to forget.

Nothing was done after that by the rioters, although they threatened to return and avenge the comrades who had been hurt in the scuffle.

I am your interested reader,
FREDA M. HARRISON (age 14).

MALVERN, ARK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just been to the World's Fair, and I saw the Liberty Bell—it was in the Pennsylvania State Building. The building was beautiful, and the bell had flags around it.

In the Liberal Arts Building I saw The Century Co.'s exhibit, and copies of the ST. NICHOLAS. My mother took the ST. NICHOLAS when she was a little girl.

I have two cats. Their names are Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes.

Yours truly,
MARJORIE B. SUMPTER (age 11).

The answers to the charades on page 441 are "Boa" and "Doughnut."



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

ZIGZAG. Washington; from 1 to 8, February. Cross-words: 1. Warm. 2. Paul. 3. Fish. 4. Arch. 5. Coin. 6. Once. 7. Gale. 8. Etna. 9. Buoy. 10. Barn.

TRANSPOSITIONS AND ZIGZAG. Frank Stockton. 1. Fire, rifle. 2. Eras, sear. 3. Abbe, babe. 4. Snap, pans. 5. Kiel, like. 6. User, sure. 7. Tool, loot. 8. Rome, more. 9. Cars, scar. 10. Skid, kids. 11. Tern, rent. 12. Lore, role. 13. Note, tone.

A LABYRINTH. Begin at the second C in second line reading across. Chattanooga, Chicago, Columbus, Council Bluffs.

SQUARES AND DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, Saint Nicholas; 3 to 4, Ralph W. Emerson; 5 to 6, abbreviations; 7 to 8, balsamiferous; 9 to 10, obstinateness; 11 to 12, brotherliness. I. 1. Abeam. 2. Blast. 3. Smite. 4. Satan. 5. Raven. II. 1. Wager. 2. Whole. 3. Black. 4. Loose. 5. Eagle. III. 1. Noose. 2. Stoop.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from "Duluth"—Elizabeth Palmer Loper—"Microbia"—Mary Elizabeth Askew—Mary Dunbar—"Allil and Adi"—Harriet Bingaman—William R. McK. Very—Emmet Russell—Benjamin L. Miller—Helen Hinds Twitchell—"Two Puzzlers"—Bessie Sweet Gallup—J. Alfred Lynd—Clements Wheat—Gladys Hilliard—Margarita F. Elder—Marion Thomas—St. Gabriel's Chapter—Helen Hoag—Helen Stroud—Doris Hackbusch.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from "Chuck," 8—Elizabeth L. Kirlin, 1—Edwin and Beatrice, 3—Albert Noble, 1—Harold L. Godwin, 1—Frank L. Prohaska, 2—"Two D.'s," 2—Harold B. Tripler, 8—W. O. Dickinson, 1—Helen MacKeen, 1—E. Adelaide Hahn, 8—Esther Jackson, 1—Grace Haren, 8—Edna Krouse, 8—Bunny and Buddy, 1—Kendrick Van Pelt, 1—"Aunt Emily," 1—Helen Jelliffe, 8—Elizabeth B. Case, 1—Alan Winslow, 1—Florence Hayes, 1—Jessy Caverhill, 1—Lillian Jackson, 8—Thomas L. Irving, 1—Walter L. Dreyfuss, 7—W. G. Rice, Jr., 1—Nettie C. Barnwell, 7—Mary S. Van Orden, 5—Jo and I, 8—Salome Baker, 1—Elizabeth J. Phillips, 1—Olga Lee, 8—Mary O'Connor, 1.

CONCEALED WORDS.

ONE word of four letters is concealed in each quotation. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters will spell the surname of an English poet.

1. "I would the gods had made thee poetical."
2. "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."
3. "Again to the battle, Achians!
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance!"
4. "There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats."
5. "So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt."
6. "And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe."
7. "Who sees with equal eye, as God or all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall."

DORIS HACKBUSCH (Honor Member).

TRANSPOSITIONS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and the omissions and transpositions have been made, the initials of the new words will spell a familiar title. All of the first words described contain six letters.

1. Omit the first letter of a household convenience for carrying articles in, transpose the remaining letters, and make something used on ice.
2. Omit the first letter of something to write on, transpose, and make a common article of furniture.
3. Omit the last letter of the name of slow-moving animals, transpose, and make part of the fingers.

3. Stick. 4. Ranch. 5. Sagus. IV. 1. Olive. 2. Knife. 3. Babel. 4. Essay. 5. UMBER. V. 1. Earls. 2. Bound. 3. Sleet. 4. Snipe. 5. Taper. VI. 1. Sable. 2. Whale. 3. Shote. 4. Brush. 5. Stern. VII. 1. Roast. 2. Tasse. 3. Easel. 4. Above. 5. Taste. VIII. 1. Rails. 2. Slain. 3. Tenor. 4. Shame. 5. Tapir. IX. 1. Erect. 2. Dined. 3. Album. 4. Train. 5. Sabot.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Roosevelt. — RIDDLE. Back.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. R. 2. Rig. 3. Rigor. 4. Got. 5. R. II. 1. R. 2. Hot. 3. Rower. 4. Ten. 5. R. III. 1. R. 2. Tut. 3. Rumor. 4. Tom. 5. R. IV. 1. R. 2. Bit. 3. River. 4. Tea. 5. R. V. 1. R. 2. Mat. 3. Razor. 4. Toy. 5. R.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Sight. 2. Idler. 3. Glare. 4. Herbs. 5. Tress.

4. Omit the fourth letter of the name for a jackdaw, transpose, and make a likeness.

5. Omit the second letter of a rough drawing, transpose, and make a big box.

6. Omit the first letter of to beat soundly, transpose, and make crabbed.

7. Omit the first letter from to waver, transpose, and make a fur-bearing animal.

8. Omit the last letter from a number, transpose, and make an embankment.

9. Omit the fourth letter in something which brings good luck, transpose, and make the smallest particles.

10. Omit the fifth letter in a person in authority, transpose, and make clever.

PHILLIP J. SEXTON.

BEHEADINGS AND ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly beheaded, and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell the surname of a famous personage.

1. Behead a quick movement, and leave to desire.
2. Behead keen, and leave a musical instrument.
3. Behead a bottle for holding oil, and leave an artifice.
4. Behead a month, and leave a curve.
5. Behead a slow-moving animal, and leave a measure of length.
6. Behead a law, and leave in a little while.
7. Behead anew, and leave profit.
8. Behead moving, and leave to agitate.
9. Behead to empty by lading, and leave a grated box for confining chickens.
10. Behead a country gallant, and leave a wagon.

RUSSELL S. REYNOLDS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

MY initials name a famous man, and another row of letters spell the name of a poem.

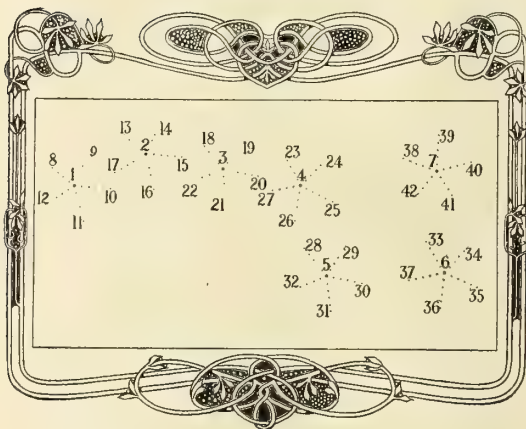
CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A fine fabric made of flax. 2. A tropical fruit. 3. A wanderer. 4. Magnificent. 5. Part of a blacksmith's outfit. 6. Keenly desirous. 7. A city of France celebrated for certain manufactures. 8. A dead language. 9. To suppose. 10. A common liquid.

MARY PARKER.

CHARADE.

To my *first* a beggar came;
He said his need was *last*.
"Come in," I said; "here 's food for you."
(The quantity was vast!)
Too plain for him my offering;
He threw it in my *last*,
Then fled, as in an angry tone,
"My *whole*!" I cried, aghast.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

A "DIPPER" PUZZLE.

FROM 8 to 1 (six letters), a great German poet; 9 to 1, a tragic poet of France; 10 to 1, the press established at Venice by Aldus Manutius; 11 to 1, a beginner; 12 to 1, to prosper. From 8 to 12 (the five end letters), a famous American general.

From 13 to 2, an English historian born in 1777; 14 to 2, a symbol; 15 to 2, to enlighten; 16 to 2, a Westphalian town; 17 to 2, high regard. From 13 to 17, a German poet.

From 18 to 3, teachable; 19 to 3, a water-spirit whose name gives the title to a German story; 20 to 3, rest; 21 to 3, "the lily maid of Astolat"; 22 to 3, a man who, in 1775, took a famous ride. From 18 to 22, a famous German painter and engraver.

From 23 to 4, a large basket; 24 to 4, a writer; 25 to 4, at a distance; 26 to 4, the capital of Colorado; 27 to 4, a British admiral born in 1786. From 23 to 27, the composer of the "Creation."

From 28 to 5, a famous "Autocrat"; 29 to 5, an Egyptian god; 30 to 5, the surname of an English poet and artistic decorator; 31 to 5, superfluity; 32 to 5, a great Flemish painter. From 28 to 32, a great Greek poet.

From 33 to 6, the germ of a plant; 34 to 6, a musical term meaning a gliding movement; 35 to 6, a kind of deep blue; 36 to 6, a character in "Twelfth Night"; 37 to 6, a character in "Two Gentlemen of Verona"; From 33 to 37, the pen-name of a great English novelist.

From 38 to 7, the author of "The Origin of Species"; 39 to 7, "The Wizard of Menlo Park"; 40 to 7, the builder of the *Clermont*; 41 to 7, to direct with authority; 42 to 7, to procure.

From 38 to 42, the author of a famous story which appeared in 1719.

From 1 to 7, a great American essayist.

M. B. CARY.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. The surname of an American statesman. 2. Customary. 3. To reflect. 4. A merry-making. 5. The surname of two presidents of the United States. 6. Worthy of belief. 7. Pertaining to physics. 8. Malicious.

From 1 to 2, a Carthaginian general; 3 to 4, a British dramatist and orator.

HARRY I. TIFFANY
(Honor Member).

ANAGRAMS.

ALL of the stars may be replaced by the same five letters, differently arranged.

A little boy wrote the following composition on his
* * * * *

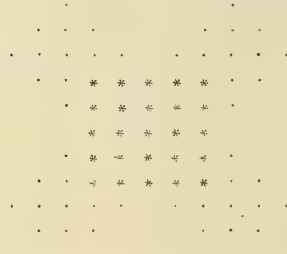
WATERFOWL.

CERTAIN waterfowl are called * * * * *. They feel bad if you * * * * * their eggs, but some folks are not in the * * * * * considerate; and many boys think the * * * * * about the wrong in robbing nests are very * * * * * and foolish.

E. ADELAIDE HAHN
(Honor Member).

DIAMONDS AND A SQUARE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In terminal. 2. To cut down. 3. The whole. 4. A common verb. 5. In terminal.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In terminal. 2. A shallow, open dish. 3. A bricklayer. 4. To bow. 5. In terminal.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. The chief of the fallen angels. 2. Apart. 3. Movements of the ocean. 4. Thoroughly proficient. 5. Bird homes.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In terminal. 2. A Japanese coin. 3. Worth. 4. To pinch. 5. In terminal.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In terminal. 2. Turf. 3. A bird. 4. To delve. 5. In terminal.

GERTRUDE T. NICHOLS.

FOR THE TOILET



THE JOY OF CHILDHOOD

Any Child—even the Baby—knows when PEARS' is used in the bath; that's why "he won't be happy till he gets it."

THE PRIDE OF YOUTH

PEARS' SOAP is the pride of youth because it gives that incomparably thorough cleansing and purifying of the skin which has made the PEARS' COMPLEXION so famous.

THE COMFORT OF OLD AGE

A PEARS' SOAP COMPLEXION is a defence against the ravages of time. Many a grandmother who has used PEARS' since childhood, is carrying her velvety skin and girlhood complexion into old age.

**A LIFE TIME OF HAPPINESS
FOLLOWS THE CONSTANT USE OF**

PEARS

Of All Scented Soaps Pears' Otto of Rose is the best.

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THE Germans have taken a greater interest in what pertains to stamps and postal business than the people of any other nation. Ever since 1873, when the postal museum was established in Berlin, they have been improving and enlarging it. It now has an annual income of seven thousand five hundred dollars, a large part of which is expended in the improvement of the already fine collection of postage-stamps. There are many gifts made to it, and the collection now contains specimens of most of the rarest stamps, such as the two-cent British Guiana 1850, the two-cent, five-cent, and both thirteen-cent stamps of the first issue of Hawaii, the rare first issue of Moldavia, and the "wood-block errors" of the Cape of Good Hope. All of the more common stamps of the various countries are fully represented. It is by far the largest and best government collection of stamps in existence.

CHINESE STAMPS.

THE various issues of stamps used in the Chinese Empire are worthy of study as revealing characteristics peculiar to the Oriental mind. The earliest issues were those of the treaty ports, where private posts were established in connection with the collection of customs dues. The thrifty customs officials multiplied these issues unnecessarily when they found that they could sell for a considerable sum what cost them little to produce. Most of the issues, however, are interesting, and all of them are now obsolete, having been superseded by the issues for the empire. Many of the stamps have upon them the sacred dragon, held to be of divine origin. There were several of these dragons, but the one which came from the sky was considered the only genuine one. The lines at the bottom of the stamp, which we illustrate, indicate the earth or sea, and the lines at the top, supposed to be clouds, show that this dragon comes from heaven.



DISCONTINUING THE TWO-FRANC STAMP.

IT is said that the two-franc stamp issued for France is to be discontinued. It has been found to be of little use, as it is seldom employed upon packages of mail matter. It is said to have originated in the desire of postmasters in the colonies to have a stamp which they could sell at a good price to increase their revenues.

PANAMA STAMPS—A WARNING.

YOUNG collectors should be very careful when buying stamps of the Panama Canal zone. Large numbers of the stamps of Panama, not surcharged, have been pur-

chased in the republic, and the overprint upon them has been counterfeited. Parties who have endeavored to sell these stamps in New York city have been arrested, but many of the fraudulent stamps are in circulation. Every one wants to get rid of these in exchange for stamps required for the collection. The fact that every collector possesses these ordinary stamps is a first reason for difficulty in making exchanges. It is hardly safe to send stamps to parties who are unknown, and therefore the difficulty of exchanging is increased. It is as well to avoid duplicates whenever possible, unless one has an opportunity for exchange among one's friends.

THE WORKMANSHIP ON STAMPS.

IT is often remarked that certain of the earlier issues of stamps were much more carefully and finely engraved than are the modern issues. Specimens of these are the early stamps of Great Britain, St. Vincent, St. Lucia, and other countries. The methods of production were much more laborious in the early days of the issuing of stamps. The work was, in some cases, done in a superior manner, but the average of stamps at the present time is far above the first stamps made.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THE earliest issues of Sweden have different words at the bottom from those upon the later issues, because the currency of the kingdom was changed between 1855 and 1858. Postage-due stamps usually have upon them large figures in order that the postal authorities may easily see the amount that is due for the unpaid portion of the postage. This peculiarity in the design also prevents their being confused with the ordinary issues of stamps of a country, and therefore there is less danger that the deficiency in postage will not be collected. Local stamps are difficult to sell, because at the present time there are few collectors of them. Those that do care for them prefer them upon the original covers, as it is very hard to tell what are genuine when they are not in this condition. The reason that there are no triangular or diamond-shaped stamps issued at the present time is because it has been found that stamps of the rectangular shape and of a size about that of the United States stamps are most convenient for use. Stamps that are too large or too small to handle easily are much disliked by business men, who use most of them. The large stamp of San Marino is no longer in the catalogue, as it was a registration envelop, and all envelops of foreign countries are now omitted. There are no new issues for Brunswick, Holstein, Prussia, and such countries, because they are all now included in the German Empire.

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SHREDDED WHEAT WHOLE

“PLAYING HOUSE”

is lots of fun for the little folks and “something to eat” is always the first demand. Both at play meals and real meals the boys and girls like sweet, dainty and tempting things, and this desire may be fully gratified by

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

with no fear of bad results. On the contrary, the more Shredded Wheat Biscuit the children eat, the better for them. It will make them strong, hearty, rosy cheeked and happy. This is true because it is made from the whole wheat berry which contains everything necessary to build strong, healthy bones, teeth, muscles and flesh.

☛ Serve as directed with milk, cream or seasonable fruits or vegetables, and the result will be a dainty dish for every meal.

☛ **Triscuit**, the whole wheat cracker, should be used in place of bread. It makes fine toast and is excellent with butter or cheese.

Send for “The Vital Question Cook Book,” free

THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

St. Nicholas League Advertising Competition No. 44.

Time to send in answers is up March 25. Prizes awarded in May number.

At the time of proposing this competition (44), the judges have just finished the examination of the answers to the "Century of Questions" (42), proposed in the December ST. NICHOLAS. Considering the difficulty of that test, we are inclined to set an easier task for this month. As usual, these are the

CONDITIONS.

1. Any one under eighteen years of age may compete, irrespective of any other League competitions. No prize-winners are excluded from winning in advertising competitions.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (44). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.

3. Submit answers by March 25, 1905. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose requests for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these, if you wish them, addressing the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

PRIZES AMOUNTING TO FIFTY DOLLARS.

One First Prize of Fifteen Dollars . \$15
One Second Prize of Ten Dollars 10
Three Third Prizes of Five Dollars each . 15
Five Fourth Prizes of Two Dollars each . 10

THE COMPETITION.

These prizes will be awarded under the above conditions for the best page-advertisement using one or more of the old mythology characters to advertise some article noticed in recent advertising pages of the *Century* or ST. NICHOLAS. You may introduce Jupiter, Juno, Apollo, Diana, Mercury, Venus, Minerva, Neptune, Pluto, etc., as proves most appropriate to your subject. A drawing is not essential, but will be considered an advantage.

Report on Competition No. 42.

We admit that it was a difficult competition, one requiring much industry, research, and diligence in obtaining the advertisements illustrating the answers. There were one hundred questions in all — "A Century of Questions" — and these had been carefully brought together so as to review very fairly all the main departments of advertising. Shelter, food, clothing, recreation, railroading, chemistry, lighting, heating, electricity — the queries sent the little scholars scurrying about from subject to subject, until they must have acquired a very fair working knowledge of several encyclopædias and dictionaries. Well,—so much the better! They will now appreciate the breadth

of the field covered by modern advertisers, and will also be prepared to appreciate the value of the *Century Dictionary* and other books of reference included in the prize volumes.

The papers submitted represented the work of both pupils and teachers, and were creditable indeed in view of the two months allowed for answering the wide-reaching queries. For the most part, the advertisements attached to the answers were closely adapted to the facts brought out, proving that thousands of advertisements must have been examined in order to find those that fitted so precisely. Now and then, of course, there was only the most general connection, as, for instance, in the case of

A Nutritious Food=Drink for all Ages

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

A compact, delicious lunch for the traveler o'er land or sea—highly nutritious and digestible—ready any moment. A healthful and invigorating food-drink, invaluable in car- or sea-sickness. More wholesome and recuperative than tea, coffee, or cocoa. It is pure, rich milk from our sanitary dairies, with the extract of selected malted cereals.

In powder form, a delicious beverage may be prepared with either hot or cold water. In Lunch Tablet form, it is always ready for solution in the mouth. A palatable, nutritious confection—a convenient quick lunch for every member of the family, old or young.

Purity, excellence and uniformity are insured by costly apparatus and elaborate precautions.

At all druggists.

Sample mailed free upon request. Our Booklet gives many valuable recipes, and is also sent free, if mentioned.

Ask for HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

Horlick's Food Company, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Montreal,
Canada.

London,
England.

*Shakespeare's
Seven Ages*

6th: "With spectacles on nose"

the question about reversing an engine. Pictures of locomotives were the nearest available material, and were oftenest adopted.

The competition proved two facts: It showed that the competition was perhaps too difficult to be proposed during the busy season in school-work, and it also demonstrated that advertisements are read thoroughly and critically by the general public.

One purpose of the competition was to ascertain whether it is good business policy on the part of advertisers to address themselves to the public on scientific and technical grounds, assuming a knowledge of hygiene, business economy, and so on. The answers given seem to the judges to prove that it is well to make advertisements plain and explicit in their information. In advertising canned goods, refrigerators, shoes, underwear, or what you will, it

seems wise to explain clearly the merits of the particular characteristics of the advertised articles. Do not assume that the public knows what is called in patent law—"the state of the art." Show what is new, tell why it is good, and explain what it accomplishes.

Photography, particularly, seems to be ill understood by the average amateur, probably because too much technical language is used in circulars, directions, and advertisements. Of electricity the same remark may be made, for the answers to questions touching this subject smack too strongly of the text-books. Yet, considering the wide range of the questions, the answers were certainly well thought out and briefly put.

The prizes, after careful consideration of all the conditions and circumstances, are awarded to the following

PRIZE-WINNERS:

First Prize:

Century Dictionary, Cyclopedia, and Atlas, bound in $\frac{3}{4}$ morocco, ten volumes, to
Mansfield Borough School, Mansfield, Pennsylvania,
E. A. Retan, Principal.

Second Prize:

Same set, bound in $\frac{1}{2}$ morocco, ten volumes, to
Charlottesville High School, Charlottesville, Virginia,
Annie S. Caldwell, Teacher.

Third Prize:

Books selected from Century Co.'s catalogue, at the prices there given to the value of \$30.00, to
H. B. Durfee School (Third Grade), Jasper and Herkimer streets, Decatur, Illinois,
Mabel E. Fletcher, Teacher.

Fourth Prize:

Ten subscriptions to ST. NICHOLAS for one year to ten scholars of the school to
Glencoe Public School, Glencoe, Cook Co., Illinois,
Arthur B. Rowell, Principal.

Fifth Prize:

Eight subscriptions, as above, to
Oak Grove Public School, Oak Grove, Alabama,
M. E. Blount, Teacher.

Sixth to Tenth Prizes:

- 6th. Six subscriptions to Somerville High School, Somerville, New Jersey, H. C. Krebs, Principal.
- 7th. Four subscriptions to Latin High School, Somerville, Massachusetts, Gracé T. Pratt, Teacher.
- 8th. Two subscriptions to Public High School, West Orange, New Jersey,
Charlotte L. French, Teacher.
- 9th. One subscription to Graded School District No. 3, Windsor, Dane Co., Wisconsin.
Fanny Warner, Teacher.
- 10th. One subscription, Ramsey School, Bronxville, New York, Julia L. Ramsey, Teacher.



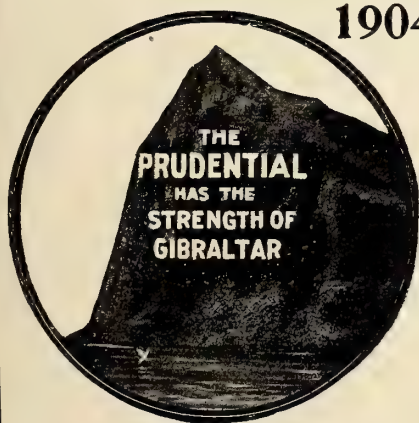
The Prudential

Stronger Financially, and in the Confidence of the Public, Than Ever Before. A Year of Greatest Gains in Progress, Security and Usefulness.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1905.

Assets, over	88 Million Dollars
Liabilities, Including Reserve (\$73,900,000)	75 Million Dollars
Surplus, over	13 Million Dollars
Increase in Assets, over	16 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders during 1904, over	13 Million Dollars
Total Payments to Policyholders, to Dec. 31, 1904, over	92 Million Dollars
Number of Policies in force, nearly	6 Million
Increase in Number of Policies in force, over	One-half Million
Cash Dividends and Other Concessions not Stipulated in Original Contracts and Voluntarily Given to Holders of Old Policies to Date, over	5 Million Dollars

Life Insurance Issued and Paid for During 1904, over 312 Million Dollars.



LARGEST IN THE HISTORY
OF THE COMPANY.

**Over ONE BILLION
DOLLARS**

LIFE INSURANCE IN FORCE.

**THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO.
OF AMERICA**

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

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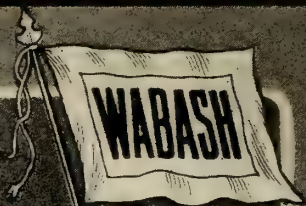
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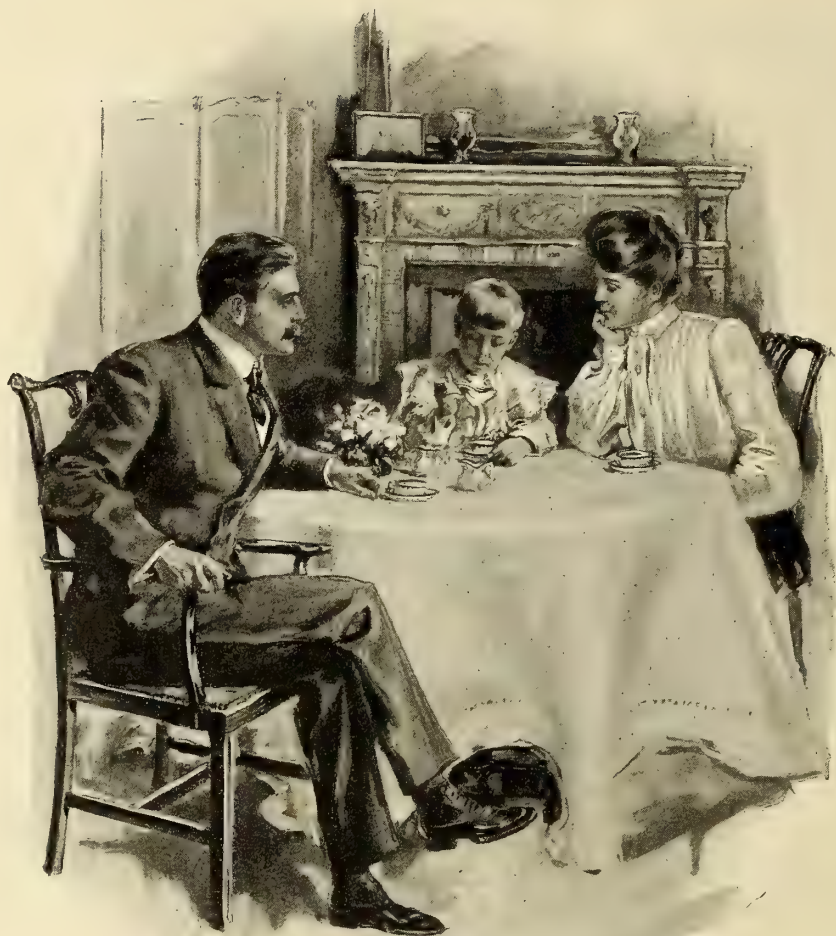
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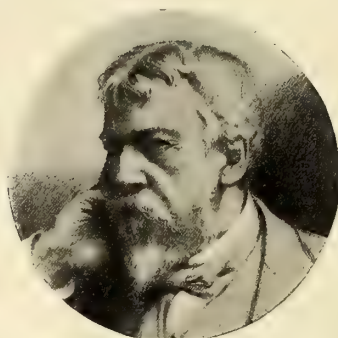
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"It is a deliciously fresh story with a rich vein of humor running through it. Stumpy's intermittent narrative is as ingenious and delightful as any of Scheherazade's in the 'Thousand and One Nights.'"

Professor Henry A. Beers, of Yale:

"I would like the author to know that I have enjoyed the 'Blacksmith' thoroughly and think it a mighty good yarn. Perhaps it might be going rather far to class it with 'Huckleberry Finn' and Reade's 'Jack of all Trades,' but really, as a specimen of *picaresque* fiction, I don't know anything since those two masterpieces that I have enjoyed more."

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John Kendrick Bangs:

"I wish my name might have been on the title-page."

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"**The Fugitive Blacksmith**" will soon be read as eagerly and hilariously as was "David Harum" or "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."—*Milwaukee Free Press.*

A Review in the New York Evening Post

For a better Odyssey of the Mississippi River the reader will have to go back to the best of Mark Twain's earlier books. Finerty, keeper of the railroad sand-house and coal-bunkers in the Memphis "yards" — whose household, like all Gaul, was divided into three parts — had the story from "Stumpy," the blacksmith's peg-legged companion in most of his wanderings. To Stumpy's absorbing narrative, which in its sweep and force calls to mind a terse Conrad, Finerty himself adds a number of stories in dialect. The misanthrope who can read through without smiling the story of how Finerty was left to "mind th' throttle" of a plough to which four oxen were hitched, and the events that followed, is beyond salvation; and as for his recital of the mishaps of the "General" in the Arkansas woods, it is impossible to match the humor outside of "Huckleberry Finn" or "The Pickwick Papers."

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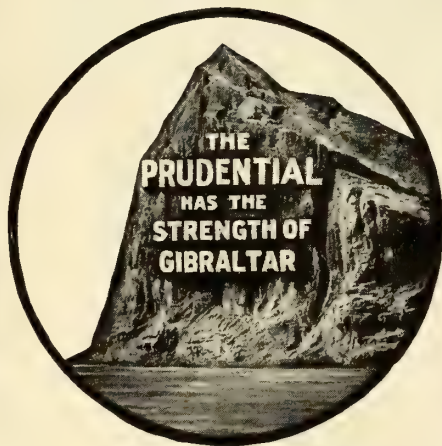
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"DESPERATE MEN THEY WERE, AND ONLY DESPERATE RIDING COULD SAVE THEM."
(See page 485.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXXII.

APRIL, 1905.

No. 6.

HOW ERNEST SAVED THE HERD.

BY WILDER GRAHAME.

It was n't very pleasant to be left outside the stockade to guard the corral gates, with no companions but a pony and the three thousand six hundred half-wild and restless cattle. Most boys of fourteen would not have relished the position even in a time of peace. And now a band of desperados of the worst type was known to be approaching. White savages who have no fear of the law are worse than savage Indians. A scout had brought word that the terrible "Bolter gang" were on their way to raid the cattlemen of the valley, and all hands had since been busy gathering the scattered settlers into the central stockade for protection against this marauding band of "rustlers," or cattle-thieves.

Whatever may be said against the cow-boy, laziness and cowardice are not among his failings; so it is not surprising that the ranchmen began to prepare most actively to give their unwelcome visitors a warm reception.

Up on the mountain lay the scout, waiting to send the signal of warning when the foe should enter the pass. Below, fearless riders dashed over the plains, bringing in the scattered cattle and preparing for a long and vigorous defense. Until the signal came there was no danger, and, as all hands were needed in driving up the more distant herds, the stockade was, for the time, left comparatively undefended. That was how it

came to pass that Ernest was left alone to guard the corral gates till the remaining cattle were driven in and the heavy fastenings safely secured. There was little for him to do but watch till the other herds arrived. Then he would have to swing the big gates open and help turn the leaders in. This might mean some hard riding and not a little danger. Often the least unusual thing is enough to start those herds of half-wild cattle on a mad stampede before which there is no safety but in flight. A single misstep, and horse and rider would be trampled to pieces by a thousand hoofs.

The cattle were restless that day — ready for a stampede on the slightest provocation. As though they scented danger, they sniffed the air, pawed, and lowed till Ernest began to fear they would attempt to break from the inclosure.

Within the stockade the women were doing what they could in preparation for the coming fight. Guns were being cleaned and examined, ammunition-boxes dragged into more convenient places, and the little fortress strengthened in every possible manner. In fact, every one was busy at some active work except the scout, away up on the mountain, and Ernest. No wonder the lad felt almost alone in the world.

Would the men be ready to return before the signal came? Of course they would be all right,

anyhow, for they would have time to get back after Bolter came in sight of the scout. They could leave the rest of the herds, if necessary. But the excitement of the cattle he was guarding seemed contagious, and Ernest's restlessness, like theirs, increased. He galloped up to a little plateau, and, dismounting, looked anxiously toward the spot where the scout was stationed, as if expecting his signal. His attention was about equally divided between the trail by which the men would come and the lookout on the mountain. The lad was not by any means a coward. Accustomed as he was to the dangers and hardships of frontier life, even the cow-boys admired his daring. Still, it was with a keen sense of relief that he saw an approaching cloud of dust that told him the men were coming.

But was it really the men? The cattle never

came like that unless they were stampeding. Surely that could n't be Bolter! The scout would have been sure to see him and give warning—unless he had been surprised and captured.

Older heads than Ernest's would have been anxious at that moment. Furiously the cloud of dust approached, drew near, then parted, and out of it there came, not horns, but horses ridden as if the evil one possessed the reins. There was—there *could* be—no more doubt. It *was* Bolter and his gang!

Ernest's first thought was of the men scattered hopelessly over the valley; then of the women and children in the stockade, defenseless and as yet unconscious of their danger; then of the cattle. Ah, the cattle! Putting spurs to his horse, he dashed to the corral gates, tore them



"IT WAS WITH A KEEN SENSE OF RELIEF THAT HE SAW AN APPROACHING CLOUD OF DUST THAT TOLD HIM THE MEN WERE COMING."



"AS THEY SAT AROUND THE FIRE THEY WERE TOLD THE STORY OF ERNEST'S EXPLOIT."

wide open, and then flew to the rear of the inclosure, and, shouting like a maniac, swung his coat in the air above his head. For one instant three thousand six hundred heads were in the air. The next, four times as many hoofs went thundering down the valley in a hopeless stampede. A railroad train would not have stopped that rush. Nothing could withstand or check it.

The advancing horsemen drew rein for a moment, astonished at the commotion. Then, as the full sense of their danger burst upon them, they turned about and fled helter-skelter for their lives. Desperate men they were, and only desperate riding could save them.

When the cow-boys returned, the noise and dust had died away, and the desperados were disorganized and scattered. Here was the ranchmen's chance, and so well did they im-

prove it, thanks to their habit of quick thinking and acting in an emergency, that Bolter left nearly half his gang prisoners in the hands of their intended victims.

Cow-boy skill soon rounded up the scared and scattered cattle. The scout? Poor fellow, he had kept his last watch. Bolter's sharpshooters had surprised him at the post of duty. And Ernest? Well, a week later, a half-dozen of the ranch-owners came up from Denver and held a meeting in the main ranch-house. As they sat around the fire they were told the story of Ernest's exploit, and immediately they clubbed together to send him East to school. He graduated with high honors, and not many years later became the prosperous owner of the very ranch which his pluck and cool-headedness had saved from Bolter and his desperados.



THE SHEARING.

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER.

THE day they cut the baby's hair
The house was all a-fidget;
Such fuss they made, you would have said
He was a king — the midget!

Some wanted this, some wanted that;
Some thought that it was dreadful
To lay a hand upon one strand
Of all that precious headful.

While others said, to leave his curls
Would be the height of folly,
Unless they put him with the girls
And called him Sue or Molly.

The barber's shears went snip-a-snip,
The golden fluff was flying;
Grandmother had a trembling lip,
And aunt was almost crying.

The men-folks said, "Why, hello, Boss,
You're looking five years older!"
But mother laid the shaven head
Close, close against her shoulder.

Ah, well! the nest must lose its birds,
The cradle yield its treasure;
Time will not stay a single day
For any pleader's pleasure.

And when that hour's work was weighed,
The scales were even, maybe;
For father gained a little man
When mother lost her baby!



"Why, hello, Boss, you're looking
five years older!"



"But mother laid the shaven head
close, close against her shoulder."



"For father gained a little man

when

mother lost her baby!"



MISS POLLY.

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN.

SWEET Polly lives in our town—
The town is proud of Polly.
It 's not because her eyes are brown
That she has met with such renown;

It 's just because she cannot frown,
She is so bright and jolly.
And all who come to our town
Exclaim, "We like Miss Polly!"

QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

Copyright, 1904, by L. FRANK BAUM.

BY L. FRANK BAUM,
Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER XI.

THE WITCH-QUEEN.

IT is not very far from the kingdom of Noland to the kingdom of Ix. If you followed the steps of Quavo the minstrel, you would climb the sides of a steep mountain-range, and go down on the other side, and cross a broad and swift river, and pick your way through a dark forest. You would then have reached the land of Ix and would find an easy path into the big city.

But even before one came to the city he would see the high marble towers of Queen Zixi's magnificent palace, and pause to wonder at its beauty.

Quavo the minstrel had been playing his harp in the city of Nole, and his eyes were sharp; so he had seen many things to gossip and sing about, and therefore never doubted he would be warmly welcomed by Queen Zixi.

He reached the marble palace about dusk, one evening, and was bidden to the feast which was about to be served.

A long table ran down the length of the lofty hall built in the center of the palace; and this table was covered with gold and silver platters bearing many kinds of meats and fruits and vegetables, while tall, ornamented stands contained sweets and delicacies to tickle the palate.

At the head of the table, on a jeweled throne, sat Queen Zixi herself, a vision of radiant beauty and charming grace.

Her hair was yellow as spun gold, and her wondrous eyes raven black in hue. Her skin was fair as a lily, save where her cheek was faintly tinted with a flush of rose-color.

Dainty and lovely, indeed, was the Queen of Ix in appearance; yet none of her lords or attendants cast more than a passing glance upon her beauty. For they were used to seeing her thus.

There were graybeards at her table this evening who could remember the queen's rare beauty since they were boys; ay, and who had been told by their fathers and grandfathers of Queen Zixi's loveliness when they also were mere children. In fact, no one in Ix had ever heard of the time when the land was not ruled by this same queen, or when she was not in appearance as young and fair as she was to-day. Which easily proves she was not an ordinary person at all.

And I may as well tell you here that Queen Zixi, despite the fact that she looked to be no more than sixteen, was in reality six hundred and eighty-three years of age, and had prolonged her life in this extraordinary way by means of the arts of witchcraft.

I do not mean by this that she was an evil person. She had always ruled her kingdom wisely and liberally, and the people of Ix made no manner of complaint against their queen. If there were a war, she led her armies in person, clad in golden mail and helmet; and in years of peace she taught them to sow and reap grain, and to fashion many useful articles of metal, and to build strong and substantial houses. Nor were her taxes ever more than the people could bear.

Yet, for all this, Zixi was more feared than loved; for every one remembered she was a witch, and also knew she was hundreds of years old. So, no matter how amiable their queen might be, she was always treated with extreme respect, and folks weighed well their words when they conversed with her.

Next the queen, on both sides of the table, sat her most favored nobles and their ladies; farther down were the rich merchants and officers of the army; and at the lower end were servants and members of the household. For this was the custom in the land of Ix.



"THIS WAS THE MOMENT QUAVO HAD EAGERLY AWAITED."

Quavo the harpist sat near the lower end ; and, when all had been comfortably fed, the queen called upon him for a song. This was the moment Quavo had eagerly awaited. He took his harp, seated himself in a niche of the wall, and, according to the manner of ancient minstrels, he sang of the things he had seen in other lands, thus serving his hearers with the news of the day as well as pleasing them with his music. This is the way he began :

"Of Noland now a tale I'll sing,
Where reigns a strangely youthful
king —
A boy, who has by chance alone
Been called to sit upon a throne.
His sister shares his luck, and she
The fairies' friend is said to be ;
For they did mystic arts invoke
And weave for her a magic cloak
Which grants its wearer — thus I 'm
told —
Gifts more precious far than gold.



“‘STOP!’ CRIED THE QUEEN, WITH SUDDEN EXCITEMENT.”

“She ’s but to wish, and her desire
Quite instantly she will acquire;
And when she lends it to her friends,
The favor unto them extends.

“For one who wears the cloak can fly
Like any eagle in the sky.
And one did wish, by sudden freak,
His dog be granted power to speak;
And now the beast can talk as well
As I, and also read and spell.
And —”

“Stop!” cried the queen, with sudden excitement. “Do you lie, minstrel, or are you speaking the truth?”

Secretly glad that his news was received thus eagerly, Quavo continued to twang the harp as he replied in verse:

“Now may I die at break of day,
If false is any word I say.”

“And what is this cloak like—and who owns it?” demanded the queen, impetuously.
Sang the minstrel:

“The cloak belongs to Princess Fluff;
’T is woven of some secret stuff

Which makes it gleam with splendor bright
That fills beholders with delight.”

Thereafter the beautiful Zixi remained lost in thought, her dainty chin resting within the hollow of her hand and her eyes dreamily fixed upon the minstrel.

And Quavo, judging that his news had brought him into rare favor, told more and more wonderful tales of the magic cloak, some of which were true, while others were mere inventions of his own; for newsmongers, as every one knows, were ever unable to stick to facts since the world began.

All the courtiers and officers and servants listened with wide eyes and parted lips to the song, marveling greatly at what they had heard. And when it was finally ended, and the evening far spent, Queen Zixi threw a golden chain to the minstrel as a reward and left the hall, attended by her maidens.

Throughout the night which followed, she tossed sleeplessly upon her bed, thinking of the magic cloak and longing to possess it. And when the morning sun rose over the horizon, she



"SHE MADE A SOLEMN VOW THAT SHE WOULD SECURE THE MAGIC CLOAK WITHIN A YEAR."

made a solemn vow that she would secure the magic cloak within a year, even if it cost her the half of her kingdom.

Now the reason for this rash vow, showing Zixi's intense desire to possess the cloak, was very peculiar. Although she had been an adept at witchcraft for more than six hundred years, and was able to retain her health and remain in appearance young and beautiful, there was one

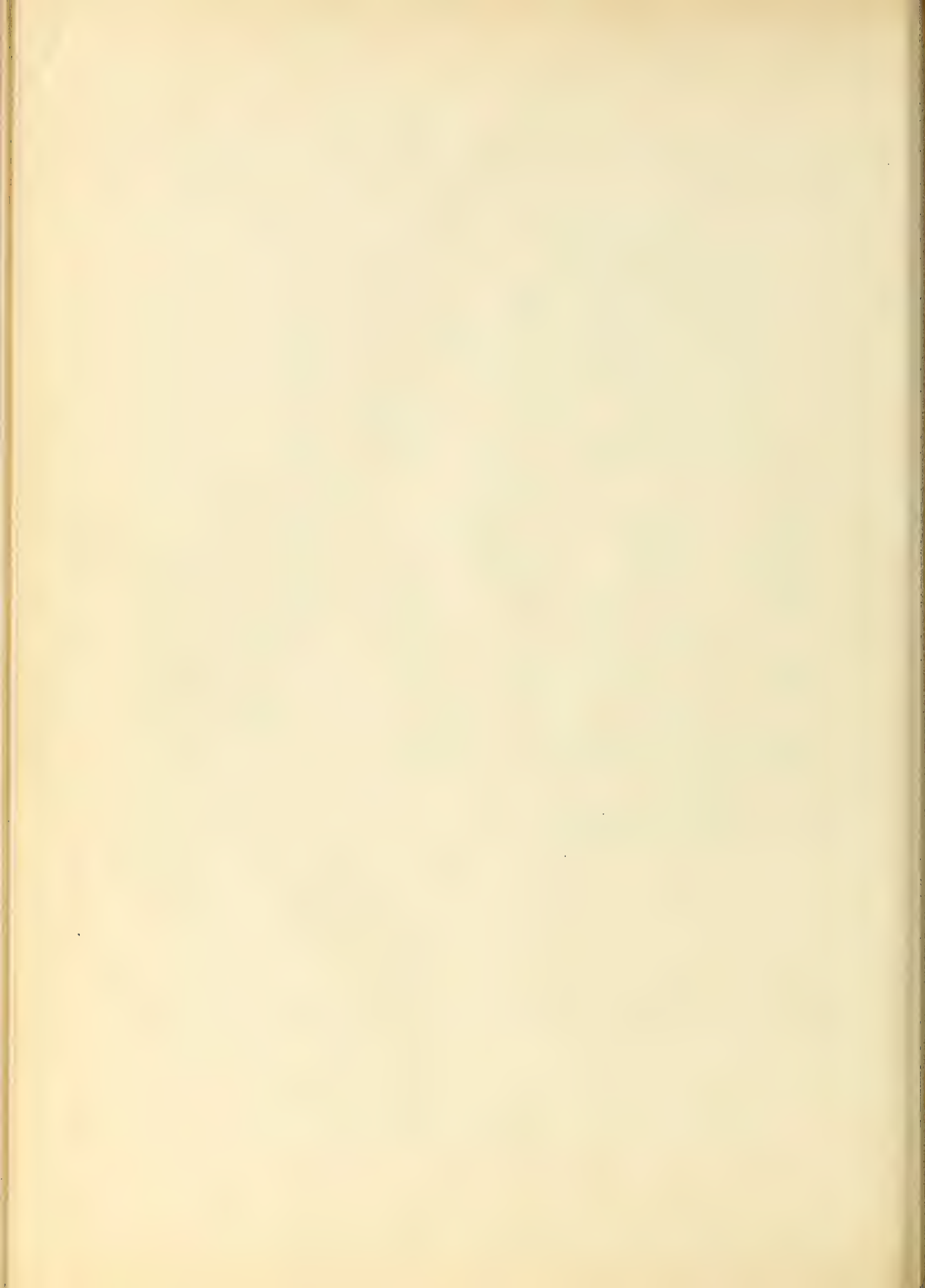
thing her art was unable to deceive, and that one thing was a mirror.

To mortal eyes Zixi was charming and attractive; yet her reflection in a mirror showed to her an ugly old hag, bald of head, wrinkled, with toothless gums and withered, sunken cheeks.

For this reason the queen had no mirror of any sort about the palace. Even from her own



"QUEEN ZIXI LEFT THE HALL, ATTENDED BY HER MAIDENS."



dressing-room the mirror had been banished, and she depended upon her maids and hair-dressers to make her look as lovely as possible. She knew she was beautiful in appearance to

showed her reflection to be the old hag others would also have seen had not her arts of witchcraft deceived them.

Everything else a woman and a queen might



"OF THIS INKY MIXTURE SHE SWALLOWED TWO TEASPOONFULS EVERY HOUR FOR SIX HOURS."

others; her maids declared it continually, and in all eyes she truly read admiration.

But Zixi wanted to admire herself; and that was impossible so long as the cold mirrors

desire Zixi was able to obtain by her arts. Yet the one thing she could *not* have made her very unhappy.

As I have already said, she was not a bad

queen. She used her knowledge of sorcery to please her own fancy or to benefit her kingdom, but never to injure any one else. So she may be forgiven for wanting to see a beautiful girl reflected in a mirror, instead of a haggard old woman in her six hundred and eighty-fourth year.

Zixi had given up all hope of ever accomplishing her object until she heard of the magic cloak. The powers of witches are somewhat limited; but she knew that the powers of fairies are boundless. So if the magic cloak could grant any human wish, as Quavo's song had told her was the case, she would manage to secure it and would at once wish for a reflection in the mirror of the same features all others beheld — and then she would become happy and content.

CHAPTER XII.

ZIXI DISGUISES HERSELF.

Now, as might be expected, Queen Zixi lost no time in endeavoring to secure the magic cloak. The people of IX were not on friendly terms with the people of Noland; so she could not visit Princess Fluff openly; and she knew it was useless to try to borrow so priceless a treasure as a cloak which had been the gift of the fairies. But one way remained to her — to steal the precious robe.

So she began her preparations by telling her people she would be absent from IX for a month, and then she retired to her own room and mixed, by the rules of witchcraft, a black mess in a silver kettle, and boiled it until it was as thick as molasses. Of this inky mixture she swallowed two teaspoonfuls every hour for six hours, muttering an incantation each time. At the end of the six hours her golden hair had become brown and her black eyes had become blue; and this was quite sufficient to disguise the pretty queen so that no one would recognize her. Then she took off her richly embroidered queenly robes, and hung them up in a closet, putting on a simple gingham dress, a white apron, and a plain hat such as common people of her country wore.

When these preparations had been made, Zixi slipped out the back door of the palace and walked through the city to the forest; and,

although she met many people, not one suspected that she was the queen.

It was rough walking in the forest; but she got through at last, and reached the bank of the river. Here a fisherman was found, who consented to ferry her across in his boat; and afterward Zixi climbed the high mountain and came down the other side into the kingdom of Noland.

She rented a neat little cottage just at the north gateway of the city of Nole, and by the next morning there was a sign over the doorway which announced:

MISS TRUST'S
ACADEMY OF WITCHERY
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Then Zixi had printed on green paper a lot of handbills which read as follows:

"MISS TRUST,
A pupil of the celebrated Professor Hatrack of Hooktown-on-the-Creek, is now located at Woodbine Villa (North Gateway of Nole), and is prepared to teach the young ladies of this city the *Arts of Witchcraft* according to the most modern and approved methods. Terms moderate. References required.

These handbills she hired a little boy to carry to all the aristocratic houses in Nole, and to leave one on each door-step. Several were left on the different door-steps of the palace, and one of these came to the notice of Princess Fluff.

"How funny!" she exclaimed on reading it. "I'll go, and take all my eight maids with me. It will be no end of fun to learn to be a witch."

Many other people in Nole applied for instruction in "Miss Trust's Academy," but Zixi told them all she had no vacancies. When, however, Fluff and her maids arrived, she welcomed them most graciously, and consented to give them their first lesson at once.

When she had seated them in her parlor, Zixi said:

"If you wish to be a witch,
You must speak an incantation:
You must with deliberation
Say: 'The when of why is which!'"

"What does that mean?" asked Fluff.

"No one knows," answered Zixi; "and therefore it is a fine incantation. Now, all the class will please repeat after me the following words:

"Erig-a-ma-role, erig-a-ma-ree;
Jig-ger-nut, jog-ger-nit, que-jig-ger-ee.
Sim-mer-kin, sam-mer-kin, sem-mer-ga-roo;
Zil-li-pop, zel-li-pop, lol-li-pop-loo!"

They tried to do this, but their tongues stumbled constantly over the syllables, and one of the maids began to laugh.

"Stop laughing, please!" cried Zixi, rapping her ruler on the table. "This is no laughing matter, I assure you, young ladies. The science of witchcraft is a solemn and serious study, and I cannot teach it you unless you behave."

"But what 's it all about?" asked Fluff.

Incantation No. 1.
(To be spoken only in the presence of a black cat.)
This is that, and that is this;
Bliss is blest, and blest is bliss.
Who is that, and what is who;
Shed is shod, and shud is shoe!

Incantation No. 2.
(To be spoken when the clock strikes twelve.)
What is which, and which is what;
Pat is pet, and pit is pat;
Hid is hide, and hod is hid;
Did is deed, and done is did!

"Now, there is one thing more," continued Zixi; "and this is very important. You



"'NOW, THERE IS ONE THING MORE,' CONTINUED ZIXI; 'AND THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT.'"

"I'll explain what it's about to-morrow," said Zixi, with dignity. "Now, here are two important incantations which you must learn by heart before you come to to-morrow's lesson. If you can speak them correctly and rapidly, and above all very distinctly, I will then allow you to perform a wonderful witchery."

She handed them each a slip of paper on which were written the incantations, as follows:

must each wear the handsomest and most splendid cloak you can secure when you come to me to-morrow morning."

This request made Princess Fluff thoughtful all the way home, for she at once remembered her magic cloak, and wondered if the strange Miss Trust knew she possessed it.

She asked Bud about it that night, and the young king said:

"I'm afraid this witch-woman is some one trying to get hold of your magic cloak. I would advise you not to wear it when she is around, or, more than likely, she may steal it."

So Fluff did not wear her magic cloak the next day, but selected in its place a pretty blue cape edged with gold.

When she and her maids reached the cottage, Zixi cried out angrily:

"That is not your handsomest cloak. Go home at once and get the other one!"

"I won't," said Fluff, shortly.

"You must! You must!" insisted the witch-

"Wait — wait!" implored Zixi, eagerly. "If you'll get the cloak I will teach you the most wonderful things in the world! I will make you the most powerful witch that ever lived!"

"I don't believe you," replied Fluff; and then she marched back to the palace with all her maids, leaving Zixi to stamp her small feet with rage.

But she knew her plot had failed; so she locked up the cottage and went back again to Ix, climbing the mountain and crossing the river and threading the forest with angry thoughts and harsh words for the little princess.



F. RICHARDSON

"THAT IS NOT YOUR HANDSOMEST CLOAK. GO HOME AT ONCE AND GET THE OTHER ONE!"

woman. "I can teach you nothing unless you wear the other cloak."

"How did you know I had another cloak?" asked the princess, suspiciously.

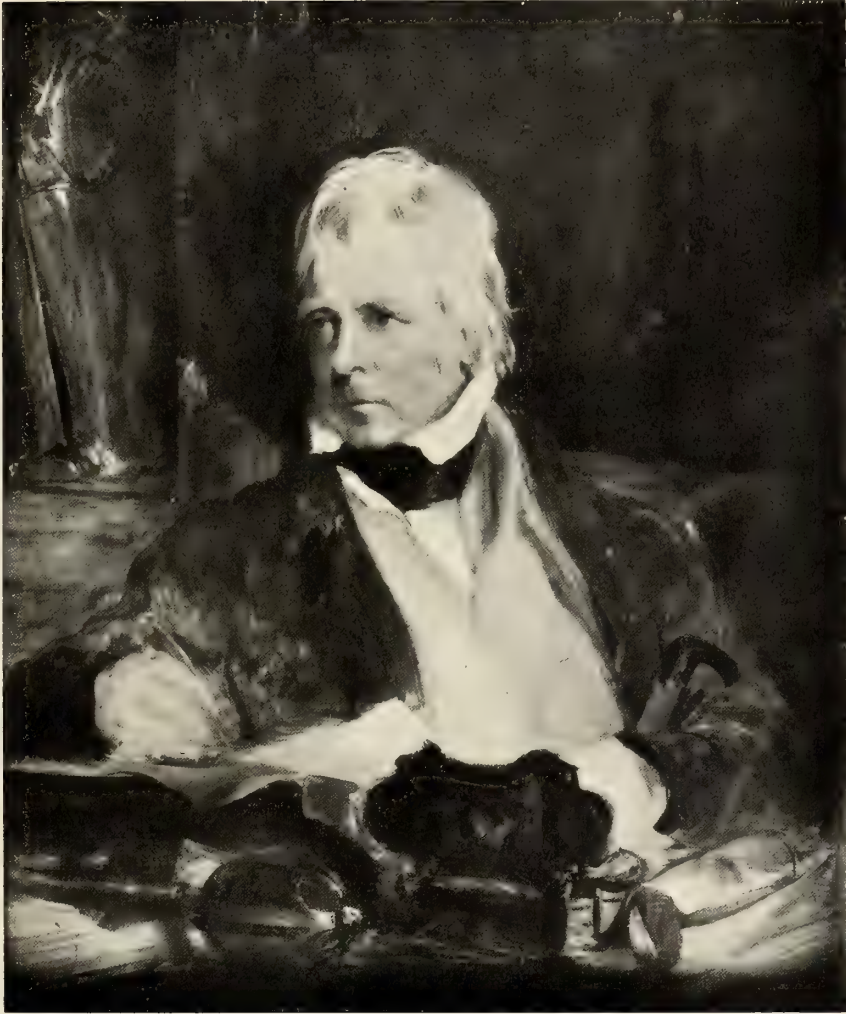
"By witch-craft, perhaps," said Zixi, mildly. "If you want to be a witch you must wear it."

"I don't want to be a witch," declared Fluff.

"Come, girls, come; let's go home at once."

Yet the queen was more determined than ever to secure the magic cloak. As soon as she had reëntered her palace and by more incantations had again transformed her hair to yellow and her eyes to black and dressed herself in her royal robes, she summoned her generals and counselors and told them to make ready to war upon the kingdom of Noland.

(To be continued.)



SIR WALTER SCOTT. FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S BEST COMPLIMENT.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

WHILE the authorship of the Waverley Novels was still a question of great literary curiosity, Sir Walter Scott was one night dining in company with a number of other gentlemen. Before long, the talk turned upon these novels, as it was apt to do then among cultivated people, for the popularity of the series was immense. After a great many incidents and characters had been discussed, some one at

length proposed that each gentleman present should write on a slip of paper his favorite volume of the set and throw it into a hat, that it might be seen where the vote of the company lay. The hat was passed, the slips read, and it was found that every man present had made a different choice.

Sir Walter always declared that this was the greatest compliment he ever received.



HATTIE SNYDER AND HER BIG PUPIL.

A GIRL WHO TRAINS AN ELEPHANT.

BY JOHN Z. ROGERS.

ONE of the most interesting animal-trainers and one of the most interesting trained animals in the whole world, probably, are Hattie Snyder, a fourteen-year-old school-girl, and "Hattie," a three-year-old Ceylon elephant. Hattie Snyder's father is William Snyder, who has

Central Park Zoo. The front of the cage is open except for strong iron bars, and about three feet in front of it is a railing which prevents the group of interested spectators that are always present from getting too close. In the back of the cage is a door which opens into



PLAYMATES.

been a keeper of the menagerie in Central Park, New York, for more than twenty years.

Whether Hattie the elephant prefers life in Ceylon to life in New York is uncertain, though she appears to be perfectly contented. Mr. Snyder, who has a wide knowledge of elephants, affirms that Hattie is the most intelligent and most amiable elephant he ever saw. She spends most of her time in a cage, about twenty feet square, in the elephant-house in the

a courtyard, and through this door Mr. Snyder passes when he feeds the elephant, as does Hattie Snyder when she visits her namesake; the elephant also uses this door whenever she goes into the outer world for exercise.

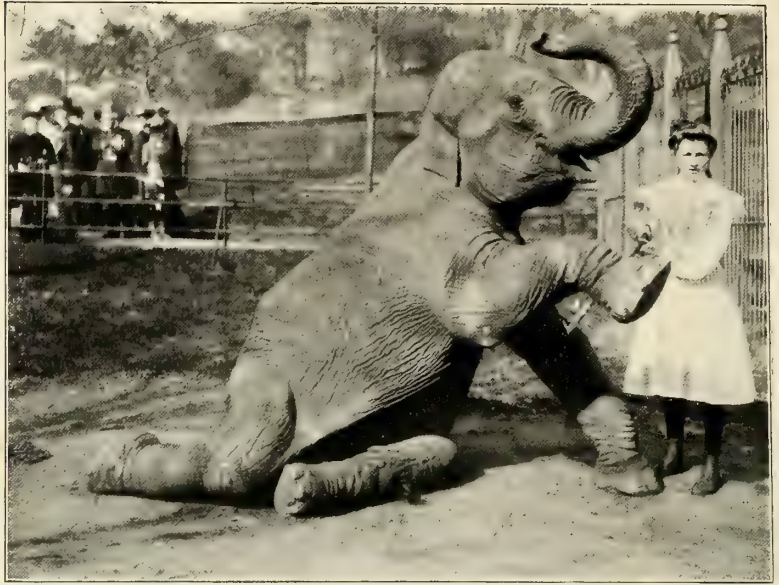
The scientific name of this remarkable animal is in such striking contrast with the name she is familiarly known by that her many juvenile friends who call regularly to offer her peanuts, candy, bananas, and other sweets do not

even attempt to pronounce it.

Here it is, as it is painted in plain letters on a board over her cage, or her home, much as a door-plate adorns the entrance to many of the homes of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS:

ELEPHAS INDICUS.
FAM. ELEPHANTIDÆ.

No wonder that her friends prefer to call her by the simple name of Hattie, which was given her, in honor of Hattie Snyder, on the day she arrived at the Zoo; and she knows her name perfectly. Whenever any of her child visitors call and say, "Hello, Hattie!" the elephant either raises her trunk and trumpets, or utters a squeaky noise similar to that of a mouse, only intensified about a hundred times.

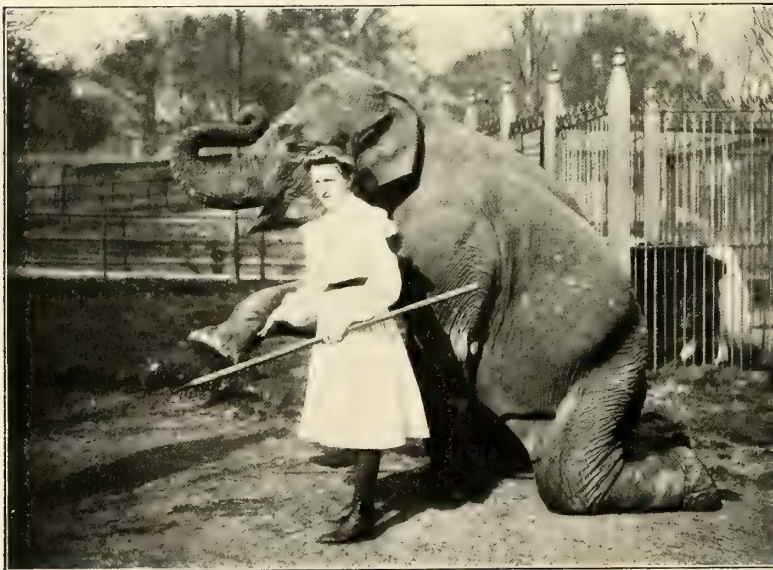


"HOW DO YOU DO?"

She attends the public school, and although she always stands well in her class and is particularly studious, she inherits her father's love of animals, and prefers to study them rather than her text-books. When the two-year-old elephant came to New York, Hattie Snyder at once made friends with her, and soon began to teach her the tricks which the photographer has pictured.

The elephant performs other tricks besides those shown in the illustrations. One is that of crawling along the ground as a baby creeps upon the floor. When her young trainer gives the order, the elephant obediently drops on her knees and follows the girl about with a curious slow motion.

Hattie Snyder has trained her big pet to



A STRANGE PROMENADE.

Hattie Snyder lives with her father and mother, about ten minutes' walk from the Zoo. do a great number of tricks, and these are so well executed that Mr. Snyder has received

several offers from managers of New York theaters to exhibit the elephant, but these proposals have all been declined.

The most amusing trick which the elephant performs, according to the verdict of spectators, is that of waltzing. Hattie Snyder, with a light wand in her hand, walks backward while in front of her namesake, and whistles or hums a waltz-tune. The elephant follows her mistress, waltzing along in perfect time and quite gracefully for so huge a creature.

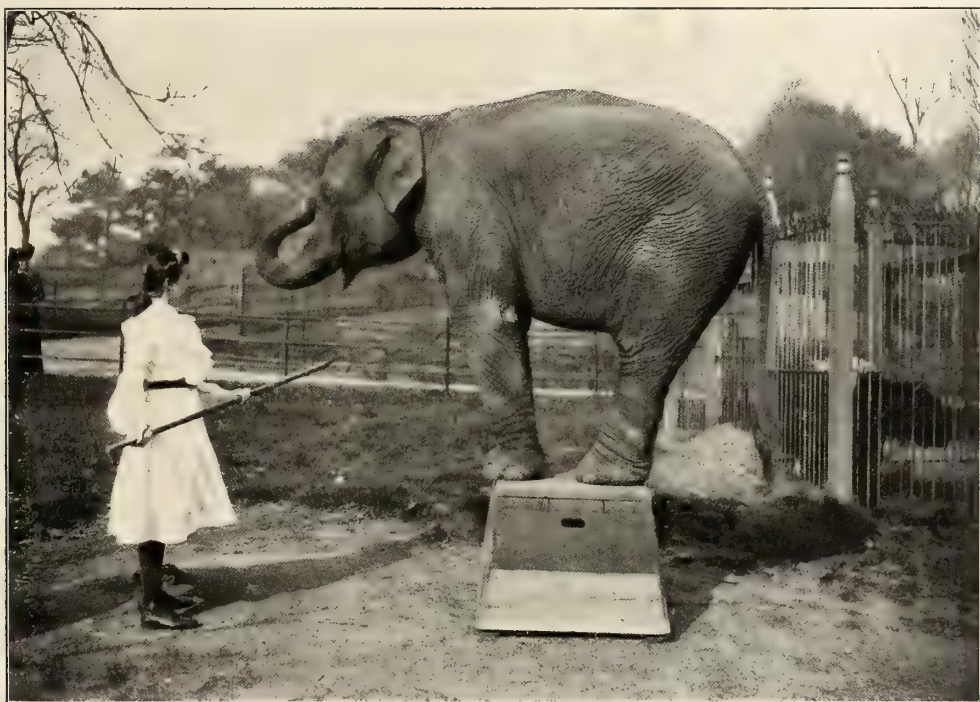
Another remarkable trick is that of playing a harmonica or mouth-organ while solemnly dancing on the top of a box two feet square. The seriousness with which Hattie does this musical trick always provokes a laugh.

being tied or otherwise controlled is concerned. She is a very gentle animal. Mr. Snyder says she has more intelligence and a better disposition than any other elephant he ever knew.

This well-known trainer asserts that it requires a year's acquaintance with an elephant in order to be absolutely sure that it is safe and kind. Hattie has served the year and has proved her intelligence, affection, and reliability.

She is well cared for, and has an excellent appetite. Her regular food consists of bran, oats, and hay in large quantities, besides six loaves of bread daily.

The principal delicacies allowed her are candy, peanuts, and bananas. The bananas and



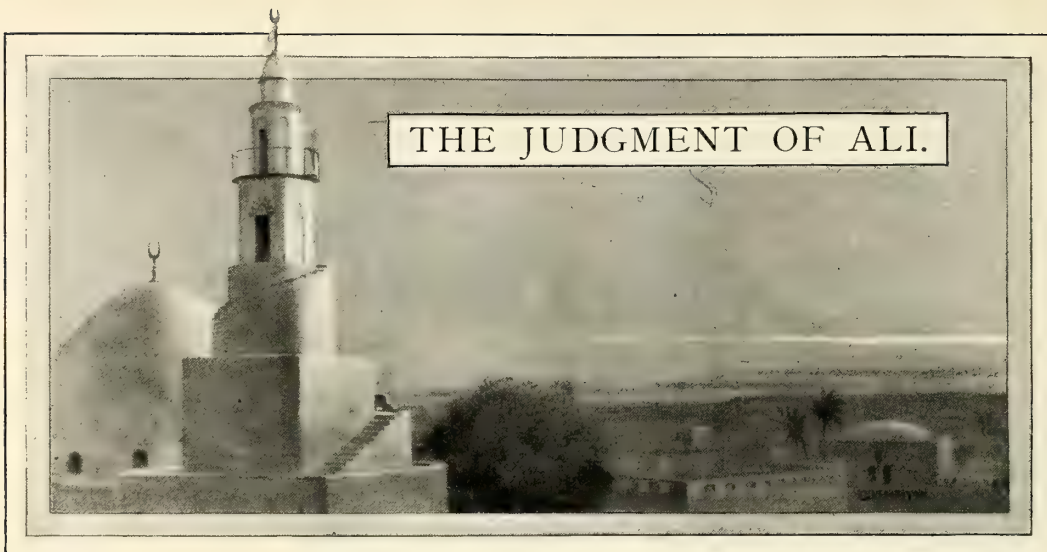
SALUTING THE TEACHER.

Mr. Snyder and his daughter think that the elephant even plays such tunes as "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," but eminent musicians are of the opinion that this is merely a friendly theory and not a fact.

All the accompanying pictures were taken in Central Park, just outside the elephant-cage. The elephant was not in captivity, so far as

peanuts are swallowed whole and in very large quantities, and a satisfactory amount of candy consists of between ten and fifteen pounds.

Hattie is growing rapidly, and will weigh as much as two or possibly three tons when fully grown. If she rounds out the number of years ascribed to some captive elephants, she may live to be a hundred years old.



THE JUDGMENT OF ALI.

BY EDWARD W. VERY.

(An old story retold in a new form.)

THIS is a tale of the Orient, first told by the Sheik Beni Hassan :

Ali, Fourth Calif of Islam, son-in-law and best-beloved of Mohammed, was renowned among the faithful for his wisdom and even-handed justice as much as for his lion-hearted courage in the forefront of battle.

From him alone are descended all the sherifs of the blood of the Prophet, and it was he who first lifted a sword in the cause of Islam.

And it was in the eighth year after Mohammed went from Mecca to Medina, when there was at last peace between those cities ; but elsewhere the followers of the Prophet were harried in their wanderings,—their sheep and their camels were stolen and their people were held to ransom, and there was no rest in all the land,—until at last the Prophet intrusted to Ali the charge of assembling an army that should carry the faith and the standard of Islam into Arabia.

Now, by the ancient Arab law, when an army went forth to make conquests, all spoil captured in set battle or in foray was equally divided among all the tribes and families represented by fighting-men in the army ; and because often one large detachment would suffer greatly and then have to share its booty with others who had not been in the heat and strain of the fight, the division often caused fierce

quarrels in which much blood was uselessly shed. But Ali sought to prevent this, and also he was in sore need of many men ; so that when he sent his swift messengers out from Medina to call the tribes, he caused them to make known a new edict, which was : That, except for tribute levied on captured provinces and cities, and high ransoms demanded for princes, all captured booty should be divided only among those actually engaged in the capture ; and these should share in the division in the proportion of the family to the total number of men in the division of the army to which each belonged. Thus was the inducement held out, that in the many forays that must take place each man would win a larger share, and also every family would send all its fighting-men to the army in order that both the chance to get plunder and the proportion to fall to him should be as large as possible. And so Ali marched forth from Medina with thirty thousand men, assembled by their tribes and families.

Now it so happened at one of the encampments that a squad of three picked men was sent out to reconnoiter ; and as the service required the best horsemen and most skilled training, these men were not all from the same tribe or family. The first of these, Seyn Abdallah, was of the well-known Koreish family of

Mecca, and the men of that family made up one half of the strength of the division, therefore Seyn Abdallah would receive one half of all the booty that the squad might secure that day; Hosein ibn Faruch, by the number of his tribe, was entitled to one third of the booty; but Mohammed ben Azais, though a truly valiant man, belonged to a poor and weak tribe, and to him was left only the one-ninth share.

They scouted far through the hills; but all the dwellers of that region had taken the alarm and had fled with their most valuable possessions, so that when the squad returned at nightfall there was naught to show or divide for all their weary work but a herd of seventeen horses that they had collected.

And when they came to divide they found that in no way could they make a just division of the seventeen horses, either by the ancient Arab law or by Ali's edict; nor were their sheiks and wise men in any better case, so that arguments and reference, instead of smoothing matters, made things worse, until in their disagreements and family jealousies swords were drawn, and they were nigh to shed blood among the factions.

Selim, returning with his falcons from hunting; he was accompanied by his chief falconer. Selim's trappings glittered with precious stones, though Ali would none of such trifling things, nor would he array himself in other than the woolen and sheepskin of the humblest of his host; but so great was his love for Selim that



"THE RETURN FROM THE HUNT." FROM A PAINTING BY FROMENTIN.

he decked him with a wealth of costly leather and many jewels. And as he drew near, Seyn Abdallah stepped forth, and, making obeisance,

Then appeared Ali on his coal-black charger

as was proper in the presence of so august a person, gave speech and said :

"Hail, Ali, son of the Prophet ! Peace be with thee and with thy household. Grant thou to us of thy justice, for we beseech thee to give judgment on thine own edict, and may the wisdom of Allah be imparted to thee to decide this matter, which passeth all comprehension. Here be seventeen horses that were captured together by Hosein ibn Faruch and Mohammed ben Azais and myself, all true believers and thy loyal servants. And, by the terms of thy law, one half of the herd belongs to me, but I know not how to take a half of seventeen horses ; and one third belongs to Hosein ibn Faruch, but he cannot take a third of seventeen horses ; and one ninth belongs to Mohammed ben Azais, but he cannot take a ninth of seventeen horses. If it be given thee to perform miracles, let one be forthcoming, that true justice may be done, and that our tribes may remain in friendship with each other and in loyalty to thee."

Then Ali, dismounting from his steed, gave speech : "Listen, O ye men of Koreish and ye of Faruch and ye of Azais ! God is God, and Mohammed is his greatest Prophet ; and yet ye well know that it has been given to Mohammed to perform but one miracle in all his life. He received the Koran from the angel Gabriel and gave it to thee for thy guidance forever. This only was he given miraculous power to do. How, then, do ye ask me to perform a miracle ? All wisdom is with Allah and comes from him. I am but the humblest of his servants, and bound by my faith to see that even-handed justice is dealt to all, from the highest sheik in my command even down to my steed, Selim, whom I love like a brother, and who from his birth has fed from no hand but my own. Sooner would I lay down my life than part from Selim, but true justice must be done to one and all. Seyn Abdallah, take thou Selim and place him with the herd."

The chief falconer brought Selim forward.

Seyn Abdallah, in wonder and fear, took him by the bridle and led the proud steed into the herd of seventeen horses.

Then spake Ali : "Seyn Abdallah, there be eighteen horses in the herd, and to thee is due one half. Take thou nine horses, but touch not Selim on thy life." And Seyn Abdallah took nine horses.

"And thou, Hosein ibn Faruch, thy share is one third of the herd. Take thou six horses, but touch not Selim on thy life." And Hosein ibn Faruch took six horses.

"And thou, Mohammed ben Azais, to thee is due one ninth of the herd. Take thou two horses, but touch not Selim on thy life." And Mohammed ben Azais took two horses. And lo ! Selim alone was left ; and Ali mounted Selim and with his falconers rode away.

Then the assembled crowd were lost in wonder at the surprising wisdom of Ali ; and Seyn Abdallah spake : "Truly he hath shown even-handed justice, for the seventeen horses have been divided among us, and yet each has received his exact proportion by the law."

Then spake Hosein ibn Faruch : "'T is a miracle,—a real miracle,—for to thee, Abdallah, was due but eight and a half horses, and thou hast nine ; and to me was due but five and two thirds, and I have six ; and to Mohammed was due but one and eight ninths, and he has two. We all have more than our true shares, and yet Selim is with Ali as before."

And then spake Mohammed ben Azais : "Truly a miracle, as thou sayest, Hosein ; and with even-handed justice, as thou sayest, Abdallah ; for, each of us having more than his share of the seventeen, behold ! to thee, Abdallah, whose share is a half, has been given half a horse more than thy share ; and to thee, Hosein, whose share is a third, has been given a third of a horse more than thy share ; and to me, whose share is a ninth, has been given a ninth of a horse more than my share."

And so it truly was, as you may easily prove for yourselves. But who can rightly explain it ?



MR. PERKINS.



HATTIE WARREN.



PINKEY PERKINS.



"BUNNY" MORRIS.



MRS. PERKINS.



"RED FEATHER."

PINKEY PERKINS

"JUST A BOY"

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

III. HOW PINKEY WAS BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME.

(A Story of April First.)

FOR a week before April Fool Day, the pupils of Pinkey Perkins's age in the public school had been observing its coming by all the "First of April" tricks known to Young America.

Pinkey had been studying all the week previous to April Fool Day how he was going to "fool" Miss Vance, or "Red Feather," the teacher, and still not lay himself open to being called seriously to account for his act. Just at present he cherished no special enmity toward Red Feather, and had no desire to make his joke more trying for her than could reasonably be expected on such an occasion.

It would not do to adopt any of the commonplace methods in vogue among the pupils. He wished to make her bring the joke down on herself, and, if possible, to make his part an entirely passive one.

Now Red Feather, to the utter surprise of her pupils, had actually invited all her scholars, about twenty-five in number, to a party at her home on the evening of April First. No one knew whether she was celebrating the day or had merely chosen it because it was convenient for her to have the party at that time.

Had not Pinkey already made his boasts that he would fool Red Feather, it is doubtful if he would have attempted to carry out his original intention after the invitation to the party had been given.

Pinkey was looking forward to the festive oc-

casion with great anticipations. At first it was his intention to ask his Affinity if he might take her to the party; but his courage always failed him at the crucial moment. At last he decided that she would probably wish to go with some of her girl friends, and then he would ask her to let him escort her home.

April Fool Day finally came, and with it all the accompanying excitement.

Farmers driving past the school-house were startled by the cry, "Whip behind, mister, whip behind!" and on looking back to see the cause for the warning, would be showered with the joyous exclamation coming from a dozen throats, "April Fool!" Imaginary balloons and flocks of birds were continually in the air, and it required remarkable presence of mind not to heed the sudden cry to look at them.

But when the bell rang, the merriment subsided, until here and there a smothered titter was all that could be seen or heard of the recent hilarity; and after roll-call and the marching and singing were over, school settled down to its usual routine.

When the A class in geography was called to the front and the members assumed their regulation positions in line, toes on a certain crack in the floor, Pinkey was very much excited within.

At these recitations Red Feather usually surveyed the class with critical eye, and if she detected any slovenliness in dress, she took

sharp measures to make sure that it did not occur again. Nothing could be more embarrassing to a boy than to have Red Feather take from her desk the small hand-mirror and a hair-brush, kept there for the purpose, and calmly pass them to him with instructions to stand on the platform and brush his hair until she told him to stop.

But the watchful eye of Pinkey's mother seldom overlooked any defects in her son's dress, and Red Feather never had cause to take him to task on that score, unless it was for damages incurred after leaving home for school.

This morning, as the teacher's practised glance ranged from one end of the class to the other, her attention was at once attracted to Pinkey; for hanging from his coat near the shoulder was a long white "raveling."

"Pinkerton Perkins," she announced, "I'm surprised at your coming up here to recite with a raveling like that on your coat. It shows very plainly that you failed to brush your coat properly before coming to school."

So saying, she approached the chastened Pinkey, and, with the eyes of the whole class fixed upon her, proceeded with deft thumb and forefinger to pluck from his coat the telltale evidence of his neglect.

Reaching out, she took hold of the raveling. Imagine her surprise when she found that she had hold of one end of a piece of white thread of indefinite length, which she was unwinding from a spool in Pinkey's inside coat-pocket.

Before he realized where he was or what he was doing, Bunny Morris cried, "April F—," then caught himself in time to smother with his hand the remainder of the exclamation.

Red Feather pulled out several feet of the thread before she stopped, for she felt that she must not give in that she had been caught in

the cleverly laid trap, and, with increasing confusion, mechanically drew more and more thread from Pinkey's coat, until she saw that her task was endless.

Then, still holding the thread in her fingers, she stood regarding the placid face of Pinkey, who, alone of all the pupils, retained his composure. With him it was a moment involving too much uncertainty to show any sign of the exultation that filled his heart. The other pupils, pleased beyond words, even had words been permissible, nudged one another, and giggled behind their hands.

"Pinkerton," said Red Feather at last, "what won't you be up to next?" and then added unnecessarily, "Did you do that intentionally?"

"Do what?" queried Pinkey, blandly.

"You know very well 'what,'" said Red Feather, growing incensed at his calmness. "Did you put that thread on your coat to get me to try to pull it off?"

"Could n't help it if you wanted to try to pull it off," replied the exasperated Pinkey, avoiding the issue.

Red Feather saw that even if she did force

him to an admission that he had intentionally fooled her, she could gain nothing thereby, and by dwelling longer on the subject she would merely be showing how much she felt it. She also realized that she herself had made his effort a success by not exercising more caution at such a dangerous time as April First.

But such a misdemeanor could not be sanctioned by being overlooked, so she ordered Pinkey to wind up the thread she had unwound, and as soon as the recitation was over, stationed him on

the platform, in one corner, with instructions to transfer the thread from the spool to a slate-



PINKEY HAS AN IDEA—



AND ACTS UPON IT.

pencil and back again, continuing this occupation until recess. But this undignified em-



RED FEATHER DISCOVERS THE THREAD—

ployment could not mar Pinkey's joy at having fooled Red Feather so successfully, and at getting out of it so easily. Considering all things, Pinkey felt that his little joke had been a decided success.

When recess came and he had completed his sentence in the corner, Pinkey joined gaily in the general endeavor to fool anybody and everybody, whenever opportunity afforded.

Recess that morning, as well as the noon hour and the afternoon recess, were boisterous repetitions of the morning playtime; but in view of Red Feather's petulant state of mind and of the party to take place that evening, the fooling in the school-room was slight, and was carried on in a very quiet way.

On the way from school Pinkey and several of his companions walked behind the girls and tried to fool them by sending them on a vain errand to the post-office; for who, be they young or old, can remain indifferent to the information that "there is a letter in your box"? But only a few of the girls fell victims to the snare.

As soon as supper was over, Pinkey began

preparations for the party. Bunny Morris "came by" for him, and the two chums were among the last to reach Red Feather's home. When they arrived the party was in full sway. Red Feather was in her most amiable mood. She greeted them as she had all the others, as though her chief joy in life was to make her pupils happy.

Her little red curls, from which she derived her nickname, bobbed with seeming approval and good will at all the jokes she heard, and she encouraged her guests in all their games with a spirit that melted many a heart heretofore well-nigh frozen toward her.

It did not seem that this could be the same person who at times had been, as it seemed to them, almost inhuman in her rigid discipline.

As soon as he arrived, Pinkey sought out his Affinity, and, without making his efforts too apparent, contrived to remain in her vicinity most of the evening. He managed to be by her side when the time came for the refreshments to be served, and to sit by her while the plates of ice-



AND UNWINDS IT!

cream and cake were consumed by the pupils, arranged in orderly manner around the room.

While this formality was in progress, Pinkey seized the opportunity, when all were too busy to notice him, to say to his Affinity the words that had heretofore been stifled by his modesty. Screwing his courage up to the highest notch, and with his eyes glassily fixed on the plate in his lap, he managed to articulate: "Is anybody

ture that threatened to choke him. Springing into the middle of the room, he shouted:

"Come on! let's play something."

But Red Feather now informed them that she had other plans for the remainder of the evening; and, after all traces of the repast had been removed, she explained her program.

"Now, girls and boys," she said, when they had gathered around her, "I have hidden peanuts here and there all over these three rooms downstairs, behind cushions, on top of the picture-frames, and in all sorts of nooks and corners, one and two in a place. Now I'm going to give each of you one of these little bags, and when I say 'Ready!' you are to commence searching for peanuts. At the end of three minutes I will ring this little bell, and you must all return to me immediately. The one who has found the most peanuts will be awarded first prize, and the one who has found the least will get the 'booby' prize."

After distributing the little colored-paper bags, she spoke the starting-word. Immediately



"IS ANYBODY GOING TO SEE YOU HOME TO-NIGHT?"

going to see you home to-night?" He feared Eddie Lewis might have anticipated him in asking her.

His Affinity blushed, and replied with apparent unconcern: "I don't know. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered," replied Pinkey, vaguely, unconsciously crossing and recrossing his feet in his nervousness.

"Please tell me why," purred his Affinity, leaning confidently near to him.

"Cause, if you have n't promised anybody else, I'd like to." There! he had said it at last—the speech he had been trying to say for three days.

He could scarcely retain his seat, so confused had he become while taking his heroic plunge.

"I guess nobody else is going to, but —"

Pinkey could wait to hear no more. He must do something strenuous to hide the rap-

the house was in an uproar. Boys and girls rushed hither and thither, now and then increasing the din as two or three solitary peanuts were unearthed from their out-of-the-way hiding-places.

Now it happened that Red Feather, in preparing for this diversion, had purchased more peanuts than she afterward found it convenient to use. So, after distributing what she considered a sufficient quantity, she had placed the bag containing the remainder in one of the pigeonholes of her writing-desk, intending to remove it later on, but had forgotten to do so.

It also happened that Pinkey, in his mad search for the hidden nuts, caught sight of the twisted end of the bag, and immediately drew it forth and emptied part of the contents in the bag Red Feather had given him, filling it. The few that remained he put in his pocket.

Just then the bell rang, and they all assembled around Red Feather to see who had won the prizes.

Needless to say, Pinkey had more than any one else; and, deeply to his regret, his Affinity had the least. He wished he might give her part or all of his, but that, of course, was now out of the question.

"Why, Pinkerton!" inquired Red Feather, "where did you find all these nuts? I did n't know there were so many hidden."

"Found some behind books, and some in the big jar on the mantel in the front room. The rest I found in the desk over in the corner."

Then Red Feather remembered that she had not removed the bag from her desk as she had intended, and it was these peanuts, in all probability, that had given Pinkey more than any of the others. She did not know exactly what to do. To say that they were not included would at once raise the argument that they were in one of the designated rooms and should therefore count. Besides, it was possible that Pinkey had enough to win without it, though it was not probable. To give the prize to any one else would at once raise the old cry that she was "partial."

Then a plan suggested itself to her that seemed to be the most satisfactory way to avoid giving Pinkey the first prize. That was to give it to Hattie Warren, and to give Pinkey the prize that would have fallen to her.

Of course it is not to be charged against Red Feather that she would so recognize a frivolous custom of childhood as to allow the remembrance of the raveling on Pinkey's coat to influence her in any way in her decision to substitute one prize for the other.

So, without further ado, Pinkey was presented with a large pasteboard box, securely wrapped up and tied with heavy red cord, and his Affinity with a similar package, only much smaller.

Immediately both were surrounded by the others and urged to open their packages. Pinkey was puffed with pride at his good luck and did not hesitate to chaff his less fortunate companions.

"You fellows don't know how to look for things," he was saying, as he tugged at the knot, "you don't know how to use your eyes. That

sack was — anybody got a knife? — that sack was right there all the time where 'f it had been a snake 't would 've bitten you. If you don't keep your eyes open, how can you ever expect to find anything?"

By this time he had slipped the string over the corner of the box and had removed the lid. He placed his package on the center-table, so everybody could see, and began to remove a quantity of tissue-paper with which it seemed filled. Soon he reached a very small box carefully tucked away in the center of the crumpled mass. As he saw the size of the box, his elation was somewhat dimmed, but still he felt it must be something valuable to be so thoroughly packed. By this time the excitement was at fever-heat, and as the breathless crowd pressed about him, Pinkey became so excited that he could hardly untie the ribbon that surrounded the little box.

At last he got it off, and, with trembling fingers, removed the covering, when, to his utter horror, he found, tied to a piece of white cardboard, a triple-jointed peanut, dressed as a doll. On its head was a dunce-cap, and printed on the card in large black letters were the words, "APRIL FOOL!"

Pinkey was speechless, stunned with dismay, as he held up the hateful object which he had taken from the box. He tried to smile, but his effort produced merely a sickly grin. The merciless beings about him were beside themselves when they saw his "prize," and danced around the table like a lot of Indians, shouting "April Fool, April Fool," at the top of their voices, while Red Feather, with a subdued twinkle in her eye, looked on from a near-by doorway.

Pinkey's pride had received an irreparable blow, and he could not bear to remain and be derided so unmercifully. He had only one small grain of comfort — the knowledge that his Affinity had received as her prize a beautiful gold pen with a pearl handle, all nicely fitted in a plush-lined case.

The party broke up directly after the award of the prizes, and as soon as the boys could get their hats, they gathered around the front door, waiting for the girls to come downstairs.

When Pinkey's Affinity appeared, he marched boldly up and offered her his arm, which she

took in a delightfully confiding way, and, as he proudly strutted along by her side, he felt that there were some things in life besides being cruelly ridiculed, and that, whatever troubles he had experienced, life had never been quite so full of unadulterated bliss as at this moment.

But his happiness was doomed to be short-lived. As he and his Affinity reached the gate and turned toward her home, an approaching figure loomed up under the corner street-lamp that caused Pinky's heart to sicken and his knees to almost give way beneath him. It was her father, and he was coming to take her home!

Pinky stopped short and waited his approach, every step sounding a death-knell to his joy.

"Oh, here comes my papa!" shouted his Affinity, running to meet her father, forgetful of the fact that it must be a sorry moment for Pinky.

"Come on, Pinky," said Mr. Warren, in a good-humored tone. "I think we both ought to get my daughter home without any trouble."

It was a bitter pill for Pinky. He dared not abandon his original purpose to escort his Affinity home, yet he did not relish the rôle of assistant escort.

So he joined his Affinity and her father, and walked along on one side of her, keeping as near as possible to the edge of the sidewalk and maintaining absolute silence, while his Affinity, holding to her father's hand, prattled on joyfully, telling him all about the party, showing him her

prize, and telling him about the one Pinky had received.

"Getting even with you, Pinky, for carrying thread in your pocket," said Mr. Warren, suspecting Pinky's disappointment and trying to be agreeable. "Turn about is fair play, you know."



"APRIL FOOL!"

But Pinky could not be roused from the depths into which he had been plunged since the second blow he had suffered. He just trudged along in dogged silence.

To add to Pinky's discomfiture, all the boys who, on account of rebuffs or timidity, had no girls and were proceeding from the party in a body, crossed the street and began to taunt and

jeer at him as they pursued their parallel course toward the public square. They dared to do collectively what none of them would have dreamed of doing single-handed. "'F you need any more help, just call on us," said one. "What 'd you do with the big prize-package?" taunted another. "Goin' to send down for it to-morrow?" "Peanuts on a card, five cents a yard," extemporized Putty Black, and immediately the whole crowd took it up in chorus.

Pinkey had never been in such a rage in his life. He was bubbling over with wrath, yet helpless to resent it. He could not reply to their mockeries while he was with his Affinity, and, besides, that would only be an admission of his state of mind, and their pleasure would be correspondingly multiplied.

In addition to the embarrassment occasioned by the presence of Mr. Warren, and the tumult of anger that was consuming him, Pinkey saw a new terror arise as he pictured himself crossing the public square in his present company, and followed by the merciless band of soulless boys.

That was too much. He had borne as much as could rightfully be expected of a saint, and could not see his way clear to fulfilling the position of figurehead any longer. So, when they reached the corner near his own home and only one block from the square, Pinkey decided that he could stand it no longer, and with a mumbled excuse that his mother had told him "to get home early," he said "Good night" and detached himself from the society of his Affinity and her father, and the next instant turned

upon his persecutors. When they saw this move on Pinkey's part, they took to their heels in all directions, each fearing that he might be singled out as the object of Pinkey's wrath.

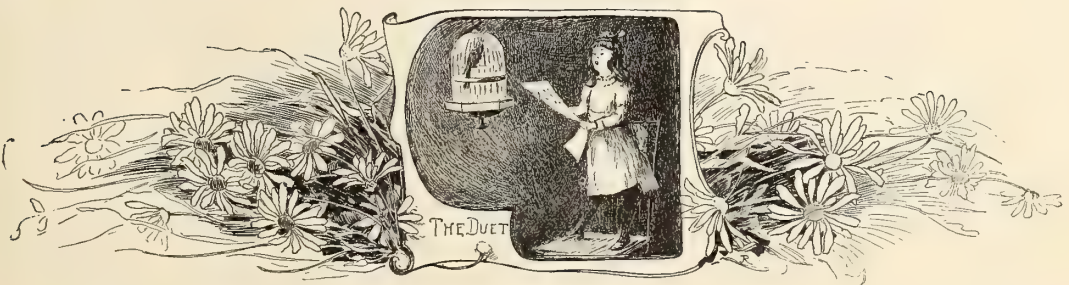
To his mother's inquiries whether or not he had had a good time, Pinkey announced that he had enjoyed himself more on other occasions.

Half an hour later, as, with elbows on his knees and his doubled-up fists dug into his cheeks, Pinkey sat on the edge of his bed, still thinking it all over, he decided that April Fool Day had not been such a success after all. He had reviewed all the events that had transpired since morning, and each had been the subject of much serious consideration.

As for Red Feather and the prize she had given him, he thought perhaps he had received only what he deserved after fooling her in the morning.

What rankled deepest in his heart was the humiliation he had suffered at not being permitted to take his Affinity home alone, and at being finally compelled to abandon his purpose. That was worse than the ridicule, for he could and would get square for that.

But he had learned one lesson that he would always remember: never again would he allow his Affinity to go to a party with other girls and then expect to take her home. He resolved that in the future he would write her a formal note asking the pleasure of her company *to* the party as well as *from* it. Never again, if he could help it, would he run the risk of an occurrence such as he had experienced that night.



TWO RHYME-AND-PICTURE PAGES.



I. SAILING.

AFLOAT, afloat, in a golden boat!
Hoist the sail to the breeze!
Steer by a star to lands afar
That sleep in the southern seas,
And then come home to our teas!



II. THE CAPITALIST.

I ALWAYS buy at the lollipop-shop,
On the very first day of spring,
A bag of marbles, a spinning-top,
And a pocketful of string.



HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

SIXTH PAPER.

COMPARING REMBRANDT WITH MURILLO.

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN, 1606(?)–1669; BAR-
TOLOMÉ ESTÉBAN MURILLO, 1617–1682.

THE sudden uprising of art in Holland produced in the person of Rembrandt one of the foremost artists of the world. He is one of the few great original men who stand alone. You cannot trace his genius to the influence of his time or to the work of other men who preceded him; and although he had followers, none of them could do what he did. He shines out in solitary bigness like a Shakspeare or Beethoven or Michelangelo.

So it is not so much for comparison as for convenience in continuing our method of study that I couple his name with Murillo's. Yet, having done so, we may find that they have something in common: a common center round which Murillo makes a small circle, Rembrandt an infinitely larger one.

In his "Children of the Shell," Murillo chose for subject the infancy of the Christ and St. John—the latter represented with a staff-like cross, in token of his career as preacher and pilgrim, while the application of the legend upon the scroll, "Ecce Agnus Dei" ("Behold the Lamb of God"), to the infant Saviour is further illustrated by the introduction of a lamb. These symbols were prescribed by the church of his time; Murillo put them in, partly because his patrons demanded them, and partly because he himself was a devout Christian; but in other respects he was influenced by a man's love of little children and an artist's desire to create a beautiful picture. He took for his type the warm-skinned, supple, brown-eyed children that played half naked in the bright sunshine of Seville; their beauty of limb and grace of movement are characteristic of their free, open-

air life. This part of the picture is real enough: a bit of nature put upon the canvas. But the little bodies are bathed in a soft vaporous light, —a kind of light "that never was on sea or land,"—a product of the artist's imagination.

The people of Murillo's own day loved his work because they could enter into it and understand it; for it portrayed, in its virgins, children, and saints, the type of figures with which they were familiar, with the sweet gentleness of sentiment of his Southern race.

So they loved his work; and for the same reason, that it is of earth and yet above it, humanly natural and yet idealized, it has continued to be loved.

Rembrandt's picture, on the other hand, did not satisfy the men for whom it was painted. It is one of the kind known as "corporation pictures," or a great group of actual portraits in one picture. Sometimes it was the council of one of the trade guilds, sometimes the governing body or the surgical force of a hospital, very often one of the numerous militia companies, that wished to be commemorated. Frans Hals painted many of these pictures; so also did another popular Dutch painter named Bartholomeus van der Helst. Both these artists gave great satisfaction to their patrons; for they took care that each member who had paid his quota toward the expense of the picture should have his portrait clearly delineated. It was, after all, simple justice to a quite reasonable vanity. Besides, the whole tendency of Dutch art, as we have seen, was toward direct portraiture, and the Dutch mind has always been straightforward, matter-of-fact. The people — on the one hand, fighting against the encroachments of the ocean and the invasion of the Spaniard, and, on the other, extend-

ing their trade over the world—were living very real lives, and their artists as a body were realists.

Rembrandt had proved himself a realist when he painted, in his twenty-sixth year, "The Anatomy Lesson," in which the famous Dr. Tulp is represented conducting a lecture in dissection before a class of surgeons. It was a marvelous work, and immediately secured for the young painter many commissions from those who wished to have their portraits painted, and caused his studio to be sought by students eager to learn from him. It made him famous.

Ten years later he was asked to paint this picture of Captain Banning Cocq's company of musketeers. With the assurance of genius, he dared to depart from the usual way of representing such a subject. Instead of grouping the company in their guild-house, he represents them issuing from it, as if the occasion were a shooting-match. The captain, dressed in black, with a red scarf, is giving directions to his lieutenant, whose costume is yellow, with a white scarf around his waist; the drummer is sounding the call, which arouses the barking of a dog; the ensign shakes loose the big flag; a sergeant stretches out his arm as he gives an order; picket-men are hurrying out; a musketeer is loading his gun, a boy running beside him with the powder-horn; and in the middle of the group, "as if," says Mr. John La Farge, "to give a look of chance and suddenness to the scene, is the figure of a little girl, strangely enough, with a dead fowl strung from her wrist." She appears to be engaged in some form of play with a boy, who has a leaf-crowned helmet on his head, and is turning his back, so that his leg is chiefly visible.

Rembrandt, in fact, chose an instant of sudden and general animation, and by his genius has made it thrill with the appearance of actual life. The picture as originally painted was larger, but when removed to the Amsterdam town hall it did not fit the space on the wall, and was cut down in size, a slice being taken off the right side and the bottom. This barbarous treatment has particularly interfered with the relation of the two front figures to the rest of the group, giving them too much an appearance of stepping out of the picture,

whereas in its original shape we may be sure the balance of the composition was complete.

To draw its various parts into one supreme impression, Rembrandt abandoned the custom of setting all the figures in a clear, even light, and welded the whole together *in an elaborate pattern of light and shade*. This had become darkened by dirt and smoke, so that it was taken by French writers of the eighteenth century for a night scene, and styled "Patrouille de Nuit," and Sir Joshua Reynolds followed their error by calling it "The Night Watch." Subsequent cleaning, however, has proved that, notwithstanding some darkening of the color as the result of time, the picture represents a daylight scene. The company streams out of the dark doorway into bright sunlight.

But, if every part had been shown with equal distinctness, it would have been impossible for the spectator to receive from it the instantaneous shock of wonder and surprise that he now experiences. His attention, instead of being immediately focused, would have been scattered over a hundred details. As it is, he sees the picture as a whole, and receives a great single impression, before he begins to consider the details.

This picture, however, damaged Rembrandt's reputation. Each member of the company had paid for a good likeness of himself and a good place on the canvas. But the painter disregarded the conceit of the men who were to appear in his portrait-group, and sacrificed their wishes to making a picture. His first care was to compose this picture artistically. After such a blow to their vanity, the civic guards bestowed their patronage elsewhere, and Rembrandt's commissions fell off from this time forward.

Rembrandt combined two natures: one, the realist; the other, the idealist. At times he was impressed with the facts of things—the main, essential facts of a landscape or of a human personality; and whether he was painting with the brush or drawing on copper with the etching-needle, the result is a wonderful presentation of the truth of actual appearance. At other times it was the truth beneath the surface—the invisible truth—that fascinated him; and in his attempts to express this he discovered for

himself a new treatment of light. It was something different from the arrangement of light and shade which other artists used. He, too, used their method, but he carried it much further than any other artist before or since, so that it is called, after his name, the "Rembrandt-esque" treatment. The darkness itself in his

nated in 1661, eight years before his death, in one of his most marvelous pictures: "The Syndics of the Cloth-workers' Guild." Meanwhile, in many single portraits, and in smaller groups like his "Christ at Emmaus," he reached such a depth and power of expression that one seems to look into the very soul of the subject. This



"THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL." BY MURILLO.

pictures is transparent: you can peer into it and discover half-concealed forms; it provokes curiosity; there is mystery; and it acts upon the mind so that the real and the imaginary are mingled. It is at once reality and a dream.

"The Sortie of the Banning Cocq Company" was Rembrandt's first big effort to show the possibilities of painting; and from that time his whole after-life was a struggle to reconcile the two sides of his nature. This struggle culmi-

power of a man who sees into the heart of things, and makes others partake of his imagination, appears also in his etchings, and Rembrandt is recognized as the prince of etchers.

We started with a comparison of Murillo and Rembrandt, and have discovered, if I have told the story aright, that what Murillo attempted, he did to the satisfaction of the people of his time and of after times; whereas Rembrandt, striving for something infinitely greater, had his

successes and his failures, was misunderstood by the people of his day, and during the century which followed, when the influence of Italian painting, spreading over Europe, had penetrated even into Holland, was neglected. The story of their work corresponds with the story of their lives.

Murillo's proceeded smoothly and pleas-

tures altered to suit their taste; and, as he sat among the stalls, he had plenty of opportunity of studying and sketching the city urchins and beggar-boys that lay or frolicked in the sunshine. He afterward painted many of these juvenile subjects, and they are among his best work, so true to life and vigorously executed.

His start toward higher effort really began



"THE SORTIE OF THE BANNING COCQ COMPANY." BY REMBRANDT.

antly. He was born in Seville, the birthplace also of Velasquez. At the age of eleven he was apprenticed to an uncle who was a painter, and his gentle nature and diligence soon made him a favorite with his master and his fellow-students. He managed to live by painting little pictures of sacred subjects on linen, offering them for sale at the *feria*, or weekly market. It was the custom to bring paints and brushes to the fair, so that patrons could have the pic-

ture when there returned to Seville a fellow-student of Murillo's who had exchanged painting for soldiering and been with the army in Flanders. He was now back in Seville with some copies of Van Dyck's work, and with so many stories of what he had seen that Murillo was seized with the longing to go to Rome. He trudged on foot to Madrid, and called on his fellow-townsmen, Velasquez, to secure letters of introduction. That great artist received him kindly,

and, being struck with his earnestness, invited him to stay in his own house. Velasquez was called away in attendance on the King, and during his absence Murillo made copies of paintings in the royal galleries by Van Dyck and Velasquez himself. The latter was so pleased with the progress the young man had made that he advised him to go to Rome; but by this time Murillo had no desire to leave his country. He stayed in Madrid for further study, and then returned to Seville after three years' absence.

One of the mendicant brothers of the little Franciscan monastery had collected a sum of money, which the friars determined to expend upon some paintings for their cloister. The amount was too small to attract the well-known artists of the city, so with much compunction they gave the commission to the young, untried Murillo. It was the opportunity he wanted; and he made such good use of it that his reputation was at once established. Henceforth his time was fully occupied in decorating churches and in painting for private individuals; he was admitted into the best society, made a rich marriage, became the head of the School of Seville, and all the time was beloved of the people.

A fall from a scaffold cut short the painter's activity. Too weak to work, he lingered for two years, spending much of his time in the Church of Santa Cruz, beneath Campanas' painting of "The Descent from the Cross"; and beneath this picture, by his request, he was buried.

The date of Rembrandt's birth is doubtful, being variously assigned to 1606, 1607, and 1608. His father, Harmen van Rijn (Harmen of the Rhine), owned a mill on the banks of the Rhine at Leyden. When quite young, the boy was sent to the Latin school in order that, as Orless, the best authority upon his early life, puts it, "he might in the fullness of time be able to serve his native city and the republic with his knowledge." However, his inclination toward drawing was so marked that his father placed him with Jacob van Swanenburch. Three years later he went to Amsterdam to study under Lastman, who had spent many years in Rome. But with him Rembrandt

stayed only six months; returning to Leyden, "determined," as Orless says, "to study and practise painting alone in his own fashion." He stayed at home six years, working much from the members of his family, and frequently etching his own head, with various kinds of facial expression.

In 1630 he moved to Amsterdam, which henceforth was to be the scene of his life. The city at that time had recovered from the shock of war, and was rapidly growing in commercial prosperity and liberally encouraging the fine arts. For a time all went well with Rembrandt. As I have said, his "Lesson in Anatomy," painted in 1632, made him famous; commissions poured in and students flocked to his studio. Two years later he married a young lady of property, Saskia van Ulenburgh, to whom he was deeply attached, and whose portrait he painted or etched eighteen times, besides using her as a model in various pictures.

He was able now to indulge his taste for beautiful things, and became a generous buyer of other artists' work, filling his handsome house in the Breedstraat with treasures. Ten years of domestic happiness and magnificent painting followed his marriage, and then, in 1642, the clouds gathered.

In that year he was involved in disputes, as we have seen, over "The Sortie of the Banning Cocq Company"; but, worse than that, his beloved Saskia died, leaving an infant son, Titus. In the emptiness of his home and heart, the great artist buried himself with ever deeper purpose and grander energy in his work. It is characteristic of this sad time that his portraits of himself cease for six years; then appears an etching, in which he no longer represents himself in splendid clothes, with fierce mustache and flowing hair, but as a simple citizen. His hair and mustache are trimmed; a large hat covers his head; his tunic is unadorned; he is seated at a window drawing, but lifts his head and gazes full at the spectator with his piercing eyes. During this time he owed much to the sympathy and encouragement of the burgo-master Jan Six, a scholar and connoisseur; and now the Six mansion, the celebrated Six Gallery at Amsterdam, owes much of its fame to the pictures by Rembrandt which it contains.

In 1656 he was overtaken by financial troubles, due to his own love of buying works of art and his lack of business ability. He was declared a bankrupt, his house was sold, and his treasures were dispersed at auction; and by the time that his creditors were satisfied there was nothing left for him.

But his devotion to his art was unabated and the years which followed were distinguished by a series of noble paintings and etchings, among them his great picture "The Syndics of the Cloth-workers' Guild."

It is good to know that he had friends, and that his last years, though contracted in means, were comfortable. In his last portrait of himself, painted a year before his death, he has

depicted his face wrinkled by time and care, but laughing heartily. It sums up the triumph of the man and the artist over evil fortune.

After his death he was soon forgotten. Through the eighteenth century Dutch painters, like those of other countries, turned to Italy for inspiration; Rembrandt's marvels of light were forgotten or condemned by ignorant critics; his portraits, that search into the souls of his subjects, despised for their "laborious, ignorant diligence." He was neglected, while Murillo continued to be abundantly admired.

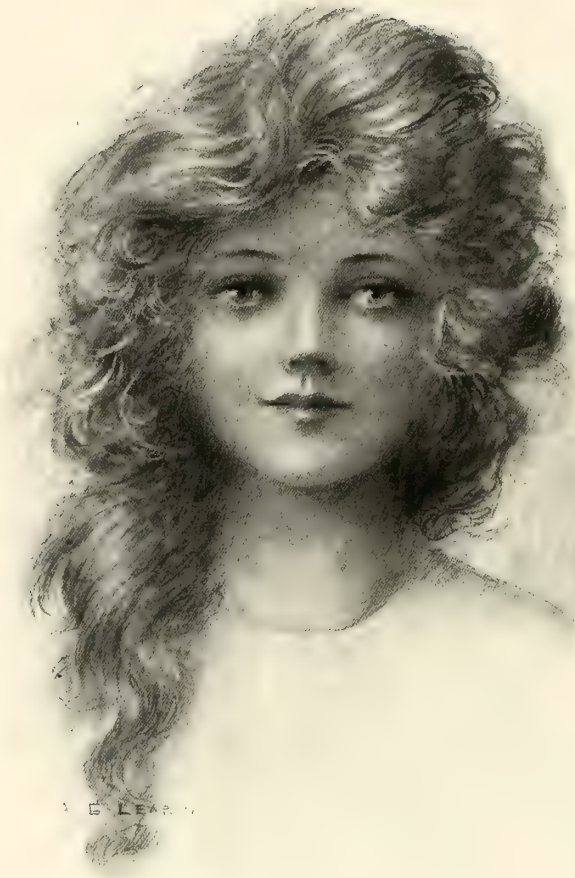
Now, however, Murillo is esteemed less highly, and Rembrandt has been restored to his place among the giants.



"THE THREE GUARDSMEN."

CECILY'S EASTER HAT.

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.



CECILY tiptoed into Miss Arethusa Van Horn's room behind her mother, who carried a tray with steaming dishes, and Cecily bore a little plate of bread. The room was dim and warm, and there was the heavy scent of Cologne water. Outside the sun was shining, and the birds were calling to one another.

"Is that you at last, Mrs. Hodges?" said a fretful voice from out of the shadows; "you are awfully late with my lunch."

"I'm very sorry," apologized Cecily's mo-

ther; "but everything went wrong this morning, and I got behind."

She set the tray down as she spoke and pulled up the window-shades a very little, revealing a couch on which lay a delicate woman of uncertain age. She wore a much-ruffled pink silk dressing-gown, at which Cecily gazed with awe. Miss Arethusa had such lovely clothes! And Cecily sighed as she looked down at her faded gingham.

Miss Arethusa surveyed the tray discontentedly. "Chicken broth again! Oh, Mrs. Hodges, can't you give me something different? I am so tired of soups."

"It's right hard to get things in the country," said Cecily's mother, her face flaming at the criticism; "and the doctor told me not to give you anything solid."

"Well, why don't you cook eggs for me, then?" said Miss Arethusa, petulantly; "anything for a change!"

"Eggs are very scarce," explained Mrs. Hodges; "I am going to send over to Mrs. Reynolds for some."

Miss Arethusa looked up. "Why, Mrs. Hodges," she said, "you have fresh eggs yourself. I saw Cecily bring one in this morning."

Cecily stepped forward eagerly as if to speak, but Mrs. Hodges stopped her with a look.

"Those eggs are from Cecily's little black hen, Miss Arethusa," she said firmly; "and I can't take them."

"Why not, if I need them?" asked Miss Arethusa, indignantly.

"I promised Cecily she should have every

egg from her little hen until she had a dozen," said Mrs. Hodges; "and I can't break my promise. She is going to sell them and have the money for herself."

"Well, I think Cecily is very selfish," murmured Miss Arethusa, coldly.

"I can't break my promise," was Mrs. Hodges's decision; "but I'll get you some as soon as Mrs. Reynolds can send them over."

"Oh, of course," said Miss Arethusa, "let Cecily keep her eggs; but it's hard on me."

Mrs. Hodges arranged the tray in an uncomfortable silence, propped the invalid up on pillows, and withdrew with Cecily.

Once in the shelter of the kitchen, however, she drew her little daughter into her arms and kissed the tears away from the wet eyes.

"Cecily," she said fiercely, "just remember that she is sick, and can't help being cross." Then she laughed a little. "If she was n't sick, I'd shake her. Yes, I would, Cecily; I'd shake her. To call my little girl selfish—my own little mother's help!"

"Do you think I ought to let her have the eggs, mother?" sobbed Cecily.

"No. I can't squeeze out a cent for you between now and Easter. Miss Arethusa's board is n't due until after that, and it will take every cent to pay the mortgage interest. If Mrs. Reynolds lets me have the eggs, I can pay her when our hens are laying. But I could n't pay cash for anything just now; and you can exchange your eggs at the store for the ribbon. I wanted to tell Miss Arethusa that if she really needed those eggs she could pay you extra—but she would n't do that, and she might leave. We must remember that we are well and she is sick—poor Miss Arethusa!"

Cecily looked at her mother with solemn eyes. "I don't believe, even if you were so sick that you ached all over and could n't hardly breathe, that you would be half as cross as Miss Arethusa."

There was a little twinkle in Mrs. Hodges's eyes. "Oh, who can tell, Cecily?" she said. "I might be as cross—Cecily, I might be as cross as two sticks;" and she whirled the little girl into her lap and gave her a big hug.

"My dear, dear mother, I know you wouldn't!" murmured Cecily, all dimples and laughter.

"Now, run away," said Mrs. Hodges, "and hurry Mrs. Reynolds about the eggs."

Cecily sped across fields that were just showing their tender green. In the Reynolds front yard a peach-tree waved pink branches in the fragrant wind, and the crocuses were coming up in a trim little row by the fence.

Delia Reynolds was in the hall, in one of her mother's cane-seated "heirlooms," reading a book.

"Sit down and see this new book Uncle Dick sent me," said Delia.

"I can't stay," said Cecily, with a shake of her head; "I've got to take some eggs back right away."

"I don't believe you'll get any," said Delia. "Mother just sent the last one to the city."

"Oh, dear!" said Cecily, and sat down on the step.

"What's the matter?" asked Delia.

"I shall have to give up 'Blackie's' eggs, Delia," cried poor Cecily; "and then I won't have any new ribbon for my hat."

"What have Blackie's eggs got to do with your hat?" asked the practical Delia.

Cecily explained: "Mother can't afford to give me any money, and I was going to sell Blackie's eggs. You know we have to use Miss Arethusa's board to live on since father died," and Cecily's voice trembled.

"Well, I just would n't give that cross old thing my ribbon-eggs," said Delia. "She is just the hatefullest—"

"She's sick, Delia," interrupted Cecily.

"I don't care. I think she is horrid."

Right down in the bottom of her heart, Cecily thought so too; but some sense of honor to their one boarder kept her from saying so to Delia.

"Well, I guess I'll have to go," she said presently. "Come over soon, Delia."

All the way home her mind was shadowed by the thought of her mother's worry when she knew there were no eggs to be obtained.

But Mrs. Hodges did not let the little girl see how the news really affected her. "Never mind, dearie," she said; "I'll make some raspberry-jelly for her to-night,—I've got some juice from my canned ones,—and maybe we can think of something in the morning."

But in the morning there was nothing to be thought of, and Mrs. Hodges came down from Miss Arethusa's room with a deep line of care on her forehead.

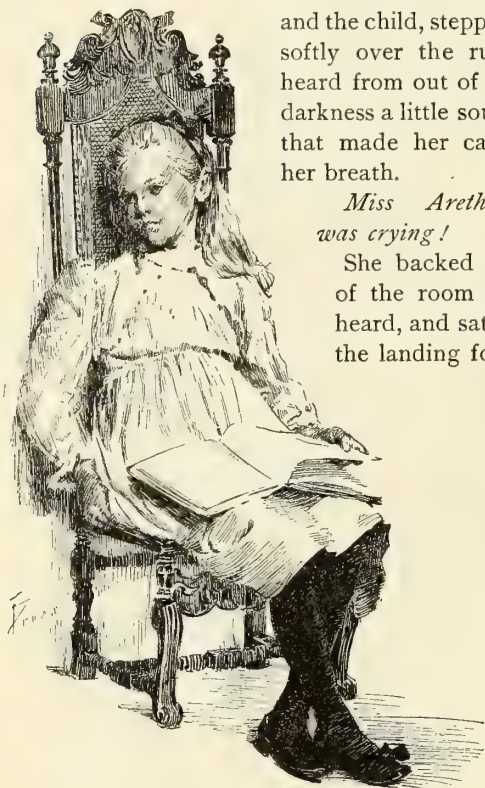
"No, no, no," she insisted, when Cecily again offered the eggs; "I can't let you do it"; but there was a note of indecision in her voice.

After a while she sent Cecily up to Miss

Arethusa with the mail, and the child, stepping softly over the rugs, heard from out of the darkness a little sound that made her catch her breath.

Miss Arethusa was crying!

She backed out of the room unheard, and sat on the landing for a



"WELL, I JUST WOULD N'T GIVE THAT CROSS OLD THING MY RIBBON-EGGS!"

long time; and when she finally carried in the letters, she rapped loudly, waited for a feeble, "Come in," laid the package down beside Miss Arethusa, and fled.

When she went down she did not say anything to her mother. Somehow she had the feeling that what she had seen was a secret between Miss Arethusa and herself. She went out to the hen-house and sat down beside Blackie, who was on her nest. The little hen bridled with raised crest, but Cecily sat so still that she settled back again contentedly.

"She is lonely, Blackie," confided Cecily.

"I never thought of that. I just thought she was cross and mean, but she was crying, and maybe, with all her pretty things, she is n't as happy as I am with my old ones; for I have mother, Blackie, and Miss Arethusa has n't a soul to love her."

Blackie perked her head on one side and turned up a bead-like eye.

"Not that I wonder much," went on Cecily; "for she is n't lovely and loving like mother,—every one loves mother,—but I've got to give up your eggs, Blackie, and go without the ribbon. She needs them worse than I need my hat—because she's sick and unhappy, and I'm well—"

So in the little old hen-house Cecily fought her battle, and when she went in to her mother her face was serene.

"I'm going to give my eggs to Miss Arethusa," she announced. "Now, please don't say I sha'n't, mother," she pleaded as Mrs. Hodges started to protest. "Suppose I was sick and could n't have what I wanted: it would be dreadful, would n't it?"

"My dear little girl!" said her mother, and kissed her.

That evening Cecily went into Miss Arethusa's room with two creamy eggs on a blue plate, and across the plate was a spray of apple-blossoms that brought into the darkened, stuffy room the freshness of the spring outside.

"How sweet!" said Miss Arethusa, and a smile lighted her tired face. "I love flowers." But she ate the eggs as a matter of course, and never asked whence they came.

Every day after that, Cecily carried in an egg, and sometimes on the plate there would be a bunch of wild violets, again a cluster of snowy cherry-blossoms, and once a little branch all covered with fluffy pussy-willows.

Miss Arethusa exclaimed over these. "Where did you get them?" she asked with interest.

"Down by the stream back of the garden. You ought to go there, Miss Arethusa."

But Miss Arethusa shivered. "Oh, I could n't go out," she said. "It would make me worse."

"Let me show you where it is," cried Cecily, pulling up the window-blind and letting in a flood of sunshine. Outside everything was

blue and white and gold and tender green, and Miss Arethusa drank in the scene like one who has been blind and sees again.

"Is n't it a beautiful world, Miss Arethusa!" cried little Cecily.

"Leave the curtain up, Cecily," said Miss Arethusa, slowly, passing her hand across her eyes; "it will rest me to look out." She was very quiet after that, and lay, with her cheek on her hand, gazing at the blossoming world.

The next day she let Mrs. Hodges open the window, and, wrapped up well, she breathed the sweetness of the spring air.

"It does you good, Miss Arethusa," said Mrs. Hodges as she beat up the pillows.

"I believe it does," said Miss Arethusa, and reached up and caught at the rough hand and gave it a little squeeze. "How good you are!"

It was the first word of praise that she had ever given Mrs. Hodges, and the little woman beamed and smiled and felt that the world was very bright indeed.

But downstairs Cecily was not happy. The next day would be Easter, and Delia had come over to tell of her new hat.

"It's white, with blue ribbon," she said proudly; "and it is just lovely."

"Oh, dear!" sighed poor Cecily, and she plumped herself down on the cellar door. "I shall have to wear my old one, and I did want that new pink ribbon."

"Well, I would n't have given my eggs to any cross old woman, when I meant to sell them and get the money for my hat," cried Delia.

"But she's sick, Delia," insisted Cecily, softly; "and she is n't really cross, when you get to know her. She is really very nice, and she has beautiful eyes when things make her happy as the pussy-willows did this morning—"

The childish voices floated up and came to the ears of the silent listener overhead, and thus Miss Arethusa heard Delia's indictment and Cecily's defense; she learned that because of her selfish demands little Cecily must go without a new ribbon for her hat, and she heard also that the child had no complaint to

make and only kind words for the one who had deprived her of her coveted treasure.

When, at last, the little girls rambled away she rang her bell for Mrs. Hodges. "Bring me that big box in the bottom of my trunk, Mrs. Hodges, please." And when it was placed at her side, "Now bring me Cecily's old hat." Miss Arethusa's face was aglow with interest.

"I am going to trim it," she said, "with these and these"; and she opened the box and brought out a roll of pink satin ribbon and a wreath of rosebuds.

"I'll put them on with a bit of lace under the brim, and she'll look just sweet," she explained; "the dear, unselfish child!"

"Oh, Miss Arethusa," said Mrs. Hodges, "you don't know half what that hat will mean to Cecily."

"I think I do," said Miss Arethusa, thoughtfully; "and if there were time I would buy a new hat for her; but there is n't, so I'll trim the old one."

But, really, when the broad white hat was wreathed with the rosy blossoms and topped by a bow of shining ribbon, no one could have known that there was anything old about it.

"It's the most beautiful hat that I ever saw," cried the ecstatic Mrs. Hodges. "Oh, Miss Arethusa, how good you are!"

"I think it is Cecily who was good—to give me Blackie's eggs," said Miss Arethusa.

"How did you know?" gasped Mrs. Hodges.

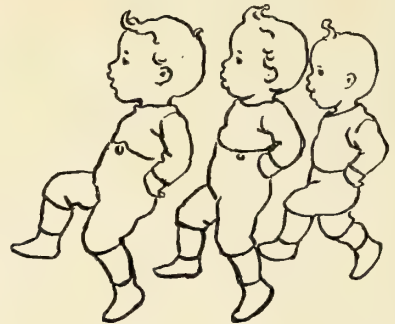
"A little bird told me," smiled Miss Arethusa, nodding gaily at a fat, rusty robin on the apple-tree outside.

"Well, I never!" murmured Mrs. Hodges. "I don't know what Cecily will say."

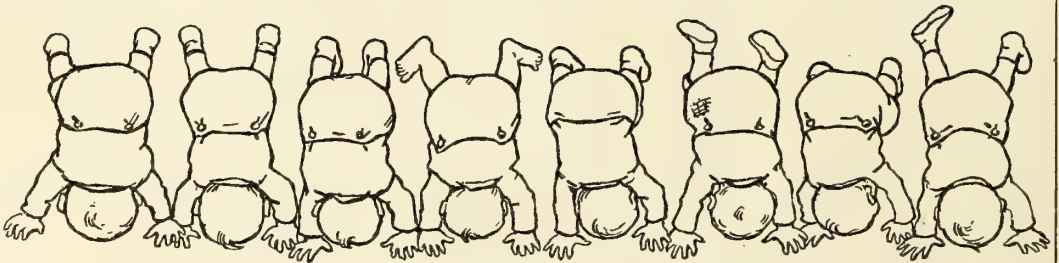
But when, that evening, Miss Arethusa called the little girl in and put the hat on the curly head, Cecily did n't say anything; she simply could n't. She was too blissful for words, so she just put both arms around Miss Arethusa's neck and kissed her; and at the touch of the warm young lips all the coldness in Miss Arethusa's nature seemed to melt, her eyes shown more brightly, and there came to her with the Easter-tide an awakening of health and joy and love.

CIRCUS-TIME.

(THE EFFECT ON THE BOYS OF BOYVILLE.)



THE HUMAN PYRAMID.



OH, THIS IS EASY!

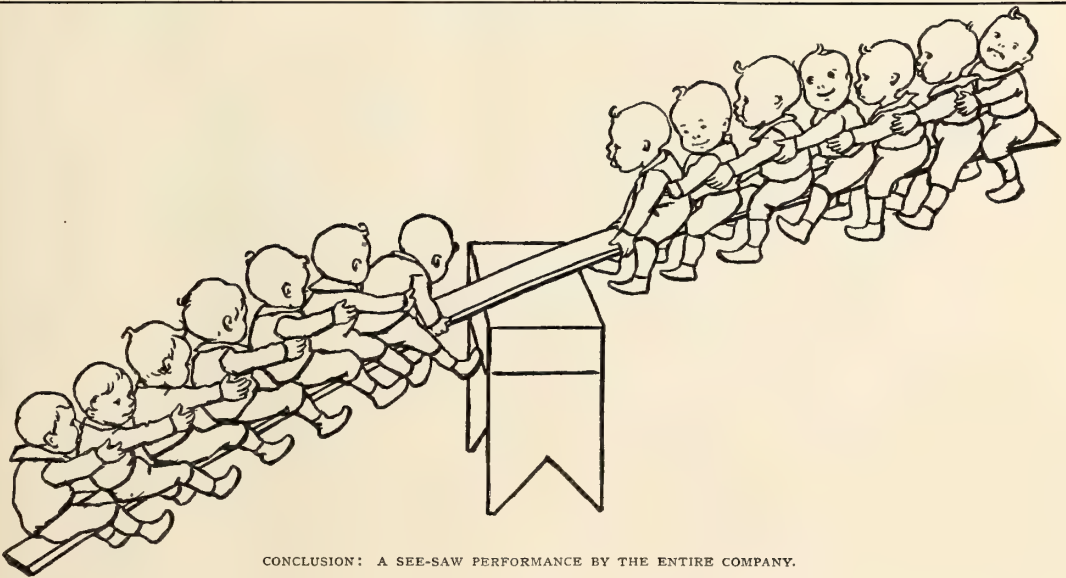


OH, LOOK AT THOSE CLOWNS!

HEY, STOP YOUR PUSHING THERE!



NOW, SOMEBODY MAKE HIM GO!



CONCLUSION: A SEE-SAW PERFORMANCE BY THE ENTIRE COMPANY.



THE LITTLE OLD STORY

By GRACE MAGGOWAN COOKE.

THERE was once a little old man and a little old woman, and they lived in a little old house on a little old farm. They had a little old cow and a little old horse and a little old dog and a little old cat.

One day the little old man dug him a load

to milk the little old cow. But no sooner had she begun her milking than the little old cow picked up her little old feet and kicked the little old woman over. She was so badly hurt that she could not get up, so she lay on the ground calling to the little old dog, "Tippy, Tippy, O Tippy!"

The little old dog came and walked around the little old woman and knew not what to do. By and by she began saying, "Go for your master, Tippy! Go for your master, Tippy!" The little old dog, who was sitting looking at her with his little old tongue hanging out of his little old mouth, trotted off down the road to town.

He found the little old man in a store, where he had just sold his potatoes and was putting his little old



"SHE PICKED UP HER LITTLE OLD FEET AND KICKED THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN OVER."

of potatoes and started off to the little old town to sell them. The little old woman took a little old bucket and went out to the little old barn

pocket-book in his little old pocket.

"Why, bless me, here 's Tippy!" the little old man cried when he saw the little old dog.

Tipsy took the little old man's coat-edge quickly drove back to the little old barn, and between his teeth and pulled at it. "Tipsy, there she lay, still groaning on the ground.



"TIPSY TOOK THE LITTLE OLD MAN'S COAT-EDGE BETWEEN HIS TEETH AND PULLED AT IT."

Tipsy! is there anything wrong at home?" the little old man asked him; and when the little old dog kept on pulling, the little old man ran out to the little old hitching-rail, untied the little old horse, jumped in his little old wagon, and whipped up the little old horse to as fast a trot as he could travel.

When finally he got to his little old house he saw no little old woman anywhere about, so he

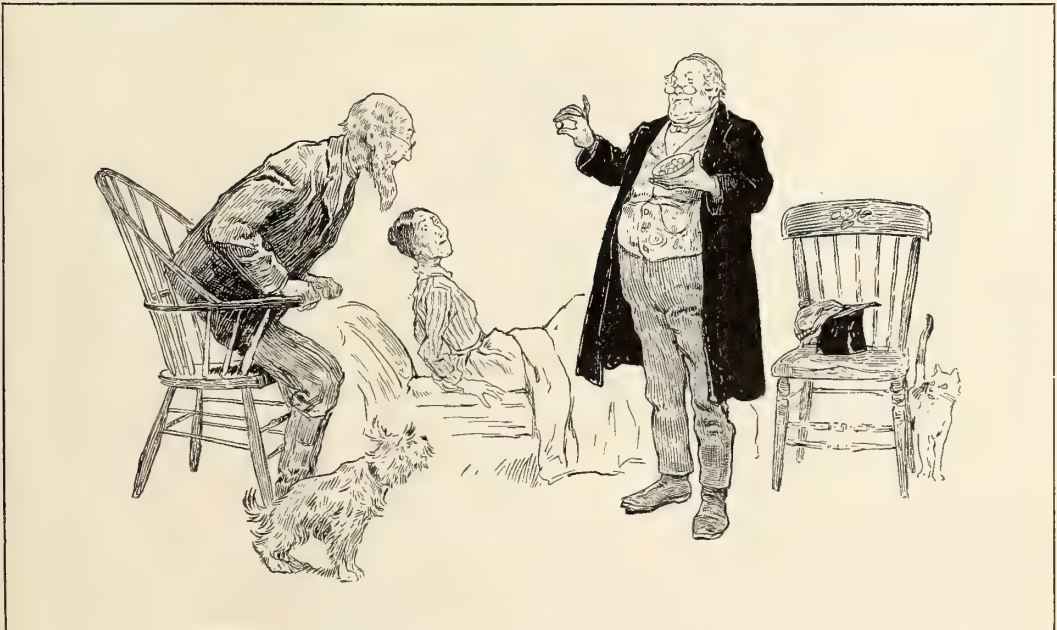
The little old man picked up the little old woman in his arms and carried her into the little old house and laid her on the little old lounge. Then they sent for the little old doctor, and he came in his little old buggy with his little old fat gray horse and gave the little old woman a little old pill, so that she was soon well again.

But they all knew that if it had not been for the little old dog the little old woman might never have got well, so they gave him the best there was in the

house to eat; but they sold that little old cow to the little old dairyman, who lived in a little old house back of a little old hill. And every day the little old dog Tipsy would trot down to make a visit to his friend the little old cow.



TIPSY.



"HE GAVE THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN A LITTLE OLD PILL."



A QUESTION OF "HEIGHTH."

"WHATH 's thath?" cried Uncle Henry.

Now, as Uncle Henry had never been known to lisp or mispronounce his words, Tommy was much surprised by his curious exclamation. Tommy had remarked of the giant at the circus that "his *heighth* was nearly eight feet."

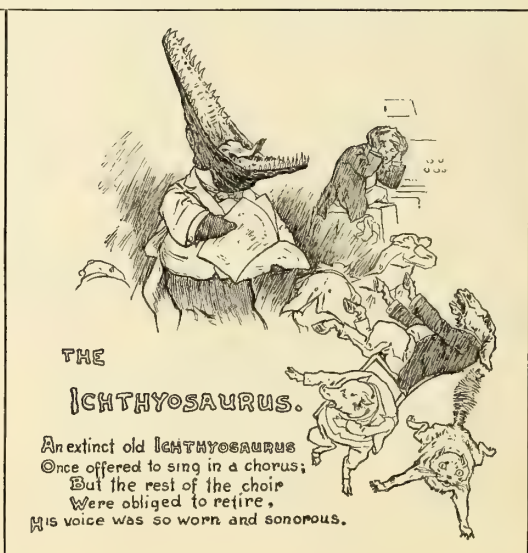
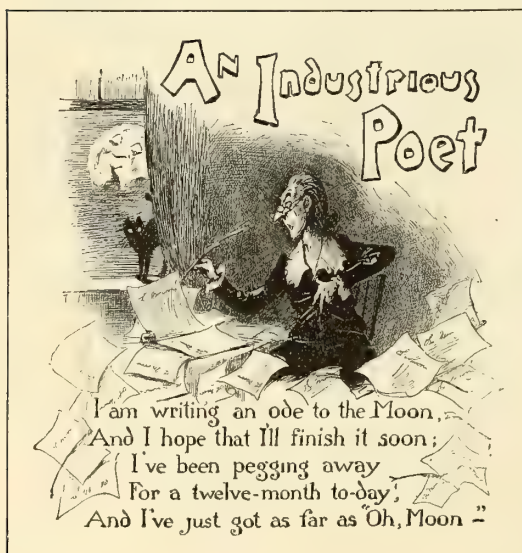
"If you say *heighth*," continued the uncle, "why not say that his height was nearly

eight feeth? Yeth, thath 's whath you oughth to say to be consistenth. Ith 's evidenth thath you goth 'height' mixed up with 'length,' did n'th you?"

"I suppose so," said the bewildered Tommy.

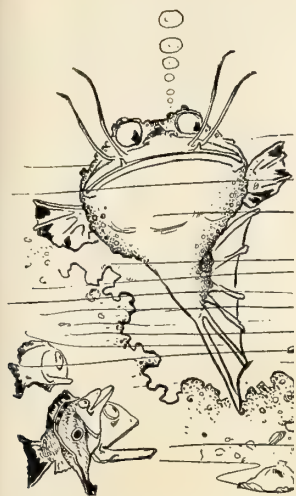
"Well, do n'th do ith any more. In polithe societhy ith would—"

But Tommy had fled. *Grace Fraser.*



AN ADVENTURE WITH A GIANT CATFISH.

By C. F. HOLDER.



A FEW years ago a party of Americans made their way in a trading-schooner up the Essequibo River, in British Guiana, to where the Mazaruni flows into it. From this point the journey was continued in a canoe rowed by a native crew. At a spot fully sixty miles from the mouth of the river, camp was made on a white, sandy beach.

Among a number of curious fishes these American travelers had noticed in the Essequibo was a catfish called by the natives the lanlan; and as several had been seen by them, preparations were made for their capture. A large line about two hundred feet in length was baited with fish and carried out into the stream by a small boat, a crotched stick being thrust into the sand on the beach, to which the line was attached to serve as a telltale, and around this a number of the party sat waiting for a bite.

In a little while there was a sudden jerk, and the line began running out in the hands of one of the Caribs. Twenty or thirty feet of "leeway" were given to the rushing fish, and then several of the men grasped the rapidly stiffening line. As it came taut they braced themselves and jerked the hook into the fish. For a second there was no demonstration; then a violent plunge tore the line from their hands, hurling them upon the sands, and an enormous fish rose bodily out of the water, falling with a thundering crash and darting off at lightning speed. Knowing that when the slack-in was exhausted the line probably would not stand the strain, it was quickly unfastened from the stick and attached to a small canoe, into which several of the fishermen sprang. This was not done a moment too soon, for with a rush the

line straightened out. The boat seemed endeavoring to dive to the bottom, and then away it dashed, hurling the spray high in air behind the invisible steed.

For an eighth of a mile the great fish towed the canoe with undiminished speed, darting here and there among the sand-banks, now turning suddenly to one side, hurling the occupants off their feet and threatening them with constant danger of an upset. The strength of the gaily creature, however, was rapidly failing,



"THE FISH ROSE INTO THE AIR IN A TERRIFIC LEAP, AND FELL UPON THE STERN OF THE BOAT."

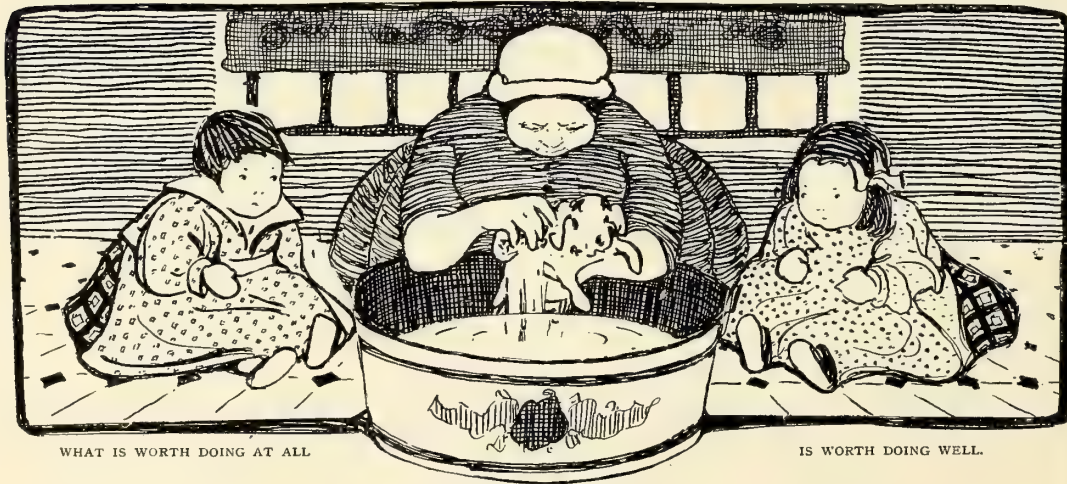
and as soon as the speed slackened the men took the line in hand and endeavored to reduce the distance between them; but this resulted only in another furious burst of speed. Finally

the line was torn from the bowman's hand and it slipped over the gunwale, and in a moment the water was pouring into the canoe. The crew rushed to the other side, climbing up, and finally succeeded in shifting the line and averting a catastrophe. The line was again manned and the canoe slowly brought nearer the victim. After a long struggle the black form was seen darting back and forth under the bow. The man at the bow guarded the line closely, keeping it in the notch, while another native stepped forward, and raising a long, three-tined spear, drove it with all his force into the monster. The result was entirely unexpected. Enraged or frightened by this new attack, the fish seemed to pause for a moment, then rose into the air in a terrific leap, and fell upon the stern of the boat, carrying it down under water. As the monster fell, the crew, with the exception of one man, sprang overboard and swam for the shore; but the man in the end of the canoe climbed on the roof of the cabin-like part. As one end of the boat sank, he was lifted high in the air. The fish then, in its terrific struggles, rolled off, and the boat settled, with the terrified native still clinging to his high perch. The fish was now striking the water with its powerful tail, rolling over and over, winding the line

about its body, and giving every evidence of its wonderful strength, and might ultimately have escaped had not the party been followed by another canoe of natives, who, having picked up the swimmers, made for the struggling lallan. In a few moments several spears and arrows had been sent into it, and it was speedily despatched.

When the sunken canoe was righted it was found to be crushed in on one side. The harpoon lines were made fast to the fish, and it was slowly towed to camp and safely landed on the beach.

As the fish slowly rose and fell on the water behind the line of haulers, it certainly presented a remarkable appearance to our travelers. Nearly thirteen feet in length, it seemed much larger from its extraordinary bulk. The upper surface was a rich greenish-black tint with a silvery white below, the mouth and fins being a rich yellow. Its head, which was large and flat, was protected by a strong bony plate that extended back to the first dorsal fin. But perhaps the most unusual and curious feature was the long, slender barbels, or whiskers, nearly four feet in length, that depended from each side of the mouth, giving the fish an extremely grotesque and forbidding appearance.



WHAT IS WORTH DOING AT ALL

IS WORTH DOING WELL.

THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

BY SILAS A. LOTTRIDGE.

WORK had been going on all day in the sugar-bush; the sap had been gathered and drawn to the boiling-place, until there remained but a few scattering trees to be visited near the swamp. The boy was softly whistling to himself, when a rabbit with easy, graceful bounds crossed the road but a few paces ahead of him and stopped by the side of a birch-bush to nibble the tender buds. Just then a startling sound came up from the swamp.

Why did the rabbit pause in his dainty meal and squat in his very tracks until his form more nearly resembled a footprint in the snow than a living mammal? The chattering red squirrel dropped into the crotch of a tree, and ceased to chatter, as the ominous and almost supernatural "Whoo-hoo-hoo-wo-hooo" sounded through the dismal swamp and echoed through the maple grove. This was the hunting-call of the Great Horned Owl.

The actions of the rabbit and squirrel did not surprise the boy, who had always heard that this owl was a veritable Nero among the feathered race. As yet he had never discovered the nest of the Great Horned Owl. It was now the first week in March. Of late he had heard the weird call frequently from the swamp, causing him to believe the birds were nesting there, and he fully determined to make a search for that nest.

The next day was spent in a fruitless search, and it perplexed the boy, for often he had located the nest of the bobolink and meadow-lark—nests that are not easily found.

But the second day's search ended, about noon, in rather an interesting manner. The

boy stopped for lunch and a little rest under a hemlock that he knew well: for, the spring before, a pair of crows had a nest in the tree. The old nest was still there, and, just to see



A GREAT HORNED OWL AND ITS QUARRY.

what condition it was in after the storms of winter, he ascended the tree. The nest was between fifty and sixty feet from the ground. Just imagine the boy's surprise, when about thirty feet from the nest, to see a Great Horned Owl silently glide off and wing its way through the tree-tops. It was a revelation, upon reaching it, to find that the Great Horned Owl had really used the old crows' nest, which had the appearance of being slightly remodeled, and was sparsely lined with evergreen leaves and feathers. In the nest were three white eggs, about the size of a bantam's. The boy afterward learned that the usual number of eggs deposited by the Great Horned Owl is two,

and that sometimes the bird constructs a nest for itself in a hollow tree or an evergreen.

On the first day of April there were two little owls in the nest, and a day later a third appeared. They were queer-looking little birds, seeming to be nearly all head and eyes, and their bodies were covered with the softest of down.

The young birds grew very slowly, although the remains of fish, mice, squirrels, rabbits, and birds of various kinds furnished abundant evidence that the old birds were lavish in supplying food. They remained in the nest for about eleven weeks, which is long compared with most

distance away. Again the boy tried to approach the bird, but with little better success; however, he succeeded in getting close enough to see the owl walk back and forth on a limb, and ruffle its feathers very much after the fashion of a strutting turkey-cock. This was probably from anger. The bird soon flew, and this time it went so far into the thick hemlocks that it was lost to view. This and other similar circumstances convinced the boy that the Great Horned Owl is not lacking in good eyesight in the daytime.

Everything progressed nicely with the owl family, but the boy desired very much to know



PROVISIONS FOR THE DAY.

of our birds—many young birds leaving the nest in from twelve to fifteen days, and the woodcock, bob-white, and ruffed grouse in about as many hours.

During all this time the boy saw very little of the parent birds, which was a great disappointment. It did not take him long to discover that the owls could see in the bright light as well as himself, if not better. This was another blow to his early knowledge, for he had always been told that owls could not see in the daytime. One day he approached the nesting-tree very cautiously, but the old bird on the nest was also watchful, and, discovering him, flew into a small cluster of hemlocks some little

the methods that these powerful birds employed in hunting, and how they located their quarry. Not far from the nest, in an open part of the swamp, stood a solitary old stub, some eighty feet in height, and holding aloft from its barkless and whitened trunk a solitary branch. The position of this former monarch of the forest commanded a good view over the trout-stream, on the one side, and, on the other, over a small pond which contained numerous forms of animal life.

The boy was well acquainted with the old stub, and knew its possibilities both as a home and a watch-tower for the feathered tribe. Within its walls the flicker and the hairy woodpecker had drilled and nested; here, also, in winter, the screech-owl found a shelter and home from the fierce storms that swept over the swamp; from its branch, in summer, the rattle of the belted kingfisher could be heard; and, perched on the summit of the broken shaft, the "hen hawk" would locate a mouse in the grass or, perchance, a sleepy old frog at the water's edge.

The sun had already set at the close of a beautiful spring day when the boy found him-



self, a little distance above the old stub, on the trout-brook, stringing the last speckled beauty, preparatory to going home. Suddenly the stillness was broken by an ominous cry that reverberated through the forest and echoed and reëchoed from the neighboring hills. The hollow sound seemed to vibrate the gathering gloom as it sounded across the pasture, and caused the boy

to listen intently, for he knew it to be the hunting-call of the Great Horned Owl. The boy said to himself, "He will soon be at the old stub watch-tower, and I will catch him in the act of pouncing on his prey."

Cautiously he approached and surveyed the old stub, as it stood silhouetted against the sky above the near tree-tops, but not a sign of the owl was to be seen. Quietly he concealed himself, waiting, watching, and listening to the different wood folk that might be astir. Near by he heard the twitter of an uneasy bird, the squeak of a mouse, the scurry of fast-flying feet on the dead leaves, and the splash of the muskrats playing in a pool of the creek. These sounds were ever sweet music in his ear, but his thoughts were of the Great Horned Owl and

its hunting. A red squirrel had discovered him and came upon a branch overhead, chattering and scolding as usual; and for an instant the boy turned his gaze upon the squirrel, then back again to the stub. During that brief moment, as silent as though borne on the wings of night, a *something* had added to the height of the old stub a foot or more, and slightly changed the outline, though it seemed as silent as before.

As the darkness deepened, the sounds from the wood folk grew more numerous, but ears accustomed to them gave little heed. "Whoo-hoo-hoo-wh-o-o!" sounded again, very close this time, and startled even the watcher of the old stub. Instantly all

sounds that were audible to the boy ceased from the wood folk, except the distant hoarse *quawk* of the night-heron. The owl's ears must have been more delicate, for before the echoes of that terrible hunting-call had died away what appeared to be a part of the stub took wings and silently swept into some tall grass close by a clump



THREE STAGES OF RUFFLED INDIGNATION. THE OWL RUFFLES ITS FEATHERS FROM ANGER, AS A TURKEY-CK DOES.

of bushes. The bird emerged, a few moments later, with a rabbit in its talons, and winged its way toward the owls' nest.

The boy had seen the Great Horned Owl at its hunting.

After the young owls left the nest the hunting-call was less frequently heard; but again in the autumn and through the winter it occasionally sounded from the swamp. For years the owls nested near the swamp, obtaining their food from the wild life existing about, and occasionally feasting upon a chicken or young turkey from the surrounding farms.

mounted specimens, but finally dropped all this for the harmless instrument—the camera.

After years of work and dozens of negatives had been made of wild birds and mammals in their native haunts, there were none of the Great Horned Owl. This may be accounted for by the natural shyness and nocturnal habits of the bird. You may tramp the woods for many a day and not see a Great Horned Owl, much less produce a photograph of one. But patience usually is rewarded, and that sometimes in a very unexpected way.


The Great Horned Owl, when once in the habit of visiting a certain farm building for the purpose of carrying off poultry, becomes very bold and daring. The same is true of some of our hawks that have been known to fly within a few feet of a man and pounce upon and carry off a chicken. Owls usually make their visits in the night; but occasionally during the winter, when food is scarce, they form the habit of visiting the farm-yard in the daytime. Immediately upon the capture of the fowl, the owl retreats to the woods; but, its load being heavy, it stops to rest sometimes upon the broad rail of a fence or log, or even upon the ground. At such times the owl



THE WHITE CROSS IN THE UPPER LEFT CENTER OF THE PICTURE SHOWS THE OPENING IN A CLIFF IN WHICH A GREAT HORNED OWL NESTED FOR SEVERAL SEASONS.

During these years the boy studied the animals about him whenever an opportunity presented itself. He tramped and trapped as the seasons changed, and never seemed to grow weary of his chosen pastime. However, he was changing and did not know it, for the savage was giving place to the humane. He passed through the usual stages of trap and gun, made various collections of nests, eggs, and

plainly shows its nature by holding to the fowl even when followed. When such stops are made, with a little careful maneuvering the owl may be approached near enough to be photographed. From early experience it was learned that a man on horseback could ride under a tree where there was a crow or a hawk without disturbing the bird. The Great Horned Owl may also be fascinated by a dog. And



the photographing of the Great Horned Owl under these conditions is not difficult: wait until the owl seizes the fowl and stops to rest on the return to the woods; then let a dog be led to within twenty or thirty feet of the owl, and the bird will be all attention for the dog and take no apparent notice of the person leading it. The behavior of the owl at such times is very amusing. It stands motionless, gazing intently at the dog; but after a few minutes, if the dog remains quiet, the bird seems to become nervous, and steps first to one side and then to the other, hissing, snapping its beak, and ruffling its feathers. After this the owl will usually try to make off with its prey; but if another halt is made, the bird's actions show even more nervousness. While the owl's attention is thus attracted is the time to approach within "photo-distance" to get the "snap-shots."

THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

SIXTH PAPER.

WINDMILLS AND WEATHER-VANES.

A WINDMILL AND TOWER.

THE windmill and tower shown in Fig. 1 can, by any smart boy, be made of wood, an old buggy-wheel, and a few iron fittings that a blacksmith will make at a nominal cost.

The tower is the first thing to make, and it should be constructed of four spruce sticks 16



FIG. 1. A WINDMILL AND TOWER.

feet long and 4 inches square — 30 inches square at the top and 72 inches square at the base. The platform is 36 inches square and projects 2 inches over the top rails all around. The rails and cross-braces are of spruce or pine strips 4

inches wide and $\frac{7}{8}$ inch thick, and are attached to the corner posts with steel-wire nails. The corner posts are embedded two feet in the ground, having fourteen feet of tower above the surface. The rail at the bottom, attached to the four posts, is three feet above the ground, and, midway between this and the top rail under the platform, a middle rail is run around the posts. The cross-braces are beveled at the ends so they will fit snugly against the corner posts and in behind the rails, where they are securely nailed to both posts and rails. One of the corner posts, with its binding of rails and cross-braces, is shown at B in Fig. 2.

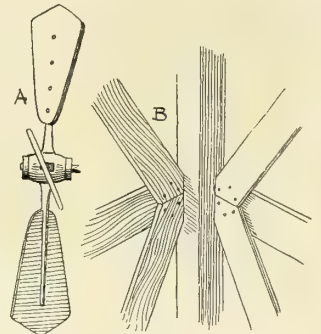


FIG. 2. DETAILS OF WINDMILL.

At a wagon-shop an old buggy-wheel can be had for little or nothing, and may easily be converted into the frame of a windmill. Each spoke used is to be cut at an angle on one side so that the blades, when attached to them, will have the necessary pitch to make the wind act on them. This can be seen at A in Fig. 2, which is an edge view of the wheel, showing a top, bottom, and middle blade. The blades are 18 inches long, 12 inches wide at the outer end, and 6 inches in width next the hub; they are $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick and are attached to the spokes with screws. If it is found necessary, a wire can be run from the outer end of each blade to the end of the next spoke to steady the blades, as shown in the illustration. The crank and shaft can be arranged as described for the pumping-mill on the next page. A fantail to keep the

wheel into the wind is made in proportion to the size of the mill.

A PUMPING WINDMILL.

A SIMPLE wheel, with spokes and sails, that is commonly employed on canal-boats and barges,

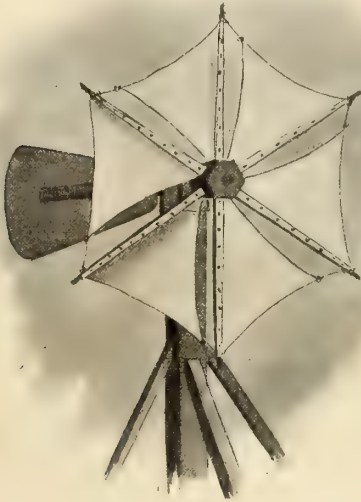


FIG. 3. A PUMPING WINDMILL.

and in a small way for raising water in a suction-pump, is shown in Fig. 3. The hub is a hexagon of 6 inches side and 6 inches long, so that one spoke can be driven into a hole made in opposite sides, as shown at I in Fig. 4. The spokes are 3 feet long, 3 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick at the hub end, and 1 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the outer end, and they are driven snugly into holes in the hub and nailed to hold them in place. Triangular pieces of twilled muslin sheeting are tacked to the face of each spoke, and the loose corner of each is caught to the next spoke-end. The wheel is held in place to the head of the supporting post by a shaft which passes through the hub and is bolted fast at the front of it with a nut. A blacksmith will make this shaft, which is shown in the upper portion of Fig. 4. It is an inch square where it passes through the hub, and at the front end it is threaded and provided with a nut and washer, while at the end of the square part, A, or where the rear of the hub will stop, a shoulder, B, should be welded on to hold the hub in the proper place. Weld two other shoulders at

C and C. The total length of the shaft is 15 inches, and the crank has a 2-inch drop. The head to which the fantail is attached is made of two blocks cut as shown at H in Fig. 4, and fastened 5 inches apart. The upper ends of the blocks are cut out so as to admit the shaft, and so that the collars CC are at the inside of the blocks; and, to hold the shaft in place, straps of iron are screwed fast over the top of each block. This head rests on the top of a trunk or hollow square post, down through which the rod passes that connects the crank with the piston-rod of a pump. The trunk is of three-quarter-inch wood and 7 inches square, as shown at F; and at the top of it a flat iron collar, D, is screwed fast. To keep the head in the proper place, four iron cleats, G, are screwed fast to the under corners of the head to grip the projecting edge of the collar at the under side.

The top of the connecting-rod can be attached to the crank, as shown in J, where a strap of iron, E, passes over the crank and is bolted to the top of the hard-wood rod.

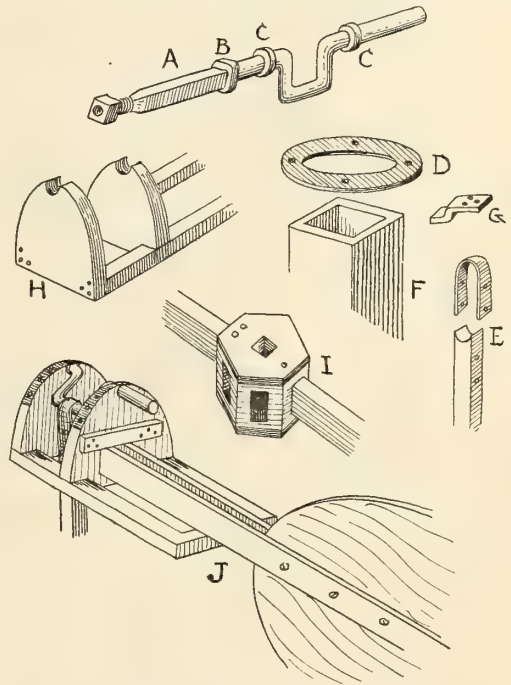


FIG. 4. DETAILS OF THE PUMPING WINDMILL.

The tail is attached to the head, as shown at J, and is 33 inches long, 24 inches wide at the rear end, and is made of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch boards.

If the mill is to be placed over a pump, a platform can be erected to which the trunk may be braced with props.

To start the wheel, fasten the ends of the sheets to the spoke-ends; and, to stop it, untie them and furl the sails around the spokes.

A BARREL-HOOP PINION-WHEEL.

THE barrel-hoop will measure about 21 inches in diameter, and the hub should be made 5

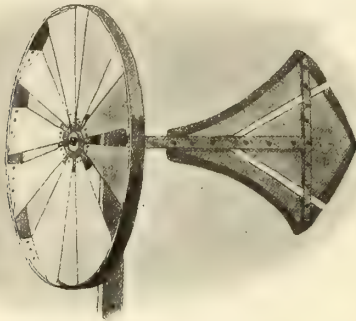


FIG. 5. A BARREL-HOOP PINION-WHEEL.

inches in diameter, 2 inches thick, and cut in, as shown in Fig. 6 A, with nine places to receive the small ends of the metal blades. The hub revolves on a pin driven into a block of wood 3 inches square. As shown at B in Fig.

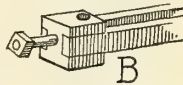
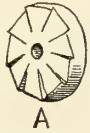


FIG. 6. DETAILS OF THE ABOVE.

6, a hole is made in the block, from top to bottom, through which a half-inch rod will pass. The rails that support the tail are let into each side of the block and securely fastened with screws.

The fan-rails are 24 inches long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, made of ash or hickory that will bend easily, so as to be drawn in against the blades forming the tail. The tin blades (they may be made of galvanized sheet-iron if desired) are cut 5 inches wide at one end and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches at the other, and fastened to both the hook and hub with tacks, as shown in Fig. 5. In case the boy cannot easily divide the hub into nine equal parts, he may make the wheel with eight blades, for every boy can draw a regular octagon.

The blades forming the fan are of half-inch

wood, one V-shaped piece and two end slats, cut as shown in Fig. 5, all held in position with the two rails that extend back from the pinion-block, and two that are set at right angles to them, and which hold the upper and lower edge blades.

PINION-WHEEL WEATHER-VANE.

PUNCH a small hole in the center of a sheet of tin or iron not less than 10 inches square, and with a lead-pencil compass draw a circle 10 inches in diameter, and half an inch inside of this another one 9 inches in diameter, as indicated by the light lines in Fig. 8. One inch from the center draw another circle,

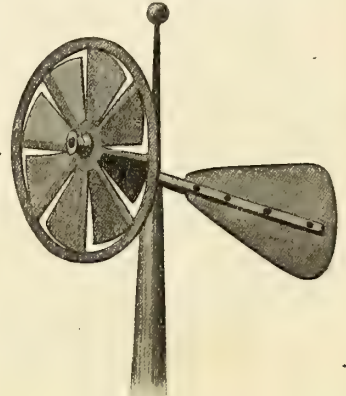


FIG. 7. A PINION-WHEEL WEATHER-VANE.

making it 2 inches in diameter; then divide the smaller of the two outer circles into eight equal parts. With a cold-chisel cut on the lines as indicated by the heavy lines of Fig. 8, and bend the metal ears so that the corners will set back an inch from the rim. With a stout pair of shears cut around the outside line, and free the wheel from the sheet of metal. At the front of the wheel fasten a spool with steel-wire nails driven

through the tin and into the spool to act as a hub; then give them both a coat or two of paint.

Make a shaft from hard wood 20 inches long and one inch square, and cut it in from

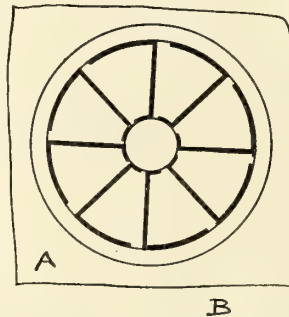


FIG. 8. DETAILS OF PINION-WHEEL WEATHER-VANE.

one end about 10 inches (see B in Fig. 8). At the other end bind the wood for an inch or two

with linen line or fine wire to prevent its splitting, and bore a hole in the end with an awl. Through the spool and disk, and into the hole in the shaft, drive a flat-headed steel-wire nail or a screw $\frac{3}{16}$ inch in diameter to act as the axle on which the wheel will revolve. From light wood, $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thick, cut a fantail 7 inches wide at one end and tapering to 2 at the other, and, having passed it through the cut in the shaft, make it fast with small nails or screws.

A WIND-TURBINE.

THE wind-turbine shown in Fig. 9 is made of two hoopsles about 30 inches in diameter, four cross-sticks, two wire hoops, and eight V-shaped tin blades. The cross-sticks are cut and lapped at the middle and attached to the edge of

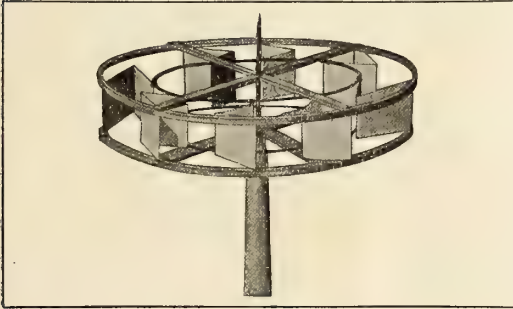
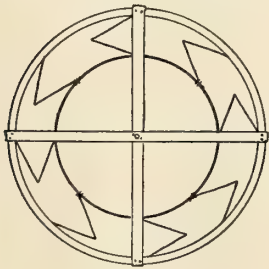


FIG. 9. A WIND-TURBINE.

each hoop with screws or nails. The wire hoops are 22 inches in diameter, and are fastened to

FIG. 10.
DETAIL OF WIND-TURBINE.

the cross-sticks with staples, as shown in Fig. 10. The outer corners of each blade are tacked fast to both the upper and lower hoople, while the inner corners are wired fast to the stout wire hoop. The blades are made from tin or sheet-iron 12 inches long and 6 inches wide, and when bent in the shape of a V, the width across the open end should be 4 inches. The blades are depended upon to hold the upper and lower frames in place.

An interesting modification of this is to have a weather-vane or wind-pennant attached to the

vertical rod about which the turbine revolves. If a shoulder be provided on the vertical shaft about 2 inches from the turbine, another turbine to revolve in the opposite direction can be used on the same standard. To do this the metal vanes will have to be bent and fastened in the opposite direction.

A WIND-SPEEDER.

FOR this take two hard-wood sticks 30 inches long and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch square, cut at the middle so that they lap, and with steel nails attach them to a hub $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick and 3 inches in diameter, in the center of which a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch hole is bored. The end of each stick or arm is cut in to receive the neck of a common kitchen tin funnel, and the funnels are held in place by a strap of tin passed around each neck and tacked fast to the top and bottom of each stick. With a sharp-pointed awl or punch a small hole is made through the strap and neck, and a long, slim steel nail is driven through the tin and into the end of the sticks to give the funnels an additional purchase. Care must be taken in driving the nail not to crush the neck. It will be found convenient to insert a plug of wood in the funnel's neck before punching the nail hole. This apparatus is shown in Fig. 11.

To reduce the friction, a large, flat washer should be attached to the wood with copper tacks driven closely all around the outer edge; and before the speeder is slipped over the up-

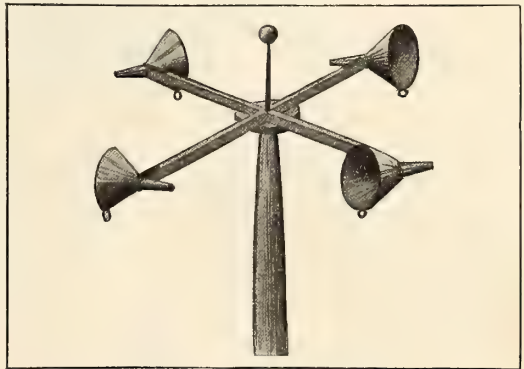


FIG. 11. A WIND-SPEEDER.

right pin, a short piece of small gas-pipe or tubing should be placed over it so that it will rest between the hub and the top of the pole. Place a wooden ball on the end of the rod.

A WHIRLIGIG.

A WHIRLIGIG, similar in construction to the wind-speeder of funnels, is shown in Fig. 12.

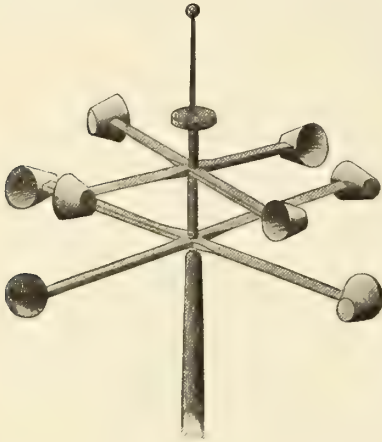


FIG. 12. A WHIRLIGIG.

Cups and arms are arranged on one rod to move in an opposite direction from that of the others. A piece of loose tubing is slipped over the vertical rod to separate the upper and lower arms.

A BALL-VANE IN A BASKET.

AN odd wind-indicator is shown in Fig. 13. It consists of a flat basket, 24 inches in diameter, with a rim 6 inches high, made of wire cloth,

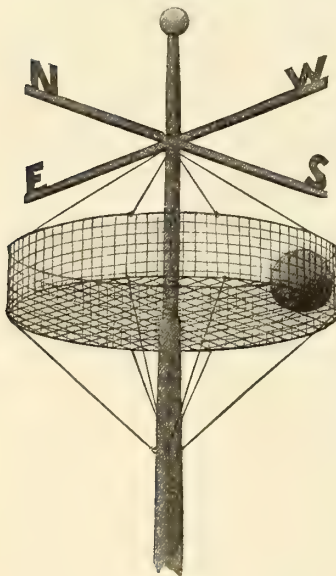


FIG. 13. A BALL-VANE IN A BASKET.

inside of which a silk or cotton covered ball of wire is blown to the side of the basket and kept there by the wind.

The basket is supported at the top of a pole by wires attached from the upper and lower edges of the outer rim, and leading up and down; the ends are made fast to staples or screw-eyes.

The ball, which is made of wire hoops and fastened together with fine light spring brass wires, can be from 4 to 6 inches in diameter. It is covered with silk or thin muslin in the manner in which a base-ball is covered with leather. The ball must be perfectly round.

A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

DOUBLE sets of braces or cross-strips are arranged inside a hoop, and where they meet at the middle laps are cut in the sticks so that they will fit flush, as shown in Fig. 15. The sticks are placed 7 inches apart and are $\frac{5}{8}$ inch square; and under the lap-joints a plate of wood 9 inches square is attached by means of screws or steel-wire nails to strengthen the



FIG. 14. A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

unions of the cross-sticks as well as to make a platform, at the under side of which the hub is arranged.

Flat, rigged boats 10 inches long and 3 inches wide at the middle are screwed fast in the positions as shown in Fig. 14.

A block of wood 4 or 5 inches square and 6 inches long is to be shaved round at one end and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. This is attached to the under side of the plate at the middle of the hoop frame, so that the small end projects down, and through it a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch hole is bored. An iron pin $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and 18 inches long is to be driven in the upper end of a post, over which the hub and hoop frame will fit. The upper end of the iron pin is threaded and provided with two nuts, one to

be screwed down tight on the other to act as what mechanics call a lock-nut, so that the revo-

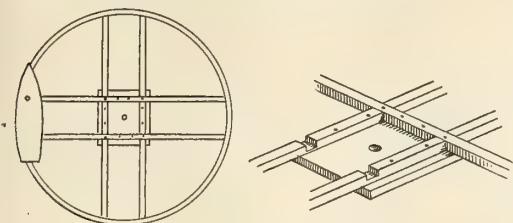


FIG. 15. DETAILS OF MERRY-GO-ROUND.

lution of the merry-go-round will not tighten or loosen them when screwed to the right place.

The rigging is of copper wire (or galvanized-iron wire), and the sails are of cloth or painted tin.

WOODEN VANES.

In Figs. 16 and 17 some suggestions are given that can be followed with the scroll-saw and jack-knife, or with a compass-saw and carving-



FIG. 16. CARVED WOODEN WEATHER-VANES.

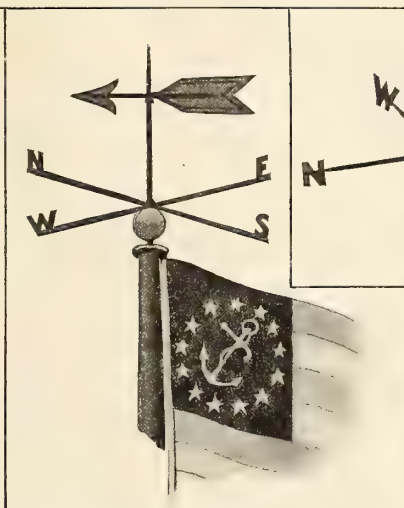


FIG. 17. AN ARROW WEATHER-VANE.

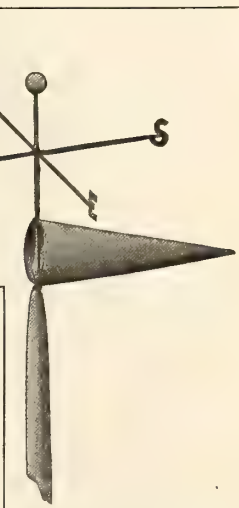


FIG. 18. A WIND-PENNANT.

chisels. These vanes can be made in almost any size that will not be out of proportion to the building or pole they may be mounted on.

The lady with the parasol is cut from wood half an inch in thickness. She is 15 inches high and 12 inches wide across the bottom of the skirt. A staple is driven at one side of the vane, top, and bottom, through which the rod will pass; it will be at one side of the lady instead of running through the wood block.

Balance the vanes to determine where the

vertical rod is to support them, and have the greatest overhang on the side opposite to that facing the wind, otherwise they would not indicate properly. A ring and washer should be provided on the rod for the bottom of the vane to rest on, as there would be too much friction if the vanes rested on the top ends of the poles into which the rods are driven unless the poles were tapered off almost to a point.

The arrow weather-vane shown in Fig. 17 can be from 24 to 30 inches long, with the blade from 5 to 6 inches in width.

WIND-PENNANT.

THE weather-vane shown in Fig. 18, known as a wind-pennant, consists of a metal hoop, on which a funnel-shaped silk or cotton fabric pennant is sewed fast, and when it is filled by a breeze it stands out, as the illustration shows. A pennant 15 inches long should have a hoop

5 inches in diameter, and it can be made either from wire or sheet-metal, as shown at D and E in Fig. 19. This form of wind-indicator is very

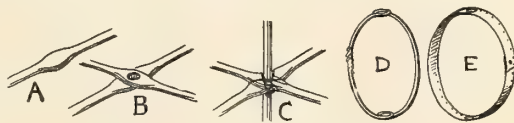


FIG. 19. DETAILS OF WIND-PENNANT.

sensitive, especially when it is made of light flag bunting, which is better than cotton or silk.



The plaster cat

BY VALENTINE ADAMS.



WHEN I was as little as some of you are
I had something to keep for my own —
The most beautiful thing that the dream-man could bring,
In the loveliest dream ever known.

It was white, with black streaks (that came off on my cheeks
When I hugged it too hard in warm weather);
Its collar was red, its smile was well bred,
And we were so happy together.

I 'm coming to that—'t was a great plaster cat,
Oh, almost as big as myself!
At night she was placed on a chair near my bed,
And daytimes she lived on a shelf.

'T was a very sad day when the shelf it gave way,
And she fell on the carpet and died.



I saved all the pieces, and more than a week,
Off and on and between meals, I cried.

'T was a long time ago, as maybe you know,
But I 'm still hoping, sometime or other,
By searching the shops where they sell plaster cats,
I may possibly find me another.

But there 's always a something that all of them lack ;
They never are quite to my mind ;
For either the spots are too big and too black,
Or the smile 's not exactly refined.

And if smile and if spot are correct,—but they 're not,—
It is sure to be true, I have found,
That the claws are all wrong and the paws are not right,
Or the cat is too long or too round.



THE REAL CAUSE OF THE COAL STRIKE.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH SATTERIE.

THE glowing sun was streaming into my school-room one bright November morning in the year of grace 1902. The golden rays flooded the room, darkening the fire in the stove, but brightening the old desks and well-worn chairs and benches, and rested lovingly, caressingly, on the dusky heads of the dark-eyed sons of young Italy assembled in the room. Young Italy, truly, although many of them were New Yorkers by birth, their birthplaces being in the immediate neighborhood, Thompson or Sullivan Street. In no class of children does the foreign parentage claim its own so markedly as in the descendants of southern Italy.

My class of boys (young street arabs, there is no disguising that) were having their morning lesson in spelling. The word "coal" was given out, and then followed the usual exercise of giving sentences using the word just spelled. "Telling stories about the word" the children call this exercise. During this story-telling process, of course the subject of the coal strike inevitably came up for discussion. The boys came out strongly on that theme, telling me eagerly, in their picturesque newsboy jargon, the awful results which they knew would arise from the scarcity of coal. Pasquale informed me in solemn tones that he feared there would not be a fence left standing, adding in almost tearful earnestness: "Then, Miss Satterie, the theayters can't put up their posters!"

Exclamations of horror followed this harrowing statement.

Giovanni added his fears in a ghostly whisper: "If the strike keeps up we won't have any desks and benches left in the school-rooms!"

This sad possibility was received with miti-

gated grief. Evidently the youngsters considered burning the desks and benches not nearly so great a calamity as destroying the fences which held the glaring theatrical posters prized by the Italian lads.

Antonio then suggested a probability that no one could wear shoes after a while, as we should be obliged to use all shoes for fuel.

Luigi, with a sorrowful shake of his head, broke the sad news to my listening ears that a "feller" had told him all the doors and the window-frames and the entire inside of houses would be used in place of the much-wished-for coal. Luigi then sadly prophesied that we should all be obliged to live in tents.

A calm meditative mood settled upon the boys for about five seconds. Then Francesco bent forward. His beautiful black eyes had lost all their wicked mischief, and in its place was a serious look that greatly enhanced their beauty. He said: "Miss Satterie, I know just why we had this coal strike."

Thinking I was going to hear the opinion of a young anarchist, I said: "Well, Francesco, why *did* we have the strike?"

The boy's voice became almost sepulchral as he made the following astonishing statement: "The whole blame of the strike is on Adam and Eve, because, you see, if they had n't done wrong everybody would have had *everything* for *nothing*. We would have had cakes and pies and shoes and clothes and books and desks and even *coal*, and not pay one cent for *anything*."

As I was as ignorant as the boys themselves were of the real cause of the coal strike, I allowed the blame to rest upon Adam and Eve.





ROLLER-SKATE TIME IN KITTENVILLE.

KALISTA WISEFELLOW.

BY MARY C. DILLON.

II. KALISTA'S QUEER LITTLE DOLLS.

THAT was the nicest old garden in the world. It sloped down from the house to the west, and the slope in front of the house was all soft green grass with winding paths through it, and beautiful rose-bushes on both sides of the paths.

And half-way down the slope there were two big cherry-trees that bore lovely red-and-white May-hearts. And one of these trees belonged to Theodora and Kalista and was called the "girls' cherry-tree," and the other belonged to their brothers Achilles and Hector, and this

one was called the "boys' cherry-tree." Kalista was n't quite big enough to climb the girls' tree, but Theodora was, and she would throw down beautiful bunches to Kalista standing under the tree and looking up at her. And then the boys would call to her from *their* tree to come and get the beautiful bunches *they* threw down for her, and it kept her so busy running from one tree to the other that she did n't eat enough cherries to hurt her.

A little farther down the slope was a great linden-tree, taller than the high college buildings. It made a cool green shade all around

it, and Kalista loved to play under it in the bright spring days when the older children were all away at school. Mama did not like to have her go so far away as "Fairy Home," down at the foot of the garden; but under the linden-tree mama could see her from the window, and so, if Janie was busy in the house, Kalista would often spend the whole long lovely morning all by herself under the linden.

There was no lack of amusement for her there. She never went out without Miss Betty. Miss Betty was a doll that mama had made her out of a towel rolled up. Mama drew beautiful curly hair around her face, and lovely large dark eyes, and *such* a smiling mouth! And she had pretty red cheeks and lips, made by wetting a red wafer and rubbing it on them. Miss Betty went into the wash-tub every week, and had to have a new face every time she came out. But that only made her all the more interesting, for the faces were never quite alike; and as mama improved with practice, Miss Betty grew prettier and prettier as she grew older, which was very much like her little mama.

So Kalista and Miss Betty played all the morning under the linden. Kalista made houses for Miss Betty, sometimes on the rustic seat that stood under the tree, and sometimes on the green grass.

She found beautiful bits of broken china and glass, some of them with pretty painted flowers on them, and these made lovely dishes. She had such nice things to put in her dishes, too: things that were really good to eat and that both Miss Betty and Kalista were very fond of. Sometimes it was cherries that she found on the grass under the trees; sometimes it was big, juicy strawberries from the strawberry-bed; sometimes it was pretty bunches of fragrant raspberries that she picked from the alley of berry-bushes that ran down the middle of the garden; or sometimes it was red currants that grew on the big bush by the fence.

But there were two things that Kalista and Miss Betty used to have on their bits of broken china that they liked better than all the rest. One was the nuts that grew on the linden-tree

—"California filberts" they called them. They were so tiny and round, just the right size for a doll to eat; and when Kalista cracked open the soft, green shell with her sharp little teeth, there was a sweet black kernel inside just about as big as the head of a pin, but very delicious, Kalista thought. The other thing they liked best was the little round "cakes of butter," as Kalista called them, that grew on the wild mallows. They



"SO KALISTA AND MISS BETTY PLAYED ALL THE MORNING UNDER THE LINDEN."

were all done up in tiny green napkins like the beautiful cakes of butter the farmer brought mama every Wednesday and Saturday. They had n't a pretty cow stamped on them, as the farmer's butter had, but they had little rings all round the edge that made Kalista think of the tiny pearl buttons on papa's shirt. Kalista did n't like to eat them very well, they were so smooth and slippery, but Miss Betty was *very* fond of them.

It was one warm morning in July, when the older children were all away on a picnic, and

Kalista and Miss Betty, as usual, were keeping house under the linden. Mama and Janie were both very busy. Janie was helping cook with the raspberry jam, and mama was taking care of baby Ernest and trying to do a little sewing at the same time. Baby was fretful that morning: his teeth were beginning to trouble him; and so it happened that mama did not look out of the window in a long time. When she did look out, she saw Miss Betty lying face down on the rustic seat and Kalista nowhere to be seen. She was not very much alarmed at that; she thought very likely Kalista had gone to hunt some raspberries or wild mallows for dinner. She was only a little surprised that she had not taken Miss Betty with her. She looked out again in a few minutes, and when she saw Miss Betty still lying there, and no Kalista, she thought she had better send Janie to hunt her up.

Janie went down through the long rows of currants and raspberries and gooseberries, calling, "*Kalis-tah! oh, Kalista!*" expecting to come upon the little figure hidden by a tall bush and busily stuffing berries into her small mouth. But there was no Kalista. Then she went down to Fairy Home and looked behind all the locust bushes, still calling, but still no Kalista. Then she went through the Lima beans, trained on poles higher than Janie's head, and that would have made a tall forest for Kalista, but she was not there. Then she went through the corn, and its long green leaves rustled so in the soft July breeze, and its ripening tassels kept nodding at her with such a knowing air, that several times she was sure Kalista was there. She even thought she heard her moving about and whispering to some one as if she were trying to hide, but Kalista was not there. Then she went through the long grape-arbor. The grape-vine grew so heavily over it, and hung down so low at each end, that it was quite dark in there and made a very good hiding-place indeed, but Kalista was not there. Then she did n't know where to look, except in the shed and in the chicken-house.

The LEARNED PROFESSOR was very fond of raising chickens and ducks and turkeys, and he had built very nice comfortable chicken-

houses, with a nice chicken-yard all shut in by a high lattice fence, and with a long shed leading down to it from the kitchen door.

Sometimes Kalista liked to go down there to see the dear little chickens that looked like little yellow balls, but Janie hardly thought she was there now, for she was sure, if she was, she would be chasing the little chickens, and the hens would be making a great noise and fuss. It was all very quiet in the chicken-yard, but still Janie went to look, and, just as she supposed, Kalista was not there.

Then Janie went into the house and told Mrs. Wisefellow that Kalista was n't anywhere in the garden, and she thought she must have run away over to the Coltons. Kalista did not often run away, but she had done so once or twice when somebody had left the big gate ajar. Whenever that had happened, mama had talked to Kalista so seriously, telling her how very, *very* naughty it was to run away, that Kalista had looked very solemn and very repentant and promised never to do so again. Now, mama felt very sorry, indeed, that her dear little girl had been so naughty, and she sent Janie right over to Mrs. Colton's to bring her home. But Mrs. Colton said Kalista had not been there at all, and then all of a sudden she said: "Why, where's Johnny? I have n't seen him for a long time."

Then everybody began to hunt for Johnny, and when he was nowhere to be found, everybody said they must have run away together.

Mrs. Colton hurried over to Mrs. Wisefellow's to see what was the best thing to do. Cook had left her jam in the kitchen, and was just sitting down to rest a moment, with her hands on her knees and an anxious scowl on her face, when Mrs. Colton said that they could n't find Johnny, either, and she was afraid they were both lost. Then very suddenly cook spoke, and she was so excited that she rose up suddenly and her hands went right up in the air.

"Shure, ma'am, what a shtupid I am! I mind all about it now. Did n't I see the two little dears, the best part of an hour ago, trudging down the hill in the back yard, a-holding each other's hand like two little angels? And did n't I say, when I saw them, 'Bless their swate little hearts, what are they up to now?' And did n't

I go and clane forgit everything about it till this blessed minute, like the born idjut I am!"

Cook would have liked to go on scolding herself, but no one stopped to listen. Mrs. Colton, Mrs. Wisefellow, and Janie all started for the back yard at once, and cook went back to her jam, which was in great danger of burning. Two of the kitchen windows looked out on the back yard, and she could stir her jam and also watch whatever was going on at the same time.

The back yard was a long, narrow yard, all green grass, —just a long green hill stretching from the kitchen windows to the street. There were high hedges along two of its sides that shut it off from the street and the campus, and on the third side the long shed and the chicken-house and a high lattice fence with blackberries trained over it shut it off from the front yard. A little door opened into it from the chicken-house.

If you wanted to get into the back yard, you had to go through a door in the shed that was usually kept carefully shut so that the chickens could n't get through into the front yard. But somebody must have left the door open on that particular morning, for the latch was so high that neither Kalista nor Johnny could quite reach it.

When Mrs. Colton and Mrs. Wisefellow and Janie passed through the shed gate into the back yard, they could see clear to the end of the yard, but they saw no Kalista or Johnny. There was only one place in the whole yard

where they could be hidden, and that was in the farther corner.

Now when the LEARNED PROFESSOR had come to live at the COLLEGE, many years before, there had been a big earth-heap in that corner. But the hollyhocks had been growing for years over this mound, and had spread until all that corner of the yard was a forest of hollyhocks. They grew up tall and straight, in ranks one above the other, on the earth-heap, like tall green soldiers standing very stiff and carrying banners of white and pink and yellow and deep red.

That's what Kalista thought they looked like at a distance, but when she got close up to them

the banners turned into beautiful flowers, and when you picked them off without any stem and tied a piece of grass around them they made the *loveliest* dolls. They had cunning little green hats on their heads, and their dresses were just the softest and prettiest silk, all scalloped around the bottom.

Mama and Mrs. Colton and Janie hurried down the long, hot hill, and when they got among the hollyhocks they found it cool and shady there. There were little winding paths through them, and each one took a different



"ON THE GRASS SAT
KALISTA AND JOHN-
NY, BUSY WITH
THEIR PLAY."

path, and all came out at the same place — a little plat of green grass on top of the mound, with the tallest of the hollyhocks growing all around it.

On the grass sat Kalista and Johnny, and between them they had set a table of broken bits of china piled up with berries and mallows and California filberts. On each side of the table was a row of beautiful hollyhock dolls, and they were so busy with their play they did not hear any footsteps.

But, at last, Kalista and Johnny looked up quickly and saw the three faces peeping at

them between the broad green leaves. Kalista clapped her hands with delight and shouted:

“Tome, mama, and see our pitty house and our pitty dollies!”

But Johnny’s eyes dropped, and he got very red. He knew he had run away from home, and he knew that was very naughty.

His mama had quite forgotten for a moment that he had run away and frightened her very much; but as soon as she saw his guilty little face she stopped laughing, and said, “Come, Johnny!” with a kind-hearted look that made Johnny resolve not to run away again.

(To be continued.)



THE LITTLE BIRD.

By S. G. S.

“PEEP!” said the little bird;

“Peep!” said he.

“Here is a leaf on the little bare tree;
Here are some berries — oh, one, two three!
I think the spring must be coming for me.

Peep!” said the little bird;

“Peep!” said he.



HE 's not in the toy-box,
Nor under the chair,
Nor hid in the curtain—
I 've looked everywhere.

Where is my baby?
Does any one see?
Help me to find him;
Where can he be?

Just a moment ago
He was here, I know well.
Oh, where is my baby—
Can any one tell?

Dear me! Here he is!
Who 'd have thought that behind
Those little pink fingers
A baby I 'd find!

A. B. Crandell.

IN CANDY LAND.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.



"In Candy Land
the little folks
Wear candy but-
tons on their
cloaks,
And candy but-
tons on their
shoes—
Indeed, on every-
thing they use."

"What if the candy buttons break?"

"The pieces then the children take,
And very calmly down they sit
And eat up every single bit.

"In Candy Land the girls and boys
Play every day with candy toys;
They always eat from candy plates,
And do their sums on candy slates."

"Why, I should think the things would break!"

"They do; and then the children take
The broken pieces, great and small,
And eat until they 've eaten all.

"In Candy Land the girls all know
With candy needles they must sew;
The boys who work use candy tools,
And they have candy books in schools.

"In Candy Land they think it nice
To go to skate on candy ice;
They rest themselves in candy chairs,
And go to bed up candy stairs."

The candy-lover on my knee
In wonderment still questioned me,—

"And if the candy stairs should break?"

"The children must the pieces take,
And very quickly down must sit
And eat up every single bit;

Sometimes the children eat all day
To get the broken bits away."

"And must the children eat them all?"

"Yes, every piece, both great and small.
This is the law in Candy Land;
And you must own 't is wisely planned;
For in that land, as you can see,
So many things must broken be
That bits of candy soon would strew
The sidewalks, roads, and houses, too;
So children *must* the pieces eat
That Candy Land be clean and neat."

The candy-lover on my knee
In blank amaze looked up at me.

"Why, Candy Land 's a *dreadful* place!"—
Then dawned a wise look on his face—

"I used to think it would be grand
To go to live in Candy Land;
But now I only wish to go
Each day and stay an hour or so!"





"THE BURST OF SPRING."

ALL winter long the leaves and flowers have been closely packed away in buds, waiting for these first warm April days. Now, as the sun shines on the moist earth, the sap in countless stems and roots quickens into new life, the plants push their slow way from the darkness underground upward into the bright world of spring sunshine; and when they have risen into the light and air they thrust aside their outer protective coverings and burst into a luxuriance of blossom and of foliage.



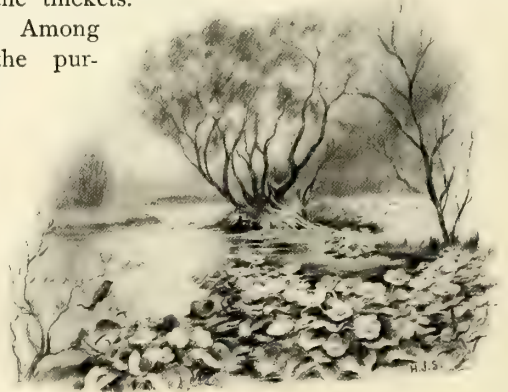
"BURSTING" OF
 THE PROTECTIVE
 SCALES OF THE
 HICKORY-BUD.

Down by the brook the swamp-maples, which closed the previous year in a glow of scarlet foliage, begin the season in a similar flush of color, as the little red flowers break into bloom on all the branches. The swamp-cabbage thrust its stout bundle of green leaves out of the ground in March, and slowly unfolded, until now, with its fellows, it forms bright masses of lustrous foliage through all the lowlands. Near by, the strong spears of the false hellebore have pushed their way above the surface, and now burst into an exuberance of

THE "BURSTING" OF THE LARGER PLANTS OF THE MARSHES—
 FALSE HELLEBORE, SWAMP-CABBAGE, AND OTHERS.

many-plaited leaves which, almost before we know it, have reared themselves upon a rapidly growing stem three feet or more in height. The yellow flowers of the marsh-marigold have burst forth from their early buds, and brighten the low meadows, where the golden glow of the spice-bush shines from the thickets.

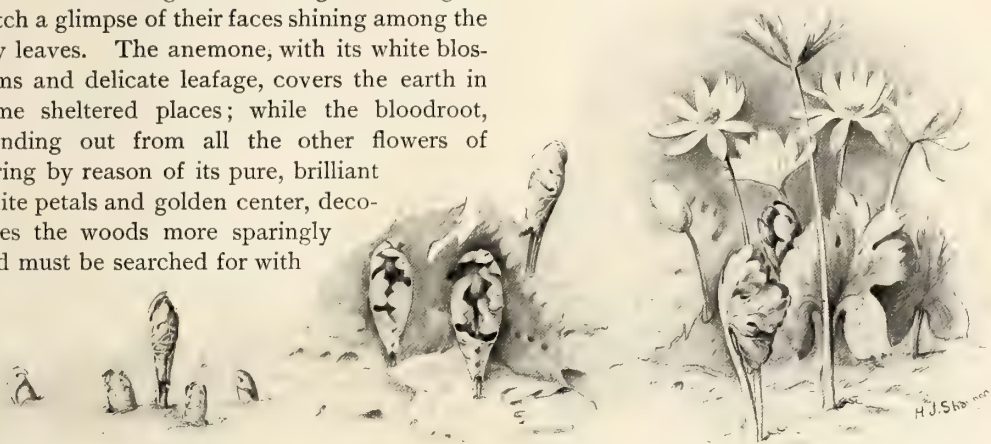
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THE GOLDEN "BLOOMS" OF THE MARSH-MARIGOLDS.

ple hepatica leaves, those flower-buds which yesterday were just visible have now burst open into a wealth of purple blossoms, and as we glance over the ground we again and again catch a glimpse of their faces shining among the dry leaves. The anemone, with its white blossoms and delicate leafage, covers the earth in some sheltered places; while the bloodroot, standing out from all the other flowers of spring by reason of its pure, brilliant white petals and golden center, decorates the woods more sparingly and must be searched for with

petals soon fall, even in the quietest days. The uncurling ferns, which take such peculiar forms



THE "BURSTING" AND UNFOLDING OF THE QUEER PROTECTIVE SHEATHS OF THE BLOODROOT.

care. Its manner of unfolding is beautiful. Usually the leaf and flower rise out of the earth incased in a protective papery sheath. Sometimes, however, the first appearance is like the little knobs in the illustration, where the pale-green leaf is immediately visible, folded over the flower-bud inside. Slowly the leaf rises and slowly it expands, disclosing more and more plainly the pure white bud, until, when the leaf has unclasped its lobes and bent backward, having fulfilled its protective duty, the bud swells and grows strong, and then bursts open into the dazzling white star that we know so well. It is as fragile as it is beautiful, for the

that they are called "fiddle-heads" (which they plainly resemble), are pushing up from the swamps, while the bracken is unfolding in the higher fields.

In some years the buds of the trees open more beautifully than in others. When the warm days come slowly and steadily, they expand in perfection.

The buds of the hickory swell until, with their yellowish-buff scales, they look like some strange fruit borne erect on the branches. When they can contain the expanding foliage



THE UNFOLDING OF FERNS ("FIDDLE-HEADS") AND THE "BURSTING" OF BEECH-BUDS.

no longer, they burst apart, and the delicate leaves thrust themselves upward and slowly spread open, revealing dainty leaf-forms.



"THE TULIP-TREE HAS ITS YOUNG LEAVES FOLDED DOWN THE MIDDLE, SO THAT THE FACES LIE TOGETHER LIKE THE PAGES OF A BOOK."

All through the woods we may see the tender foliage breaking forth from its winter confinement. And we may notice, too, that each kind of tree has some special way of doing the work. The tulip-tree has its young leaves folded down the middle, so that the faces lie together like the pages of a book. Then, too, the leaf is bent on its stem with its tip downward, and each one is wrapped by itself within two protecting green scales. These two scales, when they unfold, bend back and down until the leaf is exposed; its stem then lifts it away from the bud, and it slowly straightens out until it is erect, when the two halves gradually spread open. The brown buds of the beech-trees begin to expand, and the tender leaves, covered with downy hairs, droop from all the branches. They, too, have been protected by scales which drop from the tree, now that their work is done, and we may see them scattered on the ground below.

Where, but a few weeks ago, only bare branches and brown fields were visible, a living green veil has been shaken forth from these multitudes of bursting buds, and the plains and woods are clothed with leaves and ready for their summer guests. Some morning the birds will return from the South, and we shall hear them singing among the trees, and see them building their nests behind the screen that this outspreading foliage offers for their safety.

HOWARD J. SHANNON.

Is this opening of the buds a real bursting or only such in appearance? Has it outward force or is it merely unfolding? Try putting small elastic bands around the big buds.

THE RHINOCEROS-HORNBILL.

ONE of the most grotesque and clumsy-looking of birds is the rhinoceros-hornbill, and its habits are as peculiar as its appearance would lead one to believe.

The hornbill family of sixty species, varying in size from that of a jay to a raven, is scattered over parts of the Ethiopian, Oriental, and Australian regions.

The illustration represents a rhinoceros-hornbill from Borneo, and his body is about the size of a large raven. The horn differs greatly in the various species, while in some it is entirely absent. In the rhinoceros-hornbill the horn is bright red, with an underlying section of white, while the bill is white at the tips and back for some distance, then fading into yellow, and then red near the head. The



THE MOTHER RHINOCEROS-HORNBILL SEALED IN HER NEST OF MUD.

Only a small opening is left, out of which she can put her bill to take food from her mate.

skeleton is very bulky, but the bones are unusually light, being hollow, thus giving the greatest strength with a minimum weight.

Hornbills of the Indian Archipelago are fruit-eaters, while those found in Africa are in part carrion-eaters. The larger species are very awkward in flight, as well as in procuring food. It is said the noise of their clumsy, flapping wings may be heard a mile off.

The nesting habits of these birds are most unique. The female is sealed in her nest with mud, etc., till her one egg is hatched. The nest, usually found in a very large tree, is composed of pieces of bark, and is about three feet below the opening, which is usually thirty feet or more from the ground.

Authorities differ as to whether the female plasters herself in for protection from enemies or whether it is done by the male to prevent her leaving her nest before her egg is hatched. The plastering takes two or three days, and a hole only an inch wide and four or five inches long is left open for her bill to stick out, to receive food which her mate brings. As the male brings the food he calls attention to that fact by rapping on the tree till her bill is thrust through the opening.

"SLAP" AND "SNAP."

"SLAP" was a frog. We called him that because when he jumped and landed on the hard floor, as he was in the habit of doing whenever he could get out of the pond, it sounded like a slap of mud on a stone.

His "slaps" were always unexpected in both time and place. Once Slap's slap was a crash. That was when he landed on the edge of a projecting sheet of glass over an aquarium. He went down; so did the glass. One difference was that Slap held together.

"Snap" was short for snapping-turtle. He had a way of making things short, especially a small stick that the young folks were fond of putting in his mouth, although his experiments along this line were not confined to sticks. One day he tackled a bullfrog and shortened him by a leg, and incidentally shortened his life.

You see that Snap was rather a dangerous fellow. So we cautioned the young folks who played by the pond side and watched the antics of frogs, turtles, fish, and water-insects.

Slap was an explorer. He tried to find the North Pole. At any rate, he climbed up the wire netting of a north window and jumped on a pruning-pole laid across some braces just under the roof. It took him as much as five minutes to find the pole. The pole turned, and the explorer returned to the floor in less than a second.

Snap was a stay-at-home. He was perfectly contented to lie for many hours in the mud and wait for a fish to swim within reach. To such a fish he extended a cordial invitation to come in and visit him. Whether or not the



"Slap is a genius. There he is, taking a free ride, apparently saying, 'This is the art of taking life easily. What's the use of swimming when you can get some one else to do it for you?'"

And Snap, I fancied, said: "Might as well make the most of the burdens of life, and carry them as gracefully, humbly, and uncomplainingly as possible."

invitation was accepted in that form, I am not sure. I know that a fish was soon missing.

Snap was a great racer, although from his actions and appearance you never would have surmised it. One day, however, he showed what he could do in that way. He had been placed on a high table to be photographed. This table extended in front of a row of cage doors, and was attached to the wall just under them. One of these doors, through some one's neglect, had not been fastened, so "Pete," the white rabbit,* came out—just to see what was going on, I suppose. He was disappointed in that—he saw what was going off. Just then my attention was called to something in another part of the room, and as I turned to attend to it the race began, both Pete and Snap making for the edge of the table. Snap came

* See illustration in first column on page 557.

in, or rather down, ahead—at first on his head. He beat by several feet,—two feet to the edge of the table, three feet down, and then four feet up—all four clawing in the air. Pete, peering cautiously over the edge, showed no disappointment because he had failed to arrive first. In fact, I have been a little in doubt as to what he did show, or indeed as to whether he ever fully appreciated the situation. I am inclined to believe that he did not. If he knew what he had escaped, he seemed unmoved by the thought.

Slap and Snap, though totally unlike in movements and disposition, were very friendly. My assistant said they were the best friends he ever saw. I asked him why he thought so, and he told me he supposed it was because they were always in the same "swim."

Slap and Snap were wise, too; they were philosophers in the art of living. At any rate, I gave them credit for that. Perhaps you would have said Slap mistook the turtle for an island when he jumped on his back and took a ride around the miniature pond. But I was charitable. I gave him the full benefit of the doubt, and said: "Slap is a genius. There he is, taking a free ride, apparently saying, 'This is the art of taking life easily. What's the use of swimming when you can get some one else to do it for you?'"

And Snap, I fancied, said: "Might as well make the most of the burdens of life, and carry them as gracefully, humbly, and uncomplainingly as possible."

Poor Slap and Snap! Where are they now? Perhaps in the mud of the pond to which we carried them in late autumn; for you must know that this pond to which I have been referring as their summer home was a six-foot tank under the trap-doors of our nature play-house.

And down there in the mud, if Slap and Snap ever dream, I hope they are dreaming of the young folks to whom they gave many a laugh by their interesting antics last summer.

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

FEEDING AND CARING FOR WHITE RABBITS.

BATON ROUGE, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing to you to ask about the habits of white rabbits. Please tell me what they most like to eat. Some one has said that they never drink water. Is that so? I want to raise little rabbits. Do they eat just what the big rabbits eat? Please tell me if it is best to have a wooden floor in their hutch or one of sand. Kindly answer this letter in Nature and Science.

Your friend and reader,

GRETA W. KERNAN.

"What do they most like to eat?" Almost everything. They are not in the least fussy as to diet. For that reason, and for their attractive appearance and playful ways, they make excellent pets. Always have an ample supply



YOUNG WHITE RABBITS PLAYING AND FEEDING.

of good, clean hay and oats before them. Give green food once or twice a day, and only in quantities that will all be eaten. If at any feeding they do not eat all you give them, omit the next feeding, and then give less thereafter. They are fond of almost any kind of grain or vegetable—in fact, anything that a cow or a sheep will eat; and they will devour almost any wild plant, except poison-ivy or wild parsnip. Among the favorite delicacies of the summer are clover, dandelion, plantain, blackberry briars, and blackberry leaves.



"PETE," THE WHITE RABBIT.

Give them water once or twice a day. Some dealers and breeders may tell you not to do this; but if you love your pets, pay not the slightest attention to such advice. It is cruel treatment. Hay should be kept in a rack on the side of the hutch; oats, in a "self-feeder" or in a firm dish that will not tip over easily. Clean the hutch frequently, and cover the floor with a light layer of sawdust or of fine shavings. I prefer a wooden floor rather than one of sand or concrete.

EARTHWORMS IN RAIN-BARRELS.

EL DORADO, KANSAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is a disputed question in our zoölogy class, and we would very much like to know the answer. How do the fishworms or earthworms, which are often found in vessels of rain-water after a rain, get there? Some hold the theory that they crawl into the vessels, and others that they have been taken into the clouds in some way and are then rained down.

Yours very truly, WILLIA NELSON.

There are many ways in which earthworms may get into a rain-barrel. Probably the most usual way is for them to crawl in themselves. It is certain that they do not "rain down" from the clouds, though this is an error often shared by grown persons.

I think a very proper question to ask in this case is: If worms were observed in the rain-barrel *after* the rain-storm, are you quite sure that they were not there *before* the storm?

EGG-HUNTING IN EARLY SPRING.

NEWARK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Several times lately I have noticed a peculiar formation on the smaller branches of our Japanese quince-bush. Each one seems to completely surround a twig, and is of a hard, brown substance with a smooth, shiny exterior. When broken it separates into tiny round particles. The sketch is life-size. Am I right in thinking that they are the eggs of an insect?

I shall await your answer with a great deal of interest. What they are has long been a mystery to me.

Your loving reader,

GRACE ELIZABETH VARY.

From your description and your sketch, it is probable that the egg-mass is that of the moth of some species of the common tent-caterpillar. The two most common are the apple-tree tent-caterpillar (*Clisiocampa americana*) and the forest tent-caterpillar (*C. disstria*). The moth lays these eggs in a ring-like cluster about a twig in summer, and there they remain unhatched until early next spring, at the time, or just before, the leaves appear. The larvæ that hatch the earliest feed upon the unopened buds till the leaves appear. You will find it interesting to gather these egg-clusters, and to keep them in a box with a door of netting and perhaps with one side of glass, or under a netted cake-cover, until they are hatched out, when you should feed them with tender buds and leaves.

Several families of insects form interesting egg-masses for the winter. The common pray-

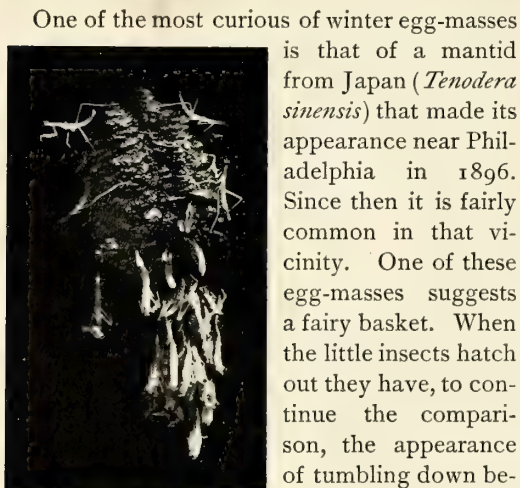


VARYING FORMS OF EGG-RINGS OF FOREST TENT-CATERPILLAR.

(*Clisiocampa disstria*. Photographed by Professor M. V. Slingerland.)

ing-mantis (*Phasmomantis carolina*) of the Southern States lays the eggs in a mass similar to that of the tent-caterpillar, but overlaid with a hard

covering of silk, somewhat resembling that of a cocoon.



QUEER WINTER EGG-MASS OF JAPAN MANTID.

(The *Tenodera sinensis*, fairly common in the vicinity of Philadelphia. Photographed by Professor M. V. Slingerland.)

One of the most curious of winter egg-masses is that of a mantid from Japan (*Tenodera sinensis*) that made its appearance near Philadelphia in 1896. Since then it is fairly common in that vicinity. One of these egg-masses suggests a fairy basket. When the little insects hatch out they have, to continue the comparison, the appearance of tumbling down between the "splints" of this "basket."

If you collect these masses of insect eggs

in the early spring, you will have the advantage of those who gather birds' eggs later in the spring; for no human being will complain or accuse you of robbing nests.

NOT TARANTULAS IN BUNCHES OF BANANAS.

BERMIDJI, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A clerk in my father's store found a tarantula in a bunch of bananas, and we soon had it in a bottle of alcohol. It answered the description of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which says the body does not exceed three quarters of an inch in length in a full-grown one. I have been in several disputes over its size; many said they had seen larger ones. Lately I looked in another encyclopedia, which said



A TRUE TARANTULA.

the bodies of the Southern ones are sometimes one and a half inches in length. I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS two years, but am mostly interested in the Nature

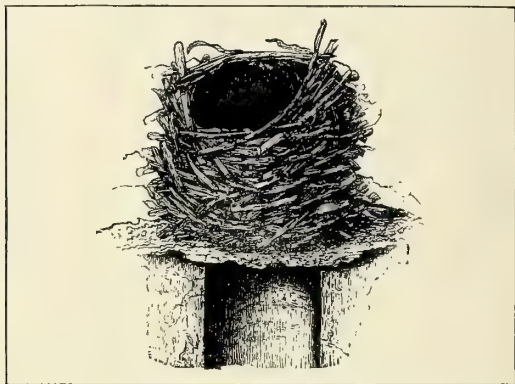
and Science department, in which I hope to see the tarantula described.

Last spring the physiology class at school had some trouble over the functions of the white corpuscles of the blood, but the article in the ST. NICHOLAS came to our assistance.

Your friend,

JULIAN PETERSON.

Some tarantulas have bodies fully one and a half inches in length. Genuine tarantulas are not common in bunches of bananas; the spiders found in such situations usually belong to other groups; but, as they are large, they are called "tarantulas." The genuine tarantulas are usually found on the ground, and wander chiefly at night. The spiders commonly seen in banana bunches are the "hunter spider" (*Heteropoda*) and species of the genus *Ctenus*. These spiders often occur on trees or bushes, and are thus more liable to get in the bunches.



A NEST OF A TARANTULA.

Their jaws are not as large as the tarantula's, and they are not as poisonous.

NATHAN BANKS.

THE EXTREME AGE OF CANARIES.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me how old canaries usually grow to be. I have had one for seven years, and it was at least one year old when I got it. I wish to know because I am very fond of mine.

DOROTHY STABLER.

Canaries may live twenty years, and sometimes, though rarely, a little longer.

THE SNAKE AND THE MIRROR.

RALEIGH, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed reading the ST. NICHOLAS so much. This is the first year I have ever taken it, but I hope it will not be the last.

I will tell you of an experience that a friend of mine had last summer. She walked into the sitting-room one morning, and there, swinging over a mirror, was a striped brown snake. He had caught sight of his own reflection. He became furious and struck the mirror over and over again with his own head, until he nearly killed himself. He was so limp and worn-out that a servant carried him away with no trouble.

Your new friend,

MARION LOGAN KEAN (age 10).

I do not think that the snake actually attacked its own reflection, but was making frenzied and stupid efforts to dash to safety into what appeared to be clear territory ahead (the reflected room in the mirror). Snakes seldom fight in the manner described. Moreover, captive reptiles never seem able to comprehend the presence of glass, through which they are generally trying to escape.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

and covered with a bell-jar. I believe it has been known to beat thirty-six or even forty-eight hours; twelve or fourteen hours is a common record.

H. M. S.

**FRUIT AND SEEDS OF
SKUNK-CABBAGE.**

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When out walking yesterday I found these hard, round balls lying among some skunk-cabbages. Are they last year's seeds?

Yours truly,

MARJORIE SPARROW.



A BULBLET-LIKE SEED.

The new plant beginning to grow. The earth has been removed to show the root.

THE BEATING OF THE HEART OF A FISH.

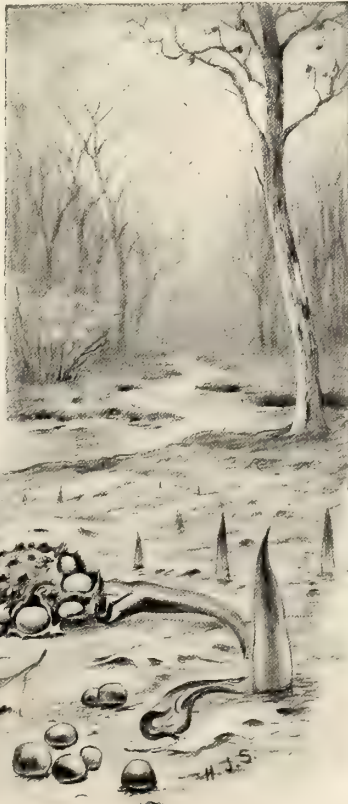
SOSAWAGAMING CLUB,
MARQUETTE, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Three hours ago a pickerel weighing about five pounds was caught. One and one half hours later the heart was taken out, and it was still beating. Can you explain this? If so, will you kindly answer? Find inclosed stamp.

Yours very truly,

REBECCA WALTON.

Hearts of cold-blooded animals will beat for a comparatively long time after death or removal from the body (if kept cool and moist), because of powerful internal collections of nerves, known as ganglia, whose automatic impulses cause the regular contractions of the muscles. Similar ganglia exist in man and other warm-blooded animals, but their action is less prolonged. Scientists have ascertained that a turtle's heart will beat after removal, if put on a piece of glass, kept cool and moist,



SWAMP OR SKUNK CABBAGE SEEDS.

Scattering from the decaying "enlarged spongy spadix" that has fallen over on the ground and is still attached to the stem.

These are, indeed, the seeds of the swamp or skunk cabbage. As is also true of jack-in-the-pulpit, most young folks know the plant in flower and in earliest growth, but not all recognize it in later stages.

The fruit of the skunk-cabbage, produced in late summer or autumn, is large and round like an apple, and known to botanists as an "enlarged spongy spadix." This incloses the seeds just below the surface. In autumn and winter this fruit falls over on the ground, usually still attached to the stem, and decays, thus letting loose the bulblet-like seeds, that are scattered in the water of freshets in brook or marsh in winter and spring.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY JOHN ANDREW ROSS, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

THE SHEEPFOLD AT REST.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

THE great mountain pastures are purple and gold;
Rest cometh at sunset to those in the fold.
All there—for the Shepherd knows all of his own;
His voice by the sheep and the lambs is well known.
Not one shall be lost, though the night shadow creeps:
The Keeper of Israel nor slumbers nor sleeps.

THE "Story of a Cat" was bound to be a popular subject. Almost every family owns or has owned one or more cats, and of course our own cats always seem quite wonderful to us and worth writing about. Sev-

eral hundred stories about these family pets were received, and while most of them told about just plain ordinary cats that have from human association acquired certain human traits, there were a goodly number that told of unusual incidents and especial attainments, worthy of record in print. Very many of these were of course crowded out for lack of room, and sometime we shall have to have another "Cat Story" competition so that other household favorites may be heard from.

It has been said of cats that they become attached to places, not to persons. This is only true in a comparative degree. In most instances where cats are petted they become devoted to their human friends, and while it is true that removing them to a new home is very difficult,—sometimes impos-

sible,—it is also true that the cat will often go back to the old home only to die of a broken heart, even when well treated by the new tenant.

In fact, the affection of the cat both for its home and for its owners is so deeply seated, and so much like two parts of a perfect bond, that the devoted animal in many instances cannot survive the destruction of either half. The cat will pine away and die of homesickness, and it will do the same for friends that have left it behind. Faithful and devoted as the dog may be, he will do neither of these things. It is true he will go home over many miles of unknown country, but only when his master is there, and eventually, if kindly treated, he will reconcile himself to new ownership—something a cat will almost never do.



"TREES IN WINTER." BY AGNES L. PEASLEE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 64.

Verse. Gold badges, **Louisa F. Spear** (age 15), 6 William St., Newark, N. Y., and **Grace Leslie Johnston** (age 12), 474 West End Ave., New York City.

Silver badges, **Lucie Clifton Jones** (age 14), Tulip, Ky., and **Ruth G. De Pledge** (age 11), Colfax, Wash.

Prose. Cash prize, **Jessie E. Wilcox** (age 17), 296 Clermont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gold badge, **Mildred Quiggle** (age 16), 698 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Silver badges, **Marguerite Stevenson** (age 16), Denton, Neb., and **Beulah Elizabeth Amidon** (age 10), 379 Seventh Ave., Fargo, N. D.

Photography. Gold badges, **Edmund S. McCawley** (age 14), Paoli, Pa., and **Agnes L. Peaslee** (age 16), North Sandwich, N. H.

Silver badges, **Ambler M. Blackford** (age 16), Lock Drawer 148, Alexandria, Va., **Anna C. Buchanan** (age 13), 664 Phil. Ave. Chambersburg, Pa., and **Dorothy Beugler** (age 11), 32 Malvern St., Dorchester, Mass.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Deer," by **Richard S. Bull** (age 13), 106 Federal St., Salem, Mass. Second prize, "Snow-shoe Rabbit," by **Myrtle Alderson** (age 14), Baldbutte, Mont. No third award.

Drawing. Cash prize, **John Andrew Ross** (age 16), 312 E. 14th St., Davenport, Ia. Gold badge, **Richard F. Babcock** (age 17), 6518 Minerva Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Elizabeth C. Burt** (age 15), 23 Hazel Ave., W. Philadelphia, Pa., **Oscar F. Schmidt** (age 13), 468A McDonough St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and **Roger Thayer Twitchell** (age 9), 25 Alban St., Dorchester, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Benjamin L. Miller** (age 15), 129 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill., and **Harry W. Hazard, Jr.** (age 13), 16 W. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

Silver badges, **Philip W. Miller** (age 14), 60 W. 127th St., New York City, and **Elisabeth Hemenway** (age 10), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **John Farr Simons** (age 13), 1015 N. Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J., and **Dorothy Rutherford** (age 11), Ottawa, Ontario.

Silver badges, **Emma D. Miller** (age 14), 1952 N. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Hamilton Fish Armstrong** (age 11), 58 W. 10th St., New York City.

THE BIRDLINGS' REST SONG.

BY LOUISA F. SPEAR (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

At eve, as I sat 'neath a wide-spreading willow,
I heard, from the branches high over my head,
The song soft and sweet of a motherly robin,
Quite busy with putting her babies to bed.

And as the song fell on the still air of evening,
A fairy came forth from the foot of the tree

And interpreted for me the words of the singing.
I'll tell them to you as she told them to me:

"Rest now in the cradle which hangs in the branches;
Rest on till the morning dawns bright in the sky;
Dream not of the north wind that blows from the mountains;
Abandon all fear, for your mother is nigh."

The rest of the warble I heard indistinctly;
The words of the fairy fell faint on my ear;
I was soon lulled to sleep by the song of the robin,
To rest, like the birdlings, quite free from all fear.

FROM BEGGAR TO PRINCE.

BY JESSIE E. WILCOX (AGE 17).

(Cash Prize.)

THE accompanying photograph is an exact likeness of my regal hero, Toffy. But, sad to say, it does not show his shade, which is that of pulled molasses-candy (toffy). Hence the prince's name.

Of his life before he came into his rightful kingdom



"TREES IN WINTER." BY EDMUND S. McCAWLEY, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

I know but little. Enough to say that he was a beggar, and a much-abused beggar, too. He meandered about in the moonlight on back fences, howling piteously when the shower of missiles came his way, cast by angry humans robbed of their sleep. At last a com-

passionate person took pity on the miserable little saffron beggar, and, rescuing him from further insult, sent him to his present home. Good-by to beggar days, and hail the beginning of Prince Toffy's reign!

Belonging naturally to the family of cheerful cats, Toffy soon forgot his former wrongs and proceeded to enjoy a life of ease. Now he spends his days on a soft-cushioned table in the sunlight, his nights under a warm blanket.



"TOFFY."



"TREES IN WINTER." BY AMBLER M. BLACKFORD, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

He wears a collar with name and address engraved thereon, and his coming is announced by the jingling of silver bells.

Toffy is particularly dainty about his eating: milk he disdains; cream is his nectar.

On a table are the toys of the prince: ping-pong balls, rubber balls, a soft, fuzzy rabbit, an automatic acrobatic tin boy, a fascinating, wiggling metal spider. The prince knocks the balls down the stairs, reveling in the music of their pattering on the hard wood; his subjects carry the balls upstairs again.

Thus lives he, risen from beggar to prince. He grows plump and soft, and indifferent to persuasions to run after an uninteresting string. Long may be the peaceful reign of the favored Prince Toffy!

REST FROM RESTING.

BY GRACE LESLIE JOHNSTON (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge.*)

WHEN studying our lessons and working at our tasks,

We wish the longed-for holidays were here;

We think of how we'll lie and lounge when we can rest at last;

We're really very happy 'cause it's near.

But when it comes we loaf about and don't know what to do;

We're truly very happy, we pretend;

We read a bit and write a bit and wander round the house—

We almost wish the holidays would end.

And when vacation's over and again we go to school,

That we've had a happy time we've not a doubt;

We buckle down to lessons with a vigor and a vim,

But really with our rest we're tired out!



"MINGO."

REST.

BY LUCIE CLIFTON JONES
(AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE evening sun is sinking low

Beyond the western hill;
Sheep-bells sound in the vale below
Beside the murmur'ing rill.

The cows pause where the brooklet flows,

Just long enough to drink;
They find the tend'rest grass that grows
Along its mossy brink.

The work-horse wanders up the lane,

And stops beside the way;
The cricket chirps his song again
Just at the close of day.

The shades of night are drawing nigh,

The moon peeps o'er the hill;
And somewhere 'neath the bright blue sky
We hear the whippoorwill.

Now every bird has found her nest

As night's dark shadows fall;
In every place there is a rest,
And God reigns over all.

THE STORY OF MY CAT.

BY MILDRED QUIGGLE (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

MINGO, a very honored and distinguished person of cat-land, has lived at our home for almost five years. He got his name from a colored man we once had in Florida, and as Mingo is very black the name suits him exactly.

During his life he has had many wonderful adventures, and although he used up his nine lives long ago he still continues to live and "get fat."

One day as he was walking down the avenue in the car-track the car came along, and before Mingo could make up his mind what to do (he is always deliberate in his actions, but alas! very slow) the car had picked him up on the fender. As soon as he realized his

situation he sat up and looked around as if he enjoyed it and meant to ride the whole length of the route.

But just then he recognized his home, and, without waiting for the car to stop, as all well-mannered passengers do, he gave a quick leap and gained the road, striking on his head.

This upset him very much, as he always wishes to appear unruffled.

Nevertheless, he quickly gained his right position and slowly walked to the house as if nothing had happened.

When Mingo was younger, I used to dress him up



"DEER." BY RICHARD S. BULL, AGE 13. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

in my dolls' clothes and then wheel him in my dolls' carriage, as the accompanying photograph shows.

There he would sleep for hours.

But the cutest thing was when I gave him his bottle.

I had a baby's bottle, which I would fill with warm milk.

When he would see me coming he would stretch out his paws, trying to get it sooner, and after I gave it to him, he would hold it until all the milk was gone; he seemed to enjoy having his milk that way more than any other.

I am afraid that he is at times much of a coward—at least, he is when he is taken by surprise; for one day, as he was chasing a small baby robin, the mother robin came quickly down from a tree and nipped the end of his tail.

Mingo turned and ran with all his might for his home, not stopping an instant until he was safely under the piazza floor.

It is not often that a bird gets the best of a cat.

SPRING.

BY RUTH G. DE PLEDGE (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

SPRING is coming! Spring is coming!
And the insects all are humming.
Singing birds and buzzing bees,
On the flowers, in the trees,
Happy as the day is long,
Showing all their joy in song.

Trees and flowers, dressed in green,
Add a brightness to the scene;
Warmest sun and sky so bright,
Floating clouds so soft and light,
Greenest grass, and fragrant flowers
Brighten up this world of ours.

TWO "MOTHERS."

BY MARGUERITE STEVENSON (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

WE have all heard of incidents where cats have adopted families; now I will tell you of an incident when a cat divided the interests of her family with a hen.

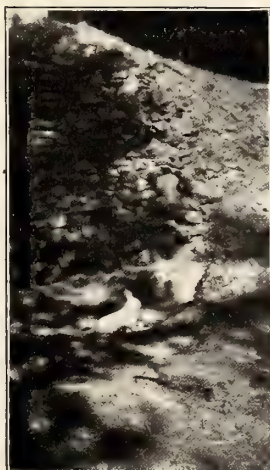
One morning, when I was hunting for eggs (our hens had a habit of choosing their nests in out-of-the-way places), I found a nest where a white hen was setting. And what do you think I found? Three little kittens; and the old hen, thinking, perhaps, that her eggs had hatched, was hovering over them just as proud as could be.

I had been there but a few minutes when the mother cat came back. She was not at all surprised or disturbed at finding the hen with her babies; nor did it disturb the hen to see a cat purring to her adopted children.

I thought it would be interesting to watch them



"TREES IN WINTER." BY ANNA C. BUCHANAN, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"SNOW-SHOE RABBIT." BY MYRTLE ALDERSON, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

grow, so I made a warm nest in a box for them, then I carried the box to a convenient place near the house. The old hen followed, clucking very loudly.

It was amusing to watch the hen's attempts at feeding them. She would jump out of the box and try to call her children out, too. We would sometimes lift them out, and her thanks was evident in her change of tone.

All this the mother cat did not resent, but would lie and watch them in an interested way. In fact, I believe she was amused at the hen's manner of raising kittens, while the hen was shocked at the foolishness of the kittens. She stayed with them until they were quite large; and as long as we kept both hen and kittens there existed a strong friendship between them.

Was n't it strange that the cat would let this hen do anything with her kittens, when she flew into a rage if another hen attempted to come near?

THE STORY OF A CAT.

BY BEULAH ELIZABETH AMIDON (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

GRANDMA and grandpa had just moved to North Dakota twenty-five years ago. There was nothing but a bare, desolate prairie, and they were very homesick. They had been here a week or so when one day a little black kitten came to the door. Grandma took her in. She had such an old face that grandma named her Old Lady. Old Lady was hungry, so grandma gave her some meat. Grandpa had no cow then, so there was no milk. Kitty was thirsty, and she would not take water, so grandma put some chalk in the water to make it white, and Old Lady drank it. She thrived very well on her diet, and soon she was a fine cat and an excellent mouser. When she had been with them about a year, she had nine beautiful kittens. Very few people in the country had cats then, and people from all around came to get Old Lady's kittens. Grandma kept one kitten and gave the rest away.

Old Lady lived on through all the hardships of pioneering. During her lifetime she had fifty-three kittens, and none of them ever had to be drowned, for people from all over came to get them.

One winter grandpa and grandma went back East, and Old Lady was so old that they were afraid she would suffer, so they chloroformed her. When she died she was nineteen years old.

THE REST.

BY MARJORIE HILL
(AGE 14).

THE earth is dead—through
the long yesterday
The winds sang death-
hymns loud and shrill.

All yesterday the earth lay stark and bare;
Naked and brown were wood and field and hill.

But through the night the winds and gray sky wrought.
The shroud they made is white and still and plain;
The wrinkles on the earth are smoothed away;
The earth 's at rest, however Death may reign.

AN EGYPTIAN CAT.

BY MORRIS GILBERT BISHOP (AGE 11).

THE cat I am going to tell about did n't do anything wonderful. He only got killed. Nowadays nobody would think anything about such a thing, but this cat was killed 60 or 70 B.C.

The cat was held as sacred by the ancient Egyptians, so once when a Roman soldier killed one he was obliged to flee to the barracks to save his life. A mob soon gathered and demanded his life. In vain the Emperor of Rome sent a message telling the people that the cat was killed accidentally; in vain the commander of the garrison pleaded for the soldier's life: the people in-

sisted on his death. If they could not get him, they would come in and take him. It does not seem now that the Egyptian mob could have made their way through the well-armed, well-drilled, and well-disciplined soldiers of Rome, but we cannot tell to what heights their tempers could be aroused when their religion, the only thing they valued, was insulted. The commander, wise enough to see that when their temper was up nothing could withstand them, gave the man up. He was instantly killed. Diodorus, the author of the "Bibliotheca," was there at the time.

This incident shows the fanaticism of the Egyptians in their religion. Whatever the priests told them they implicitly believed. It seems almost impossible that the Egyptians, who were perfectly consistent in all other matters, should be so foolish in regard to animals. But

they would probably regard it as inconceivable that we should not think the cat, dog, and other animals as sacred. But as the last of the men who took part in this lynching has been dead, gone, and mummified about nineteen hundred years, this incident in no way concerns anybody or anything of the present generation.

THE ISLE OF REST.

BY RAY RANDALL (AGE 14).

IN the golden west the Isle
of Rest
Gleams fair in Slumber
Sea;
And, close to the shore, I list
for the oar
Of a ferryman coming for
me.

Out of the deep dark shadows
which creep
Silently over the sea,
We 'll peacefully glide till
we anchor beside
The isle where I long to
be.

"STUDY FROM ANIMAL LIFE." BY RICHARD F. BABCOCK,
AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)



"Rest ye awhile on this beautiful isle;
From toil find sweet release,"
Said the ferryman gray as he laid me away
To dream in the Palace of Peace.

A TRUE STORY OF A CAT.

BY ELAINE SHELLEY (AGE 14).

A FEW years ago some friends of ours, for a holiday, went to Edinburgh, which was about thirty miles away from the small country village in which they lived. They took with them their cat, which was called Speckle, so named from the tortoise-shell spots all over her coat.

After they had been in Edinburgh some time, Speckle had two kittens. When the time came for our friends to return home, they left Speckle and her children with some people whom they knew, and who at that time were living in Edinburgh, as they thought a cat and two kittens would be rather troublesome in traveling.

Two or three weeks after they returned home they heard a cat crying at the door, and when they opened it they found Speckle and her kittens. They were all



"TREES IN WINTER." BY DOROTHY BEUGLER, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

greatly surprised to see them, and wondered how they had come. They found afterward that Speckle had disappeared from Edinburgh shortly after her old mistress left, but they could not at all understand how she made the long journey with her babies. The only thing they could think was that she brought one of the kittens part of the way, and then left it in a safe place while she fetched the other.

At that rate she must have traveled a great number of miles; and certainly, when she arrived, she looked very thin and tired. You may be sure that both she and her children were warmly welcomed at their old home.

THE ISLANDS OF REST AND PEACE.

BY FLORENCE COCHRANE TURNER (AGE 16).

THEY are near, they are near, in the childhood days;

And we seem to see them stand

'Mid a glorious halo of golden haze—
A lovely lullaby land.

And mother sings, and our child-woes cease,

And we pass in the dusk o'er the waters deep,

O'er the bright and beautiful sea of sleep,
To the Islands of Rest and Peace.

They are near, they are near, in the evening light;

We have reached the height of age,

And in patience wait for the falling night;

We have filled the written page.

Soon, soon it comes, the blest release,

And we softly sail o'er the peaceful deep,

O'er the silvery, silent sea of sleep,
To the Islands of Rest and Peace.

THE STORY OF A CAT.

BY SHERWIN KELLY (AGE 9).

WHEN my father was a boy he had a cat named Tim. My father was very, very fond of Tim, and Tim was very fond of my father.

One day a dressmaker was there at work.

She had a dummy without any head or arms.

When Tim came in the room the dressmaker had a skirt draped over the dummy. He rubbed against the people he knew; soon he noticed the skirt on the dummy. He went over to it; soon he lifted his eyes and looked toward the top of the dummy. And when he saw no head, he looked very much astonished, raised the hair on his back, swelled up his tail, said "Ph-ph-pht-s-s-s-s," and ran away as hard as he could.

Once when my father was gone five years, when he came back Tim still knew him. My father had Tim for a great many years.

MY FAVORITE RESTING-PLACE.

BY MARY WINSLOW (AGE 13).

'T is up in the top of an apple-tree,
Where around me the birds are singing;
While the little new leaves that have just
burst out

In the breezes are swaying and swinging.
Oh! now I am glad that the winter is gone,
Though I'm fond of its coasting and skating;

But much had I rather be up in my tree
And watch Mister Robin go mating.

JUDY.

BY MARJORY KERR (AGE 13).

A FEW years ago a friend of my mother's gave me a little Maltese kitten. I decided at once to name her

Judy. She was very cunning, and I thought a great deal of her.

One day, while our family were at dinner, we heard a noise on the keys of the piano. No one knew what caused it, and so Sallie, our maid, went to see what it was, and found Judy walking up and down on the keys. There was a music-book open on the piano, and every few minutes she would stop to look at it and turn a leaf over with her paw as if she were really reading the music.

Sometimes she would go in the parlor and jump from the back of one chair to another as if she were playing tag



"CALIFORNIA TREES IN WINTER." BY HELEN L. R. PORTER, AGE 11.

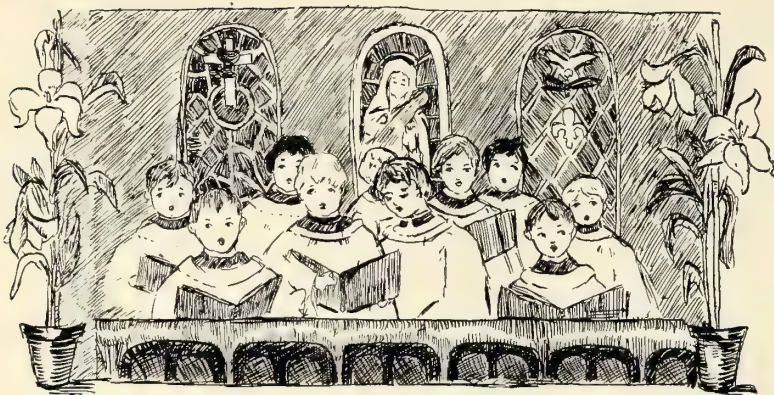
with herself. She would amuse herself in this way for a long time. She was always very careful, and we never felt alarmed if we saw her jump lightly to the top of a table where there were books and a lamp. When she was tired she would curl up on the lower part of the table, and there we would find her, fast asleep among the newspapers.

If I started to walk across the room she would run after me, thinking that I did it just to play with her.

When she was tired of playing outdoors, she would climb up on the screen door and look in the window, which was



"TREES IN WINTER." BY DOROTHY WORMSER, AGE 10.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY ELIZABETH C. BURT, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

in the upper part of the door, until some one would let her in.

But one day when she was outdoors playing, an old woman came along to sell some vegetables, and I think that she took Judy away with her. We never saw either of them again.

THE REST.

BY KATHARINE A. PAGE (AGE 13).

At the school where me an' Dick go,
An' Bob an' Jessie, too,
An' Marjorie an' Lucy Brown,
An' Bill an' Jim an' Sue,
Our teacher always speaks of us,
No matter who is best,
Nor who had all their lessons right,
As "Jessie and the rest."

Now it was jes the other day
That Jessie went 'way down,
Because she could n't spell as
well
As little Lucy Brown.
An' in our mathematic class
It 's been 'most thirteen
days
Since she had all her problems
right,
An' Bob did his two ways.

But "Jessie and the rest" we
are
When teacher wants to say
That jes us little ones may
go
Out in the yard to play.
Now when you've really worked
right hard,
Worked hard an' done your
best,
Done better far than Jessie—
Ain't it hard to be "the
rest"?



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY ROGER THAYER TWITCHELL, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League is composed of readers of the St. NICHOLAS magazine. Its membership is free.

MY BROTHER'S CAT.

BY ETHEL C. DAGGETT
(AGE 10).

A FRIEND of mama's gave my brother a little Maltese kitten.

He took his high chair and some small blue boards which he had to play with; he then fixed these boards on the chair so he had four rooms—"the cellar, the attic, downstairs, upstairs."

Then he would tell the cat to go upstairs, and put her there. Then he would tell her to go in the attic, and lift her up there.

He kept telling her to go in a certain room and then he told her to go downstairs, she could go there with none of brother's help.

It was not long before she would go to any room that my brother told her to.

Now brother, whose name is Rex, had a doll which he kept in a box under the couch.

Rex had this box fixed very soft, and the cat liked to lie in it.

The cat used to sit and watch until Rex went out of the room, then she would go and lift the doll out of the box and get in herself.

If Rex came in the room and put the doll in the box with the cat, the cat would get out and watch for another chance to take the doll out.

About five years ago a girl came here to work, and that very day the cat went away and was gone about a month, and then came back, but only stayed one day, and we have never seen her since.

REST FROM LABOR.

BY RUTH HORNEY (AGE 12).

In the sweet, refreshing morn-
ing,
When the grass is moist with
dew,
And the lark is blithely singing,
And the sky's a pinky hue;

In the clear, sweet April morn-
ing,
When the spring's soft breezes
blow,
And the golden sun is rising,
Toward the fields the farm-
hands go.

In the calm and peaceful even-
ing,
When the sky is glowing red,
And the fiery sun is sinking,
Leaving blood-red trails o'er-
head;

In the solemn, mystic evening,
When the light fades in the west,
From the fields the men troop homeward:
What is labor without rest?

THE STORY OF TWO CATS.

BY LAURA F. BATES (AGE 14).

THESE cats were not common cats, by any means, but African civet-cats. We lived in Africa, so we had pets that are not common in America.

The civet-cats were brought to us when they were only about a week old. They were found by a man in the forest while he was hunting, and he had sent them to us. They were about the size of a half-grown kitten.

We fed the civets with milk sweetened with honey at first; but as they grew older we gave them vegetables and fruit to eat.

They never grew very tame, and often used to bite and scratch us; but we did n't mind that very much.

They used to hide in the grass all day, only coming out at night and in the morning for their food.

These civet-cats were with us for about two months, and then one night one was wounded so badly by some wild animal that it died, and then the other one ran away and was never seen again.

REST.

BY FLOY DE GROVE BAKER (AGE 12).

SOFTLY, robin, softly sing,
For the flowers of the spring
Are sweetly slumbering in their bed
Beneath the leaves dry, brown, and
dead.

Softly, breezes, softly blow;
Whisper gently as you go;
For the buds are still asleep
In the forest cool and deep.

Let them sleep a little while—
Till the warm spring sun shall smile,
And the skies of April weep;
Then awake them from their sleep.

A STORY OF A CAT.

BY ETHEL M. KEEFE (AGE 12).

A FRIEND of mine has a large black cat, eight years old, whose name is Mackey.

Next to Mackey's house there lived a cat who ran away and left her little kitten. This little kitten cried continually for its mother.

About four o'clock one morning last summer my friend was awakened by hearing an old cat calling a kitten. She thought it was the mother who had returned, but, on looking out of the window, found it was not its mother, but old black Mackey, all wet with dew, carrying a mouse in his mouth, which he laid down at the kitten's feet, then waited and watched until it had eaten the mouse.

Then Mackey took the kitten to his own bed, and ever after that he took all the care of it, gave it some of his food, caught mice for it, and had it sleep with him until it was old enough to take care of itself.

The strangest part of the story is, Mackey does n't like cats, but fights with all the cats who come near him, and has lived where he is the only pet.

Now, for his kindness to that little orphan kitten, don't you think Mackey deserves mention in the St. NICHOLAS?

THE LAND OF REST.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 16).

Yo ho, little babykin sailor, ho!
Out over the Dreamyland Sea we 'll go;
Out under the stars in the evening sky,
An odd little couple, just you and I.
We will set our sails, and away we 'll float
O'er the sunset sea in a magic boat.
I will be captain and pilot and crew,
While the one lone passenger, dear, is you.
Softly above us the breezes will blow
That come from the land of the afterglow;
Filling our sails till we hurry away,
Leaving behind us the pleasures of day,
Till we reach the ocean of silver light,
All dotted about with the isles of Night.
Then swifter we 'll speed through the waters deep
Till we come at last to the bay of Sleep;
And there, little one, we may end our quest
In the blissful, beautiful land of Rest.



BY OSCAR F. SCHMIDT.

TAIL PIECE FOR APRIL.

(SILVER BADGE.)

DEMOSTHENES IN GRECIAN HISTORY.

BY HAROLD I. JEFFREY (AGE 17).

As we look into the histories of nations we find that, as a rule, a country produces its greatest men at the height of its power and glory. There is, however, an exception to the rule. Greece never produced a greater man than Demosthenes; and never was she in greater need of a leader than when that greatest of all orators began his political life in Athens.

Greece, torn by internal dissensions, was tottering to its fall. The power of Hellas was gone, never to return. On the north the avaricious Philip of Macedon cast greedy eyes upon that beautiful country of so great culture and little virtue. For Philip was ambitious of conquering the world, and here were the means of furthering that ambition.

In accordance with his plans, he prepared to seize Olynthus; and then it was that the world heard of Demosthenes. In a burst of eloquence never before equaled in the history of oratory he denounced the Macedonian ruler as a grasping tyrant, exposing to the Hellenic world his crafty intrigues and grasping policy. But all to no purpose: patriotism was dead in Greece. He beheld Philip gaining his dastardly ends, smoothing his way with Macedonian gold and traitorous Greeks.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MIRIAM HELEN TANBERG, AGE 8.

Once more he rose to the occasion, and in a series of orations so bitter that the very name has become proverbial, he made such an appeal to patriotism that even Greece made one more feeble effort to save herself from everlasting degradation. Athens and Thebes formed an alliance, and at Cheronea met with a most disastrous defeat. Greece was brought to submission at the feet of a king.

It was soon afterward that he produced the world's masterpiece of oratory, the "Oration on the Crown."

The rest of his history is briefly told. Falsely accused of accepting bribes, he was imprisoned, but escaped. After the death of Alexander he returned and once more became active in Athenian political life. The crushing defeat of the Athenians by Antipater marked the beginning of the end. The Macedonians demanded the surrender of Demosthenes, and he fled to the temple of Poseidon for refuge.

His enemies pursued, only to find him dead—killed by his own hand rather than be taken a prisoner.

With him died Grecian patriotism, and in his sarcophagus was buried the remnant of Grecian virtue. His dignity of character, energy of purpose, persevering thought, his purity and patriotism, make his whole life an example which we may follow with the assurance that we cannot be led astray. He was the last and greatest of the Athenians.

A HERO OF '75.

BY MARY A. WOODS (AGE 13).

'T WAS in the year of seventy-five
When William Dawes, so brave and bold,
Rode daringly o'er Boston Neck
To warn the people, I've been told.

Just as two lights flashed in the tower,
Brave Dawes sprang on his steed of brown;
And though it was the midnight hour,
He spurred with speed through Watertown.

The cry of "Wake, good folk, wake up!"
Smote loud on every sleepy ear;
And as the windows open flew:
"The British come; they'll soon be here!"

And so, endang'ring his own life,
Good Dawes did save his countrymen,
With daring and with valor bold,
Deserving poetry of my pen.

THE MARATHON RUNNER.

BY ROSCOE H. VINING (AGE 17).

To Athens come tidings that Eretria has fallen at the hands of the long-dreaded Persians. The hostile forces have already arrived at Marathon, prepared to annihilate the Athenians. Never before has the city beloved of Athena since the days of ancient Cecrops been so imperiled, and every resource must be called forth to meet the impending crisis.

Hardly has the news reached Athens when Pheidippides, a trained runner, afterward to be known as the Marathon runner, undertakes to run to distant Sparta for aid. Only a man of the people, an ordinary individual he seems, yet one who is in readiness to heed a call to greatness, one to whom the call may sometime come. Surely the bearing of the lithe, alert figure be-

tokens the strength and patriotism of a true Athenian, and we wonder whether he shall play his part successfully in the coming contest.

Clad in the lightest garments he starts out, the sun high in the sky. At sunset the Acropolis has become lost in the gathering darkness, and beneath the half-grown moon, with the silent stars to guide him, Pheidippides hastens on.

Long after sunrise he stands before the Spartan magistrates. The deliberate Lacedæmonians, roused by his appeal, vote to send forces to aid the Athenians as soon as the moon fills, for, according to Herodotus, Sparta never began an expedition between the new and full moon.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY CORDNER H. SMITH, AGE 16.



"TREES IN WINTER." BY HELEN WING, AGE 14.

With this answer he starts back, and during the return Pan meets him, promising deliverance to Athens, and, according to Browning in his poem "Pheidippides," a worthy reward to himself.

One of the world's great battles has been fought at Marathon. The victorious Athenians about the battle-field are discussing Miltiades's sagacity, the Persians' cowardice, or Pan's wonderful intervention on their behalf.

Standing apart from others, Pheidippides is considering Pan's promise to himself. Across in Athens, she who "keeps faith to the brave" waits for news of the Grecian army. And her thoughts are of him who, this very moment, sees in her his reward.

But at this moment there came a great cry:

"To Acropolis, run, Pheidippides, one race more!" He attempts "one race more," and arriving at Athens with barely breath enough to utter those memorable words, "Rejoice, we conquer," sinks exhausted.

The people throng about him to hear more, but Pheidippides, the Marathon runner, is dead—dead without receiving the hoped-for reward.

MY DOG "RAGS."

BY EMILY F. MATZ (AGE 7).

I HAVE a funny little dog;
His name is "Rags H.
Matz."

He does not mind the rats
and mice,

But is not fond of cats.
He says he does not like their feet
And green and yellow eyes;
They live in sun and summer heat,
And think they're smart and wise.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

OITA, JAPAN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for nearly a year now. I am going to tell you about my visit to the Russian prisoners at Matsuyama: There was a young Russian officer who looked as if he were thirty-five, but he was only twenty-four years old. There was another officer about forty-five years old; I will give you his address: Nicolas von Weissberg, Trans-Baikal Kossack Army, Lieutenant of the First Werhneondinsky Regiment of Horse. There was another officer, a captain, who was making a wooden cross to put on the grave of a soldier that had died from his wounds. There was a deaf old colonel who shook hands with us, and our interpreter being Lieutenant von Weissberg said something in Russian to him. I saw about one thousand Russian prisoners at Matsuyama. There are about two thousand Russian prisoners at Matsuyama. The wounded are in temporary barracks; the others are in the city hall and in the temples.

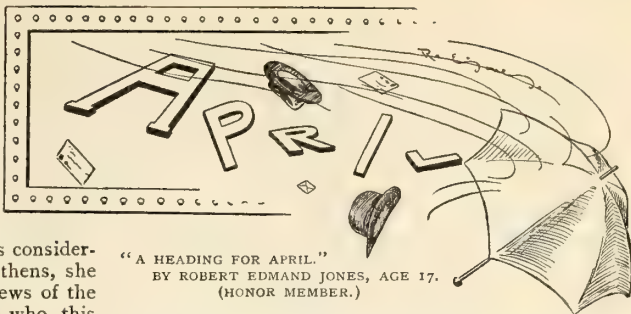
I like you very much, and I hope my father and mother will get you for me next year. I have a friend about the same age as I am, and as my father is a minister and as he goes to Matsuyama, I see him very often.

Your loving reader,

W. A. WILSON (age 10).

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having arrived at the age limit, I send my last contribution to the



"A HEADING FOR APRIL."

BY ROBERT EDMAND JONES, AGE 17.
(HONOR MEMBER.)

League this month, and it is with genuine regret. I cannot tell you what pleasure it has given me for the past five years, and if ever I am fortunate enough to make any success in life, it will be largely due to the suggestions and encouragement of the League. Although I can no longer write myself, I shall always read the work of your clever contributors with deep interest. Wishing you a long and prosperous future, I am always,

Yours sincerely,

DORIS FRANCKLYN.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the Jewish Orphan Asylum in Cleveland, Ohio. One morning when I woke I found I had the mumps. I went to our hospital, and the nurse put me to bed. I was sorry to stay in bed a whole day without going to school. Next day I was in bed also. But the next day I was allowed to get out of bed. So I thought I would write to you. The days passed by very quickly. Monday came, and I got a pen and some paper and I sat down to write. When I was done with it I asked nurse to please let me read a book. She gave me a book about St. NICHOLAS, and these are the books I liked best: "Crowded Out o' Crofield," "Marjorie and her Papa," "Lady Jane," and "The Bunnies' Thanksgiving Dinner." I remain,

Your interested reader,

JENNIE SANOFSKY (age 11).

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ever since I won the gold badge, over a year ago, I have been trying for the cash prize, and now that I have won it I cannot tell you how delighted I am, and how much I thank you for it. It has been uphill work, for sometimes it seemed that I could not write upon the subject given, and sometimes I would become discouraged and would wonder if I ever did or would write anything worth printing. But when I have written,—and it has been nearly every month,—I have been rewarded by having my name on the Honor Roll, and I want to thank you for the encouragement this has given me.

And so I thank you again, not so much for the prize as for the help I have received in writing each month ever since I began, and remain,

Your very sincere friend,

BEULAH H. RIDGEWAY.

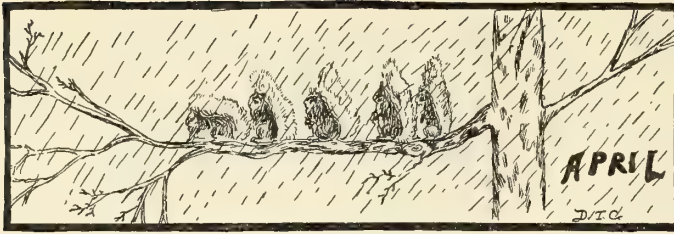
The following-named members would like to exchange postal cards:

Josephine Whitebeck, 2327 Channing Way, Berkeley, Cal.; Laura F. Lacey, 4005 Pine St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; Edna E. Hughes, 4006 Pine St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.; and Louise K. Paine, 3 Rutherford Place, New York City. Card of home cities will be sent in exchange for cards from other cities—domestic or foreign.

Other League letters and report of New Chapters will be found on page 571.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MELTON R. OWEN, AGE 17. (HONOR MEMBER.)



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY DONALD THOMPSON CARLISLE, AGE 10.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Susan Warren Wilbur
Penelope Summerwell
Nannie Clark Barr
Marie Elizabeth Mair
Dorothy Smith
Gwendolen Gray Perry
Marguerite Stuart
Bessie Enery
Sibyl K. Stone
Frances Lubbe Ross
Margaret Allen
Adeline L. Pepper
Alice Blaine Damrosch
Catharine H. Straker
Lois M. Cunningham
Charles Irish Preston
Mary Thorndike

VERSE 2.

E. F. Whitcomb
Shirley Willis
Aida Palmer
Lester J. Reynolds
Edith Louis Knight
Esther Ayres Lundy
Maria L. Llano
Ethel Dickson
Eugene B. Baker
Freda M. Harrison
Anna H. Denniston
Kate Sprague DeWolf
Gladys Nelson
Helene Esberg
Daisy Errington Bret-
tell
Alta Lockwood
Marie Heim
Robert R. Humphrey
Sophie Singer
Julia S. Ball
Mary M. Dabney
Sarah Davis
Eleanor R. Chapin
Margaret Dickson
Lucile D. Woodling
Wilbur H. Bates
Leland G. Hendricks
Henry S. Lamm
Helen Dorothy For-
man
Hélène Mabel Sawyer
Jane C. Watt
Margaret Lyon Smith
Lawrence Phelps
Alice Winifred Hinds
Frances Berenice
Bronner
Margaret King
Georgiana Myers
Sturdee
Grace E. Stafford
Janet L. Shontz
Frieda Rabinowitz
Frances Hodges
Beatrice M. Porter
M. Louise Dixon

Charles Evans Pope
Peggy Bacon
Mary Ellis Opdyke
Allen Hill Diman
Corinna Long

PROSE 1.

Helen K. Potter
Rosalind Spring
Margaret L. Dowd
Cuthbert W. Haasis
Cornelia R. Hinkley
Florence Hanawalt
Marie Armstrong
Mary W. Woodman
Isabel Hinton
Phyllis M. Clarke
Cora Jean Daniels
Sara A. Parker
Charlotte B. Arnold
Margaret W. Twitchell
Stella F. Boyden
Lois Lovejoy
Barbara O. Benjamin
Dorothy Grace Gibson
Katrina Van Dyck
Helen Gardner Water-
man
Katharine M. Sher-
wood
Alan D. Campbell, Jr.
Marie C. McKinley
Margery Gardner
Katharine Hunt
Marie L. Butler
Dana Munro
Elizabeth Hirsh
Millicent Pauline Clark
Jennie M. Burwell
Leila Nielsen
Margaret E. Moore-
house
Rachel M. Talbott
Merle D'Aubigné
Sampson
May Stanley Fleck
Kathleen McKeag
Katherine C. Ward
Carol Sherman
Anne Russell Sampson
Volant Vashon Ballard
Mary Louise Smith
Marianna Lippincott
Edna Frances Wells
Ruth E. Shaw
Pauline Hamilton
Freeman
Allan Lincoln Langley
Mabel Robinson
Elizabeth Marvin
Lila P. Duy
Hattie E. Haggard
Ilse Marguerite Ney-
mann
Dorothy Grant
Helen P. Browning
Elizabeth Palmer
Loper

Katherine R. Neu-
mann
Rhoda Erskine
Grace E. Moore
Blanche Leeming

PROSE 2.

Mary G. Bonner
Herbert A. White
Edwin Jones
Lucinda Wentz Reed
Mary A. Duel
Mildred D. Yenawine
Elonor Eros
Ethel Berrian
Annette Windele
Inez Mason
Robert Paul Walsh
Robert E. Andrews
Frank A. J. O'Grady
Louis A. Murray
William Wehage
Harriette Pease
Dwight B. Pangburn
Martha R. Batchelder
Margaret E. Wright
Dorothy Cooke
Howard Griffin
William Bender
Victor Tapke
Louise Fitz
Mary S. Pusey
Theodora B. E. Mc-
Cormick
Hattie D. Hawley
Heather Baxter
Dorothy Q. Boggs
Gladys L. Carroll
Elizabeth Clark
Emmet Russell
Ruth M. Blake
Marjorie Cleveland
Barbara Alderton
Esther P. Watkins
Elaine Sterne
Alice S. Mathewson
Potter Remington
Mary Pemberton
Nourse
Lillian M. Hynes
Marjorie Beeke
Walter Dyer
Laurence B. Lathrop
Ruth C. Manchester
Carolyn Houston
Marjory Grant
Mary H. Shier
Winifred W. Nicholson
Pauline M. Dakin
Miriam Frink
Dorothy E. Bates
Elizabeth Love God-
win
Jean L. Holcombe
Henrietta Hepburn
Magdelene Craft
Rose Marie Wise
Helen W. Edgar

Helen Drill
Adele O. King
Frances Carrington
Dorothy Post Phillips
Margaret Spahr
Belle W. Baird
Elinor Houghton
Bulkeley
Rachel Wyse
Josephine Taylor
Janet McCurdy Scott
Ruth Bartlett
Kathryn E. Hubbard
Edith Louise Gordan
Rodney Tunnelle Bon-
sall
Alma Liechty
Marion Fitch
Katharine Leonard
Henry W. Dunn
Jeannette Munro
Eleanor D. Grubb
Janet O. Hepburn
Donald Tabor
Ruth Alice Phillips
Robert Stanley Treat
Margaret Trudell
Francis King Murray
Myron K. Barrett
Dorothy Cathell
Ethel Hartley
Mary Louise Smith
Dorothy Dawes
Charles Carr
Margery Smith
Gertrude Pomeroy

DRAWINGS 1.

Delphina L. Hammer
Rosy Newmeyer
Melville Coleman
Levey
Norman M. Rolston
Dudley T. Fisher, Jr.
Mellin Siemens
Kathleen Buchanan
Jacky Hayne
R. Francis Doornink
Katharine Thompson
Marjorie Wellington
Margery Fulton
Theodor Bolton
Edward L. Kastler
Mark Curtis Kinney
May Frasher
Maisie Smith
Richard A. Reddy
Jessie C. Shaw
Julie Pupke

DRAWINGS 2.

Helen M. Copeland
Anne Furman Gold-
smith
Howard Melson
Lylie May Frink
Sidney Edward Dick-
inson
Mervin Joy
Harold W. Whitlock
J. Bertram Hills
Ella E. Preston
Mary Ellen Willard
Harriette Barney Burt

Eleanor Kinsey
Ruth E. Frost
H. J. Bresse
John Butler
Hugh Spencer
Roy Chapman
Gladys L'Estrange
Moore
Marguerite Strathy
Isador Douglas
Cyrus W. Thomas
Harry M. Prince
Priscilla Ordway
Hazel I. Frazee
Monica Peirson
Turner
Charlotte Waugh
Saidee Bonnell
Marjory Anne Harri-
son
Raymond Rohm
Meade Bolton
Dorothy Curtis
Isabel Ransford
Evelyn Buchanan
Helen Beatrice M.
Merry
Marion L. Decker
Ray N. Batey
Marguerite Jervis
Lauren Ford
Guile Gairard
E. Marguerite Rout-
ledge
Rosalind E. Weissbein
Clyde Morgan
Henry G. Martin
Frances Wetherly
Varrell
Katharine Duer
James Harrison
Margaret G. Rhett
Irene G. Farnham
Mollie Bullock
David Mazzero
Alice Humphrey
Esther Browne
Sybil D. Emerson
Rachel F. Burbank
Bryden Pease
Elsie Williamson
Francis Moore
Frances Powell
Elizabeth Totten
Charlotte St. George
Nourse
Carrie May Jordan
Evelyn G. Hopper
Rebecca Wyse
Wallace G. Ford
Edward Estlin Cum-
mings
Charles M. Howe, Jr.
Sarah R. Tirrell
Gretchen Smith
Henry Vigor
Rudolph Krausz
Arthur C. Hoppin
Sarah Lippincott
Elinore Clark
Marian Baldwin
Elsa R. Farnham
F. Marion Halkett
Louise Converse
Lewis S. Combs
Julia Cooper
Elinore Keeler
Stanislaus F. McNeill
Helen I. Hoppin
Thomas Brown
Katherine Dulcebella
Barbour
Hermann Louis
Schäffer
Mary Williams Bluss
Frances M. Lichten
Margaret A. Dobson

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Piero Colonna
Elizabeth Pierce
Alice Moore

Frances W. Huston
Miles W. Weeks
Lawrence V. Sheridan
Helen M. McCurdy
Arthur S. Trafford
Charles C. Mairor
Roland P. Carr
Lillian A. Hess
Gertrude M. Howland
Lawrence A. Morey
Esther M. Wing
Elizabeth W. Henry
Stephen W. Pratt
W. Caldwell Webb
Marian F. Butler

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Emma Heinsheimer
Katharine L. Marvion
Mildred R. Betts
Amy Eliot Mayo
George Kaulbach
Mary E. Glessner
Frederic B. Smith
Fred Klein
Clifford H. Pangburn
Harry Poll
Catherine Delano
Alice Durand
Frieda H. Tellkamp
Florence Isabel Miller
Abe Weintraub
William Munford
Baker
Amy Peabody
Arthur J. White
Gertrude E. Burwell
Zayda R. Williams
Denson W. Grant
Hilliard Comstock
Leon S. Taylor
Helen A. Sharps
James S. Webb
Gilbert Durand
Alice L. Cousins
Donald C. Armour
Thorndike Saville
Edith Call
H. Ernest Bell
Elizabeth H. Webster
Rutherford H. Platt
Herbert H. Bell
Anne P. Rogers
Alice Moore
Elizabeth H. Lewis
Alice Wangenheim
Lawrence Sherman
Ralph M. Crozier
Esther M. Hatch
Ruth W. Leonard

PUZZLES 1.

Nahum Morrill, Jr.
Leonard L. Barrett
Walter L. Dreyfuss
Alice Knowles
E. Adelaide Hahn
Helen Carter
Alfred A. Haldenstein
E. Page Allinson
Mary E. Dunbar
Margaret McKnight
Ashley W. Kendrick
Robert Clifton
Dorothy Robinson
John Orth
Elizabeth Channing
Donald Gordon Reid
Estelle Ellisson
Harold Brown
Simon Cohen
Florence C. Jones
Burt H. Smith
May Kennedy
Katharine Oliver
Alice D. Karr
Edna F. Browning
Elizabeth C. Hurd
Clara Beth Haven
Roger N. Griffin
Andrée Mante

MARKSVILLE, LA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just come back from a long ride for sugar-cane. I am very glad school has begun. I am in the sixth grade. There are lots of Indian arrow-heads around here. To-day my great-uncle gave me a very curious rock. There was a pink stripe through the middle, and it was entirely different from the gray part.

The other day I found in one of mama's old ST. NICHOLAS magazines a letter that mama had written when she was as old as I am. She was Dimple Kernan before she married. I guess you remember her.

The little gray cat I spoke of in my last letter is dead now. Some of the League members that live up north must think it funny that we have a holiday and no school when it snows here in Louisiana, but as it only snows here once a year, very slightly, and sometimes not at all, the teachers let us have a holiday.

That picture of a little boy and his ST. NICHOLAS magazines around him is certainly true. It has been that way with me, too.

I certainly liked "Elinor Arden."

Your devoted reader,

ELMA JOFFRION (age 10).

OBERLIN, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I can't begin to tell you what fun Chapter 788 has.

Our president, Sarah Jones, reads to us often, and so does Frances Jeffery, our secretary, and sometimes they let me read aloud, also. We meet on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Sometimes Sarah lets us play games, and then we have most fun. The boys are always glad when we play, for it is always hard for them to keep still while we are reading.

Tuesdays we have only one-hour meetings, from six o'clock to seven in the evening, because we have to study after seven.

On Fridays we have two hours, as there is no school on Saturday and we don't have to prepare lessons. I don't always come on Tuesdays, because I belong to a mission-study class which is held at the same hour, so I miss the reading, but I love to hear about missions, as I come from one.

I wish there would be some headings that I could write an African story about for the League. I can tell two or three true stories about leopards, lions, and antelopes, but they won't come under any of the given heads.

Of all our number, only four of us are high-school pupils. They are Sarah Jones, Frances Jeffery, George Hubbard, and myself. We all like the school very much, and school life will help with some stories. I am a sophomore in all but algebra, in which I am a freshman, and the three others are freshmen. All the people in our chapter are under sixteen, so we are all quite young, and young enough to like some real fun.

Wishing long life to the St. Nicholas League, I remain,

Your friend,

LAURA F. BATES.

Other valued letters have been received from Joseph L. Lustberg, Florence E. Vialle, Katharine M. Sherwood, Sidney Gamble, Beatrice Frye, Jeanette Munro, Estelle Elisson, Ruth P. Getchell, Lewis S. Combs, Ella E. Preston, Marguerite Hyde, Dorothy Grant West, Katharine King, Dorothy R. Halkett, Dorothy Cooke, Dorothy Bedell, Lorenzo Hamilton, Katharine Scheffel, Phyllis B. Mudie-Cooke, Shirley Willis, Nettie C. Barnwell, Louisa F. Spear, Dorothea da Ponte Williams, Frances C. Harris, Roland P. Carr, Arthur Jennings White, Elinor Colby, Katherine Staff, and Arthur K. Serungard.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 783. "Sunshine Club." C. Lieder, President; Edna Edel, Secretary. Address, 1013 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 784. "Entre Nous." Bradwell Beebe, President; Josephine Potter, Secretary; thirty members. Address, 2 Centre Court, Green Island, N. Y.

No. 785. "Jolly Quartet." Marie R. Capland, President; Grace L. Barber, Secretary; four members. Address, 37 Stimson Pl., Detroit, Mich.

No. 786. Austin O'Connor, President; Frank McCaffery, Secretary; seven members. Address, 502 Bessner St., Ottawa, Can.

No. 787. "D. A. R. T. Sewing Circle." Doris Smith, President; four members. Address, 80 Turner St., Houghs Neck, Quincy, Mass.

No. 788. "Tank Chapter." Sarah Jones, President; Frances Jeffery, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Tank Home, Oberlin, Ohio.

No. 789. "St. Nicholas Society." Delia Field, President; Marguerite Snow, Secretary; fifty-three members. Address, 11 Johnson St., Waterbury, Conn.

No. 790. "K. K." Hala Garver, President; Ruth Maurer, Secretary; four members. Address, Greenville, Ohio.

No. 791. "Revolutionary Chapter." Ruth A. Russell, President; Daisy L. Starr, Secretary; nine members. Address, 145 W. Ninety-seventh St., New York City.

No. 792. "Merry Trio." Flor-

ence Brooks, President; Edna Hires, Secretary; four members. Address, P. O. Box 67, Palmyra, N. J.

No. 793. "Evergreen Chapter." Katharine McMahon, President; Frances Dodge, Secretary; three members. Address, 611 N. Maine St., Bloomington, Ill.

No. 794. Wayne Trembath, President; Helen Walp, Secretary; nineteen members. Address, 368 N. Maple St., Kingston, Pa.

No. 795. Matilde W. Kroehle, President; John C. B. Orth, Secretary; four members. Address, 149 E. Ninety-first St., New York City.

No. 796. "Jolly Five." Pauline Freeman, President; Helen Nye, Secretary; five members. Address, Hallowell, Me.

No. 797. "The Durfee Chapter." Carlyle Jones, President; Frieda Blankenburg, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Decatur, Ill.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 67.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. This does not include "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners.

Competition No. 67 will close April 20 (for foreign members April 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Brook."

Prose. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. Subject, an original adventure story.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "My Animal Friend" or "Friends."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Study of the Hand" (from life) and a Heading or Tail-piece for July.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.



"A TAILPIECE FOR APRIL (ANIMAL LIFE)." BY WALTER BURTON NOURSE, AGE 11.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE OLD HORN-BOOK.

BEFORE the invention of primers for children just beginning their school-days, each little pupil had a "horn-book"—a printed sheet of paper fastened to a square piece of wood with a handle, not unlike a battledore or ping-pong racket, and covered with a sheet of horn so that studious little fingers would not soil nor scratch the printing. This horn-book contained the alphabet, in large and small letters, a list of vowels and two-letter syllables, and the Lord's Prayer. These little books naturally were worn out and used up, and so have become very rare. As much as one hundred dollars has been paid for one in good condition. Shakspeare mentions horn-books several times. The English poet Prior speaks of another sort of horn-book in his amusing lines:

"To Master John the English Maid
A Horn-Book gives of Ginger-bread;
And that the Child may learn the better,
As he can name he eats the Letter."

READING A KEY TO OTHER THINGS. THE boy or girl who is well read will find on visiting an art gallery or museum a delightful sense of being among things that are familiar; for, in reading, your past acquirements make it even easier to increase your store of mental wealth. Reading has not only a delightful world of its own, but also gives the right of entry into the joys of art, of music, of science, and introduces you to the memorable figures of the past—the kings and queens, the poets and painters, the heroes and the martyrs. It is the habit of reading that will make all these familiar to us.

CONDENSED EXPERIENCE. IF a traveler about to make a tour in the old world had to find out for himself all about roads, rates, lodging-houses, and so on, he would find the making ready for a journey a task that must be begun many months ahead. If he had to find also the places where all the great pictures, statues, or curiosities were to be seen, he would be likely to miss many, and

those he was lucky enough to visit would be hit upon by accident.

That is the use of guide-books. They do much of the work for the traveler—helping him to right routes, and telling where he will find the sights best worth his time.

Books about life, properly used, help us in the same way to make life profitable and delightful. They tell us what others have done, and how different ways of living turned out. If this is clearly seen, you will learn that reading may be the best preparation for an active, useful life.

Great soldiers must be practical men, and yet the most famous commanders have been careful students of the books written by great generals of former times, and have learned from former battles how to win their own.

BOOKS OF ESSAYS. How many young readers are aware that there are few kinds of reading that will furnish so much genuine and helpful pleasure as essays? We should be glad if this item could be the means of sending even one girl or boy to those delightful volumes of Lowell's—"Among My Books" and "My Study Windows"—or to Macaulay's fascinating volumes, or to—a dozen others.

WHAT EVERYBODY IS READING. THERE is in the collected works of Edgar Allan Poe a number of sketches of the American writers of his time, especially those who were most popular. Young readers who think they *must* be acquainted with the books that are "being read by *everybody*," may, if they like, learn a useful lesson by glancing over Poe's essays on "The Literati," in order to see how many of the popular writers of that time are thought worth reading to-day. Better yet, take from the library some of the writings that "everybody read" about seventy-five years ago, and see whether they appeal to you.

Possibly the experiment will teach you that time is best spent upon books that have lived through several generations.

THE EARLIEST IMPRESSIONS. If your little brother or sister comes to you asking questions, take the utmost pains to give the right answers. Little children learn fast and much, and it is at the very first we must be careful to put right ideas into their minds. Have we not all carried early errors through many years uncorrected? The reading, too, of the youngest can hardly be too carefully chosen. As we grow older we can correct errors for ourselves; but small readers take all statements on faith, and only the truth itself is good enough for a child.

"THE CHOICE OF BOOKS." WE address ourselves to some of our older readers when we recommend to their reading Frederic Harrison's essay that gives title to this item. But the article is easy to understand, and it is so full of good hints and bits of advice that even the reader who may find some parts of it above his head will be glad to read those parts he can understand. It is a plea for the best reading. If for nothing else, the essay should be read for its glowing praise of Sir Walter Scott—"who," as some one has said, "has done for the various phases of modern history what Shakspeare has done for the manifold types of human character."

ADVICE TO A SCHOOL-BOY. WILLIAM HAZLITT, the celebrated essayist and critic, wrote a letter to his son (of the same name) when sending him to school. It contains excellent advice, is written in simple and direct style, and will be found well worth your reading, though decidedly old-fashioned—a quality that makes it the more delightful. Hazlitt warns his son against being too fond of books, saying they "are but one inlet of knowledge; and the pores of the mind, like those of the body, should be left open to all impressions"—wherein the worthy father shows considerable ignorance of physiology. And, by the way, Hazlitt's essays touch upon every sort of subject, and all are charmingly written, so you might make a note of this when you wish for a book that is not a story.

STUDYING ABOUT A STORY. IN modern school-work it has been decided by some educators that the best way to make geography clearly understood is to begin with

what is nearest and proceed outward to the whole globe. Thus, the first map drawn is one of the school-room or the school-yard; the second, part of the pupil's own home town, and so on; leaving Siberia or Patagonia to a later day.

In your reading, a plan like this would seem advisable. Begin by learning all about some book that comes very near to your daily life or suits your taste. If, for instance, you are fond of "Lorna Doone," make yourself at home in the English scene of the story; learn about "the Doones"—who are real and historic; read books that will acquaint you with the life and history of the period of the story until you know it thoroughly. Such an exercise as this will be found not only delightful work, but most improving to the mind as well.

A WISE CORRESPONDENT. IN reply to our question as to the wisdom of finishing or abandoning a book once begun, a young friend, Jean Russell, makes the following sensible reply:

I think that if the book in question is one by a standard author,—good literature, in other words,—that, once begun, it is best to finish it, because, however uninteresting a book of good repute may seem, I think that there is always something of benefit to be found in it, even if you don't find it until after you have finished reading the book. And, by the way, I don't like to hear people say they have finished a book; it sounds to me as though they read something and then never thought of it again.

CALVERLEY'S EXAMINATION ON "PICKWICK." CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY, an English poet celebrated for his delicate humor, while still an undergraduate at Cambridge in 1857, held an examination on Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," giving thirty questions based on the book, and imitating the college method of holding such tests of knowledge. The questions and answers are published in "Verses and Fly-Leaves," the book in which Calverley's poems are collected. Sir Walter Besant, the English novelist, was one of those who took the examination, and he won the prize, whatever that was. Upon reading over the questions, one realizes how many little things are passed over without clearly understanding what they mean, while we seek only the story. And this is right. Thorough, scholarly reading is for books of the highest class.

THE LETTER-BOX.

NEWTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The last time I was in New York City, I visited the famous Jumel Mansion, an old colonial house which is situated on Washington Heights, in the upper part of the city.

In the times of the Revolutionary War many famous men met there, and later Aaron Burr, who killed

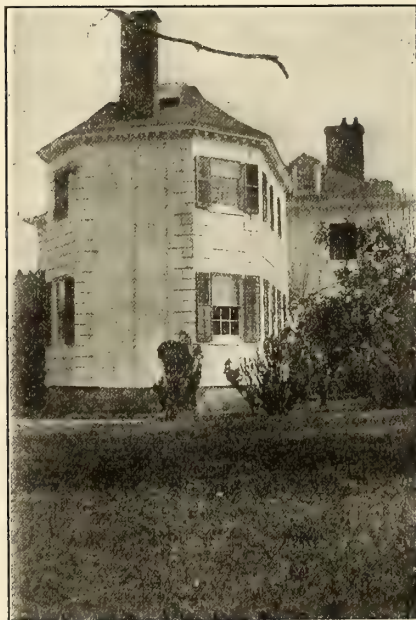
His mother is a trained cat from China. We call him "Zoo," because he was born in the zoological garden in New York. He has only three toes in front, instead of four. We have a pretty water-spaniel, and quite a number of horses. I have nine Belgium hares, and I am going to get some pigeons to raise.

I like the Letter-box ever so much.

I could go on writing forever, but as I should like to see this printed, your pages would not be long enough to permit it, should I do so. I remain,

A devoted reader,

ETHEL BILLINGS.



THE JUMEL MANSION.

Alexander Hamilton in a famous duel, lived there with his wife, who was formerly Madame Jumel.

In the rear of the house is a large ball-room, which can be seen in the accompanying photograph.

During the last few years the mansion has been owned by New York City, and the control of it is claimed by both the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the American Revolution. It is open to visitors, and is beautifully situated on the top of a hill. On the sloping grounds are many large trees and several old cannons.

Hoping you can use this letter, I remain,

Your interested reader,

FLORENCE R. T. SMITH.

HELENA, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After reading so many letters from boys and girls from all parts of the world, I thought I would write one.

I am fifteen years old, and live right in front of the Capitol building, which is very beautiful. This is a very nice town.

I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much, and I have written for a League badge. I enjoy drawing very much.

We have quite a few pets. One is a Chinese cat.

NAVY-YARD, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little navy girl. My father, Naval Constructor William J. Baxter, launched the *Connecticut*. My name is Heather. I and my sister Margaret live in the Brooklyn Navy-yard. We have traveled a great deal, and so papa has taken me on board a great many ships.

We have great fun here in the navy-yard. Two boys and I built a fine harbor. We make all kinds of ships and sail them there.

I like the ST. NICHOLAS very much. I have taken it for four years.

Your interested reader,

HEATHER P. BAXTER (age 11).

MADISON, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for six years, this being the sixth.

I wish I knew of a League chapter here. If I did, I would surely join the League.

I am very much interested in nature, and this summer, when I was over in Michigan, I kept a seventy-five cent magnifying-glass with me all the time.

Longfellow wrote a poem about the four lakes of Madison. They do not all belong to this town, for Lake Kegonsa and Lake Naubesa are quite far away.

Your appreciative reader,

CATHARINE E. JACKSON (age 13).

NAPLES, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American boy seven years old, and I live up by Vesuvius.

Vesuvius is in eruption, and we are not afraid, because there is an observatory that has electrical instruments which go in the ground, and so we know three days before if there is any danger. We watch the lava rolling down the mountain and the flames as they go up in the air. It looks as if the mountain was breathing. This is my first letter to ST. NICHOLAS.

Your friend,

CHARLES INGALLS MORTON.

Interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received also from Margaret Murrish, Helen De Puy, Evelyn Dunham, Marguerite Magruder, Clarence Sears Kates, Jr., Ellie Wood Page, Enea Voorhees, Catharine Lynch, Matie Lee Barclay, Janet Lane, and Janet Erskine Adriance.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

CONCEALED WORDS. Spenser. 1. Shad. 2. Pare. 3. Each. 4. Note. 5. Sits. 6. Ever. 7. Rope.

TRANSPOSITIONS. St. Nicholas. 1. Basket, skate. 2. Tablet, table. 3. Snails, nails. 4. Magpie, image. 5. Sketch, chest. 6. Thrash, harsh. 7. Totter, otter. 8. Eleven, levee. 9. Mascot, atoms. 10. Master, smart.

BEHEADINGS AND ZIGZAG. Washington. 1. S-wish. 2. S-harp. 3. C-ruse. 4. M-arch. 5. S-nail. 6. C-anon. 7. A-gain. 8. A-stir. 9. S-coop. 10. S-wain.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Initials, Longfellow; fourth row, Evangeline. Cross-words: 1. Linen. 2. Olive. 3. Nomad. 4. Grand. 5. Forge. 6. Eager. 7. Lisle. 8. Latin. 9. Opine. 10. Water.

CHARADE. In-grate.

DIPPER PUZZLE. From 1 to 7, Emerson. Goethe, Racine, Al-

dine, novice, thrive; Grant. Hallam, emblem, inform, Neheim, esteem; Heine. Docile, Undine, repose, Elaine, Revere; Dürer. Hamper, author, yonder, Denver, Napier; Haydn. Holmes, Osiris, Morris, excess, Rubens; Homer. Embryo, legato, indigo, Orsino, Thurio; Eliot. Darwin, Edison, Fulton, obtain, enjoin, Defoe.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Hannibal; 3 to 4, Sheridan. Cross-words: 1. Hamilton. 2. Habitual. 3. Consider. 4. Carnival. 5. Harrison. 6. Credible. 7. Physical. 8. Spiteful.

ANAGRAMS. Slate, teals, steal, least, tales, stale.

DIAMONDS AND A SQUARE. I. 1. T. 2. Mow. 3. Total. 4. Was. 5. L. II. 1. M. 2. Pan. 3. Mason. 4. Nod. 5. N. III. 1. Satan. 2. Aside. 3. Tides. 4. Adept. 5. Nests. IV. 1. M. 2. Sen. 3. Merit. 4. Nip. 5. T. V. 1. R. 2. Sod. 3. Robin. 4. Dig. 5. N.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Marjorie Barton Townsend—Eugenie A. Steiner—William B. Hart—Frances Hunter—Allil and Adi—John Farr Simons—Adeline Wiss—Hilda R. Bronson—Nessie and Freddie—Grace Haren—Paul R. Deschere—Samuel P. Haldenstein—Eleanor Copenhaver—Emma D. Miller—St. Gabriel's Chapter—"Chuck"—Dorothy Rutherford—Jessie Strauss—Hamilton Fish Armstrong.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Herbert Vernon, 2—Kathryn Arthur, 2—M. Cragin, 4—W. G. Rice, Jr., 4—Arthur B. Martin, 3—Lucy Goyle, 2—Edward Eastman, 8—C. Anthony, 6—Barbara Littlefield, 2—Jo and I, 8—Garnett E. Nash, 3—Frederick B. Dart, 5—Elisabeth Morss, 3—Mary E. Askew, 8—Harriet Bingaman, 8—Hermione Sterling, 8—Mabel T. Watson, 6—Andrée Mante, 3—Sidney K. Eastwood, 3—No name, Oshkosh, 2. So many sent answers to one puzzle only (and that the "King's Move") that these cannot be acknowledged.

CHARADE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

In the calendar my *first* you will find;

My *second* is a song of some kind;

And my *whole* is a land

On the far southern strand.

ELISABETH HEMENWAY (age 10).

GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARES.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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11 12	15 14

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE (reading across only): 1. A town in Pepin County, Wisconsin. 2. A city on the Meuse River. 3. Some islands north of Scotland. 4. A seaport of France. 5. A city in the Philippines. 6. A province of northwest British India. From 1 to 2, a county of Illinois; from 3 to 4, a town in Harrison County, Iowa.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A large city of Germany. 2. A town of Bohemia. 3. A county of Kentucky. 4. A great city of Russia. 5. A river of Palestine. 6. A country of northern Europe. From 7 to 8, a bay indenting the coast of France; from 5 to 6, a city of New Zealand.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A range of mountains in Bulgaria. 2. A region of Central Africa. 3. A county of Georgia. 4. A county of Arkansas. 5. A sea near China. 6. A range of mountains in Queensland. From 2 to 9, "The Hub"; from 6 to 10, a beautiful Italian city.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A city on the Loire. 2. A large Siberian lake. 3. A town of Palestine. 4. A city of Spain. 5. A little river near Wakefield, Mass. 6. A river and county of California. From 11 to 10, a maritime city of British India; from 12 to 13, the official name for Port Natal, Africa.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The principal island of Japan. 2. A county of Kentucky. 3. A fertile Dutch province of Java, near its center. 4. A town of Prussia near Liegnitz. 5. The country ruled by a shah. 6. A lake of western Ireland. From 14 to 9, a city on the Rhine, the subject of a famous poem; from 15 to 16, a large island in the Indian Ocean.

BENJAMIN L. MILLER.

MULTIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *firsts* are in amphichroic, but not in suggest;
My *seconds*, in oratorical, but not in bequest;
My *thirds* are in omnipotence, but not in alight;
My *fourths* are in kaleidoscope, but not in bright;
My *fifths* are in casserole, but not in dish;
My *sixths* are in dynamometry, but not in fish.
My *wholes* are three famous Romans and three wild animals.
MADGE OAKLEY (Honor Member).



CHOCOLATE



Alice in PETER'S-Land

"This isn't a circus," said the Hatter severely to Alice.

"It's a tea-party and you're *not* invited."

"Oh, yes, I am," said Alice. "There's PETER'S CHOCOLATE on the table and that's *always* inviting."

"High As the
Alps in Quality"

"Irresistibly
Delicious"

PETER'S

The Original
Swiss Milk

CHOCOLATE

Absolutely wholesome, yet so dainty and delicious
that it is a revelation to the chocolate lover.

FREE SAMPLE and illustrated booklet, "An Ascent of Mont Blanc," upon request.

Lamont, Corliss & Co. SOLE IMPORTERS Dept. M, 78 HUDSON STREET New York

ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THE action of the United States in arranging to collect the revenues of the Dominican Republic for the purpose of paying off debts due to foreign governments is likely to attract attention to the stamps of this country. The issues that have been made have frequently been of poor appearance and crude designs, but this will not interfere with the desire of collectors to possess them if there is a likelihood that they will be issues of a country under a United States protectorate. The future of all the countries of the West Indies is so closely linked with that of our great republic that any stamps issued by them are worth collecting.

CHANGES IN THE STAMPS OF URUGUAY.

SOME changes have been made in a recently issued stamp for Uruguay which make it an improvement over the preceding issue. The color has been changed from red to orange; and, while the design is similar, the variations are easily seen by comparing it with the stamp of the same denomination which preceded it.



A TENDENCY TO SPECIALIZE.

THERE is a cessation just at the present time in the great interest in stamps which has existed for a number of years past. The desire to possess stamps, however, never leaves the true collector, and it is only a question of time when there will be a greater amount of collecting than ever before. The world's issues, however, have become so great that many are likely to confine their collecting to the stamps that are issued in and for the United States, its colonial possessions, protectorates, and near neighbors which are likely sooner or later to come under one or another of these heads.

DANISH STAMPS.

THE new monetary system which has been adopted for the Danish West Indies is likely to lead to changes in the issues of their stamps. The currency now consists of francs and bits, the whole system being decimal and a change which is likely to prove of advantage in financial transactions. This is one of the countries in which American collectors have been especially interested because of negotiations which have been going on for the purchase of the islands. Every collector should seek to keep his collection of these stamps as full as possible.

TWO TYPES OF STAMP COLLECTIONS.

A YOUNG collector writes desiring to learn something about the collections made by other young collectors. It would not be well to describe the collection

of any individual, but every one who looks at such collections knows that there are two types. One—unfortunately the more common—is that in which the stamps are placed in the album in an utterly careless, thoughtless, and frequently slovenly manner. Any stamp, no matter what its condition,—torn, heavily canceled, or soaked with mucilage,—is considered good enough.

It often happens also that one sees in the middle of a page of such stamps as have been described a perfectly beautiful copy of some early finely engraved stamp. Its surroundings are such as to show that the collector has no idea of the real value of his possession, and at some future time its beauty is likely to be marred by the carelessness which ruins the rest of the collection for the careful collector. The second type is the collection in which there may or may not be rare specimens, but all of them are carefully hinged in their spaces and are watched by their owner to see that no harm of any sort befalls them. Neither torn nor heavily canceled specimens are allowed a place, and the care of the collector is such that it is always a pleasure to turn the pages of his album and notice the changes that are being made in the way of additions tending toward completeness.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

ONLY two of the first issue of the stamps of Korea ever reached the post-office in that country. The building was destroyed by fire within a few days after the post-office was opened, and it is said that no letters bearing stamps were ever mailed to foreign countries. A few specimens, however, exist on the original covers, which seem to prove that this is a mistake. Stamps that are used in the offices of foreign countries upon telegraph blanks differ very little in their nature from those used for postal purposes; indeed, the telegraph being a government institution, the difference between stamps used for one or the other purpose is so small that the ordinary collector should pay little attention to the matter so long as he secures a good specimen. It is probable that there are many Confederate provisional stamps which will be discovered in future in the Southern States. It is known that there were many more issued than have ever been found, and it is probable that some will still turn up in out-of-the-way places. The retouching of stamps does not appear so plainly under the modern methods of engraving. Variations which collectors notice and send for examination are usually occasioned by poor inking or presswork. The reengraving, which is most important and easily seen, was done when separate dies were engraved for each individual stamp. It is not likely that there will be so many new issues in the next few years as have been seen in the past. The completion of the series of changes demanded by the accession of King Edward VII marks the conclusion of a great volume of issues which are not likely to be changed for some years.

STAMPS, ETC.

A Fine Present.

Just Published

"Modern Album," 256 pages, holds
10,000 stamps, cloth bound. Price, \$1.00;
by mail \$1.14.

Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 18 East 23d Street,
New York, N. Y.



Do you collect stamps? No fun like it. Appeals
to all ages. To start you we send
50 DIFFERENT FOREIGN STAMPS FREE
including unused Servia, etc.

If already a collector, state size of your collection. 150
var. Foreign, 10c.; 300 var., 50c.; 1000 stickers, 5c.; Pocket
Album, 5c. Others, 30c. and up. Approval sheets sent. 50% com.
Price-list free! New England Stamp Co., 9 D Bromfield St., Boston.



STAMPS 100 varieties, Peru, Cuba, Bolivia,
Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, Costa Rica,
Turkey, etc., and Album, only 10c.; 1000 mixed, 20c.;
1000 hinges, 8c.; 65 diff. U. S., 25c.; 100 diff. U. S.,
50c. Agents wanted, 50% New List Free.

C. A. Stegman, Dept. D, 5941 Cote Brillante av., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE 100 all diff. Stamps for the names of two Collectors
and 2c. postage. 15 Mexican Revenues, 5c.; 25
Foreign Revenues, 10c.; 40 diff. U. S. Env. Cut Square, 20c.; 10
Animal Stamps, Giraffe, Lion, etc., 10c.; 100 all diff. unused
stamps, no reprints, 50c.

TOLEDO STAMP COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio.

About Packets. Every stamp collector should send for
our free illustrated price list of our
"Queen City Series of Non-duplicate Packets." Finest and
cheapest packets ever offered. No Trash.
QUEEN CITY STAMP CO., 2 Sinton Building, Cincinnati, O.

URUGUAY

25 Varieties, 25c. Servia, 1894, 1 di. green, unused (catalog
50c.), 5c. Lists, 5000 low-priced stamps, free.

CHAMBERS STAMP CO., 111 G. Nassau St., New York City.

106 Different Stamps worth \$1.50 for 1c.

525 different, worth \$8.00 for \$1.10
1000 different, worth \$24.00, fine collection. 3.00
JOSEPH F. NEGREEN, 128 East 23d St., New York

OUR 1905 CATALOGUE (76 pages) contains 5000 bargains
in the class of stamps you are looking for. FREE FOR THE
ASKING.

PERRIN & CO.,

106 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

100 all diff. foreign stamps, hinges, and large 40-page album,
10c.; 3 Corea, 5c.; 10 Japan, 3c.; 1000 foreign mixed, 10c.;
20 Russia, 10c. GEO. M. FISK, 20 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.

STAMPS: 100 China, Java, etc., stamp dictionary and big il-
lustrated list, 2c. Agts., 50%. A. Bullard & Co., Sta. A, Boston.

STAMPS: 100 Honduras, etc., album and catalog, 2c. Agts.,
50%. HILL STAMP CO., So. End, Boston, Mass.

FREE A set of 10 all diff. Canada postage and a set of large
U. S. Rev. for names of 2 collectors and return postage.
Lists free. KOLONA STAMP CO., Dept. N, Dayton, Ohio.

FREE! A Beautiful Stamp Badge
for several stamp collectors' names and
return postage. 1000 fine foreign, 14c.; 30 different Sweden, 10c.;
2 Malay Tigers, 3c.; 12 different Austria, 4c.; Catalog pricing
all stamps, 10c.; 100 diff. U. S., 20c.; 6 diff. China, 10c.

TIFFIN STAMP CO., 160 N. Street, Tiffin, Ohio.

BIGGEST CASH BARGAIN LIST, 50% to 90%
discount, free to buyers. Fine sheets at 50% discount only.
HOLTON STAMP CO., Dept. D., Boston, Mass.

5 VARIETIES URUGUAY FREE with trial approval sheets.
1000 Hinges, 6c. F. E. THORP, Norwich, N. Y.



500 mixed 10c.; 50 all diff. 5c.; 100 diff. Corea, Mexico,
etc., 10c.; 1000 hinges 8c.; 40 diff. U. S. and Canada,
10c. Agts. wanted, 50 percent. List Free. Stamps bought.
UNION STAMP CO., D., St. Louis, Mo.

NEW-YORK, Tarrytown-on-Hudson.



THE CASTLE. An ideal school. Advantages of New-York
City. All departments. College preparatory, graduating and
special courses. For illustrated circular O, address
Miss C. E. MASON, LL. M.

NEW-YORK, New-York, 30, 32 and 34 East 37th Street.

The Merrill-van Laer School

Formerly

The Peebles and Thompson School.

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Centrally located, near Fifth
Avenue and Central Park. School opens October fifth.

No change in Principals.

MASSACHUSETTS, Wellesley Hills.

Rock Ridge Hall A SCHOOL FOR BOYS. Location
high and dry. Laboratories.
Shop for Mechanic Arts. A new gymnasium. *Strong teachers.*
Earnest boys. Scholarships. A vigorous school life. American
ideals. Illustrated pamphlet sent free. Dr. G. R. WHITE, Prin.



NEW-YORK, New-York, 1922 Park Row Bldg.

WILDMERE

In the Maine Woods.

The sixth season of Wildmere Camp for Boys
opens June 29th. The ideal place for a boy's
summer vacation. Coaching trip through the
White Mountains. Ten weeks of healthful
outdoor sport and recreation in the region of
Lake Sebago. Special tutoring if desired.
Write for illustrated booklet.

IRVING L. WOODMAN, Ph. B.

VENTRILOQUISM

Quickly learned at home. Our method makes it easy. Par-
ticulars free. F. NEULIN, Box 707, Kansas City, Mo.

A GERMAN SILVER

"Monkey Wrench"

The cut is about one-half actual size,
and illustrates the smallest perfect work-
ing Monkey Wrench in the world. Made
of German silver, an ideal watch-charm,
or just the thing for a class pin.

These wrenches make most attractive
and inexpensive souvenirs, whist prizes,
or favors for the german. You will
be delighted with them.



ONLY

25 Cents Each by Mail

ADDRESS

MINIATURE NOVELTY CO., 132 East 20th Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

THE PROBLEM

Starved Brain and Nerves + Poorly Cooked Starchy Foods + Poor Digestion = Ill Health

SOLVED

Brain and Nerve Food + Pre-Digested + Certain Digestion = Grape-Nuts

Try as we may we cannot feed the various parts of the body on drugs. We must do it in nature's way, by food.

Ordinary phosphorus, of the drug shop, will not feed the brain and nerves as that which nature puts into the grains of the field in the form of phosphate of potash. By use of food containing this important element we can properly nourish and rebuild the brain and nerve centres.

The makers of Grape-Nuts breakfast food, knowing its great value, make those important parts of the grains (wheat and barley) which contain the phosphate of potash a part of their food.

They also change the starch of the grains into sugar, and thus avoid all danger to its users of "starch indigestion," which complaint is common to users of white bread, porridge, etc.

The crisp, delicious particles of Grape-Nuts should be only slightly moistened with cream or milk, leaving work for the teeth as nature intended. Their action brings down the saliva, and this is very important in the digestion of all foods. Try the change 10 days.

There's a reason for

Grape-Nuts

What Melted Kay's Icy Heart



When Gerda discovered Kay in the palace of the Snow Queen he was blind, and numb with cold; his heart was of ice: and while it has never been told before, let us whisper the secret of his restoration — a cup of a beverage now known as

LOWNEY's Breakfast Cocoa

the most grateful, restoring, invigorating and healthful of beverages; celebrated for its Purity, Strength and Delicious Flavor. It is the most economical of any to use.

A sample can ($\frac{1}{4}$ lb.) will be sent prepaid on receipt of 15 cents in stamps.

P. S.—The Lowney Receipt Book, telling how to make Chocolate Bonbons, Fudge, Caramels, Icings, etc., sent free.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

St. Nicholas League Prize Advertising Competition No. 45.

Time to send in answers is up April 25. Prizes awarded in May number.

Here are some friends who have been seen in the pages of the magazine—advertising pages, of course—since 1903. That is, you will be able to find all of them in ST. NICHOLAS if you will go carefully over the numbers beginning with January of last year and ending with February, 1905, and examine all the advertisements. See offer of prizes on page 12.



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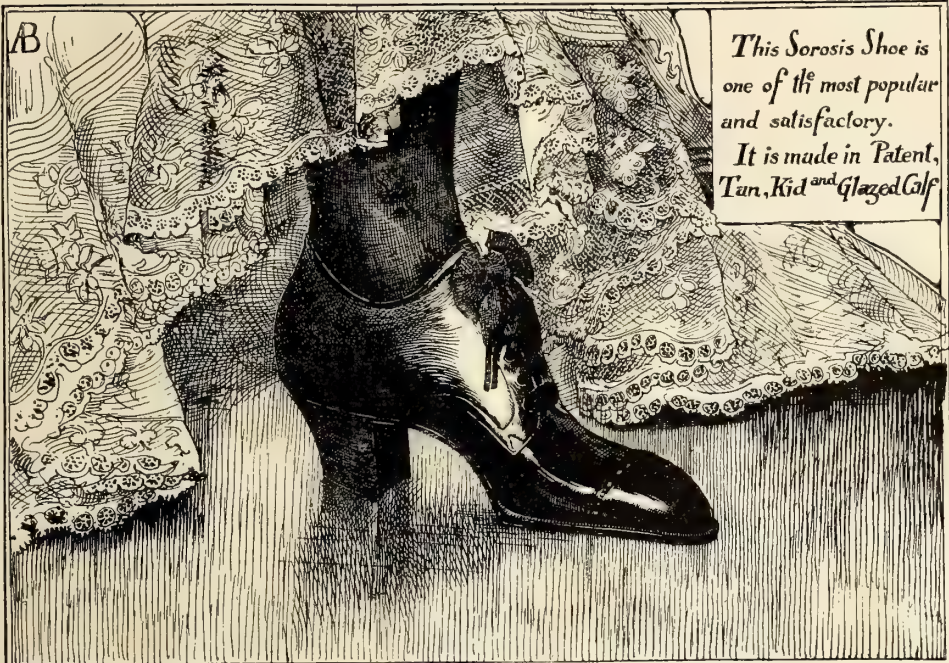
20

WHERE HAVE YOU MET US?

See also pages 12 and 14.

















SHOES



This Sorosis Shoe is one of the most popular and satisfactory.

It is made in Patent, Tan, Kid and Glazed Calf

Women enjoy themselves most when they know that in every particular they are stylishly dressed.  Of feminine attire there is nothing more truly creditable than appropriately beautiful shoes and stockings.    The Sorosis Shoe manufacturers supply both of these requisites in the greatest and most attractive varieties.          

The Sorosis Shoe manufacturers' wonderful success is greatly due to the fact: they make all their own lasts and patterns.

No other shoe-makers in the world take this trouble to supply truly original designs and perfect fit.



Sorosis Shoes for Women, for Men, for Boys, for Girls, and for Infants have style and durability, and they are to be depended upon to keep the feet that wear them very shapely and also entirely comfortable.

A. E. LITTLE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS,

LYNN, MASS.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

The Prizes, amounting to Forty Dollars, are as follows:

One First Prize of Five Dollars
Two Second Prizes of Four Dollars each
Three Third Prizes of Three Dollars each
Four Fourth Prizes of Two Dollars each
and Ten Honor Prizes of One Dollar each.
Which makes twenty prizes, aggregating \$40.

These will be awarded to the competitors who shall submit the best answers under the following conditions. Address:

ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 45,
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York.

CONDITIONS.

1. Any one under eighteen years of age may compete, irrespective of any other League competitions. No prize-winners are excluded from winning in advertising competitions.

2. In the upper left-hand corner of your paper, give name, age, address, and the number of this competition (45). Judges prefer paper to be not larger than 12 x 12 inches.

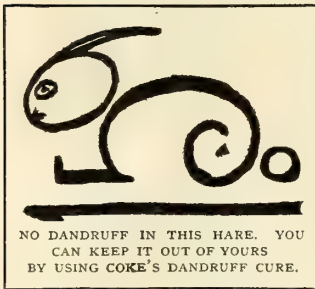
3. Submit answers by April 25, 1905. Use ink. Write on one side of paper. Do not inclose stamps.

4. Do not inclose request for League badges or circulars. Write separately for these if you wish them, addressing the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

5. Be sure to comply with these conditions if you wish to win prizes.

After finding each of the heads, make a list of the twenty advertised articles in connection with which the pictures appeared, and opposite each put the month and year in which the picture was published in ST. NICHOLAS. In case there are more than twenty competitors sending in correct lists, the prizes will be awarded to the most creditable lists submitted, considering the ages of the competitors.

Report on Competition No. 43.



genious solutions. In awarding the prizes, the highest places were given to those who kept most strictly to the conditions of the problem, and showed cleverness not only in making good use of the figures but in adapting their designs to an advertising purpose.

One letter came from a whole family who had voted that "the most interesting subject in the whole number was Advertising Contest No. 43," and had sent in their combined efforts to solve it—not, however, in competition for prizes. Their efforts were among the very best sent in, and we have reproduced them as illustrations to this report. Perhaps some of you will see what skilful combinations these are. The letter is printed herewith.

Here follows the list of

PRIZE-WINNERS.

One First Prize, Five Dollars:

Dudley Fisher (14), Columbus, Ohio.

The idea of putting together the numerals 1905 so as to make an advertising figure was evidently attractive, for there were an unusually large number of ingenious solutions.

Two Second Prizes, Four Dollars each:

William Nestor (14), New York City.

Henry Morgan Brooks (15), Urbana, Illinois.

Three Third Prizes, Three Dollars each:

Paul Colter (16), Barnesville, Georgia.

Walter H. Beecher (16), Norwood, Ohio.

John Andrew Ross (16), Davenport, Iowa.

Four Fourth Prizes, Two Dollars each:

William Byrnes (15), St. Louis, Missouri.

Helen Weston (12), New York City.

Frederic Gregory Hartwick (13), Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

Charles Vallée (16), Buffalo, New York.

Ten Honor Prizes, One Dollar each:

D. Fred Clawson, Jr. (13), Radnor, Pennsylvania.

Bayard Gibson (12), Chicago, Illinois.

Alleine Langford (16), Jamestown, New York.

Beatrice Fagan Cockle (10), Nashville, Tennessee.

Robert Naumburg (12), Washington, Connecticut.

Esther Jackson (14), Cambridge, Massachusetts.

R. E. Andrews (16), Brookline, Massachusetts.

Margaret Minaker (16), Manitoba, Canada.

Holman J. Pearl (16), Boston, Massachusetts.

Jennie Fairman (14), Wakefield, Kansas.



See also pages 10 and 14.

FOR THE TRAVELLER



RUBifoam

THE IDEAL LIQUID DENTIFRICE, HAS A FRAGRANT CHARM FOR THE LITTLE ONES.—TWIN ROWS OF GLEAMING PEARLS MARK THE CHILDREN OF RUBifoam. 25¢ at ALL DRUGGISTS, SAMPLE FREE
E.W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.



Clafin

BOYS' OXFORDS

Russia Calf or Black Calf; blucher shape:
Sizes 11 to 2, \$3.00; 2½ to 3½, \$3.50; 4 to 6, \$4.00

In Enamel Leather, for dress occasions:
Sizes 11 to 2, \$3.50; 2½ to 3½, \$4.00; 4 to 6, \$4.50

THE smartest oxfords made,
built exactly like men's, for
boys who dress distinctively.

The best leathers.

The highest skilled shoemaking.

The longest wear.—Real economy.

*Write for Style Book, illustrating
the fashionable footwear for boys*

THE CLAFLIN SHOP

1107 Chestnut Street,

Philadelphia

POPE

**Chain
Chainless
and
Motor**

BICYCLES

For 27 Years

we have been in the field and our name plates stand for superior quality; dealers prefer to handle and riders like to use wheels that are backed by years of successful manufacturing experience.

**Bicycles of All Grades
and at Various Prices**

\$22.50 to \$100.00.

A complete line of juveniles.

Columbia	Cleveland
Tribune	Crawford

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Rambler	Crescent
Monarch	Imperial

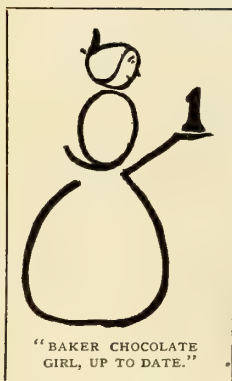
POPE MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Address Dept. B for catalogues.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

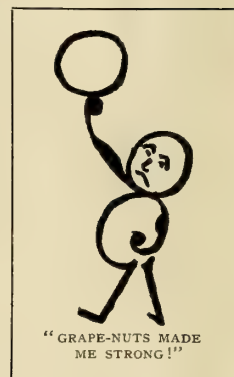
HONORABLE MENTION.

(For Bravery on the Field of Advertising.)



Jean O. Evans (14)
Anna A. Flichtner (13)
Charles Larkins (12)
Clarence E. Simonson (14)
Margaret F. Nye (13)
Albert Hart (15)
Elise Donaldson (17)
Louise Esther Tuthill (14)
Henry H. Happel (8)
Mary Nourse (13)
Charlotte Nourse (10)
Walter Nourse (11)
Catharine Jackson (14)

Franklin B. Furber (14)
Lucinda Wentz Reed (15)
William C. Engle (13)
Marguerite Hyde (12)
Josephine Buchanan (13)
Katharine Fisher (9)
Howard Bennett (10)
Valentine C. Bartlett (no age)
Helen Shaw (11)
Henry R. Davis (15)
Mary R. Walsh (15)
Ethel Irwin (14)
Margaret Dole (14)
Ella E. Preston (16)
Elizabeth Lord (14)
Charles F. Brooks (13)
Benjamin L. Miller (15)
Natalie Hallock (13)
Bessie McDermott (16)
John C. B. Orth (14)
Helen M. Barton (13)
Sydney Edward Dickinson (14)
Muriel Bligh (13)
Margaret Colgate (12)
Allen F. Brewer (15)



Lucile Byrne (16)
Henry B. Perkins (14)
Robert Bassett (10)
Edith Grady (14)
Frederick Greenwood (15)
Philip Hassinger (11)
Dorothy Wormser (10)
Lulu Minaker (12)
Richard de Charms, Jr. (16)
Margaret Dorsey (11)
Anna M. Shanly (11)
Jane M. Farrell (13)
Minnie Davidson (8)

Here is the bright little article that came with the clever pictures printed in this report:

MOTHER'S DECISION.

The February ST. NICHOLAS had just arrived, and great excitement prevailed in the household.

"Oh, please let me cut it," said France, the youngest. "I can't wait to get to 'Queen Zixi of Ix.'"

The thirteen-year-old spoke for "The Practical Boy." He was taking Sloyd at school.

The oldest sister, who had won a gold badge in the St. Nicholas League, and was now just too old to compete, said: "Oh dear! if it was n't selfish, I'd like to take it to my room, and beginning with the League work, read backward to the opening poem without an interruption."

But papa, who was just as much interested in the magazine as the children, and read even to the last cover, said: "Let us take a vote as to the most interesting subject."

So, starting with the Table of Contents,

each article was considered, and the final decision was in favor of the fascinating figures 1905, in the Advertising Competition No. 43.

With paper and brush papa set each one of us to work. When all were submitted, such a funny conglomeration of figures was presented! Nines and fives turned wrong-side around and naughts forgotten entirely.

When mother, who had been constituted "The Supreme Court," decided that it was a pity, but that papa's work only was worthy of serious consideration, such cries went up from the youngsters: "He's too old!" "Too bad, too bad!" "Papa, don't you wish you were just under eighteen?"

But mother said: "Well, children, we have found them so interesting that I will send them, and perhaps they may give some others as much fun as they have afforded us." S. B. H.

See also pages 10 and 12.

MELLIN'S FOOD



CATHERINE C. McNAUGHTON, Chicago, Ill.

This Mellin's Food baby, when 6 1-2 months old, weighed 19 1-2 lbs. Her flesh is hard and firm and she is, and always has been, perfectly happy and well.

Mellin's Food will do just as much for your baby, and we should like to send you a sample free to try.

Mellin's Food was the ONLY Infants' Food which received the Grand Prize at the St. Louis Exposition, 1904. Higher than a gold medal.

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY,

BOSTON, MASS.

The Century Book for Mothers

By Leroy Milton Yale and Gustav Pollak

This book will save its cost in a month, because it answers just the questions you want to ask, and tells you what you ought to know, but have never thought to ask. It is edited by the editors of "Babyhood," and all their experience has been put into it. The most useful book of its kind ever issued.

\$2.00 net (by mail \$2.18)

Luncheons

By Mary Ronald, author of "The Century Cook Book"

This is a supplement, not a successor, to the author's previous cook book—a guide to the preparation of dainty dishes for dainty meals. It is a book of illustrated receipts, describing and showing dishes properly garnished. Each section represents a separate course.

208 photographs. Indexed. \$1.40 net (by mail \$1.55)



The Century Cook Book

—600 pages of health and good cheer, with helpful illustrations—costs only **\$2.00**. Marion Harland and other noted experts highly approve of it. "It takes the place of all other cook books."

Quotations for Occasions

Compiled by Katharine B. Wood

A book which helps to make life more enjoyable. The right thing at the right time, whether in conversation, toasts, teas, golf meets, menu cards, or programs.

Fully indexed. \$1.50

Home Economics

By Maria Parloa

A guide to household management. It deals with the practical things concerning the home, gives suggestions on furnishing different rooms, the care and treatment of different woods and polished floors, marketing, the art of carving, etc. Every statement has been thoroughly tested by the author. It is essential to the well-appointed home.

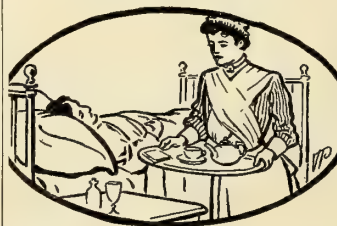
Illustrated. \$2.00

Hand Book of Invalid Cooking

By Mary A. Boland

An invaluable help to those in care of the sick, and worthy of the attention of those having an interest in the well. The chapters on Serving, the Feeding of Children, and District Nursing are particularly worth knowing. It is full of practical advice and suggestions, also receipts and menus for the sick.

Completely indexed. \$2.00



THE CENTURY CO., UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK



JELL-O

SIX FLAVORS

Strawberry
Raspberry
Orange
Lemon
Chocolate
Cherry

These Six Flavors of Jell-O make an assortment of delicate, delicious desserts that are not only tasty but healthful, and easy to prepare. Add a pint of boiling water to a package of Jell-O and set to cool.

Illustrated Book of Recipes of more elaborate desserts mailed FREE. Address,

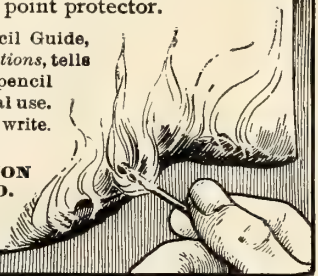
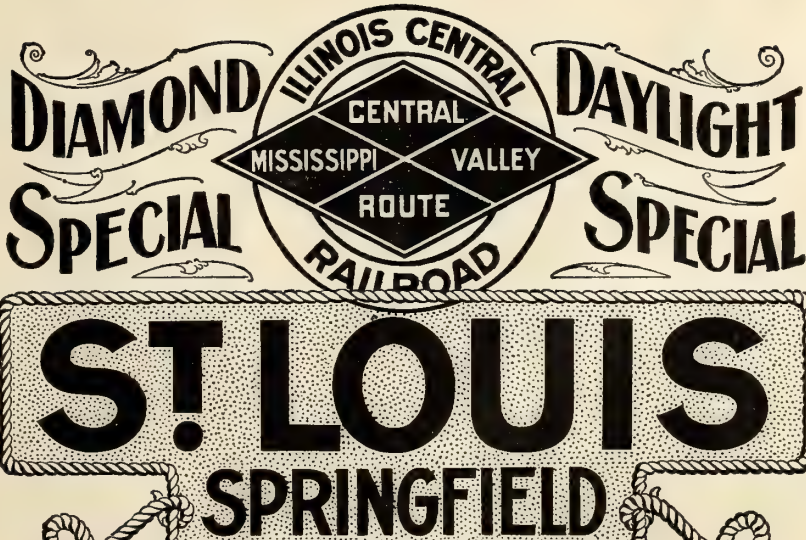
The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

BURN IT

That's the only way to effectively destroy the writing done with Dixon's Eterno, the pencil that takes the place of ink. **Dixon's Eterno**, the new indelible pencil, *writes black and copies purple*. For all purposes where ink permanence and pencil convenience are desired, Dixon's Eterno will fill the bill. Makes a better copy than copying ink, carries a fine point, and is tough and durable. Sold by all stationers, with or without nickel pencil point protector.

Dixon's Pencil Guide, indexed by vocations, tells the right lead pencil for your special use. Sent free if you write.

Department R
**JOSEPH DIXON
CRUCIBLE CO.**
Jersey City, N. J.

DIAMOND SPECIAL **ILLINOIS CENTRAL** **DAYLIGHT SPECIAL**

ST. LOUIS
SPRINGFIELD

BUFFET-LIBRARY-SMOKING CARS, COMPLETE DINING CARS,
DRAWING-ROOM AND BUFFET SLEEPING CARS,
PARLOR CARS AND RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

TICKETS OF AGENTS OF CONNECTING LINES.
A. H. HANSON, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, CHICAGO.

TO \$ 33 THE PACIFIC COAST

That healthful region where the air is mellowed into genial warmth by mountain and sea, where fertile acres yield rich returns to thrift, where great ranches are being cut into small farms, where business is good, crops are sure and capital finds profitable investment. One-way Colonist tickets \$33 from Chicago, on sale daily until May 15, via the

Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line

Correspondingly low rates from all points. Choice of routes. Fast trains. Daily and personally conducted excursions. Double berth in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars only \$7 through to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland without change.

If you want to know how to go, how long it takes, and how much it costs, with facts about resources and climate, send four cents in stamps for booklets, maps and full information.



W. B. KNISKERN,
Pass'r Traffic Mgr. C. & N.-W. Ry.
CHICAGO.



MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

Beautifies and Preserves the Complexion.

A Positive Relief for Chapped Hands, Chafing and all Skin Afflictions.

Mennen's face on every box; be sure that you get the original. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET TALCUM.

PULLMAN SLEEPERS **CAFE PARLOR CARS**

On to Banff !!!

It shouldn't take you long to decide where to go this Summer.

If you want to reach one of the most wonderful and delightful regions of all the earth, famous for its hot springs, GO TO BANFF, via The

Wisconsin Central Railway

Between CHICAGO and ST. PAUL AND CONNECTING LINES.

Banff, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, in Alberta, Dominion of Canada, is favored most highly by Nature.

Banff is America's most remarkable seat of rest and recreation.

For full information inquire of

JAS. C. POND
General Passenger Agent
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

"The Road to Remember"

FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS



YOUR VACATION

should include
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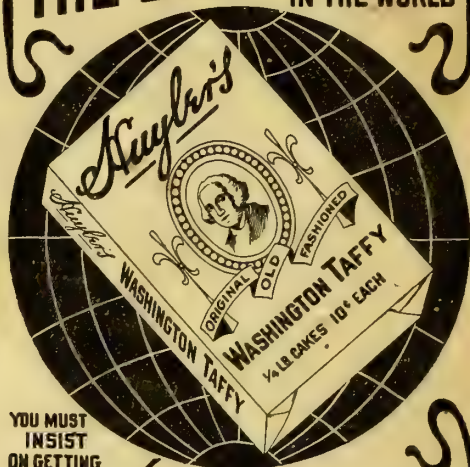
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